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# FOREWORD

*Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.*—BACON

IN THE various modes of communication, words and the uses of words are largely interchangeable. On any level, moreover, an awareness of the uses and potentialities of language involves constant observation and practice—informed experience in reading and listening as well as active participation in writing and speaking. Since reading and writing, speaking and listening—pair them or combine them as one will—are distinct but closely connected aspects of the whole process of effective communication, *College English: the First Year* has been designed to offer a complete course in the basic disciplines that go into making a *full, ready,* and *exact* man. Its economy and convenience are readily obvious: here are all the components of first-year English in one volume.

*College English* is divided into five parts: Parts One and Two comprise Book One (College Readings); Parts Three, Four, and Five, Book Two (Fundamentals of Speaking and Writing). Part One, like its predecessors—*Essays for Better Reading,* 1940, and *The Meaning in Reading,* 1943 and 1947—is designed primarily to improve skill in reading expository prose and to stimulate the student's interest in the mature thinking of his day. The essays and articles were chosen because they are timely but not narrowly dated, mature but within the understanding of the first-year student. Moreover, these selections, used as models, enlarge the student's perspective of writing and speaking and provide valuable standards of performance.

Part Two, an introduction to the study of literature, contains generous representation of each of the five major types. The selections were not chosen because they are either ancient or modern. Nor was any selection chosen because it represents an author, a period, a movement, or a nationality. They were chosen because they are arresting and meaningful for the freshman reader, and because of their genuine literary merit and lasting value.

Though Book Two is largely devoted to the fundamentals of speaking and writing, Part Three, an introduction to semantics, contributes to all the basic arts and skills of freshman English. Such an approach, which is primarily social and psychological, gives the student a fuller understanding of the implications of language processes and thereby improves his ability to read, write, listen, and speak. Part Four emphasizes the layman's need—personal, social, and professional—for proficiency in speaking and presents the basic principles, which, put into practice, will aid the student to speak with greater poise and effect. Part Five, the *Harbrace College Handbook* (Third Edition), is concerned with the mechanics of written English and the art of composition. It not only contains rules

and illustrations drawn from the best modern usage but also presents the rhetorical principles fundamental to effective writing.

The Exercise Manual, accompanying this text, shares the inclusiveness of the text itself. Every selection has a write-in and discussion exercise, designed to make the preparation of assignments more thorough and informative for the student and to furnish the instructor with a convenient teaching device. Growing out of each essay and article is an exercise to test for central idea, to analyze the organization and evaluate the supporting details, to improve vocabulary, to acquaint students with some indispensable library reference works, and to suggest subjects for talks and themes. The exercises for Part Two—biography, short story, novel, drama, and poetry—continually check for ideas and content, yet they also focus constantly upon the work as literature, with special attention to its theme, feeling, tone, or intention whenever these elements can profitably be isolated. In addition, the Manual contains a representative group of exercises in semantics aimed to give the students practice in applying some basic principles of logic to the language with which they carry on their daily lives. Exercises have likewise been included to focus attention upon certain essential aspects of speech most needed by every student. And, lastly, the Manual contains drills to accompany the Handbook; these drills emphasize those areas of written language where students have the greatest difficulties and where failure or incompetence would most seriously interfere with effective writing.

Provision has been made for a special reading project, based on eight essays in Part One. Suggestions for improving reading, directions for carrying out the project, tests on reading comprehension and rate, the necessary data, and a chart on which the student may record his progress have been included in the Manual.

*College English* does more than present the materials for a complete freshman English course in one volume; the various parts of the text complement each other, and the exercises are interrelated. For instance, the essays on the Forms of Communication reinforce the section on semantics and widen the student's understanding of the purpose and meaning of language; Stephen Leacock's biography of Mark Twain adds interest and pleasure to the reading of *Huckleberry Finn;* and essays, like Rabi's "Faith in Science" and Standen's "They Say It's Wonderful," and poems, like Arnold's "Dover Beach" and Clough's "Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth," present opposite points of view. Frequent cross-reference in the exercises show the basic affinity of the various components of the text. And if *College English* contains more than can be used in many freshman English courses, such abundance will allow each instructor considerable choice in the arrangement of his course and the opportunity to vary it from time to time to meet the needs of his students.

In such an extensive undertaking the editors have had to ask for much assistance. Though it will be impossible to name everyone who has helped in one way or another in preparing this book, a few have given such substantial help that they are in a sense co-editors. We gratefully acknowledge their contributions. Dean Herman E. Spivey of

the University of Kentucky, collaborator on the three former volumes, helped plan the book, select the material, and assist with some of the introductions. Professor Mary Evelyn Whitten, Supervisor of English, Central State College, Edmond, Oklahoma, has made significant contributions to the exercise material for Part Five. The others to whom we are especially indebted are our own colleagues: Dr. John V. McQuitty, University Examiner, helped prepare the data for the special reading project of Part One; Professor T. Walter Herbert contributed to the preparation of the introductory statement for Part Two and to the introduction to poetry; Professor C. E. Mounts to the material for the drama; Professor William Ruff to the novel; Professor Biron H. Walker to the poetry. We are especially indebted to Professor Malcolm L. MacLeod for his contributions to the exercise materials, particularly those for the drama and the poetry, and for the time he has given to various consultations.

*Book One*

# College Readings

# *Part One* ESSAYS AND ARTICLES

## INTRODUCTION

THE distinction between the essay and the article is one with which not everyone agrees, since today *essay* is used as a general term to include almost any piece of short nonfictional prose on a fairly compact or unified subject. Yet the distinction, properly made, is useful, for *essay* becomes more meaningful if its application is limited.

Both essay and article may be concerned with almost any subject under the sun—including the sun itself, or the sea, as Rachel Carson's piece demonstrates. The writer may take for his subject man in general, or man in particular, or any of the ideas or concepts or beliefs of mankind. He may write about books or flowers or streetcars or bridges or friendship or truth. There is no limit to his subject, as a glance at the great variety of topics covered in the few pieces in this section amply shows.

But in general it is the essay rather than the article that is concerned with mankind, and with man's beliefs and enduring ideas, and with the things or concepts that last and have widespread manifestations; while it is the article that is concerned with the immediate, the temporary, the present idea or event, the ephemeral. Miss Carson's piece on the sea is an essay; Philip Wylie's piece on the Florida hurricane is an article.

A correlative distinction is the lasting quality, the staying power of the essay in contrast to the brief life of the article. Both may at any one moment be almost equally interesting and important. But the essay endures, it is read and reread in afteryears, whereas the article—no matter how effective now—is soon forgotten. And usually we find, on further examination, that the essay is of a higher literary quality than the article; indeed, endurance in itself is an important touchstone of literature.

The beginnings of the essay are as distant and indeterminate as are most literary beginnings. There are, after all, parts of the Bible or the Platonic dialogues or Caesar's commentaries which are as much essays as most of the pieces to which we attach that label today. Yet it is conventional to call Montaigne (1533-1592) the first essayist, and in so far as he invented the term (*essai*, meaning "trial" or "attempt") and was a conscious and careful practitioner of the new-found art, it is probably wise, and certainly more definite, to stick by that convention.

Montaigne published the first two volumes of *Essais* in France in 1580. His pieces were personal, reflective—touched with humor, filled with advice solidly founded on wisdom and experience, often serious, always compassionate. His very titles suggest the

flavor of the essays: "Of Age," "Of Sleeping," "Of Ready and Slow Speech," "A Saying of Caesar," "The Profit of One Man Is the Loss of Another."

In England, only a few years after the appearance of Montaigne's first two volumes, Francis Bacon (1561-1626) published his *Essays* (1597). Bacon's tone is more serious and didactic than Montaigne's; less personal, more formal; less rambling, more compact. He was also more aphoristic; he added much to the body of quotable material in our literature: "What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer"; "He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune"; "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man"; "The errors of young men are the ruin of business."

Today the term *essay,* whose meaning was demonstrated rather than defined by Montaigne and Bacon, still retains something of its early significance, for essayists do not undertake to be exhaustive in the treatment of their subjects. Rather, they propose, as John Morley has remarked, "to open questions, to indicate points, to suggest cases, to sketch outlines." But, as we have observed, the subject matter of the essay is as wide as life itself, and the essayist is privileged to inquire into any sphere of activity where facts and ideas abound.

A major step in the evolution of the essay came with the development of the so-called essay periodical in the eighteenth century. Sir Richard Steele and Joseph Addison, taking suggestions from the "Scandalous Club" papers in Defoe's *Review,* published *The Tatler* and *The Spectator,* each issue of which usually consisted of a single essay. Though the *Tatler* and *Spectator* essays are moralistic in intent, they are less didactic and aphoristic than those of Bacon, more casual and urbane in tone than those of Montaigne. Always light and charming, they treat of a variety of subjects: persons, customs, superstitions, the folly of dueling, hints to lovers, ladies' fashions, London theaters, the conduct of public officials, genius, wit, the pleasures of the imagination. Few personal essays have ever surpassed the superb work of Addison and Steele.

The popularity of such literary journals as *The Edinburgh Review* and *The Quarterly Review,* in the early nineteenth century, set the vogue for a more formal kind of essay. Here the author presented his position by means of careful and cogent reasoning, and addressed himself primarily to an intellectual audience. Book reviews, as well as short treatises on historical, biographical, scientific, educational, artistic, and ethical topics, extended the range of the essay. Thus, long before the beginning of the twentieth century the essay, both formal and informal, had been fairly well defined.

In addition to the formal and informal essay, and that essay derivative, the article, this volume also contains a few examples of a special type of essay or article called "reportage." This is documentary literature, writing about fact—usually reporting of actual, observed events—but it is writing that has the high interest and great insight of first-rate fiction. Though outstanding examples of reportage, such as George Orwell's "Shooting an Elephant" and William L. Laurence's "Dawn over Zero," are based on specific events, they concern matters of universal significance.

The essay, of all forms of literature, is the most sensitive to environment. Certainly no form of written expression records the social, political, and cultural interests of an age so completely and accurately. The essay had its beginning in an age that delighted in proverbial lore; the essays of Montaigne and Bacon reflect that taste. The periodical essays of the eighteenth century—polished, urbane, and at times ironic—represent the wit, gossip, and learning that passed between men conversing in the coffee houses of Addison and Steele's London. Today the essay, through its diversified subject matter, its proliferation of types, and the unlimited possibility it affords for men to speak their minds, not only reflects the complexity of modern life, but also, in a larger sense, is a sounding board of men's aspirations and fears. The essay has increasingly gained popularity as a medium through which the layman as well as the professional writer may impart knowledge, opinion, and counsel. The modern essay, therefore, provides a valuable means by which men may keep informed of the thinking and the achievement of the times and, more important still, make provision for the "operation of conflicting opinions"—the *sine qua non* of a democratic society.

# College Life

*Hardin Craig*

## IMAGINATION TO CONCEIVE—WILL TO DO!

*Hardin Craig (1875- ) was born in Kentucky and educated at Princeton, at Oxford, and at Padua. He has taught English at Princeton, Minnesota, Iowa, Stanford, North Carolina, Washington, and Missouri, and has written and edited many literary and scholarly works. He is a recognized authority on sixteenth-century English life and literature, one of his most important books being* The Enchanted Glass, *a study of the Elizabethan mind.*

*At the close of his distinguished service at Stanford in 1942, Professor Craig went to teach at the University of North Carolina, where, in the words of the Chancellor of the University, he "began one of his most creative periods as teacher, writer, and lecturer in the field of mental and moral health, the application of the truths and insights in literature to the care and development of the human spirit."*

*The following address, given before the student body of the University of North Carolina, April 3, 1946, made such a strong impression that the University had it published and widely distributed under the original title, "A North Carolina Renaissance." What was said to students of that University is applicable with equal force to students everywhere. An appreciation of the vigorous forthrightness, the literary allusiveness, the moral elevation, and the challenging tone of the address will be enhanced if the reader keeps in mind the nature of the lecturer, the occasion, and the audience.*

1. Perhaps the greatest discovery that man has ever made, greater than the steam engine, the millstone, the wheel, or the button, was made by Plato more than twenty-three hundred years ago. It is a perpetual discovery which needs to be made over and over again by generations and by individuals. By means of the analytical method of his master Socrates, Plato discovered the difference between things that are permanent and things which are merely transitory. He called these permanent things Ideas. Never has civilized man forgotten Plato's discovery without disaster, and never has he remembered it without a renaissance of the spirit.

2. On the basis of Plato's teachings his pupil, Aristotle, worked out the sciences of Man and Nature. These facts have landed you and me in the university and have given us hard things to do. They have brought about a world which accepts or rejects us according to what we know about Man and Nature, according to what we really know about the difference between the permanent and the transitory. None of us is responsible for this situation, and few of us understand it. We know neither its perils nor its vast opportuni-

IMAGINATION TO CONCEIVE—WILL TO DO!: Reprinted by permission of the author.

ties. We think that universities are places where examinations are given. They are not; we give only tests here. The real examinations are given us after we leave the university or without our knowledge while we are still here. Who are the real examiners? The big world? the community? the family? Yes; all of them, and they differ from the university in the fact that they do not announce the ground to be covered by the examination and that they do not and cannot show any mercy. But there is another examiner who examines us on Plato's part of the curriculum. Who is he? Well, he is in the first place our own souls, and, if our consciences are slack and easy-going, our fellow men will do the job for us. We cannot escape. We cannot get away with any excuses or evasions. We are involved, whether we desire it or not, in an absolute situation. The very nature of things examines us and passes judgment upon us. Bishop Butler described this situation when he said, "Things are what they are, and the consequences will be what they will be; why therefore should we deceive ourselves?"

3. You cannot be, and cannot afford to be, liberal toward youth except in the matter of opportunity. Even opportunity is rarely in our individual power to offer, or always in the power of the university. In point of fact, opportunity must be watched for, waited for, recognized when it appears even in disguise, and not infrequently it must be created. Work itself is an opportunity, for, we are told, every man's work shall be made manifest.

4. The prospect which I present to you is fraught with difficulty. I hope you already share with me my contempt for those who tell you success in life is easy. I even hope that many of you are mature enough to know that, the easier the progress of life is, the more useless it is for the achievement of a successful life. Mankind as a race has made its way to such virtue as it possesses through the utmost difficulties, and there are, so far as I know, no examples of individuals who have lived nobly and achieved success, who have not worked and climbed and made their way through difficulties. Troubles which are conquered strengthen the fibers of men; the easier it is for men the less strength they develop. Now, if you want troubles enough to develop you individually, let me tell you where you can find them. If you will try to make good and great men out of yourselves, some of you, as I happen to know, will have troubles compared to which the Twelve Labors of Hercules were child's play.

5. Let us locate our objectives. Success in life is traditionally defined as the realization of self. The Greeks said, "Know thyself." And yet no man can afford to devote his efforts to the development of that puny, yet invaluable, thing which is his individuality. If he does he will miss the boat, and, lingering behind on the shore, become a freak and a derision. A man's individuality has to be thickened by the body of humanity. We put that in this way: You must first of all make a man of yourself, and, if you do, your individuality will take care of itself. The basal situation is in the grub-like state of the ordinary modern youth. That father who thinks to make success easy for his son by indulging him succeeds only in making it hard. The labors and hardships the father overcame, the things that created him, he has taken away, and they stand like outmoded furniture in the attic. These difficulties, that effort, that made him would make his son, but he does not know it.

6. Now, although it is not easy to become a great and good man, it is not impossible to do so. There is nothing commoner in this world than talent. An ordinary military company will reveal ability of every kind and frequently of high degree. It is certainly in the power of this generation and of North Carolina students to develop greatness in every field. Why do we not do this? We live in a state of unrecognized and unaccepted opportunity. To be a good and great man is desirable. It leads to happiness, honor, health. We know how it is done. Look at it from the point of view of modern literature. Carlyle will teach us the doctrine of work, Browning will teach us to despise cowardice, Emerson will teach us the range of the human mind and the doctrine of thought, Huxley will teach us to know ourselves as part of nature, Plato and a thousand modern voices will instruct us in the doctrine of virtue and self-control, and Christianity itself will teach us the noble doctrine of goodness—sweetness, self-sacrifice, generosity, and faith. Progress is

mandatory upon us in a thousand ways, and yet we idle away our time.

7. There is nothing so abundant as ability. Individual dullness is a relative matter. The ordinary man lives up to about one one-thousandth of his capabilities, and it follows that the improvement of an ordinary mind soon excels the neglect of a better mind. Nobody knows, besides, the best type of mind to possess. Slow minds are for many purposes better than quick minds. Native gifts neglected are always being beaten by industry and perseverance. The world needs caution and care as well as enterprise and action. If talent is so common, what is it that makes the difference? The thing that makes the greatest difference is industry. Courage, honesty, common sense, moral courage are all necessary, but they may all be subsumed under diligence. "Showest thou me a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before ordinary men." The thing is not a hopeless quest. Let us try our luck. Bacon says, "Therefore if a man look sharply, he shall see Fortune, for though she be blind, yet she is not invisible." We are on the border of a great discovery. If we could find out why college men are so lazy and so indifferent, we might achieve success. There is no other group of men that I know of in our country who are so indolent.

8. Undoubtedly many of them hold a doctrine of exposure to cultural influences, and believe that, if they go to college and get a degree, they will somehow be educated in spite of themselves. This is the silliest idea that ever obsessed a generation of youth. One might as well expect to learn geology by sleeping on a rock. "It is better," they say, "to have come and loafed than never to have come at all." This is not true. In point of fact, college spoils large numbers of young men, injures more. College men as a whole do not show up well in the United States of America, or, if they do, their going to college contributes little to their success. They habitually shut up their minds during a crucial period of youth and become stupid and indifferent by habit. Once, when I had professed contempt for some field of learning, the great Richard G. Moulton said to me, "Young man, do not close your mind at the very time when it is most capable of learning things. You will do yourself harm by such a practice." Young men in college often lose their ambition and the faith in life and achievement which they brought with them from home. They adopt the fatal habit of trying to "get by," and take a base pride in the ability to "get by." Let us grant freely that American college students can get by, learn the lingo of college, learn to dress like college men, learn to be fair judges of football and get their degrees. But what is it that they have escaped and what penalty have they paid? Have they not simply cheated themselves? Have they not merely retarded the development of their own powers?

9. The best men in college are not typical college men. They are too busy. I met a woman once at dinner—I never knew her name—who told me a story that illustrates my point. She said that when she was a student at the University of Iowa the time for the Junior Prom was approaching, and she had no escort. She began to feel uneasy about it, so that she accepted an invitation from a classmate of hers who, frankly, was not a good dancer and was by no means a social leader. He studied too hard to be able to talk about anything much except his books. The very next day she was invited by the best dancer in the class, a playboy and a social leader, the kind of man who led cotillions and organized dances for himself. She said that she had to recall strongly all the things she had learned from her mother about being a lady in order to make herself keep her contract and go to the dance with the Ugly Duckling. Her final remark was this: "I often think of those two men. The one who asked me first, the studious boy, is now chief justice of the supreme court of Texas, and the other one is the town loafer at Wilton Junction."

10. Whatever the crowd insists on doing, it will probably do. But that story has another appeal, an appeal to the individual. Students are coming to us in great numbers now. Many of them, perhaps most of them, come with the desire to get an education. Some of them no doubt think they can do this simply by staying in college until they are graduated, merely hold the theory of exposure to education. If they do not hold that theory when they come, there are enough loafers about the place to

teach them quickly. . . . My advice to them is that they shall not allow themselves to be cheated out of their privileges and their opportunities. They will gain from college only as a result of the work they themselves do. Let me say to them, "Work openly if you dare. I wish you would. Work secretly if you must. But work; work long and hard. Think of your mind as your greatest hope and as an instrument whose skill must be mastered and developed." In a country distinguished for energy and progressiveness, is it not a shame that college men should be distinguished for indifference, neglect of opportunity, and frivolous waste of time? Their grandfathers were not like that, and our country will pay the penalty for their undutiful conduct.

11. If any college man will work intelligently, I guarantee his success. The matter is easy, in fact automatic. What the world needs, seeks, and will pay for is honest, efficient work. The demand is simply overwhelming, and no intelligent worker needs to worry about his future. The world is full of pretenders, bluffers, loafers in disguise, bunglers, and inefficient executives. It simply cries out for the real thing. All a young man needs to do is to work intelligently at the task before him, and the world will come to his door to seek him out.

12. One who knows their present idle state hesitates to recommend work to a great many of our students. If they acquire the habit of conscientious, intelligent work, it will cause them a lot of trouble. The point is that these troubles are sure to happen to them. Things will be done to them. The world will insist on giving them prizes and praise, and will elect them to fellowships and to memberships in learned societies. People will keep offering them jobs. They will promote them, increase their pay, and also increase their responsibility. They cannot keep the world from doing this. These working students will be made into supervisors, directors, executives. Further demands will be put upon them for more and more important and intelligent work. They will probably make money, and will have to take care of that. The community will come and lay its burdens upon them. They will have to listen for hours to interminable bores who are around trying to get something for nothing. They will have to look after those in the community who have nobody to look after them. They will have to look after the poor and the unfortunate, and the Church will demand their support. The people will elect them to public office, perhaps to Congress, and then their situations will indeed be bad. They will certainly have to write books and make speeches. I say to them, "If you do this, you will have no rest, but, son, you will have become a man."

13. Knowing some of you as I do, I know that you do not believe what I have said. You lack the will to believe, but I will dare you and double-dare you to try it. I think it might be well for some of these young men to go home and get a menial job, one that will require no industry, no originality, no public spirit, and no education. There is one other way they might try. I have often told pupils of mine that I thought their only chance for success in life was to marry a rich wife. But that isn't entirely easy, for some of these girls, particularly the rich ones, are getting pretty selective, and in these days they tell me it's harder and harder to keep them after you get them. So I fear that many of our college students will have to give up the idea of achieving any sort of success in life or else go to work. I knew a man whose son went out to California. After the son had been there for some time, a friend of mine asked the father how his son was getting along. The father said, "Well, he's gettin' along all right now, but it looked for a while like he'd have to go to work."

14. I am not, however, at the moment much interested in the negative aspects of this subject. I am interested in my general proposition that the world is simply crazy for men who will work, so that a conscientious and efficient worker in any line may practically dictate his own terms. I began this talk by saying that there was nothing more abundant in this world than talent and nothing scarcer than diligence. Think what would happen to this institution if we all went to work. I merely appeal to each man's and woman's conscience and ask no public adjudicator. In ten or twenty years' time this place would become renowned. We should be renowned for our great men—poets, musicians, novelists, states-

men, scientists, financiers, soldiers, and men of God. Our consciences tell us that this is true. Why on earth do we not act upon it? Why do we endure this state of unrecognized and unaccepted opportunity?

15. Take the case of England during the period of the Renaissance, the period that gave the world Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton. England is a small country, only a little bigger than North Carolina. It had only about half as many people as North Carolina has. London was a little larger than Durham and a good deal smaller than Charlotte. The country was undeveloped, the people relatively uneducated, hampered by ignorance, superstition, and violence, scourged with plague, and ground down by poverty; and yet that country produced forty times more geniuses than any American state has produced during an exactly comparable period. How did they do it? I asked my class last term whether we lacked the native talent that they possessed. My class was disposed to think that we did. They thought that we were inferior by nature. But I should like to be permitted to doubt it. Physically we have not deteriorated as compared with the Elizabethans. We have an abundant *élan vital.* Our athletes are as strong as theirs. We are a great deal busier about our own affairs, such as they are, than the Elizabethans ever dreamed of being about their affairs. There is nothing commoner than talent among modern men and nothing rarer than ambition, industry, and faith. Would it not be a great thing if we could discover this morning why it is that we do not have a renaissance in North Carolina? I think we are approaching a solution, for if we knew why we do not do this thing, why we continue to grovel in our futility and nonentity, we might be able to remove the barriers which stand between us and greatness. I know we are as good as anybody else. I know we do tolerably well. But I am interested in this state and this institution, and "tolerably well" does not on this occasion satisfy me. We can end the debate if you will, like my class, simply admit that you are inferior naturally to the Elizabethans, but even then I shall not believe you.

16. But you may say, "I've read this matter up in the history books. The men of the Renaissance became reacquainted with the art and literature of ancient Greece and Rome, and were thereby inspired to imitate and emulate classical thinking and classical art." And what you would say is true, but it is not the whole truth. Our collections are full of Greek art. We have the ancient classics in noble editions and in great quantity. Our Library is full of them. We have also excellent and interesting trained teachers of Latin and Greek, whereas the Renaissance had only half-trained teachers and poor texts, dictionaries, histories, and commentaries. If the classics alone will save us, let us adjourn this meeting and go down to the Library. It is a good idea anyhow. I should like to reread Homer, Plato, and the Greek Anthology.

17. You may say again, "The history books tell me that during the Renaissance men had, because of political and social changes, a new liberty and a new individual opportunity. Men could for the first time rise by their own efforts to better social and economic position. The old barriers against the common man were broken down, and men, actuated by natural ambition, rushed through the breach." This is also true, but it is not the whole truth. If liberty and individual opportunity would do the work, we in the United States for a century and more would have filled the world with greatness. For generations in this country opportunity has been as free as air, and yet as a race we have usually been slack, stupid and greedy. We have neglected, and we still neglect, Plato's discovery of the difference between the permanent and the transient or variable. Individual opportunity alone will not do the work.

18. There is something else here, something undiscovered. Can we discover it? It would be a great thing for us as individuals, as university men and women, and for the state of North Carolina if we could do so. In this world the very greatest things often lie hidden for centuries, not infrequently right under our noses. . . .

19. The Renaissance had a particularly happy and practical philosophy. It is still a good philosophy, still a better philosophy than ours. From Plato they got the idea of great achievement, and from Aristotle the idea that this is a world in which something

can be done. They had little that was negative in their belief—no skepticism, no agnosticism, little hedonism. They trusted their senses and believed that things are what they seem to be. They had no philosophic bewilderment, no idea that man in the world is lost in a maze, helpless and beaten before he starts, no crude idea that personal comfort and mere possession of wealth and power are in themselves ends worth striving for in this life. They had a vision of happiness and achievement, and they thought they could bring it into realization. The important thing for us about the whole complex is that it worked. What we do not know is that it still works. Whenever a man or a group of men learn this great pragmatical fact, they are unbeatable. There is no case on record of individual or nation where this faith, this will to act on faith, has been tried out and has met with failure. This faith, this will, is the one thing necessary to account for the rebirth of the human spirit, and it is ours for the seizure. It is a noncompetitive good, and the more people who have it the more there is for all of us. As we apply this principle to our own lives and to our own age and times, certain symbols of a huge greatness, certain all-absorbing ideals, certain great patterns of action, certain great urges to both faith and works, float before our eyes. Nothing is of any avail except imagination to conceive and will to do. No special situation, no exposure to special learned environment, is of any value to us. Our own work is all that counts. This is the great discovery.

20. Some of you are as yet unable to apply to your lives Plato's distinction between the permanent and the transitory. You may have acquired a vague idea of its meaning when you have heard the words, "The kingdom of God is within you," or "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all else shall be added unto you." But the idea is extensible and will grow within you. If any unfashionable girl or boy in this audience will go to work intelligently, he or she will soon learn more about this principle. Intelligent work means good and reasonable work. It means applying exactly the right effort in exactly the right way to every task. If any young person will do this, twenty years or less will show us a complete change in our present picture. The great athletes, the great social lions of the place, will then be important only because they happened to be in college with that studious man or woman, whose name at this time they may not even know.

21. The gods look down in derision on our athletic fields. You can, if you bend your ear, hear the cackle of their laughter over the stadium; not because we are playing games (the gods approve of games), but because we have made games our business. They smile derisively at our courting, not because they do not approve of human love, but because we are making our institutions of higher learning into matrimonial agencies. But it is not what we do that matters; it is what we do not do. Let us get over the habit of putting our attention on reform; let us put it on performance. The vigorous, energetic man or woman will, like the Elizabethans, take life, both public and private, both play and work, in his or her stride.

22. Perhaps the older generations are responsible for the idleness and frivolity of this. Perhaps the fathers have eaten grapes, and the children's teeth have been set on edge. But the answer to the question does not greatly matter. A renaissance is not concerned with the past or with the future; it is concerned with the here and now; it either is or it is not. If the impulse to achievement exists, now is the time and here is the place for the exercise of labor and intelligence in order to put new achievements in the place of the errors and omissions of the past. This is not the concern of the student body only; the faculty are also concerned with this movement. If our faculties are to lead in a general revival of learning, they must manifest more industry, more zeal, more faith, more emulation, and less envy.

23. No one can doubt for a moment that we should succeed. It is patent, obvious, inescapable that we should. We can in ten years' time make of this institution the greatest, the happiest, the most influential university in the land. This cannot be done by committees, by changes in the curriculum, by schemes of reform, by planning. It can only be done by each of us, as single, separate individuals, and

in this great enterprise we have each but one task before us, a comprehensible task. It is our own behavior. Our greatness would last for generations and spread over the whole commonwealth. I invite you, old and young, leaders and subordinates, women and men, in or out of the university, to engage in this undertaking. Even such a number of persons as are now present in this audience is adequate to bring about the renaissance we desire. We need only to entertain a high enough ideal, to work intelligently, to have a firm and justifiable faith in ourselves and our ideal, and, above all, to realize within ourselves the unconquerable nature of the human will.

24. "And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigor? For God is but a great will pervading all things by reason of its intentness. Man doth not yield himself to the angels nor unto death utterly save only through the weakness of his feeble will."

## *T. V. Smith*

# HALLMARKS OF AN EDUCATED MAN

*Thomas Vernor Smith (1890- ), philosopher, statesman, author, and lecturer, has taught at Texas Christian University, the University of Texas, and the University of Chicago, having previously earned degrees at the latter two institutions. He is now Maxwell Professor of Citizenship and Philosophy at Syracuse University. But not only has Professor Smith taught and written—he is author of more than a dozen books and co-author of nearly as many more—he has served in the Illinois state legislature, has been a member of the Seventy-Sixth Congress, and since World War II has been a member of United States educational missions in Italy, Germany, and Japan.*

*Professor Smith—a lecturer in great demand because he not only has something to say but can say it—carefully introduces his short talk, "Hallmarks of an Educated Man," clearly sets out and discusses each point, and then summarizes his thought. In other words, he tells his hearers what he is going to say, says it, and then tells them what he has said. Moreover, he packs much thought into narrow compass by such provocative sayings as "Only bookworms can live on books alone, and they but leanly."*

1. The New York Library Association, which has been in existence more than a half hundred years, has been holding its annual meeting in Syracuse this week end. At one session this was the topic proposed: "What Are the Hallmarks of an Educated Man?" Now that is a query which interests me profoundly. Hardly more to honor the presence of the librarians among us than to amuse myself, especially at this season when so many colleges graduate so many men and women, I want to try my hand at that question, spreading in my own manner "the mantle of imagination" over the general subject of education.

2. But first let me express my appreciation of the fact that these book custodians of New York State do not beg the question of their own role. Librarians naturally think well of books. Otherwise they would hardly be spending their lives in libraries. They remind us, however, by the very form of the question, that it is not wise for any professionals to

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assume that they are the people and that wisdom will die with them and their doings.

3. As a matter of fact, books are not indispensable, though they are most helpful, in getting an education. Only bookworms can live on books alone, and they but leanly. Books are so important, however, for both use and pleasure, that I propose to celebrate on this program how books give us *information,* how they furnish us *inspiration,* and how they even provide us with *sublimation.*

4. For the present occasion, however, and in the mood set by the librarians' modesty, I welcome the leeway they offer to have my say about the essentials of education, forgetting its superficials. Knowing that to be even bookwise a man must not be bookish, I agree with these sage lines from Wordsworth:

> . . . convinced at heart
> How little those formalities, to which
> With overweening trust alone we give
> The name of Education, have to do
> With real feeling and just sense . . .

5. Since, that is to say, we cannot encourage high school or even college graduates to wear their class colors to work or expect them to carry their diplomas in their hands, we might make a mistake and treat as plumb educated those who aren't at all. As a disappointed Kentucky mountaineer complained to the president of Berea College, "I sent my daughters here to be educated, but after graduation they came home and married—just like any common gals!" The only reassurance we can give, to either men or women students, is this: *Education is as education thinks and does.* By their fruits you shall know them, for better or for worse.

6. And what are these fruits? Prefacing my analysis with a wise lesson my poetic colleague, A. E. Johnson, gave me more than twenty years ago, that "education is the creation of finer human hungers," I mention six hallmarks, but I'll settle for less. Whoever has one is good, all is perfect, half is better than is wise to hope. My six hallmarks are these: *Curiosity, Imagination, Efficiency, Piety, Humor, Self-sufficiency.*

7. *Curiosity* is necessary, because without it man is not man but clodhopper. To prick up one's ears at every sound, to smack one's lips once at least over every new taste, to lift an eager relish to the wealth of the world about us, this is to be educable—and indeed is to have education-in-process. "I won't taste the spinach," said the recalcitrant child; "for if I tasted it, I might like it—and I tell you I hate the green stuff!"

8. *Imagination* must be added at once. Curiosity is odious without taste. Imagination, you see, is curiosity grown up. We all know people, sometimes college people, I fear, who poke their noses into everything, asking indelicate questions about the most delicate matters. Thomas Carlyle said of Mrs. John Stuart Mill—I know not how justly—that "She was a woman full of unwise intellect, always asking questions about all sorts of puzzles—why, how, what for, what makes the exact difference. . . ." Woodrow Wilson told a story which illustrates the proper punishment for such undisciplined questioning. "How did you lose your leg?" asked a frontier newcomer of a man in a caravan in which he was to ride for three days. "I'll tell you," replied he of the one leg, "provided you ask no further question about my missing leg: it was *bitten off!" Bitten off?* And three full days to go! No; curiosity, while indispensable, is not sufficient for education. Imagination is both necessary and in itself sufficient. For imagination is curiosity under control, self-rewarding in its own radiance.

9. *Efficiency* is important, on another but an honorable level. Not even the most educated can merely be; he too must do. And if one must act in order to live well, indeed in order to live at all, then he should act well. The man who is good, but good for nothing, is not genuinely educated, though he may wear a Phi Beta Kappa key. To do something, to do something well, to do something better than anybody else can do it, in short, to be efficient is indispensable for outer use or inner happiness, and so is another hallmark of the educated man.

10. *Piety* is also a high virtue, though today of low repute. It really has nothing to do with religiosity or sanctimoniousness. Piety, in the good old Latin sense—*pietas*—means reverence, for the individuality of the part and for the integrity of the whole.

11. There is no part of nature or of human

society which is not wondrously joined to the whole. Even the evils of life are not to be despised, though they must be diminished. Abraham Lincoln, who never saw a college or held any elementary certificate either, was educated. He had piety. So he could say, "What I deal with is too vast for malice." So he could say, even of the worst evil of his time, "Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation." Piety marks, raucousness disgraces, the man who would pass as educated.

12. *Humor* is the emotional accompaniment of the intellectual quality called imagination. It relieves the heart as imagination extends the mind. To laugh at the errors of our enemies is easy—and useful; for it may prevent our murdering them. To chuckle at our own *faux pas* is less easy—but not less valuable; it may prevent gastric ulcers, or save us the wear and tear—and, wow, the expense! —of psychoanalysis. To smile, however wistfully, at the conflicts good men have with good men *because* both are good, and even to squeeze a wry smile at the ambivalence of the highest ideals themselves, this is very, very hard but very, very necessary if we are to save faith from the foolishness of fanaticism. As Paul Laurence Dunbar writes:

There is a heaven, forever, day by day,
The upward yearning of my soul doth tell me so.
There is a hell, I'm quite as sure; for pray,
If there were not, where would my neighbors go?

13. *Self-sufficiency* is the final mark of education. It climaxes humor; for "Only he who tickles himself may laugh as he likes." Whoever calls upon himself and finds somebody at home, is an educated man. If he finds nobody at home to him, then let him become a "joiner" and seek for his soul in the place where, alas, only deformed souls grow, in the hubbub of the crowds. Souls grow in solitude. The educated man must know where to find what he wants. There is no substitute for a soul, nor any satisfaction which compares with its self-sufficiency.

Alone I hail the contented hour
With but myself and me;
For nought is sad, nought is dour
When we're the company.

All silent thoughts get spoken
When three as one agree;
And inner light remains unbroken—
Once myself and I meet me.

14. Show me one of these six hallmarks, just one of either curiosity, imagination, efficiency, piety, humor or best of all self-sufficiency; and I'll salute you as a comrade on the quest. Dazzle me with all these qualities, and I'll revere you as a hero. Exhibit three of them, any three; and I'll love you like an educated man, and take you to my bosom as a friend. I'll not ask how many books you've written, nor care how many or how few you've read. Nor will I look for your hood, or quiz you about your diploma: whence or whether. Only this I'll ask of you, if you be a self-made man: that you do not daily adore your "maker" —or ever disdain those of us who were quickened in college and yet love to visit libraries to revive ourselves on the pabulum of print.

## *Roger W. Holmes*

# WHAT EVERY FRESHMAN SHOULD KNOW

*Roger Wellington Holmes (1905- ) was born in Boston and educated at Harvard University, from which he has received four degrees. He has taught and lectured at Harvard, Amherst, and Smith, and since 1944 has been Chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Mount Holyoke. He was awarded the Sheldon Traveling Fellowship in 1928, the Bowdoin Prize in 1933, and* The Atlantic Monthly *Prize in 1940. During World War II he was a member of the Signal Corps. He has written numerous articles for* The Atlantic Monthly *and* The American Mercury, *and two books,* The Idealism of Giovanni Gentile, *1937, and* The Rhyme of Reason, *1939.*

*Though the early parts of this essay are iconoclastic and may, at first, be read with surprise by students and with consternation by professors, the last part is a clear statement of an educational philosophy. And the essay, taken as a whole, shows how a sound liberal education rises above "academic taradiddle."*

1. I never face a class without wondering what would happen if students were not so docile. Why do you meet your professors and the academic taradiddle of college with such fear and respect? You are everywhere in chains because you accept a tradition about college work which at cost to you misrepresents its values and overestimates its importance. You remind me of the elephant chained to his stake at the circus. If the poor devil knew his own strength! And if you and your classmates but knew *yours!* The good things that might happen to our colleges if you would take matters into your own hands and pull up a few of the rotted stakes of academic tradition are worth dreaming about. Consider some confidential advice from one who would like to see you gain your freedom, who knows the weaknesses of academic life from the inside, and can give a few pointers on how to pull at those stakes.

2. One of the first things you are told is that you must study hard. But that is only half of the story. The other half is that beyond a certain point which is easily reached, the more you work the poorer the results. In my particular college you would be supposed to devote not more than fifteen hours a week to classes and another thirty to outside assignments. That means that you should be able to escape academic duties for one whole day each week and to take either the afternoon or the evening off almost every day. Work hard when you work. Mornings are the best times. But never work through both afternoon and evening. And take off part of Saturday and most of Sunday. Use three afternoons for exercise in the open air and three evenings for movies or concerts or plays or for that novel you want to read. Your college work will benefit.

3. You will be told that classes are the most important thing at college. Don't believe it. President Eliot of Harvard said that if he wished to found a college the first thing he would build would be a dormitory. If there were money left over, he would erect a library and fill it with books. And if he had money to burn he would hire a faculty and build a classroom building. Those of us who are willing to remember find it easy to recollect that the most valuable things that happened to us in college usually happened in our dormi-

WHAT EVERY FRESHMAN SHOULD KNOW: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The American Mercury*, November 1940.

tories, and most of them after midnight. We also recall with considerable pleasure the few occasions when we had the time and audacity to enter the college library and just browse among books utterly unconnected with our courses. Somehow we remember those books. We read them not because we had to, but because we wanted to. The difference is tremendous.

4. You will be told that marks are important. But they are a meager indication of a student's worth. Someday we shall have the courage to scuttle the whole marking system, and with it, I hope, will go that awful and meaningless sheepskin. Marks provide the outward and visible sign of the whole academic tradition. I wish every college student might come behind the scenes and watch his instructors doling out grades on papers and bluebooks. We have such curious foibles. The odds are definitely in favor of a paper read after rather than before dinner. A typewritten paper stands a better chance than one in longhand. And that factor of length! I know one student who got himself an A by sandwiching a dozen pages of economics notes into a long term-paper on Beethoven. It is a matter of record that given the same set of papers twice we will grade them differently. Given the same paper, moreover, various teachers will assign it grades ranging from D to A, even in mathematics. Some departments give as many as 40 per cent of their students A's, while others in the same institution allow only 5 per cent of the same students to get the highest marks.

5. You have probably been told that your academic record as an undergraduate will make or break your life. That simply is not so. Are you going into teaching? There is not a college president worth his salt who does not know that a Phi Beta Kappa key is small indication of your promise as a teacher. Are you going to professional school? Countless men and women with average grades as undergraduates have done brilliantly in professional school. And in getting jobs, it is what they have been able to do in professional school that counts. Are you going to seek work as soon as you finish college? Letters of recommendation these days cover numerous items which have nothing to do with your academic achievement but are just as important. It would not be true to say that marks mean nothing, but if you will remember these facts every time you enter a classroom you will be on the right track.

6. Your professors form part of the academic taradiddle too. We stand on little raised platforms, the academic equivalents of the pedestal; we call ourselves "doctors" and smile with patient condescension when mistaken for medical men; we put high-sounding letters after our names; and we march in academic processions, clothed in magnificent medieval costumes. All in all we manage by such devices to convey the impression that we know what we are talking about. To be sure, we are not as pompous as some of our European colleagues in crime. Some of us even have the courage to sit on the same level and at the same seminar table with our students and listen to what they have to say. But it is not difficult to get the impression that your professors are founts of wisdom.

7. You will be told to take careful notes on their lectures and to commit those notes to memory. This whole business of note-taking is outmoded. Students started taking notes in the Middle Ages, before the printing press was invented. The student wrote his own books. Today, with large college libraries and with textbooks crowding and jostling one another for attention, the taking of notes is anachronistic. What you will do, if you are like the rest of the sheep, will be to produce pages and pages of notes, study them religiously for the examinations, then store them away. If you ever look at them again it will be simply to realize that the information they convey is far better presented in at least a dozen books immediately available, or that it is so thoroughly out of date that the notes are useless.

8. One of the major instruments of torture in collegiate education is the course examination. By this device the professor is enabled to discover how much of what he has said in class you have committed to memory. The night before the examination you cram the notes into your head. Next morning you enter a room heavy with the atmosphere of suspicion. You leave all notes and books in the hall, and you write on questions the answers to which you will have forgotten within a week, answers

which in ordinary life no one in his right mind would ask you to remember because the information is available in the reference books where it belongs. Either you are working under the honor system, an unwitting accessory to the hocus-pocus, or you are annoyed and upset by a proctor who marches around among the desks looking for trouble. The more you understand why you are in college, the less seriously you will take examinations. Some day you may even educate us to the point where we will compose tests which will measure your ability to use your knowledge with originality, rather than your ability to ape teacher. When that day arrives we shall let you bring notes, texts and even the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to examinations. And then you may take examinations seriously.

9. Now that you are in college and going to classes, pause long enough to ask yourself why *we* are teaching and *you* are learning. In spite of what you may have heard from us or your high school teachers or your parents, the answer is not that we know the final answers to the problems we are discussing. We are teaching because we have studied carefully subjects in which you are a beginner, and because we have had more worldly experience than you. But neither of these facts makes us omniscient. If the truth be known, there are those of you in our classes who are more intelligent than we are—who will outstrip us in our chosen fields. Question us. Doubt us. Raise objections. Make us think! Avoid us when we measure your achievement in terms of the proximity of your thinking to our own. Welcome us when we admit that we do not know the answers to your questions, when we help you to find your own answers, when we encourage you to consider views with which we do not agree.

10. Why are you going to college? Not to enhance your parents' social position; not to get high marks; not to get the ultimate answers, which not even *we* can furnish. To use our own professional jargon, you come to college to get a liberal education. We must admit that we do not altogether know what a liberal education is, but we have some fairly good ideas on the subject. We do not entirely follow these ideas. None of us, for example, believes that there is a magic in piling up a certain number of hour-credits. Yet, sixty credits and you get your diploma. And that diploma is supposed to admit you to the company of educated men and women. Why not fifty-five, or sixty-five? We do not know. Indeed if you pressed us we should have to admit that some students are liberally educated with thirty credits while others will not belong to the educated company if they take sixty times sixty hours of credit. Do not measure your education by simple arithmetic.

11. Elect your courses with care. If you go to a college which requires that you juggle five courses at once, you will do well to find one easy berth and sleep in it; otherwise you cannot do justice to the other four. This is a secret practice acceptable and accepted by all. But in general easy courses should be avoided simply because they are easy and do not give you your father's money's worth.

12. Do not select your courses with an eye to a specific job or type of occupation. More of you will make this mistake than not, and it is one of the most serious you can make. In the first place, we know at least that a liberal education involves a balance and harmony of interests. Secondly, your interests and talents are by no means fully appreciated or explored when you come to us. You do not want to wake up in your senior year and wish that you had not missed many important and interesting things. Thousands of seniors do.

13. When you come to college you are intellectually very young and have not yet learned to proceed safely or efficiently under your own intellectual power. You are what your environment and your elders have made you. Your ideas are not your own. The first thing you must learn is to stand on your own ideas. This is why you should not take us and our ideas too seriously. Broaden your horizon so that as you become more and more able to take care of yourself you will move intelligently. Do considerable mental visiting in your first years in college. Try to encounter the major points of view represented on the faculty and among the students. Entertain them the more seriously the more they differ from your own. You may return to your own, but if you do it will be with greater tolerance and broader understanding.

14. You come to college to gain a liberal

perspective. In gaining this perspective you must come to know the nature which surrounds and compels you, the society with which you must live and cooperate, the creative spirit which is your heritage, and the tools of language and of thought. To express it in this specific manner is helpful. It suggests certain intellectual virtues which you must possess before you can be considered an educated man or woman. This does not mean that there are particular courses which can alone provide you with these virtues. Do not take a course solely for its specific content.

15. For example, we have said that you must come to know the natural world. This does not mean that you must study physics *and* chemistry *and* astronomy *and* geology. It means that you must acquire the scientific attitude, understand the atmosphere and significance of the exact sciences, know their fundamental assumptions, their key concepts, their major contributions. And the same is true of the biological sciences. A course in botany *or* zoology *or* physiology *or* psychology is enough to give you an understanding of the important aspects of biology. You have not time for them all. But one is essential. Far too many are ignorant of the biological forces affecting human conduct. You should get into the laboratory while you are in college, and you should work in both the exact and the biological sciences.

16. You want also to know the society with which you must live and cooperate. And one of the ways in which you want to know it is the historical. You must be historically minded. You must recognize the importance of the past for the present. Man learns by experience, and history is social experience. Greek, Roman, European, American history—you cannot study them all, *but* you can become historically minded. And you can become socially minded in your view of the present world. Economic, social and political forces have your world in their grips. You must study these forces, measure them, evaluate them.

17. Our heritage in the field of the arts has always been recognized as liberalizing. Not so much need to urge you here. Most of the greatest interpretation of human living is to be found in painting, sculpture, music and literature. What are some of the things which the great creative geniuses have told us about ourselves? What are modern artists trying to do? You must find out these things, not just that you may go to museums and concerts, but that you may *want* to go to museums and concerts. Elect some art or music, for pleasure, but also to increase your knowledge. Also, get a full and enthusiastic knowledge of the literature of your mother tongue. You will have discovered a source of wisdom, good taste and pleasure. Such studies need no recommendation.

18. Finally, you must come to understand the tools of language and of thought. And here urging is necessary. You ought to know another language, ancient or modern, inflected or non-inflected, so well that you dream in it. Such knowledge gives a far better understanding of your own tongue, both as a tool and as an art, than you could otherwise obtain. And you will have open to you another literature. Furthermore, you should be conversant with the structures and powers of thought as an intellectual tool, and you should be willing to examine fundamental assumptions. Mathematics, logic and philosophy are helpful here. You may think them difficult, but do not avoid them altogether.

19. If you will examine this program for the enlarging of your intellectual horizon you will see that it involves some eight subjects spread throughout the departments of your college. It is a program which you can complete in your freshman and sophomore years and one which you should carry through in order that you may be equipped intellectually to proceed to the second part of your college education. It will give you necessary breadth.

20. But you must also specialize, when the foundation has been laid. You must do this not because specialization will prepare you for a specific job, but because a certain degree of specialization is the second essential of true intellectual endeavor. Without specialization your college work is in danger of becoming that thin veneer of "culture" which we all recognize as superficial. And now you will find the faculty more cooperative. We are specialists and we like to encourage specializa-

tion. But still be on your guard, for we shall mislead you by overemphasizing the importance of our particular little corners of learning. The important matter is not *what* you specialize in, but that you specialize. Specialization for its own sake, that is my point. If you are going on to graduate work you will find the overwhelming advice of graduate school faculties to be that you specialize in *anything but* your subject of graduate study. If you are going into medicine, you might major in history. If you will be a lawyer, major in art or music.

21. Even your specialization should be carefully planned. In the first place, it will probably be advisable for you to do advanced work in each of the four major fields of study: natural science; social science; art and literature; and language, mathematics or philosophy. If you studied chemistry as a freshman, you might go on to more advanced chemistry and take elementary astronomy or geology as allied work. In short, in each major field in which you took two elementary courses as an underclassman, you should follow one elementary course into advanced work and at the same time gain some knowledge in an allied field.

22. But this will take only half of your time as an upperclassman. You should devote the other half of your last two years to intensive specialization in one subject in which you have the greatest interest and for which you have shown marked talent. Perhaps you have found history the most absorbing of subjects. Good! Go on in it. Devote half of your junior and senior years to history. Show that you can work intensively on the details of your chosen major, manipulate these details correctly, and fit them into a comprehensive picture of the whole. But remember—though your teachers will work against you here—remember that you are studying primarily for the sake of the intensive specialization and not of the history. Your roommate is getting the same thing from majoring in mathematics or English literature.

23. When you have avoided the Scylla of heterogeneous meanderings among elementary facts and concepts and the Charybdis of a study so narrow that you are ignorant of what is going on outside your own little corner of interest, you will have intellectual balance and perspective. Do not take us as your models. We represent a special world and we are are an academic people. You are going into a broader world and a non-academic environment. Make us realize that our interests and understandings should spread into every field. Make us see that our students are at least as important as the subjects we teach. Make us understand that marks and examinations are mere administrative conveniences to be taken far less seriously than we take them. In short, insist that we get together as a unified organization and provide you with a liberal education. Strength to you! If you will do these things you will be performing a service to us and to yourselves.

*Gilbert A. Highet*

# TEACHING, NOT FACTS, BUT HOW TO THINK

*Gilbert Arthur Highet (1906- ) was born in Glasgow, Scotland. He took degrees at Glasgow University and at Oxford and, since 1950, has been Anthon Professor of Latin at Columbia University in New York. Among his books are* The Classical Tradition, *1949, and* The Art of Teaching, *1950.*

You have probably noticed that nowadays, when you talk to young men and women of college age, they do not hear you very well. Their thoughts are elsewhere. They say, "Sure," and they say, "So do I," and often they say, "What was that?" But their eyes do not quite focus. Nor do their minds.

We cannot blame them. All that we can do is to sympathize, to keep them calm, and to remember what it was like for ourselves to be very young and to be faced with war (I), unemployment (1921–), inflation (1924–), unemployment (1929–), war (II), or the other crises which have been a recurrent feature of the twentieth century. But it makes it much more difficult to teach the young, in schools and in colleges.

Have you ever tried to take a long-distance call in the middle of a party? The host says, "This is for you. Cleveland calling," and hands you the receiver. Faint and distant, a little voice speaks in your ear, explaining something you have forgotten and asking questions you cannot answer. From time to time it is interrupted by roars and crackles of electricity, and occasionally a total stranger's voice, like a ghost, floats along the wire uttering disembodied fragments of an unintelligible speech. But your caller in Cleveland goes on earnestly explaining and eagerly inquiring.

Meanwhile, your host has gone back to the other guests, and is engaged in a loud argument about the hydrogen bomb that comes into your other ear with much more force and stridency than the Cleveland talker. Two latecomers are taking off their coats and chatting just beside you in the hall. Music is coming from the middle distance, where Jeff and Mary have been persuaded to do their own special version of "Baby, It's Cold Outside"; and there are regular shouts of laughter at the end of each verse. And over and under the various utterances, all demanding your attention, there flows a steady stream of miscellaneous noise, random conversation and isolated words and competitive dialogue and hum and clink and clatter, topped off by the furious trumpeting of taxis threading their way through the double-parked cars outside the door.

At last Cleveland says, "Now, you're sure you've got all that? Nine o'clock on Monday without fail and bring *both* zigms, they're sending Presncjx as well. 'Bye now." And you go back to the party wondering what on earth it was all about, and trying desperately hard to make a connected story out of the message. Sometimes you ring back next morning for confirmation. Sometimes you put the bits together into the wrong pattern and blame the other fellow. Sometimes you get it right, and it is at least partly luck.

Anyone who teaches young men and young

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NOTE: Since the final essays of the sections of Part One are used as a special project to improve reading comprehension and speed (described in the Exercise Manual), the paragraph numbers are omitted.

women is in the position of the man calling from Cleveland. He has a consistent and carefully prepared message to deliver. They know something of what he is trying to tell them, and they have one ear open for his message. They are not uncooperative. They will listen. But their attention is distracted, not occasionally but continuously, by a torrent of other voices and excitements against which the message can hardly make its way.

To begin with, they are young. And youth, with health and energy, is (for all the dangers that beset it) rather like being at a perpetual party. We oldsters lead a dull life, they think. Certainly we have far fewer pleasures. We could scarcely endure them, even if we tried. Recently I reread some of the diaries I kept when I was at college, and they made me dizzy. Into one day I tried to cram as much excitement as would keep me going for a month now: a debate at the union in which I spoke, a boxing lesson in which I became speechless, a meeting of the musical society to fix next month's program, an angry session of the magazine board, plus a dance in the evening, not to mention three hours' lectures. . . . And the point is that all these things were apparently occupying my mind at the same time.

Exciting, yes, and the essence of growth; but distracting. To sit and listen to a reasoned exposition of vector analysis or the policy of the Habsburg Empire, difficult enough for an adult, is almost impossible for a young man or woman. I sometimes look at them in the classroom with real astonishment, and wonder what keeps them in their seats when every one of them is a mass of explosive forces.

The biggest excitement of all, the one which corresponds to the cocktails at the party, is, of course, love. Usually their minds are at least half occupied by love—for at least half of the time. Either they are in love—and are puzzled by its power, or saddened by its cruelties, or terrified by its dangers, or exultant at its delights; or else they are lonely, and would like to be loved, but cannot find anyone lovable or loving. It is strange for a teacher to look at all those young faces and reflect that, although their owners are mentally immature, physically they are adults who could very well have children of their own.

The quiet little fellow in the front seat with the big glasses looks as though he were concentrating hard on the tax structure of Spanish America, but he is also trying to decide whether, since he thinks he is too unattractive ever to catch a real beauty, he ought to abandon the idea of love altogether and become a recluse, a hermit of the intellect. Farther back, the calm girl with the sleek hair and the neat, quick handwriting is taking down the figures apparently with interest and efficiency. She is also wondering whether she is going to have a baby, for she married another graduate student last summer, and they agreed to postpone the family till they got their degrees, and yet . . .

Older people—I almost wrote "grownups," but these youngsters are grown up, too—older people have usually had enough experience and have thought enough about love to know what it can do to them and how they should live with it. For the young it is all new. Sometimes I think there are only four great experiences in life: the baby's discovery of the world, the youth's and girl's discovery of love, and the adult's discovery of art and of religion. All of these are overwhelming in their excitement and their power. The difficulty about the discovery of love is that it competes with almost irresistible power against the training of the intellect; and still both must go on at the same time.

Then there are all the other excitements, which, like the noise coming out of the party, keep the message from being fully heard, or even fully attended to. Instead of listening to the man in Cleveland, you would rather be inside listening to Jeff and Mary singing. In the same way, young men and women can scarcely ever concentrate 100 or even 80 per cent on the intellectual messages which their teachers send them: because their will power is not yet fully trained.

Very few students ever go through a course without wondering at least half a dozen times whether they ought to drop it. Very few students ever complete their education, at school or at college, without having several periods of distraction or discouragement or despair, when they almost decide it would be better to throw up the whole thing and take a job. If there is a job handy, it is all

the more difficult to resist the temptation.

One of my friends who is now a successful surgeon played with me in the college dance band. He was offered the equivalent of $300 a week to turn professional. And although he had entered college in order to become a doctor, although he had made his way by scholarships and had been getting excellent grades, although he really liked the profession and looking forward to curing the sick, he still had a long period of doubt when that $300 a week, so close and so easy, looked far more attractive than the long years of training and interneship before a distant and doubtful career. He used to talk to me about it by the hour, when he should have been studying the anatomy of the thorax; and I used to discuss it with him by the hour, when I should have been reading Lucan on the civil wars of Rome.

War is a violent teacher, said the Greek historian Thucydides. And it is extremely hard for any human teacher to compete with war for the attention of his students. It is not that they are afraid of that violence—American youngsters are good in combat, and very few of them permit themselves to be "chicken." No, it is that they can scarcely concentrate on long preparation and careful thinking (which are the essence of a sound education) if a violent interruption may alter their whole lives. Young men nearly always prefer a quick and complete decision to vagueness, and hesitation, and postponement; and you can see them now, struggling against the temptation to throw up years of work and solve the whole problem by joining the Marines.

But perhaps we have all talked too much about the fate of the nation hanging on military preparedness alone; perhaps they feel that this is a powerful imperative, too powerful to resist or reason out; and probably we should tell them—what is undoubtedly true—that the fate of the nation depends also upon the education and the wisdom of the young people who, after every war and every crisis, have to guide it and to rebuild it. Just as we have a duty to educate them, so they have a duty, subordinate only to immediate military necessity, to be educated.

When we tell them that, we are telling them the truth. We are also training their will power. But it is not only their will power which is not fully trained. Their minds are not fully trained either. It is the teacher's chief duty to train them. That is even more important than filling them with the right facts. What the young learn in high school and in college is not primarily sets of facts, or special skills, or theories, or explanations. They learn how to think.

This is the most important of all, for it changes them into human beings. Some of them never learn it. Uneducated people all over the world seldom learn it. That is why there is such a terrifying gulf between those who can think generally and logically and those who cannot. Those who can think for themselves see the world as a complex of events and forces which can be explained by fitting them into a number of intellectual patterns: history, for example, is such a pattern, and so is physics.

Those who have never learned logical thought can seldom see these patterns. Usually they refuse to believe that the patterns exist. They substitute vague and sullen emotional burps for logic. Or else they believe—when one tries to explain the pattern to them—that the explanation is only "a lot of talk," words, words, words, intended to deceive and not to communicate. Most of the authors who have written about the peasants of Russia agree in saying that, though often shrewd at solving particular problems, the peasants would not accept logical explanations because they did not believe in the possibility of logical argument.

Winston Churchill, in the last volume of the magnificent history of the war, quotes Stalin himself as feeling and expressing this difficulty. "You explain a plan carefully to the peasant," said Stalin, "and he scratches his head and says he must talk it over with his wife or his herdsman. Then he comes back and rejects the whole thing." It was not, apparently, that the peasant understood the plan and opposed it on carefully reasoned grounds. It was simply that he distrusted it because it was an intellectual structure, and he could not cope with intellectual structures any more than he could fly without wings. Stalin could have educated the peasants. But he chose to liquidate four or five million of them instead.

We see the same kind of thing whenever we travel into remote parts of the world. Talking to illiterate farmers, or to isolated villagers in the back-country of Mexico or Spain or India (even after the language difficulty has been partly solved), we feel another difficulty, this one insoluble. It is that they do not think as we do. They are primitives. They will not make a general statement. Instead, they will tell a story. (That is why all the great religions of the world begin not with philosophical systems, but with wonderful stories.) They will not argue, and reach a general conclusion by to-and-fro discussions. They simply make counterstatements, and stop. And all the time they look at us with the same puzzled but intense gaze that we see in the eyes of an animal trying to decide between attack, or investigation, or escape.

Long afterward, when we have left their village and gone back to our homes, they will still remember us, with photographic vividness though without the power to generalize —because we had a *machine that clicked,* or smoked a pipe with a *silver band.* In their own land they are cleverer and wiser than we. They would survive where we should die. But outside their own land they would be miserable, for they could not assimilate their new experiences. Without the general processes that we call logical thought they cannot think.

So when we teach the young we must remember that, for a good deal of the time, they are trying—not always with success—to think as we think. Our minds are trained to put two and two together. Their minds are not trained to put anything together except emotional experiences. Our minds can detect remote similarities and build up large patterns of thought. Their minds cannot make those jumps and fill in those connections.

Almost automatically, after our training, we single out cause and effect, principle and example, ground and variation, rule and exception, pro and con, general and particular. These very concepts are strange to the young. I remember puzzling for years over the meaning of "cause." What is a "cause"? How can we say that the murder of an archduke "caused" a war? What "caused" the murder? Was it the bullet, or the powder, or the impulse of the murderer, or the coincidence of his meeting the archduke, or his accurate aim, or what? It was really a revelation to me when I was given a logical analysis of the idea of causation, and learned that there were several different types of cause (Aristotle said four types) and that the whole concept of cause and effect was merely a human convenience in selecting from the process of events a few separate aspects which were important for our own purposes.

And so it is with all the young. Again and again, in talking to them, we use words which seem perfectly clear and easy. We say, "There is an analogy * * *" or "Suppose we look for a precedent * * *." The young look dutifully at us, but they are not quite sure what an analogy is or what function a precedent performs. Therefore the good teacher will always remember that it is not only the subject-matter of his teaching which is strange to the class: it is the actual method of his thinking. The young have to learn it. Without learning the principles of general reasoning, they will never be able to understand the laws of their country or grasp its history; they will never be fit to plan a factory or organize a business, to criticize a book or detect a fallacy, to arrange their own lives or to educate their children.

But it is difficult to learn thinking, and we must be patient with them while they learn it. When they do or say silly things, it is not unnatural. It is the upsurge of disorganized emotion, the random gesture of the animal or the savage out of which they are evolving.

That is why teaching is such a wonderful profession. Doctors make sick people well again. Lawyers reconcile people's differences. Clergymen make people better in spirit. But teachers make children and youngsters, half-animal and half-savage, into human beings. Even that would not be possible unless they wanted to become human. Every child, every boy, every youth, in his heart wants to learn and to grow in mind, to the fullest powers of which he feels himself capable. The best teacher in the world cannot force him to do so. All that he can ever do is to help and to encourage. His best reward is to see, not a "product," but a free and independent human being who can think.

# People and Places

## *Richard L. Neuberger*

## A WESTERNER TELLS US WHAT WE MISS

*Richard Lewis Neuberger (1912- ) was born in Portland, Oregon, and educated at the University of Oregon. Before serving as an officer in the army, he was feature writer for the Portland* Oregonian *and the New York* Times. *More recently he has served as senator in the Oregon legislature. He is co-author of* Integrity: The Life of George W. Norris, *1937, and author of* Our Promised Land, *1938, a critical study of the cultural and economic history of the Northwest.*

1. I'll take life in the Far West. So will the 2,000,000 newcomers who migrated out here during the war and have decided to stay on. The West is the fastest-growing part of the country. California now ranks third among the States in population. Oregon, Washington and Nevada are climbing, too. Why shouldn't they? They offer a man a chance to live as a man should—with a few acres of fresh air around him—not boxed in by pavement and girders.

2. America stretches from ocean to ocean, yet innumerable Americans so crowd one another that they must live behind turnstiles. They have to line up for everything. They go through a turnstile to eat lunch, to see a show, to board a train to go home after work.

3. No wicket guards the countryside along the nation's sundown seaboard. Out West there is room—room, as Franklin D. Roosevelt once put it, "for many people to have a better opportunity and a better existence for themselves and their children."

4. The phrase "out West" refers to more than geography. We have a West which is crowded, too. But I do not mean that West—the West of elaborate Hollywood cocktail parties, of rodeo riders galloping a circuit from Brooklyn to Pittsburgh to Las Vegas, of cowboy yodelers who have never been beyond the city limits, of tired business men playing sheriff's posse on the sod of a riding academy.

5. The West that Westerners love is the West that prompted Frederick Jackson Turner, the great prophet of the American frontier, to write a quarter of a century ago, "The West, at bottom, is a form of society rather than an area."

6. I have a friend who before the war was a successful lawyer in New York City. Now he is raising apples on a fertile bench in the canyon where the Columbia River breaches the Cascade Mountains.

7. What kind of life has my friend found? A few weeks ago I watched him trudging up a hill with a faded Army shirt over his shoulder. He wiped the sweat from his face with a muscular forearm, and looked across the plaided orchard toward the sweep of valley which rose to Mount Hood's glacial cone. He bent to fill a pan at a rusty pump.

8. "I move more muscles in a day than I used to in a month of Sundays," he volunteered, "but I wouldn't think of going where those apples are headed."

9. We watched a long fruit train puffing eastward far below us, along the edge of the Columbia.

A WESTERNER TELLS US WHAT WE MISS: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from the New York *Times Magazine*, August 18, 1946.

10. "I feel different," my friend continued. "The frantic pressure is off. I take time to visit our rural neighbors, to find out what makes them tick. They help me with my spraying, I help them with theirs. I notice little things I once thought unimportant—the wild flowers along the road, the shape of the clouds at sunset. I feel a whole lot more like a human being and less like one caviar egg in a big, thick, suffocating sandwich."

11. The West is new. Most Easterners do not realize how new it is. I, a comparatively young man, have talked with Indians whose grandmothers were little girls playing on the lava rocks when Lewis and Clark came ashore at Celilo Falls. The East, on the other hand, is more than three centuries removed from the Pilgrim Fathers. Its past is lost in tradition. Sophistication and timidity have dulled the daring and originality responsible for its greatness.

12. The West will take a chance, frequently a long one. It will send a cowboy on a white horse to the United States Senate and if he turns out, like Glen Taylor of Idaho, to be the only Senator to challenge the right to a seat of Bilbo of Mississippi, then so much the better. It will defy the White House itself to replace an aging Burton K. Wheeler with a young Montana lawyer. It will experiment with new governmental institutions in order to meet new needs.

13. Orthodoxy is no fetish on the sunset side of the Continental Divide. Practically all political and economic reform movements since the turn of the century have originated in the Far West—the Single Tax Leagues, the initiative, referendum and recall, the Townsend Pension Plan, People's Public Power Districts, Production for Use, even the rambunctious Ham and Eggs.

14. Easterners often look down their noses at "those crackpot outfits agitating out West." But who would do away with the direct election of Senators, started four decades ago in Oregon? Perhaps the initiative and referendum have their uses, although the Governments of most Eastern States have declined to give the voters so much authority. And maybe the Townsend Plan and Ham and Eggs every Thursday, for all their economic heresies, helped to provide the impetus for sorely needed social security legislation.

15. Opportunity in the West is not fenced off by the caste system which rules so many fields in the East. Few Western cities have social registers. And consider politics. A young man interested in public office in the East must come up through the machine. Even such doughty champions of the people as Franklin D. Roosevelt and Robert F. Wagner had to serve long apprenticeships in New York State politics before emerging on the national scene.

16. Yet of the six present Senators from the States of the Pacific Coast, four never sought a public office of any sort prior to their election to the Senate. In the East it is still "old men for council, young men for war." The West honors youth. The average age of the Senators from the Pacific seaboard is 47. The average age of the Senators from the comparable Atlantic States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut is 62.

17. Age makes the East crusty and suspicious. Try to strike up a conversation on a train rolling through the East and people eye you disdainfully. Women think you are trying to make a pick-up. Men fear you intend to lift their wallets. I have eaten dinner half an inch from someone else's elbow at a restaurant counter in the East without exchanging a word with my neighbor. A ranger and I rode four miles in Idaho's Kaniksu National Forest to share supper with two fishermen we had heard were camped down the creek.

18. People in the West are neither different from nor better than people in the East. Indeed, the transplanted Easterner soon becomes a bona fide Westerner. But the way of life in the West places emphasis on different values. Eyes are not fixed so fast on the main chance. Happiness and contentment bring as great a premium on the market as success and affluence.

19. The United States Forest Service brought Charley Rector from a ranger's patrol in the Wallowa Mountains to regional headquarters in Portland to make an administrator of him. Sitting at his desk, he missed the smell of Ponderosa pines, the dim blue distances of deep canyon and high plateau. He finally said he had entered the Forest Serv-

ice to work with trees and range, rather than to order other men to such undertakings. Today Charley Rector is back in the wilderness by his own choice, with snow peaks instead of filing cabinets to look at.

20. This illustrates what a genuine Westerner means when he speaks of the West. He thinks of jackhammer men at Grand Coulee and Shasta tamping mighty rivers; of soldiers in uniform breaking through the solitudes between the Northwest and Alaska; of foresters hurling back crown fires that turn gorges into ovens. Your real Westerner knows that the West of today needs no glorification in sideshow or carnival. He has seen Puget Sound from Rainier's three-mile summit, or he has cleared a stump ranch in the Cascades, and he has the faith and assurance which come from experience.

21. Pleasures reserved for the wealthy in the East are within the reach of the average wage-earner in the West. I know men earning less than $3,000 a year who are able to afford cottages on the Oregon seacoast or cabins in the Washington mountains. Kipling called fishing for Columbia River Chinook salmon the ultimate episode in his life, and this experience is open to rich and poor alike in the West. Rod and reel are the only equipment required. True it is that Westerners have neither museums nor art galleries to match those on Manhattan Island, yet who would glance at a stuffed or painted fish when he could feel a live sixty-pounder at the end of his line?

22. New Yorkers may have a possessive feeling about the Battery or Broadway and Forty-second Street, yet I doubt if they can match the proprietary manner in which Westerners refer to the nearest great mountains. Portlanders speak of Mount Hood as if each of them owned the noble summit in fee simple. Seattle residents do the same for Mount Rainier, although Tacoma's die-hard citizens still refer possessively to the lordly peak as Mount Tacoma.

23. Perhaps because the East is older and more cosmopolitan it is sophisticated about its marvels. The average New Yorker does not boast of the superior height of the Empire State Building. No such reticence inhibits the West. Canyons are always the deepest, rivers the swiftest, cliffs the steepest, mountains the most dangerous, big-game the most numerous, fish the fightingest, girls the prettiest. . . .

24. Conventional Easterners tend to prejudge the West. To those who say that Montana and Idaho are provincial and isolationist, that Oregon is stuffy, that Washington and California are "crackpot," it may be answered that these are superficial estimates. Borah was elected to office from Idaho, but so were Jim Pope and Glen Taylor, ardent internationalists. Oregon has been stuffy on occasion, but what State hasn't?

25. Don't ride a streamlined train through the West and look out snobbishly at the people. You will find crowds at wayside stations gaping at the train. You may decide they are hicks and rubes. They aren't. They are just normal, everyday Americans. Two passenger trains daily, one each way, go through many towns in Idaho, Nevada and Montana. They bring all the mail and parcel post. They bring fresh fruit, and they pick up loins of beef. They even may bring a winsome new school teacher for the fall semester, or the French bride of the local Air Forces hero. It's permissible to walk down and watch the train roll in under such circumstances, isn't it?

26. The West is a great place if only because of the loyalties it inspires. No Westerner stands in a Chicago station and hears his train called without hackles rising on his spine. He can hardly wait to clamber up the Pullman steps; once aboard, he is impatient for "second night out," when the first ramparts of the Rockies will be visible, faint and far off, on the horizon of the setting sun.

27. As the West expands in population, . . . this possessive pride in a great region is happily extended to more Americans than ever before in history.

## *Ralph McGill*

# THE MULTIMILLIONAIRE NOBODY KNOWS

*Ralph McGill (1898- ) has been editor of the Atlanta* Constitution *since 1942. Born in Tennessee, he attended Vanderbilt University and began his newspaper career as sports editor of the Nashville* Banner. *He has served as a special adviser and consultant to the Department of State, and in 1937 was awarded a Rosenwald Fellowship for travel in Europe.*

*In this portrait of Robert Woodruff—a Southerner of New England blood, and the man responsible for the world's best-known soft drink—Mr. McGill depicts an American boy who has succeeded financially, who invests his earnings wisely, and who contributes generously to philanthropies. But in putting together his sketch, Mr. McGill does not depend solely on the plain facts of dates and doings; he also presents something of the man's philosophy and his views concerning free enterprise and government.*

1. Some years ago, a Sunday-supplement feature writer was assigned to do an article on Robert Winship Woodruff, chairman of the Executive Committee of The Coca-Cola Company. A week later, deeply frustrated and well into his fourth highball, he said to those gathered about him:

2. "This fellow Woodruff is no story. He has his original wife after more than thirty years and they still get along. He's rich enough for yachts, but he hasn't even got an outboard motor. The guy likes poker, but is no gambler. He has never owned a race horse or backed a Broadway show. He has a ranch out West, but the only persons he takes there are his wife, relatives and family friends. All I can find out about him is that he's a successful man who's done a lot of good he won't tell you about. The hell with him! Pass me the bottle."

3. The story of Robert W. Woodruff is basically one of a well-known drink and a little-known man whose policies have made of it probably the most universally vended, branded food or drink product in the world. Every day last year approximately 50,000,000 persons around the globe had a Coke. But the publicity-shy man whose direction created this world-wide acceptance is so little known that he walks the streets of his home city, which he and his father have had a major share in building, with only an occasional recognition.

4. At sixty-one Woodruff is a tall, well-set-up man with no fat or suggestion of paunch. His face is fixed in well-defined, severe lines, but his smile is warm and disarming. He wears conservative, well-tailored clothes and is careful of his appearance, but no clotheshorse.

5. He is patient, sometimes exhaustively so. He frequently wears out associates and friends by the thoroughness of his examination into an idea, coupled with his belief in an old axiom picked up along the way—that it is not wise to make a decision when tired. The latter led to an associate's saying wearily one afternoon that it was a good thing Woodruff was copper-riveted and possessed of a distance runner's stamina, as at the end of one of his conferences everyone else was too damned tired to come to a decision.

6. He plays as hard as he works. Men soft from many years at a desk have been known to grow pale on receiving an invitation to come down for a return visit and hunt quail on the

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Woodruff plantation in South Georgia. They know they will be up on the heels of dawn. They will climb off a horse for each covey point, shoot, hunt out singles, mount again and ride after the dogs to the next point, quitting only when it becomes too dark to shoot. They know, too, that after dinner there will be poker or gin rummy until midnight or later, but the waking call will come each morning at about the hour the more merry night clubs close. At the end of a week, they will depart, as one guest said, with "even their hair follicles hurting," Woodruff happily greeting another group.

7. The only visitor ever to out-Woodruff Woodruff was Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, who accepted an invitation to come from a week of golf at the Augusta National Golf Club to the plantation near Newton, Georgia, for a few days of shooting. When Woodruff appeared the first morning with the earliest streaks of dawn, he found General Eisenhower standing before the big fireplace in the living room.

8. "What's holding things up?" asked the general, who had been told there would be an early start and had got up before his call. This left Woodruff nonplused, and he is not a man who nonpluses easily.

9. Woodruff's physical endurance is the more remarkable because he takes no regular exercise, indulges in no diets, has not the slightest idea of how to relax and devotes his vacation periods to strenuous hunting or long horseback rides at his T.E. Ranch—once Buffalo Bill's holdings—thirty miles out from Cody, Wyoming. He is a chronic stayer-upper and an early riser. Restless always, but often lonely and given to deep moods of introspection, he has a saying that the future belongs to the discontented.

10. The early decades of the nineteenth century found restless men everywhere in the new republic on the move, especially to the new lands of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, from which the Indians were being withdrawn. New England supplied a goodly number of discontented on the hunt for new opportunity. Among these were Woodruff's forebears. George Waldo Woodruff, with the brand of transcendentalism on his name and the regional virtues of thrift and work in his bones, arrived at the new town of Columbus, Georgia, a few years after it had been laid out in 1828. The Chattahoochee River fall line is at that city, and the swift descent of the waters over large rocks provides a ready source of power, which was later to attract textile mills. George Woodruff built a grist-mill, which was profitable. He invested in other enterprises and died a millionaire at ninety-one. His son, Ernest, married Emily Winship, whose father, Robert, had brought his family from New England to Georgia a few years before the Woodruffs arrived.

11. The first of the three sons of Emily and Ernest Woodruff was born on December 6, 1889, and christened Robert Winship. He was a child when the family moved to Atlanta. The town had been rebuilt after General Sherman's fires had destroyed it, and was flourishing mightily. It was attracting those who could see opportunity in its development, and Ernest Woodruff's canny New England blood was singing prophetically in his ears. He saw the raw city's need for a horse-pulled street-railway system which one day could be parlayed into an electric-power-and-transit company; for a plant to manufacture ice; for banks and investments—and he was chief among those who brought them all into being.

12. Young Robert grew up in the staidly fashionable Inman Park residential section. One of his playmates was Harrison Jones, now chairman of the board of Coca-Cola. Another of his schoolmates was William B. Hartsfield, currently and for fourteen years mayor of Atlanta. His Sunday-school teacher, Asa Griggs Candler, was a member of a leading family in the Methodist Church. Candler owned the wholesale-drug firm of Walker and Candler and was pleased with a recently acquired side line which was catching on amazingly—one of the new-fangled soda-pop drinks called Coca-Cola.

13. Candler's Sunday-school pupil was apt with the prophets and apostles, but the New England trader strain was evident in him even then. Young Woodruff was one of several boys who rode ponies to school. He was given fifty cents a week to buy feed for the pony, a sum ample in those uninflated days. This weekly half dollar was a challenge to his Connecticut chromosomes. The stables from which the

Candler wagons and drays moved in carrying freight and deliveries was near Robert's school. Woodruff and the Negro stableman became friends—a friendship which endured until ended by stableman Jim Key's death a few years ago. Woodruff's pony was stabled and fed at his Sunday-school teacher's stables all through the school hours. And Woodruff had for the nine months of the school year a net profit of fifty cents a week.

14. Years later when Woodruff, as the new president of Coca-Cola, reported for his first day on the job, he met Jim Key by the elevator.

"Jim," he said as they shook hands, "I haven't been upstairs yet, and I don't know the rules, but you are on the payroll for the rest of your life, and you don't have to hit another lick from this minute on."

15. Woodruff moved from grade school to Georgia Military Academy, and when he had graduated there, he spoke up for a job. His father ordered the boy into Emory College—now Emory University, of Atlanta—at Oxford, Georgia. Young Woodruff stayed not quite a year and quit.

"You're going back and get something in your head," said his father. "Damn it, boy, it's only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves!"

"I'll take the shirt sleeves now," said Robert. And he did.

"The college bills are yours," said the old man grimly—and let him go. Between the two, father and son, was a deep affection, but they were too much alike to get along smoothly.

16. Young Woodruff took the first job he found—helper in a foundry. He moved from that to a sales job with the General Fire Extinguisher Company, where his natural talents for selling brought in quick results, and his commissions mounted to totals quite respectable. News of this reached his father, who relented and sent for him. Ernest Woodruff had by then successfully organized the Atlantic Ice and Coal Company, and he offered his stubborn son a job as salesman and buyer at $150 a month. He took it. This was in 1911. The next year, after months of persistent salesmanship, Robert Woodruff was accepted by Miss Nell Hodgson, of Athens, Georgia, and they were promptly married. They still are, devotedly.

17. Marriage gave young Woodruff added incentive to get ahead. He made a survey which demonstrated to his satisfaction that trucks would be more profitable and efficient in the ice-and-coal business than horses, mules and drays. After long and skillful trading with Walter White, of White Motors, Woodruff contracted for trucks. This caused Father Ernest, who had not been consulted by his buyer and who also was unconvinced the automobile was here to stay, to become temporarily incoherent. When the power of speech returned, he fired the buyer and urged him never to darken the door again.

18. White promptly hired the young man, explaining later that Woodruff's ability in the truck deal was such that he didn't want him working for someone else. "I thought I had a sucker when I got hold of the youngster and started selling him trucks. I ended up with a deal in which my profit wouldn't have bought the shirt I almost lost," he said. White assigned Woodruff to South Georgia, but he soon outgrew that territory and White moved him up. He became the nation's top truck salesman.

19. Georgia's famed Ty Cobb and Woodruff were friends and bird-hunting competitors at that time. The bird-dog fraternity still recalls an episode of those early days when the star truck salesman and the great Detroit outfielder put their favorite dogs down with sizable bets on their covey-finding abilities. At the end of the first day, Woodruff's Lloyd George was ahead of Cobb's Connie Mack by two coveys.

"Hold the covey count, double the bets and we'll hunt again tomorrow!" stormed the angry Cobb.

20. When the soft, smoky haze of a deep-South autumn twilight fell through the pines and fields on the following Saturday to close out six consecutive days of hard hunting, Lloyd George was still ahead. The hard-losing Cobb looked blackly at his dog and walked off.

"That damned dog of Woodruff's has got his nose for prospects," he said, in deep disgust, and refused even to speak to his friend for the next six or seven months.

21. Woodruff was still with the White Motor Company, where he had advanced to first vice-president and general sales manager, when, in 1923, a group of nail-biting men in Atlanta, including a chastened Ernest Woodruff, asked him to head up The Coca-Cola Company, which they had purchased four years before. The going had been a little rough, and the truck salesman was a unanimous choice for the presidency.

22. It could be said with no great strain on the imagination that Coca-Cola had been waiting around for Woodruff. Both were born in the same town and each was moved to Atlanta in infancy. Until they met, the real possibilities of neither had had full opportunity for development.

23. Less than three years before Woodruff had his natal spanking in Columbus, Col. John S. Pemberton had departed that city with an idea born to him there. He had not done well with a small wholesale-drug company, and Atlanta beckoned. He believed that in the larger city he could develop his idea. There was great interest in soda water and the new fruit-flavored soda-pop drinks. The colonel had an idea for a new type. In Atlanta, he hopefully stirred his mixtures with a new boat oar in an open cast-iron kettle in a small building near the present site of the Sixth Federal Reserve Bank. He carried samples to be tested by the clerks and hangers-on at Venable's Drugstore near Atlanta's Five Points, until he had one which caused them to beam upon him and purchase a jug of sirup. This was 1886. Old records reveal that Colonel Pemberton sold less than thirty gallons of his beverage that year.

24. F. M. Robinson, a bookkeeper who wrote in a flourishing script, named the drink Coca-Cola. The world-familiar form of it is a copy of his original writing of the trade name.

25. In 1887, Colonel Pemberton, sick and discouraged by the poor progress of his drink, sold a two-thirds interest for $283.29. The purchasers had no idea of its potential value, and the rights kicked around Atlanta until 1889. That year Woodruff was born, and Asa Griggs Candler began to collect the Coca-Cola holdings. By 1892 he was sole owner. His company employed traveling salesmen and an advertising and sales manager named Samuel Candler Dobbs. It was he who put out the first oilcloth signs with the words "Coca-Cola" on them. He also produced the first soda-fountain displays and put the product on billboards. Candler gave the United States bottling rights to two insistent young Chattanoogans, warning them their idea of putting the drink in bottles was not sound. It was a fortunate decision in more ways than one, in that almost from the beginning Coca-Cola was a local business wherever it was found.

26. By 1898 Coca-Cola sales were almost $500,000. They were up to $3,300,000 in 1907, and by 1917 had climbed to $15,700,000. Sales were still rising in 1919, but profit lagged well behind volume. In 1919 the home-office staff, including all employees down to janitors, totaled only thirty-three persons, although that year the company took in almost $25,000,000.

27. By this time Asa Candler was a bit tired of it. The drink seemed about at its peak. His sons were interested in other enterprises. In September, 1919, he sold out to a group of Georgia capitalists, of whom Ernest Woodruff was the leader. The Candlers received $10,000,000 in cash and $15,000,000 in preferred stock—since retired.

28. The managerial gears did not mesh too well, and in April, 1923, the directors sent for the vice-president and sales manager of the White Motor Company. The two Columbus products at last had met.

29. From the beginning, Woodruff's first loyalty was not to the company but to the product. His concept is that if a man produces an honest product and gives his loyalty to it, he will bring into play all the better human values in his promotion of that product. He will thereby make of it, his company and profits something helpful and part of the community. Woodruff's belief that the free-enterprise system has community obligations amounts almost to an obsession.

30. Woodruff spends a lot of his time engaged in what he refers to as trying "to see over the hill."

"It's easy to see down into the valley and up the slope," he said one day to a friend, "but it's tough as hell to see over the next hill."

31. It was in his early years with the company that he managed to get a quick look over

the hill and thereby chart a course and reach certain decisions. He determined that the soundest success could be had if the manufacturing, the wholesale processing and distributional facilities should be owned, controlled and managed separately from each other, and each should be independent of the retailers. Coca-Cola would, he and his staff further decided, develop as a single-product institution and, as manufacturer of that one product, would refrain from taking over a multiplicity of related operations which easily could have been integrated. Save for intimate control of the character of a few ingredients, Coca-Cola would, he directed, buy its requirements from suppliers in the market. Coca-Cola would, for instance, own and control no sugar plantations, mills or bottle-manufacturing plants. Today, Woodruff is gratified that of all its suppliers, Coca-Cola owns and controls not one, and that, even in foreign countries, it can be said that but for an already-steadily-decreasing few exceptions, everything used in the manufacture of Coca-Cola is produced in the country where it is sold.

32. Woodruff is proud of the fact that at both the wholesale and retail levels, Coca-Cola is shot through with economic independence. Of the jobbers 100 per cent, of the bottling plants more than 95 per cent, and of the retailers 100 per cent are under ownership independent of the manufacturing company. A long time ago Woodruff "saw over the hill" that if he could make of Coca-Cola not an empire, but instead a co-operating set of independent local businesses, his company would win support wherever its product was marketed, because of the local roots. Also, it would assist the competitive system, which, he believes, explains and maintains American productive genius.

33. When foreign expansion began, he imposed the same rules. Coca-Cola would sell the sirup to local processors, who would buy from local suppliers all they could of bottles, crowns, cases, coolers, cartons and the thousand other things needed.

34. To these independent businessmen at home and abroad, Woodruff preached personally and through his associates that in each town "The Coca-Cola Man" must be active in community and civic work, so that he might become "not merely the representative of the product but the personification of the institution."

35. Between 1923 and 1930, sales went from $24,000,000 to $35,000,000, and net profits, where the Woodruff influence was most apparent, rose from $5,000,000 to $13,000,000. By 1940, under Woodruff's Argus-eyed direction, Coca-Cola had become the best-known, most widely distributed and extensively mass-produced item in the world. Beginning in 1886, fifty-one years had been required to sell the first 500,000,000 gallons of sirup. The second 500,000,000 gallons were sold in seven years, and by 1949 the global sales were at a rate of about 500,000,000 gallons every three and a half years. The company's sales in 1949 were about $221,800,000, with profits of about $38,000,000 after taxes. At the same time, Coca-Cola's more than 270 foreign bottlers, private enterprises all, and 300,000-odd nondomestic retailers, also independent businesses, were grossing an approximate $150,000,000.

36. In France last year, communists persuaded some of the many small vineyard owners that Coca-Cola was a competitor of wine. The French Assembly, which reacts to farm pressure in much the same manner as a state legislature in Georgia or Iowa, adopted an anti-soft-drink measure, loudly opposed by French manufacturers of trucks, bottles and other items purchased by Coca-Cola and providing jobs for Frenchmen. From the Kremlin, apparently disturbed by the European success of this American product which assisted so many private suppliers around the world without any connection whatsoever with or aid from the Marshall Plan, came a steady flow of anti-Coca-Cola propaganda. Hatchet-Essayist Ilya Ehrenburg was called upon to produce angry essays which hinted that from drinking Coca-Cola to robbing banks was but one short step. Nothing is likely to seem more strange to the researchers of the future than the preoccupation of the Soviet Union with a soft drink costing five cents, or the equivalent thereof, almost anywhere in the world at the peak of the controversy.

37. Woodruff's stubborn refusal to become a public figure largely explains why he is not well known nationally. But the further fact

is that he privately is a difficult man to know. Even those closest to him reluctantly admit they do not know the pattern which fits him. Woodruff himself seems to have friends whom he seeks out to match whatever carefully concealed mood may be upon him. He is greatly drawn, for example, to one of his directors, Ralph Hayes, whom some in the company refer to as "Woodruff's conscience." One of the reasons for this, aside from executive skill, is Hayes' ability to talk and write well. Woodruff has been known to carry about with him some of Hayes' letters containing phrases or paragraphs of excellent prose until the pages were worn and smudged. Another of his intimates, Robert Tyre Jones, the great golfer, is esteemed by him for his forthright answers on business subjects, as well as for his companionship.

38. Only a severely limited few know the Woodruff who will sit by a fire and listen to poetry or some well-written paragraph read aloud. Not many more know the Woodruff revealed on infrequent two-man quail hunts through the piney woods and the fields of his South Georgia plantation.

39. The late O. Max Gardner, former governor of North Carolina, was one of Woodruff's close friends. A few hours before Gardner was to sail for London to begin his duties as ambassador to the Court of St. James's, he succumbed to a heart attack. Woodruff was at breakfast at his plantation, expecting a good-by telephone call. There was a call, but it informed him of the death of his friend. There was one guest in the house. He and Woodruff hunted that day into darkness. Woodruff, silent, in deep thought much of the time, chose the periods when he and his friend were riding along between covey shots, in which he rarely participated, to talk quietly but movingly about human values and what a man could do with his life to give it genuine meaning.

40. This is a side of Woodruff's personality which he guards with a deep shyness, based, his friends think, on a fear that he might be misunderstood. This same reticence marks his attitude toward religion. He has assisted many churches and is a major supporter of two. He has many sincere Negro friends and has helped their churches and boys' clubs. Organizations which have known his aid are many, but known only to him and his secretary. It is fair to say he is a religious man. He looks for this quality in businessmen and has, for example, privately referred to Charles E. Wilson, of General Electric, now head of the Office of Defense Mobilization, as a man who manages to be a spiritual statesman in business.

41. These two Woodruffs—the tough, exacting business executive and what his friends call "the other Woodruff"—undoubtedly complement each other. Yet, if they do, only he knows it. He apparently possesses the ability to turn the two on and off as he desires.

42. One day there arrived at his Atlanta office a requested color print of a portrait of James M. Cox, publisher, 1920 presidential nominee, and former Democratic governor of Ohio. In a well-turned inscription on the photograph, the donor had commented on Woodruff's innate "sense of what citizens and dollars owe to our lives." The picture arrived during Woodruff's absence, but a close friend who was present when it was opened and the inscription read said of him, "Bob's almost tormented concern with the obligation of the free-enterprise system and its dollar profits to society derives from the fact that all of his life the ancestral shades of a shrewd, ruthless New England trader father and a warm, generous and gentle mother have been carrying on a debate inside his skull. The tug and pull of it are expressed in his life. As soon as he has made a business profit, he frets until a part of that profit has been put to what he conceives to be useful human service. And the worst of it," wryly concluded the friend, "is that he insists on his friends doing likewise, whether they want to or not."

43. When Robert Woodruff's mother died, one of her servants said of her, "Miss Emily was the sort of person who could go to heaven without changing her clothes." It is obvious to those who know him best that from his mother Woodruff derived a pressing awareness of human values. This has made of him, among other things, a builder of hospitals. It has caused rural, deep-South counties, long darkened by malarial scourges, to be made well and safe.

44. Down on Woodruff's Ichauway Plantation, thirty-six miles southwest of Albany, Georgia, in great peanut-growing and bird-hunting land, the Negro hands think the Lord gave Woodruff a sign. Shortly after he bought the place in 1930, an old Negro patriarch of one of the tenant families drove over in a one-mule wagon to see the "new boss" who he had heard was there for the day. As he stood talking to Woodruff, a severe malarial seizure of chills struck him, and he all but collapsed at the feet of the new owner. This was Woodruff's first introduction to malaria, and with characteristic thoroughness he had doctors in to give inspection to every person on the plantation. Malaria and some venereal disease were found. In the course of the health examinations, Woodruff learned that Baker County, in which the plantation is located, had a high incidence of malaria, with a death rate which was shocking. The county was poor, because it had been hard hit by the boll weevil in the early '20's. There was no county health department.

45. An average man, emotionally aroused as was Woodruff, would likely have given the county a health department. Woodruff did, but not until he first had put dollars to work in research to determine what the problem was and what a health department would need. He set up a field station, deeding land to it, and financing it through Emory University's School of Medicine. It was provided with a modern laboratory. This station has kept on growing. The United States Public Health Service long ago was invited in and has profited greatly from the malarial studies. So has Baker County.

46. Out of this, Woodruff was directed, or led, to the field in which he wanted social-welfare dollars, derived from competitive-enterprise profits, to go to work. He had seen that a well person was happier and more interested in his job and in opportunity. All of Woodruff's plantation staff are promoted from the ranks. He turned to Emory University Hospital and its School of Medicine. He interested friends. The result has been a steady enlargement of that plant and its efficiency, until both the hospital and school are among the outstanding departments in the Southeast. An extra and substantial contribution there of his own was the Robert Winship Memorial Clinic, equipped with the most modern cancer-detection-and-treatment equipment and a staff of high quality. In addition, he has initiated or greatly influenced through friends and foundations the development of the Grady Clay Eye Clinic, the Private Diagnostic Clinic, a Department of Physical Medicine, a Department of Internal Medicine, the Crawford W. Long Hospital, affiliated with Emory, the School of Dentistry and a Medical Research Building, now under construction —all at Emory University, where he envisions a medical center for the Southeast on a par with that of the Mayos at Rochester. A fine co-ordinated program between Emory and Atlanta's municipal Grady Hospital has long been in effect.

47. These are hard years for medical schools everywhere, and for about ten years Woodruff has, with the co-operation of others, paid off the Emory deficit, which, in the process of expansion and rising costs, has not infrequently run as high as $200,000 and more. He has aided other private and state educational institutions. He has not been unaware of the problems of general education and has been helpful in that field, although hospital and medical-school problems frankly occupy most of his attention.

48. In the fall of 1950, Woodruff was elected to the board of trustees of Tuskegee Institute, the magnificent school at Tuskegee, Alabama, founded by Booker T. Washington. Acceptance of this election to the board had a significance beyond mere membership on another board. The fact that Woodruff, tremendously busy with his business and the board memberships he already had, went on the Tuskegee board meant a determination to expand his energies to assist with the whole field of Southern education. His dreams, ambitions and plans fit naturally into the New South, about which the oratorical and promotional voices have been talking for more than half a century, but which now may be seen on the horizon. He has already been responsible for bringing important industrial board meetings south and has pointed out the region's assets

to industrialists looking about for a place to go, though he is never regionally chauvinistic in these approaches. "A region is built, as a nation is, by enterprises which create other jobs and raise standards, including education," he says. "In a free economy like ours, trained initiative is the vital ingredient."

49. That is why he objects so strongly to socialization and to increasing Federal controls and supervision, which create more bureaucratic jobs, but fewer productive ones. He saw much to oppose in the Roosevelt Administrations, and did so forthrightly. Some things he approved, for he never made the error of closing his mind to what was going on and to the damage the free-enterprise system could do to itself by not shouldering its responsibilities in a competitive system. He sees that an economy expanding through research and risk capital will produce jobs, and they, in turn, will produce wages to buy the products of the jobs. Therefore, Woodruff wants the fight against socialism to be carried on by a dynamic economy which will maintain employment and produce profits, a fair percentage of which will be plowed into the activities which are helpful to people.

"The people will buy that," he insists, "and leave socialism on the shelf."

50. Woodruff knows that the future is challenging this sort of system to meet and defeat the chaos in currencies, ideologies and world economics. New methods and original techniques will be required. These, he is sure, will develop out of the competitive system and the American genius for it, if they are not shackled. If left free enough, he is confident, the American system has the stamina, vitality and skill to overcome and outproduce, in jobs, goods and the humanities, any other system in competition. But, he insists, American businessmen have got everlastingly to be trying to see over that always-present hill ahead. Those who dig in the valley will die there.

## *Virginia Woolf*

# BEAU BRUMMELL

*Virginia Woolf (1882-1941), daughter of the versatile Sir Leslie Stephen, was born in London and educated at home, cloistered in her father's magnificent library. Here she met such literary figures as Hardy, Stevenson, Ruskin, Bryce, Morley, and Meredith. In 1912 she married Leonard Sidney Woolf, a leader of the Labor Party and a writer on economic problems, and their home in Bloomsbury became the gathering place of a brilliant literary coterie. Mrs. Woolf published several collections of literary essays, best known of which are* The Common Reader, *1925, and* The Second Common Reader, *1932. Her most popular and significant books, however, are two novels*—Mrs. Dalloway, *1925, and* To the Lighthouse, *1927. In these particularly, through her minute exploration of the human mind, she established her position as a dominant influence in the development of the modern novel.*

*George Bryan Brummell, the subject of Virginia Woolf's biographical essay, was born in 1778, the son of William Brummell, private secretary to Lord North. He was very popular at Eton, where he was known as "Buck" Brummell, and during his short stay at Oxford he developed a reputation for wit and was presented to the prince of Wales (later George IV). Because of his friendship with the prince and the fastidiousness of his dress, the "Buck" was changed to "Beau," and he became conspicuous in the society of the day. But so great were his living expenses and so heavy his gambling debts that he quickly squandered a legacy of*

*about £30,000, and, his tongue proving too sharp even for the Prince Regent, he fled to France in 1816 to escape both debtors and revilers. For a while he was consul at Caen, but his deterioration was rapid. He died at the charitable asylum of Bon Sauveur at Caen in 1840.*

1. When Cowper, in the seclusion of Olney, was roused to anger by the thought of the Duchess of Devonshire and predicted a time when "instead of a girdle there will be a rent, and instead of beauty, baldness," he was acknowledging the power of the lady whom he thought so despicable. Why, otherwise, should she haunt the damp solitudes of Olney? Why should the rustle of her silken skirts disturb those gloomy meditations? Undoubtedly the Duchess was a good haunter. Long after those words were written, when she was dead and buried beneath a tinsel coronet, her ghost mounted the stairs of a very different dwelling-place. An old man was sitting in his arm-chair at Caen. The door opened, and the servant announced, "The Duchess of Devonshire." Beau Brummell at once rose, went to the door and made a bow that would have graced the Court of St. James's. Only, unfortunately, there was nobody there. The cold air blew up the staircase of an inn. The Duchess was long dead, and Beau Brummell, in his old age and imbecility, was dreaming that he was back in London again giving a party. Cowper's curse had come true for both of them. The Duchess lay in her shroud, and Brummell, whose clothes had been the envy of kings, had now only one pair of much-mended trousers, which he hid as best he could under a tattered cloak. As for his hair, that had been shaved by order of the doctor.

2. But though Cowper's sour predictions had thus come to pass, both the Duchess and the dandy might claim that they had had their day. They had been great figures in their time. Of the two, perhaps Brummell might boast the more miraculous career. He had no advantage of birth, and but little of fortune. His grandfather had let rooms in St. James's Street. He had only a moderate capital of thirty thousand pounds to begin with, and his beauty, of figure rather than of face, was marred by a broken nose. Yet without a single noble, important, or valuable action to his credit he cuts a figure; he stands for a symbol; his ghost walks among us still. The reason for this eminence is now a little difficult to determine. Skill of hand and nicety of judgment were his, of course, otherwise he would not have brought the art of tying neck-cloths to perfection. The story is, perhaps, too well known—how he drew his head far back and sunk his chin slowly down so that the cloth wrinkled in perfect symmetry, or if one wrinkle were too deep or too shallow, the cloth was thrown into a basket and the attempt renewed, while the Prince of Wales sat, hour after hour, watching. Yet skill of hand and nicety of judgment were not enough. Brummell owed his ascendency to some curious combination of wit, of taste, of insolence, of independence—for he was never a toady—which it were too heavy handed to call a philosophy of life, but served the purpose. At any rate, ever since he was the most popular boy at Eton coolly jesting when they were for throwing a bargee into the river, "My good fellows, don't send him into the river; the man is evidently in a high state of perspiration, and it almost amounts to a certainty that he will catch cold," he floated buoyantly and gaily and without apparent effort to the top of whatever society he found himself among. Even when he was a captain in the Tenth Hussars and so scandalously inattentive to duty that he only knew his troop by "the very large blue nose" of one of the men, he was liked and tolerated. When he resigned his commission, for the regiment was to be sent to Manchester—and "I really could not go—think, your Royal Highness, Manchester!"—he had only to set up house in Chesterfield Street to become the head of the most jealous and exclusive society of his time. For example, he was at Almack's one night talking to Lord ——. The Duchess of —— was there, escorting her young daughter, Lady Louisa. The Duchess caught sight of Mr. Brummell, and at once

BEAU BRUMMELL: From *The Second Common Reader* by Virginia Woolf, copyright, 1932, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

warned her daughter that if that gentleman near the door came and spoke to them she was to be careful to impress him favourably, "for," and she sank her voice to a whisper, "he is the celebrated Mr. Brummell." Lady Louisa might well have wondered why a Mr. Brummell was celebrated, and why a Duke's daughter need take care to impress a Mr. Brummell. And then directly he began to move towards them the reason of her mother's warning became apparent. The grace of his carriage was so astonishing; his bows were so exquisite. Everybody looked overdressed or badly dressed—some, indeed looked positively dirty beside him. His clothes seemed to melt into each other with the perfection of their cut and the quiet harmony of their colour. Without a single point of emphasis everything was distinguished—from his bow to the way he opened his snuff-box, with his left hand invariably. He was the personification of freshness and cleanliness and order. One could well believe that he had his chair brought into his dressing-room and was deposited at Almack's without letting a puff of wind disturb his curls or a spot of mud stain his shoes. When he actually spoke to her, Lady Louisa would be at first enchanted—no one was more agreeable, more amusing, had a manner that was more flattering and enticing—and then she would be puzzled. It was quite possible that before the evening was out he would ask her to marry him, and yet his manner of doing it was such that the most ingenuous débutante could not believe that he meant it seriously. His odd grey eyes seemed to contradict his lips; they had a look in them which made the sincerity of his compliments very doubtful. And then he said very cutting things about other people. They were not exactly witty; they were certainly not profound; but they were so skilful, so adroit—they had a twist in them which made them slip into the mind and stay there when more important phrases were forgotten. He had downed the Regent himself with his dexterous "Who's your fat friend?" and his method was the same with humbler people who snubbed him or bored him. "Why, what could I do, my good fellow, but cut the connection? I discovered that Lady Mary actually ate cabbage!"—so he explained to a friend his failure to marry a lady. And, again, when some dull citizen pestered him about his tour to the North, "Which of the lakes do I admire?" he asked his valet. "Windermere, sir." "Ah, yes—Windermere, so it is—Windermere." That was his style, flickering, sneering, hovering on the verge of insolence, skimming the edge of nonsense, but always keeping within some curious mean, so that one knew the false Brummell story from the true by its exaggeration. Brummell could never have said, "Wales, ring the bell," any more than he could have worn a brightly coloured waistcoat or a glaring necktie. That "certain exquisite propriety" which Lord Byron remarked in his dress, stamped his whole being, and made him appear cool, refined, and debonair among the gentlemen who talked only of sport, which Brummell detested, and smelt of the stable, which Brummell never visited. Lady Louisa might well be on tenter-hooks to impress Mr. Brummell favourably. Mr. Brummell's good opinion was of the utmost importance in the world of Lady Louisa.

3. And unless that world fell into ruins his rule seemed assured. Handsome, heartless, and cynical, the Beau seemed invulnerable. His taste was impeccable, his health admirable; and his figure as fine as ever. His rule had lasted many years and survived many vicissitudes. The French Revolution had passed over his head without disordering a single hair. Empires had risen and fallen while he experimented with the crease of a neck-cloth and criticised the cut of a coat. Now the battle of Waterloo had been fought and peace had come. The battle left him untouched: it was the peace that undid him. For some time past he had been winning and losing at the gaming-tables. Harriette Wilson had heard that he was ruined, and then, not without disappointment, that he was safe again. Now, with the armies disbanded, there was let loose upon London a horde of rough, ill-mannered men who had been fighting all those years and were determined to enjoy themselves. They flooded the gaming-houses. They played very high. Brummell was forced into competition. He lost and won and vowed never to play again, and then he did play again. At last his remaining ten thousand pounds was gone. He borrowed until he could borrow no more.

And finally, to crown the loss of so many thousands, he lost the six-penny-bit with a hole in it which had always brought him good luck. He gave it by mistake to a hackney coachman: that rascal Rothschild got hold of it, he said, and that was the end of his luck. Such was his own account of the affair—other people put a less innocent interpretation on the matter. At any rate there came a day, 16th May 1816, to be precise—it was a day upon which everything was precise—when he dined alone off a cold fowl and a bottle of claret at Watier's, attended the opera, and then took coach for Dover. He drove rapidly all through the night and reached Calais the day after. He never set foot in England again.

4. And now a curious process of disintegration set in. The peculiar and highly artificial society of London had acted as a preservative; it had kept him in being; it had concentrated him into one single gem. Now that the pressure was removed, the odds and ends, so trifling separately, so brilliant in combination, which had made up the being of the Beau, fell asunder and revealed what lay beneath. At first his lustre seemed undiminished. His old friends crossed the water to see him and made a point of standing him a dinner and leaving a little present behind them at his banker's. He held his usual levee at his lodgings; he spent the usual hours washing and dressing; he rubbed his teeth with a red root, tweezed out hairs with a silver tweezer, tied his cravat to admiration, and issued at four precisely as perfectly equipped as if the Rue Royale had been St. James's Street and the Prince himself had hung upon his arm. But the Rue Royale was not St. James's Street; the old French Countess who spat on the floor was not the Duchess of Devonshire; the good bourgeois who pressed him to dine off goose at four was not Lord Alvanley; and though he soon won for himself the title of Roi de Calais, and was known to workmen as "George, ring the bell," the praise was gross, the society coarse, and the amusements of Calais very slender. The Beau had to fall back upon the resources of his own mind. These might have been considerable. According to Lady Hester Stanhope, he might have been, had he chosen, a very clever man; and when she told him so, the Beau admitted that he had wasted his talents because a dandy's way of life was the only one "which could place him in a prominent light, and enable him to separate himself from the ordinary herd of men, whom he held in considerable contempt." That way of life allowed of verse-making—his verses, called "The Butterfly's Funeral," were much admired; and of singing, and of some dexterity with the pencil. But now, when the summer days were so long and so empty, he found that such accomplishments hardly served to while away the time. He tried to occupy himself with writing his memoirs; he bought a screen and spent hours pasting it with pictures of great men and beautiful ladies whose virtues and frailties were symbolised by hyenas, by wasps, by profusions of cupids, fitted together with extraordinary skill; he collected Buhl furniture; he wrote letters in a curiously elegant and elaborate style to ladies. But these occupations palled. The resources of his mind had been whittled away in the course of years; now they failed him. And then the crumbling process went a little farther, and another organ was laid bare —the heart. He who had played at love all these years and kept so adroitly beyond the range of passion, now made violent advances to girls who were young enough to be his daughters. He wrote such passionate letters to Mademoiselle Ellen of Caen that she did not know whether to laugh or to be angry. She was angry, and the Beau, who had tyrannised over the daughters of Dukes, prostrated himself before her in despair. But it was too late—the heart after all these years was not a very engaging object even to a simple country girl, and he seems at last to have lavished his affections upon animals. He mourned his terrier Vick for three weeks; he had a friendship with a mouse; he became the champion of all the neglected cats and starving dogs in Caen. Indeed, he said to a lady that if a man and a dog were drowning in the same pond he would prefer to save the dog—if, that is, there were nobody looking. But he was still persuaded that everybody was looking; and his immense regard for appearances gave him a certain stoical endurance. Thus, when paralysis struck him at dinner he left the table without a sign; sunk deep in debt as he was, he still picked his way over the cobbles on the points of his toes

to preserve his shoes, and when the terrible day came and he was thrown into prison he won the admiration of murderers and thieves by appearing among them as cool and courteous as if about to pay a morning call. But if he were to continue to act his part, it was essential that he should be supported—he must have a sufficiency of boot polish, gallons of eau-de-Cologne, and three changes of linen every day. His expenditure upon these items was enormous. Generous as his old friends were, and persistently as he supplicated them, there came a time when they could be squeezed no longer. It was decreed that he was to content himself with one change of linen daily, and his allowance was to admit of necessaries only. But how could a Brummell exist upon necessaries only? The demand was absurd. Soon afterwards he showed his sense of the gravity of the situation by mounting a black silk neck-cloth. Black silk neck-cloths had always been his aversion. It was a signal of despair, a sign that the end was in sight. After that everything that had supported him and kept him in being dissolved. His self-respect vanished. He would dine with any one who would pay the bill. His memory weakened and he told the same story over and over again till even the burghers of Caen were bored. Then his manners degenerated. His extreme cleanliness lapsed into carelessness, and then into positive filth. People objected to his presence in the dining-room of the hotel. Then his mind went—he thought that the Duchess of Devonshire was coming up the stairs when it was only the wind. At last but one passion remained intact among the crumbled débris of so many—an immense greed. To buy Rheims biscuits he sacrificed the greatest treasure that remained to him—he sold his snuff-box. And then nothing was left but a heap of disagreeables, a mass of corruption, a senile and disgusting old man fit only for the charity of nuns and the protection of an asylum. There the clergyman begged him to pray. "'I do try,' he said, but he added something which made me doubt whether he understood me." Certainly, he would try; for the clergyman wished it and he had always been polite. He had been polite to thieves and to duchesses and to God himself. But it was no use trying any longer. He could believe in nothing now except a hot fire, sweet biscuits and another cup of coffee if he asked for it. And so there was nothing for it but that the Beau who had been compact of grace and sweetness should be shuffled into the grave like any other ill-dressed, ill-bred, unneeded old man. Still, one must remember that Byron, in his moments of dandyism, "always pronounced the name of Brummell with a mingled emotion of respect and jealousy."

[NOTE.—Mr. Berry of St. James's Street has courteously drawn my attention to the fact that Beau Brummell certainly visited England in 1822. He came to the famous wine-shop on 26th July 1822 and was weighed as usual. His weight was then 10 stones 13 pounds. On the previous occasion, 6th July 1815, his weight was 12 stones 10 pounds. Mr. Berry adds that there is no record of his coming after 1822.]

## *E. B. White*

# HERE IS NEW YORK

*Elwyn Brooks White (1899- ) is a humorist, familiar essayist, and poet. He was born in New York State, educated at Cornell, entered the army as a private in World War I, became a reporter on the Seattle* Times, *later a production assistant in a New York advertising agency, and then a special contributor to* The New Yorker *and to* Harper's Magazine. *He is best known for his publications*

*in* The New Yorker *and his "One Man's Meat" department in* Harper's *(from 1938 to 1943). He has also published several books and numerous articles.*

*Whether writing poems, essays, humorous pieces, or a psychological analysis of a city, Mr. White invests his work with the feeling of an extraordinarily sensitive and alert person, a person whose judgments, though quietly propounded, stem from a carefully reasoned attitude toward life in general. His style is notably figurative ("reaching for the sun"), rhythmical ("the tidal restlessness of the city"), allusive ("the intimation of mortality"), and epigrammatic ("Prosperity creates its bread lines, the same as depression"). No small part of his fame has come from his* New Yorker *"Notes and Comments" on doings about town, for he himself has been fishing in Manhattan's wallet and digging out coins for more than a quarter of a century.*

1. On any person who desires such queer prizes, New York will bestow the gift of loneliness and the gift of privacy. It is this largess that accounts for the presence within the city's walls of a considerable section of the population; for the residents of Manhattan are to a large extent strangers who have pulled up stakes somewhere and come to town, seeking sanctuary or fulfillment or some greater or lesser grail. The capacity to make such dubious gifts is a mysterious quality of New York. It can destroy an individual, or it can fulfill him, depending a good deal on luck. No one should come to New York to live unless he is willing to be lucky.

2. New York is the concentrate of art and commerce and sport and religion and entertainment and finance, bringing to a single compact arena the gladiator, the evangelist, the promoter, the actor, the trader and the merchant. It carries on its lapel the unexpungeable odor of the long past, so that no matter where you sit in New York you feel the vibrations of great times and tall deeds, of queer people and events and undertakings. I am sitting at the moment in a stifling hotel room in 90-degree heat, half-way down an air shaft, in midtown. No air moves in or out of the room, yet I am curiously affected by emanations from the immediate surroundings. I am twenty-two blocks from where Rudolph Valentino lay in state, eight blocks from where Nathan Hale was executed, five blocks from the publisher's office where Ernest Hemingway hit Max Eastman on the nose, four miles from where Walt Whitman sat sweating out editorials for the Brooklyn Eagle, thirty-four blocks from the street Willa Cather lived in when she came to New York to write books about Nebraska, one block from where Marceline used to clown on the boards of the Hippodrome, thirty-six blocks from the spot where the historian Joe Gould kicked a radio to pieces in full view of the public, thirteen blocks from where Harry Thaw shot Stanford White, five blocks from where I used to usher at the Metropolitan Opera and only a hundred and twelve blocks from the spot where Clarence Day the Elder was washed of his sins in the Church of the Epiphany (I could continue this list indefinitely); and for that matter I am probably occupying the very room that any number of exalted and somewise memorable characters sat in, some of them on hot, breathless afternoons, lonely and private and full of their own sense of emanations from without.

3. When I went down to lunch a few minutes ago I noticed that the man sitting next to me (about eighteen inches away along the wall) was Fred Stone. The eighteen inches were both the connection and the separation that New York provides for its inhabitants. My only connection with Fred Stone was that I saw him in *The Wizard of Oz* around the beginning of the century. But our waiter felt the same stimulus from being close to a man from Oz, and after Mr. Stone left the room the waiter told me that when he (the waiter) was a young man just arrived in this country and before he could understand a word of English, he had taken his girl for their first theater date to *The Wizard of Oz*. It was a

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wonderful show, the waiter recalled—a man of straw, a man of tin. Wonderful! (And still only eighteen inches away.) "Mr. Stone is a very hearty eater," said the waiter thoughtfully, content with this fragile participation in destiny, this link with Oz.

4. New York blends the gift of privacy with the excitement of participation; and better than most dense communities it succeeds in insulating the individual (if he wants it, and almost everybody wants or needs it) against all enormous and violent and wonderful events that are taking place every minute. Since I have been sitting in this miasmic air shaft, a good many rather splashy events have occurred in town. A man shot and killed his wife in a fit of jealousy. It caused no stir outside his block and got only small mention in the papers. I did not attend. Since my arrival, the greatest air show ever staged in all the world took place in town. I didn't attend and neither did most of the eight million other inhabitants, although they say there was quite a crowd. I didn't even hear any planes except a couple of westbound commercial airliners that habitually use this air shaft to fly over. The biggest ocean-going ships on the North Atlantic arrived and departed. I didn't notice them and neither did most other New Yorkers. I am told this is the greatest seaport in the world, with six hundred and fifty miles of water front, and ships calling here from many exotic lands, but the only boat I've happened to notice since my arrival was a small sloop tacking out of the East River night before last on the ebb tide when I was walking across the Brooklyn Bridge. I heard the *Queen Mary* blow one midnight, though, and the sound carried the whole history of departure and longing and loss. The Lions have been in convention. I've seen not one Lion. A friend of mine saw one and told me about him. (He was lame, and was wearing a bolero.) At the ballgrounds and horse parks the greatest sporting spectacles have been enacted. I saw no ballplayer, no race horse. The governor came to town. I heard the siren scream, but that was all there was to that—an eighteen-inch margin again. A man was killed by a falling cornice. I was not a party to the tragedy, and again the inches counted heavily.

5. I mention these merely to show that New York is peculiarly constructed to absorb almost anything that comes along (whether a thousand-foot liner out of the East or a twenty-thousand-man convention out of the West) without inflicting the event on its inhabitants; so that every event is, in a sense, optional, and the inhabitant is in the happy position of being able to choose his spectacle and so conserve his soul. In most metropolises, small and large, the choice is often not with the individual at all. He is thrown to the Lions. The Lions are overwhelming; the event is unavoidable. A cornice falls, and it hits every citizen on the head, every last man in town. I sometimes think that the only event that hits every New Yorker on the head is the annual St. Patrick's Day parade, which is fairly penetrating—the Irish are a hard race to tune out, there are 500,000 of them in residence, and they have the police force right in the family.

6. The quality in New York that insulates its inhabitants from life may simply weaken them as individuals. Perhaps it is healthier to live in a community where, when a cornice falls, you feel the blow; where, when the governor passes, you see at any rate his hat.

7. I am not defending New York in this regard. Many of its settlers are probably here merely to escape, not face, reality. But whatever it means, it is a rather rare gift, and I believe it has a positive effect on the creative capacities of New Yorkers—for creation is in part merely the business of forgoing the great and small distractions.

8. Although New York often imparts a feeling of great forlornness or forsakenness, it seldom seems dead or unresourceful; and you always feel that either by shifting your location ten blocks or by reducing your fortune by five dollars you can experience rejuvenation. Many people who have no real independence of spirit depend on the city's tremendous variety and sources of excitement for spiritual sustenance and maintenance of morale. In the country there are a few chances of sudden rejuvenation—a shift in weather, perhaps, or something arriving in the mail. But in New York the chances are endless. I think that although many persons are here from some excess of spirit (which caused them to break away from their small town), some, too, are here from a deficiency of spirit, who find in

New York a protection, or an easy substitution.

9. There are roughly three New Yorks. There is, first, the New York of the man or woman who was born here, who takes the city for granted and accepts its size and its turbulence as natural and inevitable. Second, there is the New York of the commuter—the city that is devoured by locusts each day and spat out each night. Third, there is the New York of the person who was born somewhere else and came to New York in quest of something. Of these three trembling cities the greatest is the last—the city of final destination, the city that is a goal. It is this third city that accounts for New York's highstrung disposition, its poetical deportment, its dedication to the arts, and its incomparable achievements. Commuters give the city its tidal restlessness; natives give it solidity and continuity; but the settlers give it passion. And whether it is a farmer arriving from Italy to set up a small grocery store in a slum, or a young girl arriving from a small town in Mississippi to escape the indignity of being observed by her neighbors, or a boy arriving from the Corn Belt with a manuscript in his suitcase and a pain in his heart, it makes no difference: each embraces New York with the intense excitement of first love, each absorbs New York with the fresh eyes of an adventurer, each generates heat and light to dwarf the Consolidated Edison Company.

10. The commuter is the queerest bird of all. The suburb he inhabits has no essential vitality of its own and is a mere roost where he comes at day's end to go to sleep. Except in rare cases, the man who lives in Mamaroneck or Little Neck or Teaneck, and works in New York, discovers nothing much about the city except the time of arrival and departure of trains and buses, and the path to a quick lunch. He is desk-bound, and has never, idly roaming in the gloaming, stumbled suddenly on Belvedere Tower in the Park, seen the ramparts rise sheer from the water of the pond, and the boys along the shore fishing for minnows, girls stretched out negligently on the shelves of the rocks; he has never come suddenly on anything at all in New York as a loiterer, because he has had no time between trains. He has fished in Manhattan's wallet and dug out coins, but has never listened to Manhattan's breathing, never awakened to its morning, never dropped off to sleep in its night. About 400,000 men and women come charging onto the Island each week-day morning, out of the mouths of tubes and tunnels. Not many among them have ever spent a drowsy afternoon in the great rustling oaken silence of the reading room of the Public Library, with the book elevator (like an old water wheel) spewing out books onto the trays. They tend their furnaces in Westchester and in Jersey, but have never seen the furnaces of the Bowery, the fires that burn in oil drums on zero winter nights. They may work in the financial district downtown and never see the extravagant plantings of Rockefeller Center—the daffodils and grape hyacinths and birches and the flags trimmed to the wind on a fine morning in spring. Or they may work in a midtown office and may let a whole year swing round without sighting Governors Island from the sea wall. The commuter dies with tremendous mileage to his credit, but he is no rover. His entrances and exits are more devious than those in a prairie-dog village; and he calmly plays bridge while buried in the mud at the bottom of the East River. The Long Island Rail Road alone carried forty million commuters last year; but many of them were the same fellow retracing his steps.

11. The terrain of New York is such that a resident sometimes travels farther, in the end, than a commuter. Irving Berlin's journey from Cherry Street in the lower East Side to an apartment uptown was through an alley and was only three or four miles in length; but it was like going three times around the world.

12. A poem compresses much in a small space and adds music, thus heightening its meaning. The city is like poetry: it compresses all life, all races and breeds, into a small island and adds music and the accompaniment of internal engines. The island of Manhattan is without any doubt the greatest human concentrate on earth, the poem whose magic is comprehensible to millions of permanent residents but whose full meaning will always remain illusive. At the feet of the tallest and plushiest offices lie the crummiest slums. The genteel mysteries housed in the Riverside

Church are only a few blocks from the voodoo charms of Harlem. The merchant princes, riding to Wall Street in their limousines down the East River Drive, pass within a few hundred yards of the gypsy kings; but the princes do not know they are passing kings, and the kings are not up yet anyway—they live a more leisurely life than the princes and get drunk more consistently.

13. New York is nothing like Paris; it is nothing like London; and it is not Spokane multiplied by sixty, or Detroit multiplied by four. It is by all odds the loftiest of cities. It even managed to reach the highest point in the sky at the lowest moment of the depression. The Empire State Building shot 1250 feet into the air when it was madness to put out as much as six inches of new growth. (The building has a mooring mast that no dirigible has ever tied to; it employs a man to flush toilets in slack times; it has been hit by an airplane in a fog, struck countless times by lightning, and been jumped off of by so many unhappy people that pedestrians instinctively quicken step when passing Fifth Avenue and 34th Street.)

14. Manhattan has been compelled to expand skyward because of the absence of any other direction in which to grow. This, more than any other thing, is responsible for its physical majesty. It is to the nation what the white church spire is to the village—the visible symbol of aspiration and faith, the white plume saying that the way is up. The summer traveler swings in over Hell Gate Bridge and from the window of his sleeping car as it glides above the pigeon lofts and back yards of Queens looks southwest to where the morning light first strikes the steel peaks of midtown, and he sees its upward thrust unmistakable: the great walls and towers rising, the smoke rising, the heat not yet rising, the hopes and ferments of so many awakening millions rising —this vigorous spear that presses heaven hard.

15. It is a miracle that New York works at all. The whole thing is implausible. Every time the residents brush their teeth, millions of gallons of water must be drawn from the Catskills and the hills of Westchester. When a young man in Manhattan writes a letter to his girl in Brooklyn, the love message gets blown to her through a pneumatic tube—*pfft*—just like that. The subterranean system of telephone cables, power lines, steam pipes, gas mains and sewer pipes is reason enough to abandon the island to the gods and the weevils. Every time an incision is made in the pavement, the noisy surgeons expose ganglia that are tangled beyond belief. By rights New York should have destroyed itself long ago, from panic or fire or rioting or failure of some vital supply line in its circulatory system or from some deep labyrinthine short circuit. Long ago the city should have experienced an insoluble traffic snarl at some impossible bottleneck. It should have perished of hunger when food lines failed for a few days. It should have been wiped out by a plague starting in its slums or carried in by ships' rats. It should have been overwhelmed by the sea that licks at it on every side. The workers in its myriad cells should have succumbed to nerves, from the fearful pall of smoke-fog that drifts over every few days from Jersey, blotting out all light at noon and leaving the high offices suspended, men groping and depressed, and the sense of world's end. It should have been touched in the head by the August heat and gone off its rocker.

16. Mass hysteria is a terrible force, yet New Yorkers seem always to escape it by some tiny margin: they sit in stalled subways without claustrophobia, they extricate themselves from panic situations by some lucky wisecrack, they meet confusion and congestion with patience and grit—a sort of perpetual muddling through. Every facility is inadequate—the hospitals and schools and playgrounds are overcrowded, the express highways are feverish, the unimproved highways and bridges are bottlenecks; there is not enough air and not enough light, and there is usually either too much heat or too little. But the city makes up for its hazards and its deficiencies by supplying its citizens with massive doses of a supplementary vitamin—the sense of belonging to something unique, cosmopolitan, mighty and unparalleled.

17. To an outlander a stay in New York can be and often is a series of small embarrassments and discomforts and disappointments: not understanding the waiter, not being able to distinguish between a sucker joint and a friendly saloon, riding the wrong subway, be-

ing slapped down by a bus driver for asking an innocent question, enduring sleepless nights when the street noises fill the bedroom. Tourists make for New York, particularly in summertime—they swarm all over the Statue of Liberty (where many a resident of the town has never set foot), they invade the Automat, visit radio studios, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and they window shop. Mostly they have a pretty good time. But sometimes in New York you run across the disillusioned—a young couple who are obviously visitors, newlyweds perhaps, for whom the bright dream has vanished. The place has been too much for them; they sit languishing in a cheap restaurant over a speechless meal.

18. The oft-quoted thumbnail sketch of New York is, of course: "It's a wonderful place, but I'd hate to live there." I have an idea that people from villages and small towns, people accustomed to the convenience and the friendliness of neighborhood over-the-fence living, are unaware that life in New York follows the neighborhood pattern. The city is literally a composite of tens of thousands of tiny neighborhood units. There are, of course, the big districts and big units: Chelsea and Murray Hill and Gramercy (which are residential units), Harlem (a racial unit), Greenwich Village (a unit dedicated to the arts and other matters), and there is Radio City (a commercial development), Peter Cooper Village (a housing unit), the Medical Center (a sickness unit) and many other sections each of which has some distinguishing characteristic. But the curious thing about New York is that each large geographical unit is composed of countless small neighborhoods. Each neighborhood is virtually self-sufficient. Usually it is no more than two or three blocks long and a couple of blocks wide. Each area is a city within a city within a city. Thus, no matter where you live in New York, you will find within a block or two a grocery store, a barbershop, a newsstand and shoeshine shack, an ice-coal-and-wood cellar (where you write your order on a pad outside as you walk by), a dry cleaner, a laundry, a delicatessen (beer and sandwiches delivered at any hour to your door), a flower shop, an undertaker's parlor, a movie house, a radio-repair shop, a stationer, a haberdasher, a tailor, a drugstore, a garage, a tearoom, a saloon, a hardware store, a liquor store, a shoe-repair shop. Every block or two, in most residential sections of New York, is a little main street. A man starts for work in the morning and before he has gone two hundred yards he has completed half a dozen missions: bought a paper, left a pair of shoes to be soled, picked up a pack of cigarettes, ordered a bottle of whisky to be dispatched in the opposite direction against his home-coming, written a message to the unseen forces of the wood cellar, and notified the dry cleaner that a pair of trousers awaits call. Homeward bound eight hours later, he buys a bunch of pussy willows, a Mazda bulb, a drink, a shine—all between the corner where he steps off the bus and his apartment. So complete is each neighborhood, and so strong the sense of neighborhood, that many a New Yorker spends a lifetime within the confines of an area smaller than a country village. Let him walk two blocks from his corner and he is in a strange land and will feel uneasy till he gets back.

19. Storekeepers are particularly conscious of neighborhood boundary lines. A woman friend of mine moved recently from one apartment to another, a distance of three blocks. When she turned up, the day after the move, at the same grocer's that she had patronized for years, the proprietor was in ecstasy—almost in tears—at seeing her. "I was afraid," he said, "now that you've moved away I wouldn't be seeing you any more." To him, *away* was three blocks, or about seven hundred and fifty feet.

20. I am, at the moment of writing this, living not as a neighborhood man in New York but as a transient, or vagrant, in from the country for a few days. Summertime is a good time to re-examine New York and to receive again the gift of privacy, the jewel of loneliness. In summer the city contains (except for tourists) only die-hards and authentic characters. No casual, spotty dwellers are around, only the real article. And the town has a somewhat relaxed air, and one can lie in a loincloth, gasping and remembering things.

21. I've been remembering what it felt like as a young man to live in the same town with giants. When I first arrived in New York my personal giants were a dozen or so columnists and critics and poets whose names appeared

regularly in the papers. I burned with a low steady fever just because I was on the same island with Don Marquis, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Franklin P. Adams, Robert C. Benchley, Frank Sullivan, Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott, Ring Lardner and Stephen Vincent Benét. I would hang around the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, thinking: "Somewhere in that building is the typewriter that Archy the cockroach jumps on at night." New York hardly gave me a living at that period, but it sustained me. I used to walk quickly past the house in West 13th Street between Sixth and Seventh where F.P.A. lived, and the block seemed to tremble under my feet—the way Park Avenue trembles when a train leaves Grand Central. This excitation (nearness of giants) is a continuing thing. The city is always full of young worshipful beginners—young actors, young aspiring poets, ballerinas, painters, reporters, singers—each depending on his own brand of tonic to stay alive, each with his own stable of giants.

22. New York provides not only a continuing excitation but also a spectacle that is continuing. I wander around, re-examining this spectacle, hoping that I can put it on paper. It is Saturday, toward the end of the afternoon. I turn through West 48th Street. From the open windows of the drum and saxophone parlors come the listless sounds of musical instruction, monstrous insect noises in the brooding field of summer. The Cort Theater is disgorging its matinee audience. Suddenly the whole block is filled with the mighty voice of a street singer. He approaches, looking for an audience, a large, cheerful Negro with grand-opera contours, strolling with head thrown back, filling the canyon with uninhibited song. He carries a long cane as his sole prop, and is tidily but casually dressed—slacks, seersucker jacket, a book showing in his pocket.

23. This is perfect artistic timing; the audience from the Cort, where *The Respectful Prostitute* is playing, has just received a lesson in race relations and is in a mood to improve the condition of the black race as speedily as possible. Coins (mostly quarters) rattle to the street, and a few minutes of minstrelsy improves the condition of one Negro by about eight dollars. If he does as well as this at every performance, he has a living right there. New York is the city of opportunity, they say. Even the mounted cop, clumping along on his nag a few minutes later, scans the gutter carefully for dropped silver, like a bird watching for spilt grain.

24. It is seven o'clock and I re-examine an ex-speakeasy in East 53rd Street, with dinner in mind. A thin crowd, a summer-night buzz of fans interrupted by an occasional drink being shaken at the small bar. It is dark in here (the proprietor sees no reason for boosting his light bill just because liquor laws have changed). How dark, how pleasing; and how miraculously beautiful the murals showing Italian lake scenes—probably executed by a cousin of the owner. The owner himself mixes. The fans intone the prayer for cool salvation. From the next booth drifts the conversation of radio executives; from the green salad comes the little taste of garlic. Behind me (eighteen inches again) a young intellectual is trying to persuade a girl to come live with him and be his love. She has her guard up, but he is extremely reasonable, careful not to overplay his hand. A combination of intellectual companionship and sexuality is what they have to offer each other, he feels. In the mirror over the bar I can see the ritual of the second drink. Then he has to go to the men's room and she has to go to the ladies' room, and when they return, the argument has lost its tone. And the fan takes over again, and the heat and the relaxed air and the memory of so many good little dinners in so many good little illegal places, with the theme of love, the sound of ventilation, the brief medicinal illusion of gin.

25. Another hot night I stop off at the Goldman Band concert in the Mall in Central Park. The people seated on the benches fanned out in front of the band shell are attentive, appreciative. In the trees the night wind stirs, bringing the leaves to life, endowing them with speech; the electric lights illuminate the green branches from the under side, translating them into a new language. Overhead a plane passes dreamily, its running lights winking. On the bench directly in front of me, a boy sits with his arm around his girl; they are proud of each other and are

swathed in music. The cornetist steps forward for a solo, begins, "Drink to me only with thine eyes. . . ." In the wide, warm night the horn is startlingly pure and magical. Then from the North River another horn solo begins—the *Queen Mary* announcing her intentions. She is not on key; she is a half tone off. The trumpeter in the bandstand never flinches. The horns quarrel savagely, but no one minds having the intimation of travel injected into the pledge of love. "I leave," sobs Mary. "And I will pledge with mine," sighs the trumpeter. Along the asphalt paths strollers pass to and fro; they behave considerately, respecting the musical atmosphere. Popsicles are moving well. In the warm grass beyond the fence, forms wriggle in the shadows, and the skirts of the girls approaching on the Mall are ballooned by the breeze, and their bare shoulders catch the lamplight. "Drink to me only with thine eyes." It is a magical occasion, and it's all free.

26. On week ends in summer the town empties. I visit my office on a Saturday afternoon. No phone rings, no one feeds the hungry IN-baskets, no one disturbs the papers; it is a building of the dead, a time of awesome suspension. The whole city is honeycombed with abandoned cells—a jail that has been effectively broken. Occasionally from somewhere in the building a night bell rings, summoning the elevator—a special fire-alarm ring. This is the pit of loneliness, in an office on a summer Saturday. I stand at the window and look down at the batteries and batteries of offices across the way, recalling how the thing looks in winter twilight when everything is going full blast, every cell lighted, and how you can see in pantomime the puppets fumbling with their slips of paper (but you don't hear the rustle), see them pick up their phone (but you don't hear the ring), see the noiseless, ceaseless moving about of so many passers of pieces of paper: New York, the capital of memoranda, in touch with Calcutta, in touch with Reykjavik, and always fooling with something.

27. In the café of the Lafayette, the regulars sit and talk. It is busy yet peaceful. Nursing a drink, I stare through the west windows at the Manufacturers Trust Company and at the red brick fronts on the north side of Ninth Street, watching the red turning slowly to purple as the light dwindles. Brick buildings have a way of turning color at the end of the day, the way a red rose turns bluish as it wilts. The café is a sanctuary. The waiters are ageless and they change not. Nothing has been modernized. Notre Dame stands guard in its travel poster. The coffee is strong and full of chicory, and good.

28. Walk the Bowery under the El at night and all you feel is a sort of cold guilt. Touched for a dime, you try to drop the coin and not touch the hand, because the hand is dirty; you try to avoid the glance, because the glance accuses. This is not so much personal menace as universal—the cold menace of unresolved human suffering and poverty and the advanced stages of the disease alcoholism. On a summer night the drunks sleep in the open. The sidewalk is a free bed, and there are no lice. Pedestrians step along and over and around the still forms as though walking on a battlefield among the dead. In doorways, on the steps of the savings bank, the bums lie sleeping it off. Standing sentinel at each sleeper's head is the empty bottle from which he drained his release. Wedged in the crook of his arm is the paper bag containing his things. The glib barker on the sight-seeing bus tells his passengers that this is the "street of lost souls," but the Bowery does not think of itself as lost; it meets its peculiar problem in its own way—plenty of gin mills, plenty of flophouses, plenty of indifference, and always, at the end of the line, Bellevue.

29. A block or two east and the atmosphere changes sharply. In the slums are poverty and bad housing, but with them the reassuring sobriety and safety of family life. I head east along Rivington. All is cheerful and filthy and crowded. Small shops overflow onto the sidewalk, leaving only half the normal width for passers-by. In the unshaded lights gleam watermelons and lingerie. Families have fled the hot rooms upstairs and have found relief on the pavement. They sit on orange crates, smoking, relaxed, congenial. This is the nightly garden party of the vast Lower East Side—and on the whole they are more agreeable-looking hot-weather groups than some you see in bright canvas deck chairs on green lawns in country circumstances. It is folksy

here with the smell of warm flesh and squashed fruit and fly-bitten filth in the gutter, and cooking.

30. At the corner of Lewis, in the playground behind the wire fence, an open-air dance is going on—some sort of neighborhood affair, probably designed to combat delinquency. Women push baby carriages in and out among the dancers, as though to exhibit what dancing leads to at last. Overhead, like banners decorating a cotillion hall, stream the pants and bras from the pulley lines. The music stops, and a beautiful Italian girl takes a brush from her handbag and stands under the street light brushing her long blue-black hair till it shines. The cop in the patrol car watches sullenly.

31. The Consolidated Edison Company says there are eight million people in the five boroughs of New York, and the company is in a position to know. As in every dense community, virtually all races, all religions, all nationalities are represented. Population figures are shifty—they change almost as fast as one can break them down. It is safe to say that about two million of New York's eight million are Jews—roughly one in four. Among this two million who are Jewish are, of course, a great many nationalities—Russian, German, Rumanian, Austrian, and so forth. The Urban League of Greater New York estimates that the number of Negroes in New York is about 700,000. Of these, about 500,000 live in Harlem, a district that extends northward from 110th Street. The Negro population has increased rapidly in the last few years. There are half again as many Negroes in New York today as there were in 1940. There are about 230,000 Puerto Ricans living in New York. There are half a million Irish, half a million Germans. There are 900,000 Russians, 150,000 English, 400,000 Poles, and there are quantities of Finns and Czechs and Swedes and Danes and Norwegians and Latvians and Belgians and Welsh and Greeks, and even Dutch, who have been here from away back. It is very hard to say how many Chinese there are. Officially there are 12,000, but there are many Chinese who are in New York illegally and who don't like census takers.

32. The collision and the intermingling of these millions of foreign-born people representing so many races, creeds and nationalities make New York a permanent exhibit of the phenomenon of one world. The citizens of New York are tolerant not only from disposition but from necessity. The city has to be tolerant, otherwise it would explode in a radio-active cloud of hate and rancor and bigotry. If the people were to depart even briefly from the peace of cosmopolitan intercourse, the town would blow up higher than a kite. In New York smolders every race problem there is, but the noticeable thing is not the problem but the inviolate truce. Harlem is a city in itself, and being a city Harlem symbolizes segregation; yet Negro life in New York lacks the more conspicuous elements of Jim Crowism. Negroes ride subways and buses on terms of equality with whites, but they have not yet found that same equality in hotels and restaurants. Professionally, Negroes get on well in the theater, in music, in art and in literature; but in many fields of employment the going is tough. The Jim Crow principle lives chiefly in the housing rules and customs. Private owners of dwellings legally can, and do, exclude Negroes. Under a recent city ordinance, however, apartment buildings that are financed with public moneys or that receive any tax exemption must accept tenants without regard to race, color or religion.

33. To a New Yorker the city is both changeless and changing. In many respects it neither looks nor feels the way it did twenty-five years ago. The elevated railways have been pulled down, all but the Third Avenue. An old-timer walking up Sixth past the Jefferson Market jail misses the railroad, misses its sound, its spotted shade, its little aerial stations, and the tremor of the thing. Broadway has changed in aspect. It used to have a discernible bony structure beneath its loud bright surface; but the signs are so enormous now, the buildings and shops and hotels have largely disappeared under the neon lights and letters and the frozen-custard façade. Broadway is a custard street with no frame supporting it. In Greenwich Village the light is thinning: big apartments have come in, bordering the Square, and the bars are mirrored and chromed. But there are still in the Village the lingering traces of poesy, Mexican glass, hammered brass, batik, lamps made of whisky

bottles, first novels made of fresh memories—the old Village with its alleys and ratty one-room rents catering to the erratic needs of those whose hearts are young and gay.

34. Grand Central has become honky-tonk, with its extradimensional advertising displays and its tendency to adopt the tactics of a travel broker. I practically lived in Grand Central Terminal at one period (it has all the conveniences and I had no other place to stay) and the great hall always seemed to me one of the more inspiring interiors in New York, until Lastex and Coca-Cola got into the temple.

35. All over town the great mansions are in decline. Schwab's house facing the Hudson on Riverside is gone. Gould's house on Fifth Avenue is an antique shop. Morgan's house on Madison Avenue is a church administration office. What was once the Fahnestock house is now Random House. Rich men nowadays don't live in houses; they live in the attics of big apartment buildings and plant trees on the setbacks, hundreds of feet above the street.

36. There are fewer newspapers than there used to be, thanks somewhat to the late Frank Munsey. One misses the *Globe,* the *Mail,* the *Herald;* and to many a New Yorker life has never seemed the same since the *World* took the count.

37. Police now ride in radio prowl cars instead of gumshoeing around the block swinging their sticks. A ride in the subway costs ten cents, and the seats are apt to be dark green instead of straw yellow. Men go to saloons to gaze at televised events instead of to think long thoughts. It is all very disconcerting. Even parades have changed some. The last triumphal military procession in Manhattan simply filled the city with an ominous and terrible rumble of heavy tanks.

38. The slums are gradually giving way to the lofty housing projects—high in stature, high in purpose, low in rent. There are a couple of dozens of these new developments scattered around; each is a city in itself (one of them in the Bronx accommodates 12,000 families), sky acreage hitherto untilled, lifting people far above the street, standardizing their sanitary life, giving them some place to sit other than an orange crate. Federal money, state money, city money and private money have flowed into these projects. Banks and insurance companies are in back of some of them. Architects have turned the buildings slightly on their bases, to catch more light. In some of them, rents are as low as eight dollars a room. Thousands of new units are still needed and will eventually be built, but New York never quite catches up with itself, is never in equilibrium. In flush times the population mushrooms and the new dwellings sprout from the rock. Come bad times and the population scatters and the lofts are abandoned and the landlord withers and dies.

39. New York has changed in tempo and in temper during the years I have known it. There is greater tension, increased irritability. You encounter it in many places, in many faces. The normal frustrations of modern life are here multiplied and amplified—a single run of a crosstown bus contains, for the driver, enough frustration and annoyance to carry him over the edge of sanity: the light that changes always an instant too soon, the passenger that bangs on the shut door, the truck that blocks the only opening, the coin that slips to the floor, the question asked at the wrong moment. There is greater tension and there is greater speed. Taxis roll faster than they rolled ten years ago—and they were rolling fast then. Hackmen used to drive with verve; now they sometimes seem to drive with desperation, toward the ultimate tip. On the West Side Highway, approaching the city, the motorist is swept along in a trance—a sort of fever of inescapable motion, goaded from behind, hemmed in on either side, a mere chip in a millrace.

40. The city has never been so uncomfortable, so crowded, so tense. Money has been plentiful and New York has responded. Restaurants are hard to get into; businessmen stand in line for a Schrafft's luncheon as meekly as idle men used to stand in soup lines. (Prosperity creates its bread lines, the same as depression.) The lunch hour in Manhattan has been shoved ahead half an hour, to 12:00 or 12:30, in the hopes of beating the crowd to a table. Everyone is a little emptier at quitting time than he used to be. Apartments are festooned with No Vacancy signs. There is standing-room-only in Fifth Avenue buses, which

once reserved a seat for every paying guest. The old double-deckers are disappearing—people don't ride just for the fun of it any more.

41. At certain hours on certain days it is almost impossible to find an empty taxi and there is a great deal of chasing around after them. You grab a handle and open the door, and find that some other citizen is entering from the other side. Doormen grow rich blowing their whistles for cabs; and some doormen belong to no door at all—merely wander about through the streets, opening cabs for people as they happen to find them. By comparison with other less hectic days, the city is uncomfortable and inconvenient; but New Yorkers temperamentally do not crave comfort and convenience—if they did they would live elsewhere.

42. The subtlest change in New York is something people don't speak much about but that is in everyone's mind. The city, for the first time in its long history, is destructible. A single flight of planes no bigger than a wedge of geese can quickly end this island fantasy, burn the towers, crumble the bridges, turn the underground passages into lethal chambers, cremate the millions. The intimation of mortality is part of New York now: in the sound of jets overhead, in the black headlines of the latest edition.

43. All dwellers in cities must live with the stubborn fact of annihilation; in New York the fact is somewhat more concentrated because of the concentration of the city itself, and because, of all targets, New York has a certain clear priority. In the mind of whatever perverted dreamer might loose the lightning, New York must hold a steady, irresistible charm.

44. It used to be that the Statue of Liberty was the signpost that proclaimed New York and translated it for all the world. Today Liberty shares the role with Death. Along the East River, from the razed slaughterhouses of Turtle Bay, as though in a race with the spectral flight of planes, men are carving out the permanent headquarters of the United Nations—the greatest housing project of them all. In its stride, New York takes on one more interior city, to shelter, this time, all governments, and to clear the slum called war. New York is not a capital city—it is not a national capital or a state capital. But it is by way of becoming the capital of the world. The buildings, as conceived by architects, will be cigar boxes set on end. Traffic will flow in a new tunnel under First Avenue. Forty-seventh Street will be widened (and if my guess is any good, trucks will appear late at night to plant tall trees surreptitiously, their roots to mingle with the intestines of the town). Once again the city will absorb, almost without showing any sign of it, a congress of visitors. It has already shown itself capable of stashing away the United Nations—a great many of the delegates have been around town during the past couple of years, and the citizenry has hardly caught a glimpse of their coattails or their black Homburgs.

45. This race—this race between the destroying planes and the struggling Parliament of Man—it sticks in all our heads. The city at last perfectly illustrates both the universal dilemma and the general solution, this riddle in steel and stone is at once the perfect target and the perfect demonstration of nonviolence, of racial brotherhood, this lofty target scraping the skies and meeting the destroying planes halfway, home of all people and all nations, capital of everything, housing the deliberations by which the planes are to be stayed and their errand forestalled.

46. A block or two west of the new City of Man in Turtle Bay there is an old willow tree that presides over an interior garden. It is a battered tree, long suffering and much climbed, held together by strands of wire but beloved of those who know it. In a way it symbolizes the city: life under difficulties, growth against odds, sap-rise in the midst of concrete, and the steady reaching for the sun. Whenever I look at it nowadays, and feel the cold shadow of the planes, I think: "This must be saved, this particular thing, this very tree." If it were to go, all would go—this city, this mischievous and marvelous monument which not to look upon would be like death.

## *Earnest Elmo Calkins*

# SMALL TOWN

*Earnest Elmo Calkins (1868- ) was born in rural Illinois and was graduated from Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois. For more than forty years he has been one of the leading advertising experts in the country, conducting a large agency in New York and writing books and articles on the subject; for example,* Modern Advertising, *1903,* The Business of Advertising, *1915,* The Advertising Man, *1920, and* Printing for Commerce, *1926. Nearly deaf himself, he has written an autobiography,* Louder Please, *1924, which focuses on readjustments entailed by such a personal handicap. In addition, he has written on art, town planning, and recreation. His experiences as a youth in rural Illinois and as a businessman in New York have colored his view of small-town life, as is evident from the nostalgic mood of the following apologia for the small town. Moreover, the influence of his profession is discernible in the vivid language, quotable sayings, colloquialisms, and home-made compounds, and in the climactic ending of this essay.*

In a newspaper office in a Western town of 17,000 population, forty years ago, sat three young men discussing an editorial by Edward Bok in his *Ladies' Home Journal.* Bok deplored the tendency of young people to set out for the nearest big city to make their start in life, and stressed the advantages of the small town both as a place to work and as a place to live. The young men voted, "Very good, Edward," and wrote him a joint letter to that effect, explaining that they were publishing a small-town daily and getting a lot of fun out of it, and proposed to see it through and carve out their destinies, if any, in the old home town. Two years later those three young men were settled down to their lifework in New York.

One became a publisher, another a banker, and the third an advertising man. They prospered after a fashion, experienced varied fortunes, but within fifteen years were successful enough to have homes in small towns within commuting distance of New York, and after another fifteen years to move to the actual country fifty to a hundred miles away, spending long week-ends there during the summer. Two of those men are now dead, but the third lives on a modernized abandoned farm six months out of the year, surrounding himself as far as possible with the environment his boyhood knew: earth, trees, grass, horizons—the things he thought he hated when he shook from his feet the dust of his native town. When business compels him to visit the city, he escapes back to the country with a long sigh of relief.

The country to which he now escapes is no substitute for the town he abandoned forty years ago. Here he is but one of a number of summer denizens, an alien in a New England community, with no background, no roots, no integral part in the local life. His being there at all is an instinctive response to the call of the earth which is dormant in the soul of any city man whose first twenty years were spent in mowing the lawn, milking the cow, and spading the garden. Those hated chores of boyhood become the recreations of later years, but they do not entirely recapture the no doubt fanciful glamour which surrounds his youth.

Such is the case history of many an inhabi-

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tant of the big city; or, if his means are straitened, he spends fifty weeks in a narrow flat, with two weeks in the country as a vacation. Those who boast two homes lead strenuous double lives, traveling long distances daily or weekly for the satisfaction of seeing something besides brick and mortar and asphalt. They are not city-born, nor in a real sense city-bred. They came hither to seek their fortunes because of the legend which still persists that opportunities here are greater and more numerous. Let a young man have a gift or aptitude, or even a dash of ambition, and he feels that remaining in the small town which nourished him is hiding his talent in a napkin.

When George Ade was asked, "A good many bright young men come from Indiana, don't they?" he answered, "Yes, and the brighter they are, the sooner they come."

And George Ade, who certainly had his hour in the bright lights of Broadway, now lives on his Indiana farm.

One result of this obsession, this naïve belief in the chances fortune affords in the big city, has been to divide the country into metropolises and home towns, though the line cannot be drawn sharply. One man's metropolis is another man's village. It is not always New York the young adventurers seek, each with an industrial captain's baton concealed in his knapsack, nor even Chicago. It may well be Denver, or Cleveland, or St. Louis. All that is necessary is that the city shall be appreciably larger than the seeker's present domicile. It is merely the lure of the new and strange contrasted with the known and commonplace; the escape from "I knew him when. . . ." We have all experienced the difficulty of growing up, of achieving recognized maturity, in the place where the older inhabitants have known us from birth, where we are still Clint Calkins's little boy, Ernie, even after we have reached voting age.

But there is more to this tendency big-cityward than desire to escape from boyhood environment. The young people believe that the metropolis is bristling with opportunities, that their talents, unappreciated at home, will be quickly recognized abroad—and this also is sometimes true. The big city does have more opportunities than the small one, and more successes, just as it has more failures, more has-beens, more dullards and plodders, for the simple reason that it has more people of all kinds. It is likewise crowded with young hopefuls seeking that mysterious and elusive something known as "opportunity." The chances are relatively no greater, the rewards relatively no more satisfying; and, if attained, they seem to lead in the long run back to the country.

All my business life I have answered letters from aspiring men and women who sound me out as to the wisdom of dropping everything and coming to New York to get into advertising. Their home is a small town, they urge, and does not offer any opportunity. Patiently I explain that advertising is one of our most widely distributed commodities, that the work can be done wherever men sell goods, that if they have any aptitude for it they can start where they are. And this advice holds good for medicine, salesmanship, architecture, dentistry, or newspaper editing.

The great city has broadcast a glamour that is far from real, and at the same time given life in the small town a drabness that is equally undeserved. The small-town "hick," the country "rube," are as rare as the city "slicker." None of them ever existed in a statistical sense. They are literary figures. They are states of mind which are found everywhere, in the big cities as well as the smallest hamlets, exactly as the shrewd man-of-the-world type is found everywhere. There are vacuous bumpkins living in New York, Boston, and San Francisco, and there are men in small towns whose dress is urban, whose manners are urbane, who have culture, worldly wisdom, savoir-faire, polish—whatever it is that bumping against one's fellows in big cities is supposed to impart. It isn't riding in the subway, or seeing the Empire State Building, or struggling with the crowd on Forty-second Street, that makes a man large-minded. That merely develops the special skill of coping with crowds, just as cultivating the soil develops weather wisdom. After all, it is as broad as it is long. The boulevardier cuts no better figure in a cornfield than the farmer on Broadway.

If there was ever real ground for the sharp differentiation between town and country, it disappeared before the equalizing influence of improved communication and transportation. Thanks to the radio, people now speak as

sloppy English in the country as in the city; the movie tells them what clothes to wear, and they wear them. The ubiquitous motor is congesting traffic on Main Street as well as State Street. The farmer who walked up Broadway with his ancient carpetbag, raising the hackles of every confidence man in sight, is part of folklore. He is more apt to drive his Cadillac up to the Waldorf or the La Salle.

It is an ancient and honorable controversy, the argument over the comparative advantages and disadvantages of town and country living. The dispute is as old as literature, probably as old as towns. Aesop had something to say about it, and Horace was deeply concerned as he weighed the dust and noise of the arena against the peace and quiet of his Sabine farm. La Fontaine did it into a fable, which to my surprise I found was about rats, though the literary allusions are always to "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse." At any rate, the moral is that, while there is greater abundance of food in the city, in the country one eats in quiet and safety. But, on the other hand, those two inveterate cockneys, Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb, saw no charm in country life. Johnson thought the best prospect in Scotland was the road to London. But the question has been given what advertising men call "a new slant" in recent years by the changes that inventions have made in modes and manners, and needs to be reconsidered on a fresh basis.

When, a few years ago, I attended the fortieth reunion of my class at a Western college and met the classmates and contemporaries I had not seen since our common youth, I was struck by the fact that there was no essential difference between those who had passed their lives in small towns and those of the same estate whom I had known in New York—none, that is, in dress, speech, manner, or way of living that set them off as having missed something essential. On the contrary, many of the small-town magnates seemed to have had a fuller, richer, more satisfying existence than their counterparts in the populous cities.

These were naturally the successful men of their communities, though for that matter failure, while less conspicuous, is no more bearable in urban than in rural surroundings. But I am here concerned with those who elected to remain in small towns, preferring, as the old proverb has it, to be first in a Nubian village rather than second in Rome. These are the men who might have gone to the big towns and been proportionately successful there.

They had worked out their careers in towns having from thirty thousand inhabitants down to as few as five thousand. They were farmers, bankers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers. They were small-town men, but they did not seem to have small-town minds. They got about; they knew men; they were interested in large enterprises; they had had varied experiences. Some of them were trustees of the college. All had connections, social and business, with other towns, other states. After leaving college, some had gone East for postgraduate work or professional training, and returned to start in the home town; others took over the paternal bank or store or factory. They married, had children and grandchildren, and some of these had settled close by. None of them seemed to feel he had chosen unwisely. Their lives were as full, as gracious, as satisfying, apparently, as lives anywhere.

Success, of course, is measured by various yardsticks, but a work that satisfies, ample material return, and a pleasant environment cover what most of us desire. The last is the most important, for there is no doubt that a man can make as good a living in a small town as his ability can achieve; the doubt lies in whether the living, when made in such an environment, is worth while. . . .

It is obvious that practically everything which can be bought with money is as accessible to the small-towner as to the big-city man. The deeper satisfactions of life in small cities or large villages lie elsewhere—in nature and human nature, the country and the people.

There is something in us that demands contact with elemental forces—earth, sky, wind, sun. There is a philosophy that comes from nearness to the land, tilling the soil, caring for animals, coping directly and at first hand with nature. Outdoor men, farmers, cowboys, shepherds, sailors, hunters, engineers, have it. I often felt it in my boyhood

in the farmers that I knew, strong, quiet, thoughtful men. The earth does things to you —the smell of freshly turned sod, the sun on the back of your neck, running water, the tremendous systole and diastole of nature, giving each month of the round a significance; in the city months are but names on a calendar.

The Greeks put the idea neatly in the legend of Antaeus, whose strength was renewed by contact with Mother Earth. The only way Hercules could overcome him was to get him off his feet.

The small town is still linked to the soil. It has more affinity with the country than with the big city it so mistakenly emulates. Its people are still aware of the procession of the seasons, seedtime and harvest, sunrise and sunset, the night and its stars, which for the city dweller—his earth plated with concrete, his sky narrowed by brick canyons—have almost ceased to exist.

But the best thing about a small town is the people who live in it. I say this boldly, knowing how often that element is seized upon as a subject for ridicule—their dullness, banality, narrow lives and interests. The point is that the indictment simply is not true. There are such people and such conditions in small towns, just as there are in large cities, for the human race is plentifully supplied with all kinds; they average about the same everywhere. The inhabitants of the small town are no worse and no better than people everywhere, but in the small town you know them, as friends, neighbors, acquaintances, over a long span of years, lifetimes often, and they know you for what you are—a sobering but an inspiring thought. In the small town you do not need to pretend; you can be yourself. This may irk some minds, who will prefer the anonymity of the big city, but to a normal person there is something heartening in being an integral part of a community. Be sure of this: if you find the small town dull, the lack is in you. You no doubt bore the people.

Neighborliness! That is the touchstone of the small town. Our common, ingrained humanity finds expression and overleaps mere social distinctions. The girl in the Western Union office rejoices audibly over the good news we are telegraphing, and condoles with us over a misfortune. She goes to our Sunday school. The carpenter and painter take a friendly interest in their work, with none of that slapdash indifference of city artisans, here today and gone tomorrow, and they do odd jobs for you not countenanced by their unions. The old postman sits down in your porch to look over this week's *Time* before leaving it, and tells you he is sorry there is no letter from Betty this week—Betty being your married daughter who lives in Texas. The postman has known her from babyhood, when she used to sit on the gatepost waiting for the mail; now she has daughters of her own. One is surrounded by this warm, friendly, genuine interest which is neither prying nor curious, which does not fail in times of trouble. It is the thing country folk miss most in large cities.

The neighborliness of the small town is an honest tradition from pioneer days when the early settlers "changed work" and helped one another with bees and house-raisings, as is done still among farmers at threshing time. The neighborly exchange of simple social life, from porch to porch, over the back fence, the casual daily meetings on Main Street, still go on, but they are accompanied now in even the smallest places by social functions which differ little from the same festivities in large cities.

Besides qualifying for the small-town virtue of neighborliness, some of the people are intrinsically interesting and worth knowing for their own sakes. There are characters distinguished for culture, achievement, experience, and personality far more individual than if their corners had been rubbed off by the friction of metropolitan life. In a big city you might see such famous people, but in the small town, if you are worthy, you are privileged to know them. They are part of the life of the town, *dramatis personae* of the play for which you have a reserved seat.

I recall such people in a town of less than 30,000 men and women—a Latin teacher who was a gifted conversationalist, a cobbler whose astute socialist arguments dismayed smug reactionary business men, an editor who in his leisure hours became an authority on the geology of the state, a Catholic priest who was the best of good companions, a lawyer whose library was a collection of rare first editions. Stories, each one of them. To know

them was an experience, an adventure in friendship.

One is aware of the continuing stream of life. Mankind is seen as a whole, in all its relations, instead of such detached segments as impinge on one's consciousness from the milling crowds of a great city. You may thus behold, if you live long enough, the span of five successive generations—births, marriages, and deaths, the vagaries of heredity, the changing fortunes in human lives. I recall in my boyhood a stern bearded man, son of the first pioneer of our village. I knew his son and his grandson, and, did I still live there, I should now know that grandson's grandson; and such experiences are repeated for other family strains. The lives of such dynasties constitute books, books read with a touch of nostalgia by detached floating human elements living in big cities. There is as much romance, adventure, drama, tragedy, in any small town as in any similar-sized group in a large city. For one to whom a human being is the most interesting animal in the world, there is unfailing entertainment, and food for thought too, in the changing panorama of life in a small town.

What is often disparaged as the gossip of a small town is its most vital quality—interest in human history. After all, what is the difference between the country-wide interest in the marital adventures of Barbara Hutton, or the struggle for possession of Gloria Vanderbilt, and the same curiosity, tempered in this case by friendly interest, regarding the marriage of Mame Littleton of our town, whose birth notice in the local sheet we read, it seems, just the other day, whose father and mother are our friends and neighbors, whose grandfather we looked up to with awe as children as one of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet"? The county correspondence in country newspapers comes in for a good deal of "joshing," with its grist of seemingly trivial social affairs, but what essential difference is there between those paragraphs and the items in the society column of a metropolitan newspaper?

Small towns have culture, often in greater degree, relatively, than any large city. There are college towns in the Mississippi Valley (and elsewhere, too)—Oberlin, Marietta, Jacksonville, Galesburg, to name but a few—with a high I.Q. The public library at Galesburg is one of the best in Illinois. The use of books there during the depression rose to 16.7 per capita a year, which librarians will tell you is a high score. Nor is that due to the presence of Knox College, for the students have their own unusually complete library. There are some fine libraries in homes, and many books and magazines in others, study clubs which really function—the two best have met continuously for forty years—musical societies, little theaters, all the paraphernalia of culture. . . .

Under the impact of movie, radio, and motor car, the town has changed; some of its peace and quiet has vanished; it is bigger, noisier, more crowded. . . . And there are many such [towns] in that great plain between the Alleghanies and the Rockies.

If I have inclined too strongly toward the Middle West, it is only partly because I know it best, but more logically because that region is the heart of the United States. The towns are widely scattered, each the center of its own broad farming land, hence isolated and self-contained; less overshadowed by big cities, and able to lead its own life and develop its own individuality. These towns are the projection of a recent pioneer impulse, and many of them are less than one hundred years from virgin prairie. But the thesis holds good for small towns in other sections of the country, the East and the far West, provided they have not sold their birthright for a mess of industrial pottage. For it is the farm towns that today look best and reveal a charm and inviting prospect which few factory towns have yet learned to acquire.

The small towns are our greatest asset. It is time we took stock of them, those middle-sized, middle-class, bourgeois burgs which it is so easy to mock, though few who have lived there have escaped their charm and amenity. A wistful longing for them has built up a flourishing business in New York, selling out-of-town newspapers. The movement toward decentralization already under way, which made Rockefeller Center and the Empire State Building obsolete before they were completed, will give them new significance.

"God made the country," said the proverb, "and the devil made the city." Between God's country and the devil's city is the small town, combining the best features of both.

# Forms of Communication

*H. A. Overstreet*

## WHAT WE READ, SEE, AND HEAR

*Harry Allen Overstreet (1875- ) was born in San Francisco and educated at the University of California and at Oxford. Following a decade of service as a member of the philosophy staff at California, Professor Overstreet in 1911 became head of the Department of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York, from which position he retired in 1939. His retirement, however, in no way lessened his intellectual and scholarly activity. In the past dozen years he has been an extension lecturer for the universities of Michigan and California, has written four books and numerous monographs, and has actively participated in the program of several learned societies.*

The Mature Mind, *1949, from which the following selection was taken, shows Professor Overstreet's deep interest in enduring human values. It shows how, as a philosopher, he has been more concerned with applying philosophic concepts to the art of living than with studying those concepts in the abstract. In "What We Read, See, and Hear" Professor Overstreet discusses four of the common means of communication and shows how these mass media may retard rather than accelerate our maturity.*

1. Four influences continually at work in the shaping of our character are newspapers, radio, movies, and advertising. We need, now, to ask the psychosocial question whether the influence of these has, in the main, been for or against our maturing.

2. Every day—sometimes "every hour on the hour," sometimes all morning, or all afternoon, or all day long; almost always at breakfast and on the journey home at night—these influences come into the lives of millions of people. Walt Whitman once wrote about a child that went forth each day and became what he saw. A later Whitman, writing about what comes into the lives of people each day through newspapers, radio, movies, and advertising, might well ask whether that which comes into their lives they themselves become. Surely, all this daylong and lifelong bombardment by news, entertainment, and announcements of things to be bought must have some effect. As a matter of fact, it is more than likely that we might properly be called newspaper-made, radio-made, movie-made, and advertisement-made people. To the extent that this is true, what kind of people, then, are we?

3. The functions of news-bringing, story-telling, music-making, and goods-selling are obviously basic to our needs. We live by them. In one form or another, man has always lived by them. The human being wants to know what is going on: hence our universal welcome to the news-bringer. We all need, now and then, to be stirred by tales that take us outside ourselves and help us to do the uniquely human thing of entering, through imagination, into the lives of others. In fact,

WHAT WE READ, SEE, AND HEAR: Reprinted from *The Mature Mind* by Harry A. Overstreet by permission of W. W. Norton and Company, Inc. Copyright, 1949, by W. W. Norton and Company, Inc.

it seems probable that our growth into empathy—so essential to our psychological maturing—depends in no small degree upon our having a chance to live vicariously the lives of many different sorts of people. We need, again, to hear the rhythms of music. We need, for the planning of our practical lives, to know what things are available for our convenience, comfort, and increased efficiency. To this extent it must be said that all these things are good—newspapers, radio, movies, advertising.

4. Yet it might be more accurate to say that they are potentially good; for, from the point of our psychological maturing, each of them is today a question mark. Is today's newspaper-reading public made wise and informed by its newspaper reading? Is the public that listens to the radio and goes to the movies thereby prepared to make more mature responses to human situations? Is a public that is constantly being importuned to buy things encouraged toward discrimination and self-discipline? It is altogether probable that, in spite of their high technical achievements, their constant accessibility, and their relationship to deep human wants and needs, newspapers, radio, movies, and advertising are doing as much to arrest as to promote our maturing. In many lives, in fact, they appear to weight the scales heavily toward arrested development.

5. All of these influences are part of a culture marked by vast technical expertness. But all of them, also, it must be remembered, are part of a money-making culture: an economy in which the prime value that attaches to most things produced is their exchange value—their salability. This is no less true of a newspaper or a motion picture than it is of a washing machine. Fundamental in the motivation of each of these character-shaping factors we have named, then, is the producer's need to make profits. The yardstick that the producer applies to what he offers is, first, a financial yardstick; it is not the yardstick of human welfare or human growth into maturity, except as such growth happens to be profitable. Here, therefore, is our peculiar modern situation: every day our minds and characters are receiving the impress of objects and experiences that have been put on the market because they represent the seller's best guess as to what we are ready to buy.

6. Here, again, we must note the difference between a business and a profession. In a profession, welfare comes first; money-making second. The distinction is a delicate one and hard to make with precision. Nevertheless, it is a real one that makes a notable difference in the spirit and aims of an undertaking. Thus, where money-making is the paramount interest, a constant search will be made to discover what most people *as they are* can be relied upon to like most of the time. What a few discriminating people like is of no great financial significance. What many people might eventually like if they were helped to develop their powers of discrimination has equally little financial import. What most people like once in a while is of less financial import than what they like most of the time. Hence, the primary hunt conducted by each of these four licensed mind-makers has been for a formula that would insure most people's being attracted most of the time. Once the formula is set, there is more profit to be derived from people's remaining *as they are* than from their growing up to some new level of insight and discrimination. The essential fact to be noted about each of the four businesses at hand is that each has found its own particular formula, has geared its productive set-up to that formula, and therefore has a vested interest in the public's continued responsiveness to that formula.

II

7. The newspaper has discovered that most people most of the time are interested in some form of catastrophe: a plane crash, a railroad wreck, a murder, a flood, a scandal, a fight of some sort. It is an old story that the planes that fly safely, the trains that reach their destination, the individuals who live together without murdering each other, the rivers that flow between their banks, and the men and nations that transact their affairs and resolve their differences without fighting are not news. Not one of these would yank a man out of his own preoccupations as he passed a newsstand. Not one of them would make him prop up his paper at the breakfast table and become absorbed in reading, to the neglect of his family. To capture the breakfaster, some unusual "happening" must be reported. To keep him

turning page after page, one column of unusual "happenings" must follow another. In order to induce that same breakfaster to buy a second paper in the afternoon or evening—or, if possible, even a third—headlines must again shrill the unusual and the catastrophic.

8. News, in short, must be as different as possible from the average daily routine; for otherwise it will not pull the mind of man out of that routine. The mind of man is, of course, capable of escaping routine through an intensification of awareness; through a deepened sense of values; through becoming sensitized to the subsurface drama of life. But this type of escape cannot be reduced to a formula. It has to do with the growth of the individual toward the unique fulfillment of his powers. It is not only useless, therefore, but actually detrimental, so far as mass production of news is concerned. The formula calls for the constant playing up of the only "escape-from-routine" news that has mass appeal: that is, news about some event that is enough out of the ordinary to give people a thrill without requiring of them any unusual sensitivity or subtlety of insight.

9. Between the accounts of catastrophe, newspapers do carry a good many items that lie outside the formula and that have their own constant appeal because of certain sustained human interests: weather reports, stock-market reports, household suggestions, real-estate news, educational, religious, and scientific news, and other such. But the primary appeal of a newspaper is the news it brings of happenings that bode ill to someone. Most political news is cast as "fight" news. Most foreign news is similarly cast. Most domestic news that makes the headlines is catastrophic news: someone has been killed, robbed, or assaulted; someone has called a strike; someone has been putting over a raw deal; someone has been arrested; some criminal has escaped; someone is denouncing someone. Most newspapers, in brief, have made the money-making discovery that most people most of the time are more interested in life that has "run off the track" than in life that has "stayed on the track."

10. Newspapers, therefore, have developed what might be called *a vested interest in catastrophe.* If they can spot a fight, they will play up that fight. If they can uncover a tragedy, they will headline that tragedy.

11. From the point of view of our psychological maturing all this has obvious significance. It means that day by day, year in and year out, all of us—young as well as old—are being moved to accept a one-sided, distorted view of life. We get life in its hostile and catastrophic patterns more often than in its friendly and constructive patterns. Ours is a culture in which newspapers have influenced most people, from their childhood on, to build the expectation that "eventfulness" is mostly conflict and catastrophe.

12. To take one example, our public opinion in regard to the world situation is chiefly shaped by what we read in the newspapers. If what we read is consistently and sharply slanted away from the constructive and peace-seeking activities of men and nations to those that are destructive and belligerent, the opinion we form will be not only one-sided and often erroneous, but it will be fraught with terrible danger to our own future and that of mankind. Our own "hostility potential" will be raised. Our attitudes toward peace-seeking activities will be skeptical and pessimistic. We will be wary and quick to suspect someone of trying to put something over on us. Our major emotional readiness will be for belligerent action—or for such belligerent verbalizing as makes peaceful action more difficult to achieve. We will get a more tingling pride out of having our nation "tell off" another nation than we will out of having it effect a mutual agreement with that nation. When we lay our nickels and dimes on the line for our daily dose of vicarious catastrophe and conflict it is almost as though we were paying the newspapers for getting us ready to commit human suicide.

13. A striking example of the power of the newspaper "formula" occurred at the time of the formation of the United Nations Organization in San Francisco. It will be remembered that the State Department had ventured a remarkable innovation: it had invited the leading non-partisan voluntary associations of the country to send representatives to the Conference to serve as "consultants." These consultants were privileged to sit in on all major sessions; to confer among themselves

about moot problems; to meet with various experts and put their questions and suggestions to these experts; to make recommendations to the appropriate bodies; and, last but not least, to send regular reports back to their organizations. Before long, anxious letters began coming to them from members back home. "We don't understand," these letters said in effect. "You keep sending us word that everything is going well and that a world organization will surely be formed; but our newspapers keep telling us that fights and disagreements among the delegates are so constant that there is little hope of success for the Conference. Are you sure you know the score? We don't want to be fed on false hope."

14. The situation was a typical one. Newspapers, with their vested interest in catastrophe, were playing up every cross word spoken; magnifying every squabble of orators until it seemed a major crisis—a crisis the development of which would surely have to be followed in tomorrow's paper as well as in today's.

15. In one vital respect, however, the situation was atypical. Normally, we of the public have no representatives on hand to give a picture different from the one the newspapers give; at San Francisco, we had such representatives—the consultants. As worried letters kept coming in from the home people, these consultants went to the correspondents and asked why they were persistently trying to make the Conference appear to be a failure. Actually, of course, the correspondents—as individuals and as citizens—did not want it to fail. But *as correspondents* they wanted news that would make the old "formula" appeal. Called to account by the consultants—who represented, through their combined organizations, a significant slice of the reading public—the newspapers were persuaded to believe that even good news might be rated as news. A gradual change became evident in the reporting of the Conference.

16. That our newspapers have been in many respects a cultural asset goes almost without saying. With their enormous coverage of news, they have done wonders to release us from our old parochialisms and to help us move out of our squeezed local environments into the total world. Also, in many cases, they have been valiant exposers of evil and valiant fighters for the human decencies. Yet the fact remains that their major appeal has been to the psychological immaturities still resident in grown men and women.

III

17. Radio came as something new under the sun. As it flashed upon the human horizon, it promised a new world. Space, man's ancient enemy, had been overcome. In an instant's time, our minds could encircle the globe. Man could be neighbor to man the earth around.

18. The spectacle of an average person sitting in his average room before a small box-like instrument, summoning voices out of the distance, roused the imagination. The Greeks had said that a city should be no greater in size than the distance a man's voice could travel. In the twentieth century, suddenly, a man's voice could travel around the world. How large, then, should the "city of man" now be?

19. The man sitting in his small room, moreover, with his small box, could not only encircle the globe. He could summon at will voices nearer at hand: voices to sing to him; tell him news when he wanted news; tell him a story when he wanted a story; preach him a sermon when he wanted a sermon.

20. There was no doubt about it: an amazing new force had entered our human scene. Would it become a new, major force for our maturing? Or would it so lend itself to our immaturities that these would become more tenacious than ever?

21. Such delicate and difficult questions have never yet yielded us a simple Yes or No answer. Because of the radio, greatness has poured into our homes from many places and at many times: great symphonic music, the news of world-transforming events, great poetry, great speeches, great drama. Not even the poorest, most inaccessible shack or farm kitchen has been so mean that greatness—via the radio—has refused to enter and live there. It would be strange if all this could happen without some increase in maturity happening also.

22. Yet greatness has not been the only

thing that has entered our homes—and our consciousness—over the sound waves. In a sense, it has been the least of what has entered. Where one notable program has occupied one band of air for a scant half hour or less, scores of lesser programs have occupied all the other bands of air all day long and all night long. The talking, the singing, the playing of instruments, the making of jokes, the asking of quiz questions, the retailing of news, and from all stations, at virtually all times, the ubiquitous advertising of goods—these have become a Niagara of sound. In the total mass, the proportion of greatness to the proportion of littleness has not been encouraging.

23. Radio remains, and increasingly becomes, a technical triumph. But it would not be an exaggeration to say that nine out of ten of the voices that the listener summons when he turns the dial are the voices of mediocrity—and of immaturity: mediocre actors speaking mediocre lines—or actors who deserve better lines trying to inject meaning into the meaningless; mediocre singers singing mediocre songs; mediocre comedians laboring to make old jokes sound new; mediocre commentators sharing the air with their more penetrating and responsible fellows; mediocre quiz masters asking questions and handing out prizes; mediocre advice-givers responding to deep human perplexities with pat mediocre advice. If, from the point of view of man's maturing, the test we must put to radio is that of its *average* influence or its most frequently exerted influence, the answer is not reassuring.

24. It is almost as easy to gripe about radio programs as about the weather: they have become as much part of our "atmosphere" as wind and sun; and they seem, sometimes, to be as far removed from our influence. Our wish, here, is not to engage in any such griping. In the first place, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no unreachable "God" of radio "weather" who resides in a heaven beyond our human reach; there are only men, in skyscrapers or in lesser buildings, who engage, day in and day out, in the business of trying to guess what most people want most of the time or what they can, by sufficient suggestion, be made to want. From the psychological angle, then, the average level of radio programs betrays our immaturity quite as much as it fosters that immaturity. We have to keep this fact in mind as we analyze the influence that is daily being exerted upon our character structure by this new medium of communication. In the second place, radio programs cannot be evaluated as though they were isolated phenomena in our culture. Powerful as radio corporations are, they are only fragments of a system very much larger than themselves; and they would not have become powerful if their aims and methods had been out of line with the practices of that system or offensive to those conditioned by it.

25. The plain fact is that the owners and program directors of radio stations have been engaged in an enterprise similar to that of newspaper owners and editors: they have been looking for a formula with which to hold the attention of the greatest possible number of people for the greatest possible period of time. They seem to have discovered two things: that most people, most of the time, want to be entertained; and that the entertainment that has the maximum appeal is that which rouses ready emotions and does not tax the mind. With these "discoveries" as directives, the radio formula has gradually evolved.

26. One program-building assumption has been that people must not be asked to keep their attention focused on any one thing for more than a few minutes at a time. Thus, each day's program becomes a miscellany; and, daylong and nightlong, it invites the mind to engage in a kind of jumping game. No sooner is the attention given to a news report than it is diverted to a hillbilly singer or a mystery story or a quiz program or a comedy program replete with guest singers. This aspect of the radio formula must be of major concern to all who care about human maturing. One mark of the psychological growth of the human being, from infancy through childhood and into adulthood, is the lengthening of the attention-span. The immature mind hops from one thing to another; the mature mind seeks to follow through. Whatever other influences it may exert for our maturing, radio is on the side of lifelong immaturity in the constant invitation it offers us to develop hopscotch minds. For five minutes, say, we are

asked to be in a mind and mood suitable for an honest consideration of a world crisis. Then, for an even briefer interval, we are asked to feel that it is of supreme importance for us to buy a certain brand of dehydrated soup or to have our winter furs stored at a certain place. Abruptly, then, a humorist begins to wisecrack—and again our mind and mood are supposed to be at his command. Such flittering surface interest in one thing after another militates against our making a genuinely suitable response to anything. How many people, for example, who hear an appeal for the starving children of Europe tucked in between a soap opera and a singer of folk songs, with advertisements for insulation, are actually invited to feel what mature human beings should feel about the starvation of children?

27. It is, of course, impossible to talk about the radio without talking about radio advertising. Not only does this contribute mightily to the hopscotch character of the daily program, but it has exerted its influence upon each item that makes up that program. Radio listeners do not, by direct methods, put anything into the coffers of radio producers. It is the advertisers who must keep those coffers filled; and they will not do so unless they are convinced that every program item for which they pay is being heard by potential customers in a suitable frame of mind to buy. The housewife who has just had a good cry over a soap opera is more likely to give uninhibited and friendly response to an advertiser than is a person whose mind has been engaged at a high level of discrimination. Similarly, the man who has just had a good laugh at a comedian's jokes has been softened up into friendliness. From the advertiser's point of view, two things are not good business: programs that put the critical powers of man to work and programs that raise any basic issues about the economic structures within which advertising operates. We shall have more to say about advertising in a later section. Suffice it here to say that, in the radio world, it is an all-powerful influence: it makes it necessary that programs be on the air at all hours of the day and night, every day of the year, whether or not material worth hearing can be provided in such quantity; it makes it necessary that most programs be "relaxing" in their influence; and it performs the odd function of taking that old stock figure, the peddler, off the doorstep and into the living room—there to wheedle as he has always wheedled; there to run off his stock phrases as he has always run them off; but there to invade the family privacy as he has never invaded it before.

28. When an instrumentality is taken over as a money-making device, those who live by it must seek a money-making formula. Radio has found its formula. Whereas the newspaper has found its vested interest in catastrophe, radio has found it in mediocrity.

IV

29. Are the movies a force for maturing? To ask that question is, almost, to answer it. Hollywood has become a synonym for vacuity serviced by technical experts: highly profitable vacuity, since a staggering proportion of Americans, young and old, week after week, place themselves under its influence.

30. Great pictures have come out of Hollywood; and briefly they have heartened us. But when they have had their run, the typical Hollywood production has again taken over—and throughout the thousands of movie theaters of the land, the routine of vacuous inanity has been resumed. Today's pictures are infinitely smoother in their production than those of even a few years ago. Also, they are more sophisticated in their characterization: the villain twirls his mustache less obviously; the "scarlet woman" does not, at her first appearance, advertise her intentions by turning Theda Bara eyes upon her victim. The past few years, moreover, have witnessed certain efforts to give movie plots a third dimension—to add to mere eventfulness some slight consideration of human motives of a less than obvious sort. Yet when we attend revivals of earlier movies, and compare them with those that now make a less flickering appearance upon the screen, we are forced to conclude that the psychological difference is a pin-point difference compared with the technical.

31. Here we confront the same perplexity as in the case of the radio: how did it happen that this great invention has so developed as to express and encourage immaturity rather than maturity. To be sure, it began as a peep-

show gadget; but very quickly it revealed its power for greater things. It could tell a story as no story had ever been told before: with horses galloping, guns firing, crowds milling around; or, more quietly, with people walking in the garden, or hiking over a mountain trail. Where drama had hitherto been confined to a small stage, the motion picture could take place on a stage as wide as the world. As a medium, therefore, of enormous range and flexibility, it might have become the greatest influence in human history for the encouragement of empathic imagination. Not confined, as legitimate drama has been confined, to a few theaters in a few cities, it might have invited the most obscure inhabitant of the most remote village to develop an ever maturing insight into the ways of people, and the needs and fears and hopes of people, everywhere. It was technically equipped to perform this role in our culture; but only fortuitously and rarely has it performed it.

32. Again, we must note an economic cause: movies soon became big business. Single movies ran into millions for their production. *Ben Hur,* for example, cost six million. Salaries were fabulous. In two years of acting in cowboy films, W. S. Hart earned $900,000. Big business meant that there had to be big capital: bankers had to be enlisted. The enlistment of big bankers meant that a formula must be found for making big business grow continually bigger.

33. Hollywood found its formula. It began to find it in the early days when actors threw custard pies at one another or an escaped convict in prison stripes hid in a basket of clothes on which a housewife had momentarily turned her back. Audiences clapped and shrieked; every frustrated person present got vicarious satisfaction out of seeing the other fellow get it in the face or out of seeing the forces of respectability put to rout.

34. It began to find its formula when "America's sweetheart" showed her face on the screen. Every man in the audience loved her as he had always hoped he would love some woman; every woman saw in her the type of eternal sweetheart that she herself had hoped to be.

35. It was finding its formula when it put on male actors who typified "romance." When Valentino stormed the hearts of American women, the story was plain enough for any producer to see: women wanted men who would look into their eyes as their own work-a-day husbands did not look; they wanted men with enough mystery about them to make their least glance glamorous and a little frightening, even; they wanted men in whom kindness and aloofness would be so subtly blended that a relationship with them could never become a routine; but they wanted these men in a daydream situation—not as any actual substitute for the reliable bringer home of the bacon.

36. It was finding its formula—through a genius who could not be reduced to formula—when a little tramp with a postage-stamp mustache, battered shoes, and a derby hat, took the kicks of the world and walked out of every picture swinging his ridiculous cane in a defeat so jaunty that it amounted to triumph. Charlie Chaplin was Everyman—every man who carries with him his unresolved frustrations, his clumsy good will, and his need to believe that the defeats he suffers are part of fate.

37. It was finding its formula when the six-shooter hero dashed across the plains on a superb horse that would tolerate no other rider—and rescued the heroine at the last possible moment.

38. It was finding its formula when, in picture after picture, the erring husband returned to his wife and went down on penitent knees; and when, in picture after picture, the honest small-town hero, with native shrewdness as his only weapon, outsmarted the man from the city; and when the poor girl married a rich husband—and automatically knew just what to do on every occasion that her new setting presented; and when, conversely, the rich girl, deciding that money isn't everything, married her poor lover; and when the erstwhile villain suddenly showed himself as having a heart of gold; and when, in as many ways as ingenuity could devise, the pompous man was made to look like a fool.

39. What Hollywood discovered—by rule of thumb and box-office returns—was that the sure-fire way to attract people (or at least, most of the people most of the time) is to give

:hem compensatory illusions. Motion pictures ɔecame the big business through which un-ıatisfied men, women, and adolescents in ınprecedented numbers were granted a day-ıream fulfillment of their hopes. The motion picture did not aim to make these unsatisfied people go forth and take positive action to ɔolve their own problems. It aimed to give them a dream that was in itself so thrilling in comparison with reality that they would return, and return again, for further hours of dreaming. So fixed has this money-making formula become that even novels and dramas of stature and integrity come out of the movie-mill something other than they were: they come out revised to fit the daydreams of the unsatisfied immature.

40. Fulfillment by fantasy: this is the pattern of psychological immaturity. Fulfillment by rational, sustained program of action: this is the pattern of psychological maturity. To an overwhelming extent, the Hollywood formula has been on the side of immaturity. Hollywood, we might say, is the enormously profitable enterprise of encouraging millions of people—an estimated 80,000,000 a week in 1940, for example—to find their habitual escape from frustration and boredom in glamorous fantasy. Hollywood, in short, has a vested interest in escapism. Inevitably, therefore, it has a vested interest in emotional immaturity.

V

41. Advertising is the nation's biggest business. It is also one of the biggest and most continuous psychological influences in our lives. It is literally everywhere. Wherever, by day or night, our eyes and ears are open, we are likely to see or hear some invitation to buy something. It is as though we were surrounded by a vast army of salesmen, each struggling to win our attention; each with something to show us, something for us to buy, something we are made to feel that we *must* buy if we are not to live our lives under handicap; each trying to get the money we have to spend before someone else gets it.

42. We do not resent the importunities of these "salesmen." We like to do the sort of wanting that they make us do: the advertisements in a home magazine or a Sunday paper are willingly given a large slice of our attention; and few things yield us more repeated delight than a seed catalogue or the fat catalogue from a mail-order house . . . to say nothing of the windows of clothing stores, hardware stores, book stores, art supply stores, stationery stores. Goods, goods everywhere, and money with which to buy: this is one shape that the American dream has persistently taken; and it has been very far from a bad dream. The ingenuities of men in producing endless things for use, comfort, and convenience have been good ingenuities; and much of the wanting that we do, under the stimulus of advertisements, is good wanting. Much of it ties up soundly with our making of choices and plans. Basic to a high productive economy, in brief, is the process of letting people know what has been produced.

43. Yet there are psychological questions to ask here: questions that are again tied up with the problem of our individual and cultural maturing. So far as advertisers are concerned—and the producers who employ them—the average man plays only one role that has any significance: that of consumer. His mental and emotional processes are of interest only to the extent that they can be ferreted out and capitalized: used as stimuli to make him buy. Such a one-sided concept of the human being—particularly when almost unlimited resources are used to make it attractive—can scarcely help making for a one-sided development, and therefore a less than fully mature development, of that human being. When he and his fellows, moreover, have in sufficient number and for a sufficient length of time taken such one-sidedness for granted, the whole culture to which they belong will be slanted away from full maturity.

44. To put the matter succinctly, advertising halts our psychological growth to the extent that it *makes us do too much wanting* and *makes us want things for the wrong reasons.*

45. It makes us do too much wanting. There is scarcely a waking hour of our lives when we are not told, through some medium, that we ought to pay out money to buy this or that. The cumulative effect of this is fourfold: we are kept always on the edge of material discontent, so that what we have never seems good enough; we are progressively

trained to want the ready-made and to think of what we can make ourselves as a poor substitute, so that the pleasures of ownership overshadow the pleasures of creativeness; we are encouraged to discard things not only before they have been fully used but before they have become intimate and beloved companions of our daily living; and we are induced to believe that most of our mental, emotional, and social problems stem from our lack of the right material goods.

46. It makes us want things for the wrong reasons. The easiest emotions for the advertiser to tap—and the ones most certain to produce "results"—are those related to our fears, particularly our social fears; our hunger for attention and prestige; and our frustration-born pleasure in outdoing somebody else. These are not our most mature emotions —nor those most conducive to our further maturing. They all represent in some degree an immature centering upon the self. The fears, for example, that advertisers most effectively capitalize—even when they are directing their appeals at grown men and women—are adolescent fears: fears that have to do with being "different," with failing to meet rigid standards of group conformity, with being left out, with not making a good appearance, with being criticized by other people. Similarly, their prestige-appeals are largely on the adolescent level: the individual is invited to see himself, not as maturely equal with others, but *as the focus of attention and envy.*

47. Advertising, in brief, like the other businesses we have been weighing, has found its formula: get a person to want something for himself, and to want it badly enough, and a sale is made. The art of salesmanship—and therefore of advertising—is that of awakening self-wants: making the person feel that his own life is incomplete and that what it lacks wears a price-tag. The perfect consumer is the individual who is so suggestible that he can be kept pretty continuously engaged in the process of indulging his own ego. If the proper maturing of the self consists, as we have seen, in its development away from immature fears and egocentricities toward a wider range of human interests and relationships, then the ego-absorptions encouraged by endless invitations to buy actually arrest our maturing. Advertising has its own peculiar vested interest: in human self-indulgence.

48. We speak of ours as a materialistic age —and thus throw upon material goods an onus they do not deserve. It would be less ambiguous to call it a self-indulgent age. The most powerful forces around us beg us, implore us, plead with us to indulge ourselves. We hear the insinuating words on the radio: "You owe it to yourself . . ."; "Don't wait another day . . ."; "Be the first in your town to own . . ."; "Your friends will envy you. . . ." We read the words of persuasion in flaring spreads in newspapers, in magazine pictures that invite us to project ourselves into a dream-world of beauty and convenience, in neon signs against the night sky: something to drink; something to smoke; something to eat that champions eat; something to make you beautiful; something to make you a man of distinction; something to bring you success; something to make you the life of the party; something to reduce some kind of work to the mere pushing of a button; something to take away all your worries and let you lie in a hammock the rest of your life.

## VI

49. Newspapers, radio, movies, and advertising—these might be called the "big four" of communication. These are the four great money-making enterprises of mind-making. It would be pleasant to report that they all make for the fine maturing of human character. But the report must be otherwise. In spite of what each has contributed to our growth, each has, through its own formula, found it profitable to keep us from full psychological maturing. Or, to put the best possible face upon the matter, each has found in us some immaturity that waited to be tapped. Engaged in the tapping process, each of these powerful forces has been too busy to think about the long-range consequences of its formula.

50. Lest we be tempted, however, to pass the buck to these great agencies of influence—laying on them the total blame for our immaturity—three final observations must be made.

51. The first is that the owners and producers of newspapers, radio programs, motion

pictures, and advertisements are not to be regarded in their money-making preoccupation, as cultural "sports." Their values are not atypical; they are typical. The definitions of prestige and success that they emphasize are the definitions to which most men and women, right down the line, gear their lives and the lives of their children. The hunger for "shock news"—catastrophe, scandal, conflict—that newspapers satisfy to their own profit is not a newspaper-made hunger, though it may be a newspaper-stimulated hunger. It derives from deeper ills in our culture: from boredoms, disappointments, and apathies that make adults, by and large, unresponsive to any drama in life except "shock drama"; also, from latent hostilities that make adults, by and large, draw guilty satisfaction from the ill fortunes of others. The propensity to daydream that has proved so vastly profitable to the producers of soap operas, motion pictures, and glamor advertisements is, again, stimulated by, but not created by, those who thus make money from its existence. In a culture where everyone is encouraged to believe, at the outset, that his ship will come in and where this hope is so regularly flouted; and in a culture where love and marriage are so constantly presented as adolescent affairs of everlasting moonlight and roses, the frustration of people is enormous—and their propensity to daydream is likewise enormous. While, therefore, we have every right to look at these powerful mind-makers with critical eyes, seeing how ready they are to capitalize our immaturities, we need also to look beyond them for the causes of those immaturities they capitalize.

52. The second observation that must be made is that these mind-makers are not as dangerous to human welfare as they might be. That statement sounds like bland dismissal of our problem; but it is, rather, a simple recognition of fact. Everywhere in the world, and in every period of history, the job of mind-making has been in large measure the monopoly of some power group or groups. Nowhere in the world, and at no time in history, has the average man actually "made up his own mind." Priests and theologians have made it up for him. Kings have made it up for him. Conquerors, dictators, and politicians have made it up for him. While his own personal experience has taught him much, his basic beliefs about his rights and obligations and his place in the scheme of things have come to him from the outside. Always there have been some few—seers, prophets, teachers, statesmen—who have wanted him to think well of himself as a human being and to act out a proud, creative role in the human tradition. But for the most part, everywhere and always, the dominant power group has wanted the average man to have an image of himself that would comport well with the power and perpetuation of the group. Newspaper owners, advertisers, and the rest, when they are persuading the average man to see himself in a role that is profitable to them, are therefore, we might say, simply the inheritors of age-old power techniques and power-attitudes. They—like uncounted priests, demagogues, and dictators before them—are simply mind-making to their own advantage. But that tells only half the story. Psychologically, the most dangerous power-groups and power-individuals in history have been those who have wanted the average man to be *a contented follower:* a meek accepter of his lot; a proud borrower of significance from the leader he served. The four great mind-making powers of our day are less concerned with the average man as *a contented follower* than they are with him as *a discontented wanter of things for himself.* They do not, in the traditional sense, see him as a follower at all. They see him as a consumer. This is a fundamental difference. It means that they will provide whatever that average man—writ large to make a public—is ready to want to pay for. They have modified the old utilitarian slogan—*the greatest good of the greatest number*—to read *the greatest amount of goods to the greatest number.* They may, through their reliance upon their immature formulae, delay the maturing of the public. But their aim is to make money, not to see themselves as "leaders" to whom the passive millions lift adoring eyes. Every cubit of maturity that is added, through whatever influence, to our cultural stature will, therefore, influence the quality of the products put at our disposal by the great mind-makers. If and when we want maturity, in brief, they will cater as assidu-

ously to our mature wants as they now do to our immaturity.

53. The third observation is that there are ways in which the public can learn to handle even immature materials maturely. There are high schools, for example, today, in which the students are learning to work up their own standards of criticism for motion pictures and radio programs—and are, in the process, maturing their own powers of discrimination. There are high-school and college classes in increasing numbers in which students are comparing various newspapers and magazines and are trying to decide upon standards of measurement. There are parent groups, small and large, that are taking collective issue with the assumption that any motion picture is good enough so long as it will keep their children out of the house and off the street for a few hours. Similarly, there are parent groups that are coming to joint decisions about the radio programs to which their children of various age levels should listen. The growth of consumer groups is another evidence that the public can learn to be something more mature than the advertiser's "perfect consumer." Such methods for making demands upon those who make our minds are in their infancy. But it is a promising infancy. It offers hope that the time will come in our culture when newspapers, radio stations, motion-picture producers, and advertisers may all find it profitable to appeal to our maturity.

## *Albert H. Marckwardt*

# WHAT IS GOOD ENGLISH?

*Albert Henry Marckwardt (1903- ) was educated at the University of Michigan, where he is now professor of English. Trained by the eminent linguist C. C. Fries, he has become one of the leading students of language and is highly successful as scholar, lecturer, consultant, and teacher.*

*In language, as in art, ethics, philosophy, and religion, people are continually seeking an ultimate standard. In this brief talk, Professor Marckwardt clearly sets forth the doctrine of usage, which today is generally accepted by students of linguistics.*

1. Editorials are written about every phase of it. Teachers are deluged with letters asking them to referee disputes over it. Even our statesmen have manifested a consistent interest in the problem—both Benjamin Franklin and Theodore Roosevelt tried to reform our spelling. As far as the schools are concerned, everyone generally agrees upon one point: Good English should be successfully taught. But when it comes to deciding what is not Good English, there are almost as many points of view as there are persons to hold them.

2. In all this diversity, two diametrically opposed attitudes may be discerned. At one extreme are those who look to the conventional rules of grammar, to dictionaries, to lists of frequently mispronounced words as absolute authorities. This attitude of dependence upon authority, since it implies a belief that a language may arrive at and maintain a relatively static condition—that it may be kept pure—is usually spoken of as *purism*. Little more need be said about this point of view for most of us are quite familiar with it. We have all met it somewhere, in the schools or out.

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3. During the last twenty-five years, however, there have been indications of a change of attitude toward the question of Good English and its teaching, both in the schools and among the most competent linguists in the country. There has been formulated what may be called for want of a more accurate term a "liberal" attitude toward language, which is directly in opposition to many of the tenets and practices of the purists. As in the case of any liberal movement, this one has been accompanied by much misunderstanding as to its aims and methods. There are abroad sinister rumors that "anything you hear is right," and dire forebodings of future generations whose verbs and nouns will not agree.

4. It is most important, I believe, to the general success of the English language program in our schools, to clear away some of the erroneous conceptions which have sprung up in connection with linguistic liberalism. This may best be accomplished by pointing out, first of all, how and why this change in attitude came about; second, by defining the standards of Good English which the liberal grammarians uphold; and finally, by pointing out certain ideas and attitudes which they do not put forward. The limitations of space necessitate my treating only one aspect of this broad question, namely grammar in its more restricted sense; although what I have to say may be applied in most cases to problems of pronunciation and vocabulary as well.

5. To explain the rise of the liberal attitude toward a standard of Good English, we must examine briefly the history of the rules which are to be found in the school grammars of today. These rules, for the most part, originated with certain English grammarians of the eighteenth century—notably William Ward, Robert Lowth, and James Buchanan. These men were not as interested in reflecting and codifying the actual spoken English of their time as in setting up an ideal language for their own and future generations to strive to master. This ideal language was based in part upon the rules of Latin grammar—for the eighteenth century was an age which revered the classics—and in part upon what seemed to be a rational arrangement for a language—for the eighteenth century was also an age of reason.

6. In the two hundred years which have elapsed since the formulation of these rules, the study of language has progressed remarkably, and we have learned much concerning this aspect of human behavior. The early nineteenth century was marked by a tremendous growth in our knowledge of the history of both ancient and modern languages.

7. The grammarians of the eighteenth century assumed that language was static, that it might reach and be kept at a state of perfection. In the nineteenth century we learned to apply the evolutionary concept to language as well as to botany and zoology. We came to see that language is not stationary, that it is in a state of continuous development, that standards which may hold good for one century are not necessarily applicable to another.

8. Along with our increased knowledge of the history of the English language and the conception of language as an evolving organism, came the realization that many of the rules of so-called correct English did not reflect actual speech habits; that they set up standards which were not only absent from spoken English but, more than this, were virtually foreign to the genius of the language.

9. In 1927, the late Professor S. A. Leonard, together with Professor H. Y. Moffat, began to study this problem. They selected from typical school text-books then in use 102 expressions condemned as incorrect; they submitted these to a jury composed of twenty-six eminent linguists and a similar number of authors, editors, business executives, teachers of English and of speech—about 225 all told. This jury was asked to rate the 102 condemned expressions as acceptable, questionable, or illiterate. It is possible to give only a few of the results of the survey here, but it was found that more than 40 of the 102 expressions usually condemned in the school texts were considered acceptable by over 75 per cent of the linguists, and many others were held by them to be matters of divided usage.

10. Among the expressions condemned by the text-books and accepted by the jury were: "This is a man I used to know," "That will be all right," "You had better stop that foolishness." The first of these omits the relative pronoun; the second used the term "all right" to which some grammars object; in the third

the locution "had better" is at times condemned by text-books as a colloquialism. All of them are obviously in current use today.

11. It is interesting to read what an eminent British linguist, Professor J. H. G. Grattan, has said on this same subject. He writes, "The attitude of the American schools is, so far as the English language is concerned, ultra-conservative. Eighteenth century ideas of correctness are not yet dead in the United States. Indeed, by American standards, many idiomatic usages long sanctioned in Great Britain are still bad grammar."

12. When it became apparent that the rules of many of the school grammars prescribed something that was not idiomatic English, the question immediately arose: If the rules of the grammars cannot be held to constitute a valid standard of Good English, what standard can be set up in its place? This is, it will be recalled, the second of the three questions which were raised before.

13. The liberal grammarians answer in the following manner: The history of most modern languages shows that from generation to generation, and from century to century, there has been in existence an accepted or received standard form of that language—English, French, or whatever it may be; and that that standard form has been based upon the speech of the class and section of the country which was politically, economically, and culturally dominant at the time.

14. London English, just one of many English dialects, became the standard speech of England chiefly because the city of London rose to a position of prime importance in the affairs of the English-speaking people. The same was true of the language of the Ile de France and of the Kingdom of Castile. If this is generally the case, why should we not consider as the standard of present-day English that speech which is in actual use by the large group who is carrying on the affairs of the English-speaking people? An attitude of this kind is usually spoken of as a doctrine of usage.

15. In connection with such a doctrine or standard, one problem arises. Suppose the usage of this dominant group is not wholly in agreement on all points? Suppose some of its members occasionally use a split infinitive while others do not? What then is to be our guiding principle?

16. Here again we may have recourse to our knowledge of the history of our language. Since it is possible to examine with some accuracy the forms of the English language during the last thousand years, such a study will indicate that certain inflectional and syntactical traits have been constantly expanding and developing, while others have been disappearing. If it is possible from an examination of what has gone on in the past to make a reasonable prediction as to what will come about in the future—and we assume this with most of the studies we undertake—then, in the case of a divided usage, let us choose that form or construction which seems to be in accord with the developing tendencies or patterns of the English language.

17. To return to the problem of a split infinitive. Since a careful examination of the English of the last five hundred years shows such a construction to have been in constant use, and to have arisen from a desire to speak English naturally and clearly, the least we can do is to allow it equal rank with the alternative construction; to favor it when it seems better to perform the function of communicating the idea involved; and to rule it out when it does not express the thought as clearly.

18. Unfortunately a number of misconceptions have arisen in connection with such a proposed standard of usage. Uninformed people frequently ask if such a doctrine means that any sort of English that may be heard on the street is Good English. If an expression is used, no matter where or by whom, must it then necessarily be correct? The answer is no. The doctrine of usage does not legalize the language of the gutter, for the language of the gutter is not the English which is apt to prevail as Standard Spoken English. It is perfectly true that upon occasion certain expressions and certain modes of pronunciation have spread from one social class to another, frequently from a higher to a lower, and at times from a lower to a higher. The broad *a* sound in such words as *past* and *half,* now considered to be ultra-refined by many speakers, is a case in point; for in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries it was, as a dictionary of the time puts it, "the sound used

by the vulgar but not the polite and learned world." But these occasional cross currents do not justify an acceptance of wholly uncultivated speech as a norm. By virtue of the historical principles upon which the liberal grammarians proceed, they are still committed to the speech of the people who direct the affairs of the community as a standard. On the other hand since the English-speaking countries are democratic in character, the limitation of the speech standard to the narrowest top layer of the social order is also precluded.

19. The second aspect of the doctrine of usage which frequently troubles people to whom the idea is somewhat new is the fear that the lack of strict and ironclad rules will lead to eventual disintegration. Again history shows such fears to be unfounded. It has been pointed out that rules for the speaking of correct English date chiefly from the beginning of the eighteenth century. They have existed only two hundred years of the fifteen hundred since the Angles and Saxons first came to the British Isles. Accordingly when English is considered in the light of its millennium of existence as a separate language, one is inclined to feel that the rules have had relatively little effect in either hindering or accelerating the main trends of development.

20. Moreover, we can never be too sure as to just what is meant by disintegration of a language, which innovations are bad and which are good. As one eminent linguist has written, "To the conservative grammarian all change is decay. Although he knows well that an old house often has to be torn down in part or as a whole in order that it may be rebuilt to suit modern conditions, he never sees the constructive forces at work in the destruction of old grammatical forms. He is fond of mourning over the loss of the subjunctive and the present slovenly use of the indicative. He hasn't the slightest insight into the fine constructive work of the last centuries in rebuilding the subjunctive."

21. At present the greatest need confronting those who are entrusted with the teaching of our language in the schools is for new textbooks which describe accurately the language of those now carrying on the affairs of the English-speaking people, particularly grammars which will record the forms and syntax of present-day American English. A most significant beginning in this direction has already been made by the National Council of Teachers of English who, in November 1932, sponsored the publication of *Current English Usage*. This volume is in reality a continuation of the survey mentioned above, begun by Professors Leonard and Moffat, a survey which has for its purpose a codification of the usages of present-day English, and which proceeds upon the theory that it is the principal function of the grammarian to describe the language as it exists rather than to prescribe a state of perfection for it.

22. I can close in no more appropriate manner than to quote from Miss Ruth Mary Weeks' introduction to this forward-looking work. She writes, "Language is a living thing and the greatest law of life and growth is change. Dictionaries, grammars, books of rhetoric are not eternal statutes handed down from heaven like the tables of Mosaic law. They are history, not dogma; description not command—description of the changing speech habits of the mass of men.

23. "As our speech changes, so do dictionaries and grammars change; so must they change if we are to prepare our students to speak the language of their own time, or to secure from the better speech of our own day reinforcement of our teaching."

## *Ann Leighton*

# CONVERSATION

*Ann Leighton (1901- ) is the pseudonym of Mrs. Isadore Luce Smith, American wife of a British army officer, whom she met in India. An essayist with a light touch, she has written entertainingly about such common experiences as cooking, the inept designing of small kitchens by men who do not use them, and the typical activities and traits of an American housewife; she has also written in an amusing vein about her travel experiences in India, Burma, England, and the United States. Her war book,* While We Are Absent, *1943, describes the adventures at home of an American housewife and her three children hoping for the end of the war and the return of her soldier-husband.*

*The essay on "Conversation" belongs to a type once more popular than it is today—the personal, or familiar, essay. Some of the famous personal essayists of the past were Addison, Goldsmith, Lamb, Stevenson, and Hazlitt, while today Max Beerbohm, James Thurber, and E. B. White are among the most successful and best known. In the familiar essay, the subject is usually quite commonplace, but the style is highly individualistic: urbane, genial, witty, playful, humorous, whimsical, figurative. Underlying the playful manner of expression, however, there is often an earnestness of purpose, and sometimes there is good-natured satire. A glance at the first and last paragraphs of this essay will reveal most of these characteristics.*

1. Conversation . . . is a universal human need commonly treated as a recreation. A life force without which civilization would perish, it is classed as a subject for serious discussion with remote elegancies like wines and manners. Essential to the well-being and sanity of mankind, it is dealt with in books—not on medicine or religion or sociology but on etiquette. Never practiced, seldom taught, it is required of everyone. Prohibited only to certain monks, it is demanded of young girls in finishing schools who confuse it forever with balls and rapiers. As with cooking and the investing of money, it is made a cult whose initiates seek to terrify outsiders. Revered chiefly in its maimed form, the monologue, it is usually declared dead by those who think they know. Disjointed, denied, buried . . . the miracle of conversation is that it goes on.

2. And on and on—everywhere and all of the time. Anyone willing to listen will discover that conversation is what there is the most of. It is not necessary to eavesdrop or take notes or a census. One need only take a walk or a ride.

3. What interesting bits of others' lives one collects for what paltry exchanges! What valuable pieces of information, freely given, may save us later in difficult situations now unforeseen, like knives in the pockets of shipwrecked sailors. That bit about how to take a parrot by train across France. Call it a bicycle, the man said. And how to get a body out of Egypt. And the talisman from the crowded Washington taxi, driving away from a Senate hearing. . . . A tired listener said she supposed the die-hard isolationist meant well. "Young lady!" snapped the epitome of all Southern Colonels, "my father said to me, 'My son, remember this—Any man who means

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well and does not do well is just a damned fool—' " Worth the fare. Worth remembering —as are most of the things people really say to each other.

4. For conversation is what people say to one another—not being talked to, or at, or over. Good conversation is humanity at its best, in a disembodied way, a simple Paradise within easy reach, unlike other blueprints of eternity. To have someone to talk with eternally is enough promise of bliss for many people. See them, shut up in great houses, looking expectant on journeys, pretending to shop just to talk with others, and know that there go all of us. Change a word, any word, with me and I am the better for it. And so are you.

5. One of the commonest conversational openings about this country is that there is no conversation here, is there. The accepted answer to this is that one about how we are such a young country, aren't we. These dual untruths will pass as conversational coin among experts who will rule out a wealth of genuine treasure merely because of its subject matter. So many rejections have been made by those who constitute themselves judges that what is allowed by them to be conversation is often too oddly rare and beyond common speech. In the early twenties Sinclair Lewis and others prohibited anything said on a front porch, in a train, or at a country club. The subjects ruled out were invariably what the talkers knew most about—business, cars, crops, obstetrics, children. Cracker barrels and politics were allowed only as quaint survivals. Recently John Marquand has blacklisted reports of any conversational exchanges with the drivers of taxis, although, to many dinner guests, they may be the most rewarding conversational encounters of the evening. And many clever and intolerant young people have ruled out anything not having to do with either art or sex and said off the floor, and have written books about themselves in which conversation is always reported as witty and shown in a trail of brilliant dots. But the real conversationalists never notice. They just go on talking.

6. Of course there are people who actively dislike conversation. One can hear them reporting the next day after an evening out—"And *what* do you suppose we did after dinner, my dear? *Talked!*" Adolescents, particularly, have never been conscious of conversation's joys. One of the grimmest sights known to modern society is a sit-down, formal party for the young to whom conversation seems an intoxication of the spirit bordering on lunacy. With no intention of forgetting themselves for an instant in each other or anything less than a cataclysmic explosion, they sit side by side, male and female, eyes on their plates, hell in their hearts. Someone is expected to make a noise, a cheerful noise, an intelligent noise, any noise? Not I. How do I know anyone would answer? And, oh, the shame of being the only one to speak. Better to keep still. Still as unbroken ice.

7. It is for such wary unbelievers that little books on how to make conversation are written complete with questions and answers. For them elocution teachers breathe in and out about, oh, what beautiful roses. Lists of ice-breakers are furnished, sure to freeze everyone to the chairs. "You have been in China? Tell me all about China!" or, "I hear you are an international banker. What do you think of international finance?" Ice is terrible for conversation, they say, and we must do anything we can to break it. The safer, the worse. To what end is it broken. . . . For falling through and drowning, thinks the adolescent. And refuses to break it.

8. But adolescents often grow up to talk brilliantly. And for those who do not, there is bridge and parlor games and the company of their own kind with the best of all hostesses —those who place their guests in the announced pattern of the evening and do not seek to create ever-fresh designs with ever-fading guests.

9. For it is one of the paradoxes of conversation that its chief enemies are its most ardent exponents. The monologuist who feels that the conversation is not good if anyone else speaks, the hostess who has been told (probably by the monologuist) that she is the type who should have a salon, those eager repeaters of the most trivial remarks of the truly great . . . all these prey upon conversation mercilessly. Theirs is a nightmarish, heraldic world where lions must rest quietly with many lambs, and even with each other, which is

harder for them. Extra men who cannot talk become stags. And fabulous birds, just alighted from however brief flights to remote but vital spots, are coaxed to speak their pieces uninterrupted while sages who have lived there all their lives, but left earlier, become their meat. And wandering about, here and there picking up a kernel and preening their dull plumage, are the strange fowl who constantly repeat famous names with a casual familiarity. But this is not conversation. And it only looks like a salon.

10. To most of us who can put one word after another, conversation is most like a walk in the woods, enjoyable or wearing depending upon one's companions and the terrain. It is not always easy to find the way, to settle upon a trail, to share the responsibility. There are always the conversational redskins who lie in ambush, arrow ready for the first misstep. And the professional walkers come down from above the timber line, their faces ruddy with winds from interstellar space, to assure us we are getting nowhere. For in conversation, as in life, there are more who chide than guide. And conversation can be extremely dangerous —more so than mountain-climbing. Roped together by words alone for remarkably long intervals across very slippery slopes, who will tell us where to put each foot, when to use the ice axe, when, even, to stop and breathe deeply at high altitudes?

11. And where, oh, where are the experts who make the rest of us ashamed to use our crampons from the very start, those dear, familiar clichés which give at least one firm foothold on the ice while we reach for the next step? Fallen, we hope, into deep conversational crevasses, frozen forever into their own slow-moving ice. For the world is, indeed, a small place, after all. And surrounded by a very great deal of weather, always constantly changing, so helpful to those first meeting each other. In fact, apart from the happy circumstances of everyone having the same number of fingers and toes, so that we may lose contact but never count, and business can become the basic medium of understanding, the changing weather is the first influence towards gracious, disinterested social intercourse. A well-turned cliché as a conversational opening is the back of the hand held out to a strange and apprehensive dog. Cliché by cliché is the way to begin.

12. And after that the general conversational technique can be decided upon. Even when the talkers are all of the same nationality and social habits this is not easy. How much more difficult it becomes when, say, they are only as far removed from each other as British and Americans. Due, perhaps, to a survival of frontier story-swapping, Americans generally prefer competitive narration. It may be this conversational habit that gave us our reputation for a country of boasters a hundred years ago. Cap *that,* is still a recognizable challenge today. Americans ready with an even bigger and better story feel sorry for the foreigner surprised without one in his turn.

13. But no sorrier than they feel for themselves in an evening of talk managed in the British way. For the traditions of fox-hunting hold in drawing-room conversation and the English love to hunt one subject until it is quite dead. The subject is chosen, usually by the oldest and most distinguished guest present, and then pursued through the hours. The thoroughness of English education has prepared them all to hunt any given subject down, through the years, through history, through the classics. . . . With gay halloos and Latin puns on they go. The American's more superficial education is soon exhausted and so is he. Gladly would he change the subject and the course, happily tell his very best story, joyfully die. But such easy ways out are not allowed, particularly when the subject chosen has, most likely, something to do with American history, in his honor. After an evening like this no American ever wants to see an essay. Short shorts have been developed for his mental wind.

14. Which is odd because his humor is as long as the British is short, and as nobly conceived as their serious conversation. One of the characteristics of American humor, shared with no other country, is the willingness to become a fool to save a party. The Englishman will let any party die for all of him, but an American will leap once more into the breach and endear himself to his hostess. Better, the American feels, that others should laugh at him than not at all.

15. Even clichés, after the world and the

weather, are not quite the same for both British and Americans. Englishmen often take too seriously the spontaneous American woman's indication that she is willing to converse when she asks everyone what DO they suppose has just happened to HER? She, in turn, will wait politely when the Englishman says, Oh, I say—and then says nothing. But these are conversational aids not to be lightly dismissed. Even the habit of the well-traveled Englishwoman—of repeating the last three words just spoken by another as if they were very important—while reassuring to savages and upsetting to Americans, is a fine safety device which may stimulate conversation by simulating it, which is, as we say, half the battle.

16. And if we encounter such divergencies in the conversational habits of those who use the same words, what of all those languages we do not understand, whose very gesture for Come is ours for Go? Adolescents are no more assured and gay at their first party than their elders embarking on international discourse. Jericho fell from noise alone. Noise made by a stranger outside the walls. What if its inhabitants had made a noise, too? The right kind of noise.

17. As in conversation.

## *Serge Koussevitzky*

# INTERPRETING MUSIC

*Serge Alexandrovitch Koussevitzky (1874-1951) was born in northern Russia. He received his musical education at the Moscow Conservatory, where he later taught. He founded the Koussevitzky Symphony Orchestra in Moscow and the Concerts Koussevitzky in Paris. In 1924 he was appointed conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a position which he held until his retirement in 1949. In 1940 he was largely responsible for organizing the Berkshire Music Center, an organization created to assist composers and to further the development of musical culture, and for a while served as its director. In 1949-1950 he made, as guest conductor, a world-wide tour. One of his life's ambitions was to make music meaningful to musicians and laymen alike.*

The realm of interpretation in music, and especially the realm of conducting, is still very young, when we think that Berlioz, Mendelssohn, and Wagner, who appeared about the same time as the leading conductors of their epoch, were, indeed, the first conductor-interpreters. In fact, they founded a new school. I believe that Wagner was the very first conductor who turned his back to the audience when leading an orchestra. Before him, the conductors stood *à trois quarts* facing the public. You may well imagine what little influence a conductor could have on the orchestra, standing with his back to the musicians. But, as I said, at that time the art of interpretation in conducting was not known. The conductors were mostly "time-beaters" who did not even trouble to rehearse, letting the concertmaster rehearse in their stead. Hence originated the word "concertmaster." The performance consisted in playing in time, without any consideration of details or perfection. If there was in the orchestra a virtuoso player, and if he had a solo passage to play, he performed his musical phrase with the utmost individuality, disregarding the whole conception of the work, its general meaning or line.

Wagner and Mendelssohn created a real

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revolution in the sphere of conducting. They no longer "beat time"; they built up the musical phrase. Yet this, of course, was far from the modern art of conducting. The geniuses of Wagner and Mendelssohn were totally opposite: Wagner was essentially romantic, Mendelssohn essentially constructive. I would say that Mendelssohn's art of conducting is nearer to our day than the art of Wagner, because Mendelssohn's approach to musical compositions is more abstract than Wagner's approach. I would remark that in their time almost the entire young generation followed Wagner, not Mendelssohn, because Wagner reflected his epoch immeasurably more than did Mendelssohn. Which of the two was right? We cannot say.

Here we actually come to the problems of interpretation. Before the First World War, interpretative art was strongly influenced by the romantic school. That is, the interpreter regarded a musical composition as an artist-painter would regard a landscape: to him it is an "aspect of nature." He takes that "aspect of nature" and reflects it as he sees, feels, and understands it. Therefore, one and the same landscape in the hands of two artists will have different reflections. Also the form of one and the same object will be given different lights and shadings.

In all ages, artists were prophets of either the rise or downfall of a culture. In the pre-war period, leading artists introduced decadence into art before it manifested itself in the social and political life of the post-war period. Decadence in musical interpretation in some countries grew to such proportions that not only were the lights and shadings distorted, but the form itself was lost. At the same time, artists in other countries, also instinctively foreseeing that decline, attempted to straighten the distorted line of classical art.

We have a great deal of evidence, however, that musical performers have a right to interpret compositions freely. They hold that right from the composer. Take Bach, for example. In his works we very often find no nuances. Does it mean that Bach intended to have his compositions played without nuances? Positively no. The great Bach leaves that freedom to the performer. Take the classical concertos by Mozart and Beethoven: we find that cadenzas are very rarely written by the composer, who leaves the freedom of improvisation to the performer. In Wagner's scores, after *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin,* we find no exact indication of tempi. Wagner omitted it intentionally, and says in his book on the art of conducting that it is unnecessary to mark the exact tempo, because a talented conductor will find the right tempo anyway, and the untalented conductor will never grasp the tempo even if it is printed in the score. For that reason, Wagner marks his tempi in a general way, as such: *Bewegt, Mässig bewegt,* slower, faster, and so on.

I recall a personal experience with the most outstanding contemporary composer, Jean Sibelius. When I studied his Fourth Symphony for a performance here, I found that the tempo of the last ninety-eight bars of the scherzo was marked twice as slow as the preceding tempo—and was one that I could neither feel nor understand. I wrote to Sibelius asking for an explanation, thinking that it was a possible misprint and saying I did not feel that tempo. And Sibelius answered: "The right tempo is the one that the artist feels." Where is, after all, the truth of interpretation, and how can an artist justify that truth?

Personally, I believe that a composer, when creating a work, transfuses it not only with his musical power, but also with the entire meaning of his life—the essence of his being. That is why we can and we must find a "central line" in the creation of every composer. What is the central line of a composer? It is the meaning of his life and ideals, which he brings to us through the medium of his music.

With Bach, the central line is religion. Bach came to glorify God. And we find in his entire life his praise of God, exaltation of heaven and divinity. Haydn's line is joyfulness, humor, which he wants to share with others. We feel it in every symphony, in every minuetto and allegro. Mozart gives us pure tonal harmony, absolute purity of musical form. If we analyze his creative work, we will find how free Mozart was of any outward influence: he believed in music for the sake of music, sound for sound, beauty for beauty. Let us take Beethoven. His central line is transcendentality: he reflects universal emotion in music. When Beethoven grieves, he grieves with the world; when Beethoven is joyful, it is uni-

versal joy; when he feels a tragedy, it is a world tragedy. We can well say that the central line of Beethoven's art is the unifying element of universality. I shall not overburden you by enumerating other composers. But I cannot go by an outstanding figure in musical art—Wagner. The central line of Wagner's art is love and devotion, which we can trace in all his creative work: the love and devotion of Senta in *The Flying Dutchman;* of Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser;* of King Marke to Isolde; of Isolde and Kurwenal to Tristan. And so, we can find in the work of each master a central line expressed in sound.

Here emerges the truth of interpretative art. When the artist-interpreter is able to perceive the inner meaning, the central line, of a composition, he will find in himself the right and illuminating emotion to perform it. It may not be difficult to trace externally the central line, because there exists a vast literature of the life and activity of every composer, especially those belonging to history. It is not difficult for a musician to analyze a score externally, to determine its form, its melodic and harmonic plan, and entire structure. But this only takes us halfway; this is only the surface part of the central line, which will give us no true understanding of the depth and emotion of this or the other work or composer. The most important part is that which can neither be read nor learned; it rests in the interpreter himself, in his own emotions, depth and feeling.

Today we often hear "musical authorities" declare, when discussing a performance, "Let music speak for itself." That up-to-date motto is dangerous, because it paves the way for mediocre performers to come and accurately play over a composition from beginning to end, claiming that they "let the music speak for itself." That argument is also not correct because a talented artist, no matter how accurately he follows the markings in the score, renders the composition through his own prism, his own perception of the score, his own temperament and emotion. And the deeper the emotion of the interpreter, the greater and more vivid the performance.

A perfect interpretation may have two different aspects, equally faithful to the score of the composer. One may be called mechanically perfect, the other organically perfect. The first gives the beauty of mathematical balance, symmetry, and clarity; the second is the indivisible, living, pulsating *élan vital* of the composition. One aims to present a beautified surface or reflection of the composition. In the other, the composition—its central idea—lives as a reality. One may be compared to a perfectly symmetrical building; the other to a great Gothic cathedral, with its partly asymmetrical yet organic order of unity. One is always enjoyable, pleasant and delightful, but remains, like a beautiful scene, external to the listener. The other takes and carries him with the *élan vital* of the work, merges him with the reality of the central meaning, makes him co-live and co-experience the *élan vital* of the composition. Like a mystic experience, the organic interpretation puts the listener in direct touch with the absolute reality hidden in the great work.

Approaching further the question of orchestral performance, I must say that at no time has the standard of musical performance been set as high as it is in America today. This is not a mere statement: facts speak for themselves. In Europe, even in the best of the old days, the symphony orchestras had not nearly the same possibilities that we have here. Nor was there the same intensity of work and interest. I shall take, for example, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, one of the oldest in Europe. How many concerts did that orchestra give in the course of one season under the leadership of a great conductor? In its most brilliant period, the Berlin Philharmonic gave ten concerts with Nikisch conducting. The remaining concerts were led by different and indifferent conductors. Yet that was the foremost orchestra of the time. A strikingly interesting period of the musical life of Vienna, which may well be termed "heroic," is the period when Gustav Mahler was at the head of the Vienna Opera Orchestra. That same orchestra gave also symphony concerts and was then called "The Philharmonic." However, it was, in the first place, an opera orchestra, the concerts came in between; there were perhaps eight or ten symphony concerts in a season, also conducted by various conductors. The possibilities in America are infinitely better, and give a new idea of orchestral performances.

It is a mistake to think that musical life in

America develops only because of America's wealth. This is wrong. Musical life in this country grows because there is the need for music. That need for music today has an explanation: men seek an outlet for their best and deeper emotions, and they find it in music. For music is the recovered word of true feeling, liberated from the banality, hypocrisy, and cruelty of life. Music is to help the souls of men. It is the pure language, regenerating, like the mountain air.

In the presence of her lofty mission, music of our time makes an increased demand upon the high moral standing of the musician, his integrity and complete devotion to his art.

How far has the musician progressed on this ascending path? What is his actual standing in the life and society of our day? By way of an answer, let us examine and question the past. In less than two centuries, the standing of the musician has undergone a remarkable evolution through three distinctive periods.

The first period finds the musician in the inconspicuous place of an "entertainer," a member of the staff and at the service of some princely European court. It was not unusual, for example, to read notices asking for a valet or a steward who would also be a good accompanist. It is interesting to note that despite these circumstances, the musician of that period manifested an astounding spiritual independence, a profound individuality, and exceptional creative powers, for this was the epoch of such inimitable masters and geniuses as Haydn and Mozart, and partly covered the time of Beethoven.

The second period extends into the post-romantic era, when the musician finds himself wrapped in a cloak of exclusiveness and adorned with a halo of the privileged; he becomes *l'enfant gâté* of his society, which takes pleasure in his eccentricities, his long hair, and allows him to break accepted and conventional rules. The artist, however, was soon to realize the artifice of his position and to detect the condescending attitude of society toward him. He was eager to free himself of such travesty and to claim recognition on equal grounds with society.

Now we have entered a third stage—a period which was pointed out to us by great artists who were also great men. It seems only yesterday that we had among us Paderewski, the musician-patriot, statesman, and aristocrat of the spirit. We still have with us—though not among us—Albert Schweitzer, the musician-philosopher, scientist, and humanitarian, who has set a singular example for mankind. The advent of such men announces a new era in music, an era where outer perfection, brought to a definite point of attainment, does not suffice; where a new dimension is sought—the infinite fourth dimension which rests with and within us.

This elevated concept asks for a new spiritual strength, for an increased concentration and penetration into the innermost strata of self.

When a student decides to become a musician, let him first take counsel with himself. Does he possess the true gift and qualifications that give him a right to step upon the stage where thousands of eyes watch him and thousands of hearts beat in anticipation of the message he is to bring through music and his art? Will he, indeed, open the gates of heaven and let the people experience ecstasy —were it for an infinitesimal moment; or will the gates stay closed and heaven remain a promise unfulfilled?

A musician should realize that the new strength of which we speak lies in the coordination and cooperation of all his faculties, both as an artist and as a human being. He should be true to himself on as well as off the stage. He should be clean inside and out.

"Strive for true humanity," says Goethe. "Become yourself a man who is true to his inner nature, a man whose deed is in tune with his character."

The true artist-man will not submit to circumstances or to passing whims of society; rather, he will conquer circumstance and guide society, not with self-satisfaction but with self-confidence born of a full consciousness and acceptance of his mission and task.

As one chosen by destiny and richly endowed by nature, the artist must have a sense of obligation toward those who are denied these riches. It is for him to repay nature and to offer his gifts to humanity, in all humility of heart, as an act of gratitude for the grace bestowed upon him.

# Sports and Hobbies

## *Winston Churchill*

## PAINTING AS A PASTIME

*Winston Leonard Churchill (1874- ), statesman, soldier, historian, and biographer, finds time to pursue several hobbies, among which bricklaying and painting are special favorites. His interest in painting began in 1915, when he was forced out of his position as First Lord of the Admiralty and needed a challenging occupation for his leisure time. The inspiration that led him first to attempt painting came from his cousin, Lady Bertie-Churchill, an amateur water-color artist. But it was the wife of Sir John Lavery, famed Irish portrait painter, who introduced him to oils, his favorite medium, and who gave him confidence to "splash into the turpentine, wallop into the blue and the white, frantic flourish upon the palette—clean no longer—and then several large, fierce strokes and slashes of blue on the absolutely cowering canvas." Mr. Churchill has done some 300 canvases, painted from time to time in nearly every section of the British Isles, France, Africa, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and in the Rocky Mountains region of the United States and in Miami, Florida. His paintings are best known to Americans through a series of Christmas cards released in 1950.*

*For men and women in search of a hobby, Mr. Churchill's essay presents a convincing brief for hobbies in general and painting in particular and, to the uninitiated, offers suggestions as well as encouragement.*

1. Many remedies are suggested for the avoidance of worry and mental overstrain by persons who, over prolonged periods, have to bear exceptional responsibilities and discharge duties upon a very large scale. Some advise exercise, and others, repose. Some counsel travel, and others, retreat. Some praise solitude, and others, gaiety. No doubt all these may play their part according to the individual temperament. But the element which is constant and common in all of them is Change.

2. Change is the master key. A man can wear out a particular part of his mind by continually using it and tiring it, just in the same way as he can wear out his elbows of his coat. There is, however, this difference between the living cells of the brain and inanimate articles: one cannot mend the frayed elbows of a coat by rubbing the sleeves or shoulders; but the tired parts of the mind can be rested and strengthened, not merely by rest, but by using other parts. It is not enough merely to switch off the lights which play upon the main and ordinary field of interest; a new field of interest must be illuminated. It is no use saying to the tired "mental muscles" —if one may coin such an expression—"I will give you a good rest," "I will go for a long walk," or "I will lie down and think of nothing." The mind keeps busy just the same. If it has been weighing and measuring, it goes on weighing and measuring. If it has been worrying, it goes on worrying. It is

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only when new cells are called into activity, when new stars become the lords of the ascendant, that relief, repose, refreshment are afforded.

3. A gifted American psychologist has said, "Worry is a spasm of the emotion; the mind catches hold of something and will not let it go." It is useless to argue with the mind in this condition. The stronger the will, the more futile the task. One can only gently insinuate something else into its convulsive grasp. And if this something else is rightly chosen, if it is really attended by the illumination of another field of interest, gradually, and often quite swiftly, the old undue grip relaxes and the process of recuperation and repair begins.

4. The cultivation of a hobby and new forms of interest is therefore a policy of first importance to a public man. But this is not a business that can be undertaken in a day or swiftly improvised by a mere command of the will. The growth of alternative mental interests is a long process. The seeds must be carefully chosen; they must fall on good ground; they must be sedulously tended, if the vivifying fruits are to be at hand when needed.

5. To be really happy and really safe, one ought to have at least two or three hobbies, and they must all be real. It is no use starting late in life to say: "I will take an interest in this or that." Such an attempt only aggravates the strain of mental effort. A man may acquire great knowledge of topics unconnected with his daily work, and yet hardly get any benefit or relief. It is no use doing what you like; you have got to like what you do. Broadly speaking, human beings may be divided into three classes: those who are toiled to death, those who are worried to death, and those who are bored to death. It is no use offering the manual labourer, tired out with a hard week's sweat and effort, the chance of playing a game of football or baseball on Saturday afternoon. It is no use inviting the politician or the professional or business man, who has been working or worrying about serious things for six days, to work or worry about trifling things at the week-end.

6. As for the unfortunate people who can command everything they want, who can gratify every caprice and lay their hands on almost every object of desire—for them a new pleasure, a new excitement is only an additional satiation. In vain they rush frantically round from place to place, trying to escape from avenging boredom by mere clatter and motion. For them discipline in one form or another is the most hopeful path.

7. It may also be said that rational, industrious, useful human beings are divided into two classes: first, those whose work is work and whose pleasure is pleasure; and secondly, those whose work and pleasure are one. Of these the former are the majority. They have their compensations. The long hours in the office or the factory bring with them as their reward, not only the means of sustenance, but a keen appetite for pleasure even in its simplest and most modest forms. But Fortune's favoured children belong to the second class. Their life is a natural harmony. For them the working hours are never long enough. Each day is a holiday, and ordinary holidays when they come are grudged as enforced interruptions in an absorbing vocation. Yet to both classes the need of an alternative outlook, of a change of atmosphere, of a diversion of effort, is essential. Indeed, it may well be that those whose work is their pleasure are those who most need the means of banishing it at intervals from their minds.

8. The most common form of diversion is reading. In that vast and varied field millions find their mental comfort. Nothing makes a man more reverent than a library. "A few books," which was Lord Morley's definition of anything under five thousand, may give a sense of comfort and even of complacency. But a day in a library, even of modest dimensions, quickly dispels these illusory sensations. As you browse about, taking down book after book from the shelves and contemplating the vast, infinitely varied store of knowledge and wisdom which the human race has accumulated and preserved, pride, even in its most innocent forms, is chased from the heart by feelings of awe not untinged with sadness. As one surveys the mighty array of sages, saints, historians, scientists, poets and philosophers whose treasures one will never be able to admire—still less enjoy—the brief tenure of our existence here dominates mind and spirit.

9. Think of all the wonderful tales that have been told, and well told, which you will never know. Think of all the searching inquiries into matters of great consequence which you will never pursue. Think of all the delighting or disturbing ideas that you will never share. Think of the mighty labours which have been accomplished for your service, but of which you will never reap the harvest. But from this melancholy there also comes a calm. The bitter sweets of a pious despair melt into an agreeable sense of compulsory resignation from which we turn with renewed zest to the lighter vanities of life. . . .

10. But reading and book-love in all their forms suffer from one serious defect: they are too nearly akin to the ordinary daily round of the brain-worker to give that element of change and contrast essential to real relief. To restore psychic equilibrium we should call into use those parts of the mind which direct both eye and hand. Many men have found great advantage in practising a handicraft for pleasure. Joinery, chemistry, book-binding, even brick-laying—if one were interested in them and skilful at them—would give a real relief to the over-tired brain. But, best of all and easiest to procure are sketching and painting in all their forms. I consider myself very lucky that late in life I have been able to develop this new taste and pastime. Painting came to my rescue in a most trying time, and I shall venture in the pages that follow to express the gratitude I feel.

11. Painting is a companion with whom one may hope to walk a great part of life's journey,

> "Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety."

One by one the more vigorous sports and exacting games fall away. Exceptional exertions are purchased only by a more pronounced and more prolonged fatigue. Muscles may relax, and feet and hands slow down; the nerve of youth and manhood may become less trusty. But painting is a friend who makes no undue demands, excites to no exhausting pursuits, keeps faithful pace even with feeble steps, and holds her canvas as a screen between us and the envious eyes of Time or the surly advance of Decrepitude.

12. Happy are the painters, for they shall not be lonely. Light and colour, peace and hope, will keep them company to the end, or almost to the end, of the day.

13. To have reached the age of forty without ever handling a brush or fiddling with a pencil, to have regarded with mature eye the painting of pictures of any kind as a mystery, to have stood agape before the chalk of the pavement artist, and then suddenly to find oneself plunged in the middle of a new and intense form of interest and action with paints and palettes and canvases, and not to be discouraged by results, is an astonishing and enriching experience. I hope it may be shared by others. I should be glad if these lines induced others to try the experiment which I have tried, and if some at least were to find themselves dowered with an absorbing new amusement delightful to themselves, and at any rate not violently harmful to man or beast.

14. I hope this is modest enough: because there is no subject on which I feel more humble or yet at the same time more natural. I do not presume to explain how to paint, but only how to get enjoyment. Do not turn the superior eye of critical passivity upon these efforts. Buy a paint-box and have a try. If you need something to occupy your leisure, to divert your mind from the daily round, to illuminate your holidays, do not be too ready to believe that you cannot find what you want here. Even at the advanced age of forty! It would be a sad pity to shuffle or scramble along through one's playtime with golf and bridge, pottering, loitering, shifting from one heel to the other, wondering what on earth to do—as perhaps is the fate of some unhappy beings—when all the while, if you only knew, there is close at hand a wonderful new world of thought and craft, a sunlit garden gleaming with light and colour of which you have the key in your waistcoat-pocket. Inexpensive independence, a mobile and perennial pleasure apparatus, new mental food and exercise, the old harmonies and symmetries in an entirely different language, an added interest to every common scene, an occupation for every idle hour, an unceasing voyage of entrancing discovery—these are high prizes. Make quite sure they are not yours. After all, if you try,

and fail, there is not much harm done. The nursery will grab what the studio has rejected. And then you can always go out and kill some animal, humiliate some rival on the links, or despoil some friend across the green table. You will not be worse off in any way. In fact you will be better off. You will know "beyond a peradventure," to quote a phrase disagreeably reminiscent, that that is really what you were meant to do in your hours of relaxation.

15. But if, on the contrary, you are inclined —late in life though it be—to reconnoitre a foreign sphere of limitless extent, then be persuaded that the first quality that is needed is Audacity. There really is no time for the deliberate approach. Two years of drawing-lessons, three years of copying woodcuts, five years of plaster casts—these are for the young. They have enough to bear. And this thorough grounding is for those who, hearing the call in the morning of their days, are able to make painting their paramount lifelong vocation. The truth and beauty of line and form which by the slightest touch or twist of the brush a real artist imparts to every feature of his design must be founded on long, hard, persevering apprenticeship and a practice so habitual that it has become instinctive. We must not be too ambitious. We cannot aspire to masterpieces. We may content ourselves with a joy ride in a paint-box. And for this Audacity is the only ticket.

16. I shall now relate my personal experience. When I left the Admiralty at the end of May, 1915, I still remained a member of the Cabinet and of the War Council. In this position I knew everything and could do nothing. The change from the intense executive activities of each day's work at the Admiralty to the narrowly measured duties of a counsellor left me gasping. Like a sea-beast fished up from the depths, or a diver too suddenly hoisted, my veins threatened to burst from the fall in pressure. I had great anxiety and no means of relieving it; I had vehement convictions and small power to give effect to them. I had to watch the unhappy casting-away of great opportunities, and the feeble execution of plans which I had launched and in which I heartily believed. I had long hours of utterly unwonted leisure in which to contemplate the frightful unfolding of the War. At a moment when every fibre of my being was inflamed to action, I was forced to remain a spectator of the tragedy, placed cruelly in a front seat. And then it was that the Muse of Painting came to my rescue—out of charity and out of chivalry, because after all she had nothing to do with me—and said, "Are these toys any good to you? They amuse some people."

17. Some experiments one Sunday in the country with the children's paint-box led me to procure the next morning a complete outfit for painting in oils.

18. Having bought the colours, an easel, and a canvas, the next step was *to begin*. But what a step to take! The palette gleamed with beads of colour; fair and white rose the canvas; the empty brush hung poised, heavy with destiny, irresolute in the air. My hand seemed arrested by a silent veto. But after all the sky on this occasion was unquestionably blue, and a pale blue at that. There could be no doubt that blue paint mixed with white should be put on the top part of the canvas. One really does not need to have had an artist's training to see that. It is a starting-point open to all. So very gingerly I mixed a little blue paint on the palette with a very small brush, and then with infinite precaution made a mark about as big as a bean upon the affronted snow-white shield. It was a challenge, a deliberate challenge; but so subdued, so halting, indeed so cataleptic, that it deserved no response. At that moment the loud approaching sound of a motor-car was heard in the drive. From this chariot there stepped swiftly and lightly none other than the gifted wife of Sir John Lavery. "Painting! But what are you hesitating about? Let me have a brush —the big one." Splash into the turpentine, wallop into the blue and the white, frantic flourish on the palette—clean no longer—and then several large, fierce strokes and slashes of blue on the absolutely cowering canvas. Anyone could see that it could not hit back. No evil fate avenged the jaunty violence. The canvas grinned in helplessness before me. The spell was broken. The sickly inhibitions rolled away. I seized the largest brush and fell upon my victim with Berserk fury. I have never felt any awe of a canvas since.

19. Everyone knows the feelings with which

one stands shivering on a spring-board, the shock when a friendly foe steals up behind and hurls you into the flood, and the ardent glow which thrills you as you emerge breathless from the plunge.

20. This beginning with Audacity, or being thrown into the middle of it, is already a very great part of the art of painting. But there is more in it than that.

*La peinture à l'huile*
*Est bien difficile,*
*Mais c'est beaucoup plus beau*
*Que la peinture à l'eau.*

I write no word in disparagement of water-colours. But there really is nothing like oils. You have a medium at your disposal which offers real power, if you can only find out how to use it. Moreover, it is easier to get a certain distance along the road by its means than by water-colour. First of all, you can correct mistakes much more easily. One sweep of the palette-knife "lifts" the blood and tears of a morning from the canvas and enables a fresh start to be made; indeed the canvas is all the better for past impressions. Secondly, you can approach your problem from any direction. You need not build downwards awkwardly from white paper to your darkest dark. You may strike where you please, beginning if you will with a moderate central arrangement of middle tones, and then hurling in the extremes when the psychological moment comes. Lastly, the pigment itself is such nice stuff to handle (if it does not retaliate). You can build it on layer after layer if you like. You can keep on experimenting. You can change your plan to meet the exigencies of time or weather. And always remember you can scrape it all away.

21. Just to paint is great fun. The colours are lovely to look at and delicious to squeeze out. Matching them, however crudely, with what you see is fascinating and absolutely absorbing. Try it if you have not done so—before you die. As one slowly begins to escape from the difficulties of choosing the right colours and laying them on in the right places and in the right way, wider considerations come into view. One begins to see, for instance, that painting a picture is like fighting a battle; and trying to paint a picture is, I suppose, like trying to fight a battle. It is, if anything, more exciting than fighting it successfully. But the principle is the same. It is the same kind of problem as unfolding a long, sustained, interlocked argument. It is a proposition which, whether of few or numberless parts, is commanded by a single unity of conception. And we think—though I cannot tell—that painting a great picture must require an intellect on the grand scale. There must be that all-embracing view which presents the beginning and the end, the whole and each part, as one instantaneous impression retentively and untiringly held in the mind. When we look at the larger Turners—canvases yards wide and tall—and observe that they are all done in one piece and represent one single second of time, and that every innumerable detail, however small, however distant, however subordinate, is set forth naturally and in its true proportion and relation, without effort, without failure, we must feel in the presence of an intellectual manifestation the equal in quality and intensity of the finest achievements of warlike action, of forensic argument, or of scientific or philosophical adjudication.

22. In all battles two things are usually required of the Commander-in-Chief: to make a good plan for his army and, secondly, to keep a strong reserve. Both these are also obligatory upon the painter. To make a plan, thorough reconnaissance of the country where the battle is to be fought is needed. Its fields, its mountains, its rivers, its bridges, its trees, its flowers, its atmosphere—all require and repay attentive observation from a special point of view. One is quite astonished to find how many things there are in the landscape, and in every object in it, one never noticed before. And this is a tremendous new pleasure and interest which invest every walk or drive with an added object. So many colours on the hillside, each different in shadow and in sunlight; such brilliant reflections in the pool, each a key lower than what they repeat; such lovely lights gilding or silvering surface or outline, all tinted exquisitely with pale colour, rose, orange, green, or violet. I found myself instinctively as I walked noting the tint and character of a leaf, the dreamy, purple shades of mountains, the exquisite lacery of winter branches, the dim, pale silhouettes of far

horizons. And I had lived for over forty years without ever noticing any of them except in a general way, as one might look at a crowd and say, "What a lot of people!"

23. I think this heightened sense of observation of Nature is one of the chief delights that have come to me through trying to paint. No doubt many people who are lovers of art have acquired it in a high degree without actually practising. But I expect that nothing will make one observe more quickly or more thoroughly than having to face the difficulty of representing the thing observed. And mind you, if you do observe accurately and with refinement, and if you do record what you have seen with tolerable correspondence, the result follows on the canvas with startling obedience. Even if only four or five main features are seized and truly recorded, these by themselves will carry a lot of ill-success or half-success. Answer five big questions out of all the hundreds in the examination paper correctly and well, and though you may not win a prize, at any rate you will not be absolutely ploughed.

24. But in order to make his plan, the General must not only reconnoitre the battle-ground, he must also study the achievements of the great Captains of the past. He must bring the observations he has collected in the field into comparison with the treatment of similar incidents by famous chiefs. Then the galleries of Europe take on a new—and to me at least a severely practical—interest. "This, then, is how —— painted a cataract. Exactly, and there is that same light I noticed last week in the waterfall at ——." And so on. You see the difficulty that baffled you yesterday; and you see how easily it has been overcome by a great or even by a skilful painter. Not only is your observation of Nature sensibly improved and developed, but you look at the masterpieces of art with an analysing and a comprehending eye.

25. The whole world is open with all its treasures. The simplest objects have their beauty. Every garden presents innumerable fascinating problems. Every land, every parish, has its own tale to tell. And there are many lands differing from each other in countless ways, and each presenting delicious variants of colour, light, form, and definition. Obviously, then, armed with a paint-box, one cannot be bored, one cannot be left at a loose end, one cannot "have several days on one's hands." Good gracious! what there is to admire and how little time there is to see it in! For the first time one begins to envy Methuselah. No doubt he made a very indifferent use of his opportunities.

26. But it is in the use and withholding of their reserves that the great Commanders have generally excelled. After all, when once the last reserve has been thrown in, the Commander's part is played. If that does not win the battle, he has nothing else to give. The event must be left to luck and to the fighting troops. But these last, in the absence of high direction, are apt to get into sad confusion, all mixed together in a nasty mess, without order or plan—and consequently without effect. Mere masses count no more. The largest brush, the brightest colours, cannot even make an impression. The pictorial battlefield becomes a sea of mud mercifully veiled by the fog of war. It is evident there has been a serious defeat. Even though the General plunges in himself and emerges bespattered, as he sometimes does, he will not retrieve the day.

27. In painting, the reserves consist in Proportion or Relation. And it is here that the art of the painter marches along the road which is traversed by all the great harmonies in thought. At one side of the palette there is white, at the other black; and neither is ever used "neat." Between these two rigid limits all the action must lie, all the power required must be generated. Black and white themselves, placed in juxtaposition, make no great impression; and yet they are the most that you can do in pure contrast. It is wonderful—after one has tried and failed often—to see how easily and surely the true artist is able to produce every effect of light and shade, of sunshine and shadow, of distance or nearness, simply by expressing justly the relations between the different planes and surfaces with which he is dealing. We think that this is founded upon a sense of proportion, trained no doubt by practice, but which in its essence is a frigid manifestation of mental power and size. We think that the same mind's eye that can justly survey and appraise and prescribe beforehand the values of a truly great picture

in one all-embracing regard, in one flash of simultaneous and homogeneous comprehension, would also with a certain acquaintance with the special technique be able to pronounce with sureness upon any other high activity of the human intellect. This was certainly true of the great Italians.

28. I have written in this way to show how varied are the delights which may be gained by those who enter hopefully and thoughtfully upon the pathway of painting; how enriched they will be in their daily vision, how fortified in their independence, how happy in their leisure. Whether you feel that your soul is pleased by the conception or contemplation of harmonies, or that your mind is stimulated by the aspect of magnificent problems, or whether you are content to find fun in trying to observe and depict the jolly things you see, the vistas of possibility are limited only by the shortness of life. Every day you may make progress. Every step may be fruitful. Yet there will stretch out before you an ever-lengthening, ever-ascending, ever-improving path. You know you will never get to the end of the journey. But this, so far from discouraging, only adds to the joy and glory of the climb.

29. Try it, then, before it is too late and before you mock at me. Try it while there is time to overcome the preliminary difficulties. Learn enough of the language in your prime to open this new literature to your age. Plant a garden in which you can sit when digging days are done. It may be only a small garden, but you will see it grow. Year by year it will bloom and ripen. Year by year it will be better cultivated. The weeds will be cast out. The fruit-trees will be pruned and trained. The flowers will bloom in more beautiful combinations. There will be sunshine there even in the winter-time, and cool shade, and the play of shadow on the pathway in the shining days of June.

30. I must say I like bright colours. I agree with Ruskin in his denunciation of that school of painting who "eat slate-pencil and chalk, and assure everybody that they are nicer and purer than strawberries and plums." I cannot pretend to feel impartial about the colours. I rejoice with the brilliant ones, and am genuinely sorry for the poor browns. When I get to heaven I mean to spend a considerable portion of my first million years in painting, and so get to the bottom of the subject. But then I shall require a still gayer palette than I get here below. I expect orange and vermilion will be the darkest, dullest colours upon it, and beyond them there will be a whole range of wonderful new colours which will delight the celestial eye. . . .

31. It would be interesting if some real authority investigated carefully the part which memory plays in painting. We look at the object with an intent regard, then at the palette, and thirdly at the canvas. The canvas receives a message dispatched usually a few seconds before from the natural object. But it has come through a post-office *en route*. It has been transmitted in code. It has been turned from light into paint. It reaches the canvas a cryptogram. Not until it has been placed in its correct relation to everything else that is on the canvas can it be deciphered, is its meaning apparent, is it translated once again from mere pigment into light. And the light this time is not of Nature but of Art. The whole of this considerable process is carried through on the wings or the wheels of memory. In most cases we think it is the wings—airy and quick like a butterfly from flower to flower. But all heavy traffic and all that has to go a long journey must travel on wheels.

32. In painting in the open air the sequence of actions is so rapid that the process of translation into and out of pigment may seem to be unconscious. But all the greatest landscapes have been painted indoors, and often long after the first impressions were gathered. In a dim cellar the Dutch or Italian master recreated the gleaming ice of a Netherlands carnival or the lustrous sunshine of Venice or the Campagna. Here, then, is required a formidable memory of the visual kind. Not only do we develop our powers of observation, but also those of carrying the record—of carrying it through an extraneous medium and of reproducing it, hours, days, or even months after the scene has vanished or the sunlight died. . . .

33. There is no better exercise for the would-be artist than to study and devour a picture, and then, without looking at it again, to attempt the next day to reproduce it. Nothing can more exactly measure the prog-

ress both of observation and memory. It is still harder to compose out of many separate, well-retained impressions, aided though they be by sketches and colour notes, a new, complete conception. But this is the only way in which great landscapes have been painted —or can be painted. The size of the canvas alone precludes its being handled out of doors. The fleeting light imposes a rigid time-limit. The same light never returns. One cannot go back day after day without the picture getting stale. The painter must choose between a rapid impression, fresh and warm and living, but probably deserving only of a short life, and the cold, profound, intense effort of memory, knowledge, and will-power, prolonged perhaps for weeks, from which a masterpiece can alone result. It is much better not to fret too much about the latter. Leave to the masters of art trained by a lifetime of devotion the wonderful process of picture-building and picture-creation. Go out into the sunlight and be happy with what you see.

34. Painting is complete as a distraction. I know of nothing which, without exhausting the body, more entirely absorbs the mind. Whatever the worries of the hour or the threats of the future, once the picture has begun to flow along, there is no room for them in the mental screen. They pass out into shadow and darkness. All one's mental light, such as it is, becomes concentrated on the task. Time stands respectfully aside, and it is only after many hesitations that luncheon knocks gruffly at the door. When I have had to stand up on parade, or even, I regret to say, in church, for half an hour at a time, I have always felt that the erect position is not natural to man, has only been painfully acquired, and is only with fatigue and difficulty maintained. But no one who is fond of painting finds the slightest inconvenience, as long as the interest holds, in standing to paint for three or four hours at a stretch.

35. Lastly, let me say a word on painting as a spur to travel. There is really nothing like it. Every day and all day is provided with its expedition and its occupation—cheap, attainable, innocent, absorbing, recuperative. The vain racket of the tourist gives place to the calm enjoyment of the philosopher, intensified by an enthralling sense of action and endeavour. Every country where the sun shines and every district in it, has a theme of its own. The lights, the atmosphere, the aspect, the spirit, are all different; but each has its native charm. Even if you are only a poor painter you can feel the influence of the scene, guiding your brush, selecting the tubes you squeeze on to the palette. Even if you cannot portray it as you see it, you feel it, you know it, and you admire it for ever. When people rush about Europe in the train from one glittering centre of work or pleasure to another, passing—at enormous expense—through a series of mammoth hotels and blatant carnivals, they little know what they are missing, and how cheaply priceless things can be obtained. The painter wanders and loiters contentedly from place to place, always on the lookout for some brilliant butterfly of a picture which can be caught and set up and carried safely home.

36. Now I am learning to like painting even on dull days. But in my hot youth I demanded sunshine. Sir William Orpen advised me to visit Avignon on account of its wonderful light, and certainly there is no more delightful center for a would-be painter's activities: then Egypt, fierce and brilliant, presenting in infinite variety the single triplex theme of the Nile, the desert, and the sun; or Palestine, a land of rare beauty—the beauty of the turquoise and the opal—which well deserves the attention of some real artist, and has never been portrayed to the extent that is its due. And what of India? Who has ever interpreted its lurid splendours? But after all, if only the sun will shine, one does not need to go beyond one's own country. There is nothing more intense than the burnished steel and gold of a Highland stream; and at the beginning and close of almost every day the Thames displays to the citizens of London glories and delights which one must travel far to rival.

# *John H. Finley*

## WALKING

*John Houston Finley (1863-1940) held many prominent positions during his lifetime and wrote many books, which brought him international fame. He was a college president, the recipient of honorary degrees from more than thirty universities and of honors from more than thirteen foreign governments, and one of the most famous editors of one of the greatest newspapers of the world, the New York* Times. *In addition he was for eight years Commissioner of Education for New York State.*

*Mr. Finley's interest in walking far and near was manifested in two positions he long held: president of the American Geographic Society and president of the League of Walkers. His reference in the article to walking in Palestine makes his book entitled* A Pilgrim in Palestine, *1919, of special interest.*

*This selection, like "Conversation" by Ann Leighton and "Farewell, My Lovely!" by Lee Strout White, is an example of the familiar essay.*

1. It is in the month of April, said "learned Chaucer" in *The Canterbury Tales,* that folk long to go on pilgrimages and to seek strange strands. Yet in any month of the year one may find a new justification for embarking on happy pilgrimages no matter where he may be. By walking only three miles a day he will have covered a thousand in a year, a goodly distance for a pilgrim in any age. The pilgrimages I propose do not, however, require the pilgrims actually to set out for any distant land or strange strand. They may walk their thousand miles without going a hundred miles from their homes.

2. And while exercise in the open air would be the first purpose in these pilgrimages for urban folk, a second objective might be the journey in imagination over a like distance of some country, chosen for travel, either one's own country or some foreign land, the "pilgrims" to become acquainted through "collateral reading" and pictures with the landscapes and historic associations through which each one travels at the pace of three miles a day. Thus one might, while walking to and from one's office or daily work, in the course of a month of spring walk a hundred miles in the south of France with Félix Gras's *Reds of the Midi* from Marseilles up through Avignon and Orange, or traverse the Côte d'Azur by the red rocks and the blue sea, or walk across the Campagna from the Eternal City up through Tivoli and out to Horace's Sabine farm and look upon the snow-capped Soracte, or up among the Tuscan hills with Howells' *Tuscan Cities* in one's pocket.

3. In midsummer, even though kept at one's work in the city, one might in the early mornings and late evenings make a journey on foot in one or another of the Scandinavian countries, or up in the lake region of England, or one might let one's mind, in the midst of the fiery heat, think "on the frosty Caucasus" and make one's way with Lord Bryce (when he was only young James Bryce) down to Ararat or wander among the heathered moors or the Highlands of Scotland. In the autumn one might play the troubadour through the Côte d'Or in France or meander among the hills in Greece. And in the winter make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

4. Indeed, the medal which I designed several years ago to give to those who walked

WALKING: Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from the New York *Times Magazine,* April 12, 1925.

certain distances bears beneath the figure of a walker the legend "à la Sainte Terre"—to the Holy Land. I am indebted for this legend to Thoreau, who, after deriving the word "saunterer" from Sainte-Terrer, a Holy Lander, adds: "They who never go to the Holy Land in their walks—are indeed idlers and vagabonds." A real pilgrim is no idler or vagabond or aimless vagrant; he is a destinated person, a walker, a "hiker," a wanderer or even a "saunterer" with a goal, but with an ever-changing prospect. There should ever be a Carcassonne in one's itinerary, even if we never get beyond Narbonne or Perpignan, a Sainte Terre in our purpose, even if we perish before reaching it, as did the soldiers whose graves I saw in Palestine at the foot of the last hill on their crusader way to the Holy City which they never saw but helped to recover.

5. "The wealth of the world is so unbounded," adds Thoreau, "and each man's Holy Land lies in so different a direction that it is difficult to say whither his path will lead."

6. When I award the "à la Sainte Terre" medal I translate the legend freely as meaning "to our better selves"—the "better" meaning both physical and spiritual health, which is reached by most people most certainly by keeping their feet on what that beloved philosopher of the out of doors, Liberty Bailey, has called "the holy earth." The Crusaders in the Middle Ages used to call every road which led "à la Sainte Terre" the Via Dei, the way of God. It is often difficult for a pedestrian in this age to think of a city street or even a country highway in this definition, for in the one he is in daily peril of the taxis and in the other he is pushed off into the gutter or roadside by the automobiles. There has just come a gratifying bit of news that in one community at least a pedestrian is given by law the right of way, except in the congested districts, and may by holding up his hand have all the authority of a traffic policeman.

7. Yet there is something to be said even for city streets. They are walkable nearly every day in the year for one thing, if the walker is properly clothed and shod. Then, as the author of *Shanks' Mare* says, there are joys on the pavements which even the loneliest of roads cannot offer. "The kaleidoscope changes so often that even one's beaten paths never become monotonous.—No dream of Arabian Nights ever imagined a more dazzling array of jewels than the mazes of streets with their myriad lights afford (by night). And a stroll by day along the busy waterfront, where great ships from every clime lie at anchor, will give a more intimate idea of the world's commerce than all the books and market reports ever written."

8. *Three miles a day—a thousand miles a year in the open and on foot!* These foot-miles will save many gallons of gasoline, lengthen the life of tires (and incidentally that of the walker), save street car fare (incidentally relieve subway congestion), and best of all, promote the health of him or her who takes this free fresh-air medicine for mind and body. Who would not walk a thousand miles for such a God-given preventive or remedy?

9. Thoreau said that he could not preserve his health and spirits unless he spent four hours at least in the open. The suggested "three miles" do not require in time more than a quarter of Thoreau's minimum, and perhaps they are not enough for both health and spirits, but one may keep open windows and find other means of preserving one's "spirits." An authority, whose book *Going Afoot* I commend to all walkers (Bayard H. Christy), makes the following sensible observations about daily walking:

10. "The Daily Walk." Walking is to be commended, not as a holiday pastime merely, but as part of the routine of life, in season and out. Particularly to city dwellers, to men whose occupations are sedentary, is walking to be commended as recreation. Will a man assert himself too busy? His neighbor plays a game of golf a week; he himself, perhaps, if he will admit it, is giving half a day a week to some pastime—maybe a less wholesome one.

11. It is worth a man's while to reckon on his walking every day in the week. It may well be to his advantage, in health and happiness, to extend his daily routine afoot—perhaps by dispensing with the services of a "jitney" from the suburban station to his residence, perhaps by leaving the train or street car a station further from home, perhaps by walking downtown to his office each morning.

12. It is, however, not only the daily walks over familiar ground that complete these proposed pilgrimages. In addition to these there should be occasional and frequent long walks, for which the daily exercise prepares us and at least one real "hike" a year. Incidentally these longer walks and longest "hikes" will make up the average for the days when the short three-mile walk was impossible for one reason or another. When president of the College of the City of New York I used to make this suggestion to the students at the beginning of every holiday period, long or short:

Take a long walk,
Read a good book,
Make a new friend.

It is the best bit of counsel for a holiday, and during a real vacation should be taken repeatedly. A long walk ought when possible to lead us into the country, where one can actually touch the ground, as did the old Antaeus, the wrestler, to renew his strength; but it may also be taken in the city.

13. For myself, I have been accustomed to walk around Manhattan Island once a year, partly for the rigorous and testing exercise, partly to keep the whole island with its variegated life in my consciousness and partly just for the sake of doing it. And one does touch the ground, too, up just this side of Spuyten Duyvil, where one had to make one's way by a trail through the woods as wild as a bit of New Hampshire. Moreover, such feats as this furnish one not only with agreeable memories, but with the satisfaction of achievement. I should feel that I had lost some of the most pleasurable and thrilling memories of my life if I had not had the forty-mile walk in France, the night which dawned into the day that waked all Europe to war, or the sixty-mile walk in one day and night across the Holy Land, or the seventy-mile walk across New Hampshire. One ought to have every year some long walk to keep in memory—and it should include the night with the day.

14. I have seldom, so far as I can recall, tried to set down in order my reasons for walking by night. Nor am I aware of having given specific reasons even to myself. It has been sufficient that I have enjoyed this sort of vagrancy. Yet trying to analyze the enjoyment, I remember that:

15. The roads are generally freer for pedestrians by night. One is not so often pushed off into the ditch or into the weeds at the roadside. There is not so much of dust thrown into one's face or of smells into one's nostrils.

16. Many landscapes are more beautiful and alluring by moonlight or by starlight than by sunlight. The old Crusader's song intimates this: "Fair is the sunlight; fairer still the moonlight and all the twinkling starry host." And nowhere in the world have I appreciated this more fully than out in Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, where the Crusaders and Pilgrims walked by night as well as by day. But I have particularly agreeable memories too of the night landscapes in the Green Mountains.

17. By night one is free to have for companions of the way whom one will out of any age or clime, while by day one is usually compelled, even when one walks alone, to choose only from the living and the visible. Spirits walk by day, but it takes more effort of the imagination to find them and detach them. One of my most delightful night memories is of a journey on foot over a road from Assisi that St. Francis must have often trod.

18. There is always the possibility of adventure by night. Nothing can be long or definitely expected, and so the unexpected is always happening. I have been "apprehended" —I do not like to say "arrested"—several times when walking alone at night. Once, in France, I was seized in the street of a village through which I was passing with no ill intent, taken to a guardhouse and searched. But that was the night of the day that war was declared. Once, and this was before the war, I was held up in Rahway, toward midnight, when I was walking to Princeton. I was under suspicion simply because I was walking, and walking soberly, in the middle of the road.

19. By day one must be conscious of the physical earth about one, even if there is no living humanity. By night, particularly if one is walking in strange places, one may take a universe view of things. Especially is this true if the stars are ahead of one and over one.

20. Then it is worth while occasionally to

see the whole circle of a twenty-four hour day, and see "the eyelids of the day," and especially to walk into a dawn. I had the rare fortune to be on the road in France when the dawn came that woke all Europe to war. And I was again on the road one dawn when the war was coming to its end out in the East.

21. There are as many good reasons for walking by day as by night, but no better reason than that one who loves to walk by night can never fear the shadow of death.

22. You will ask if I have any directions to give. I regret to say that I have not. I seldom walk with else than a stick, a canteen of water, a little dried fruit in my pocket and a box of matches, for sometimes it is convenient to be able to read signboards and kilometer posts even by night.

## *Ernest Hemingway*

# ON THE BLUE WATER

*Ernest Hemingway (1898- ), novelist and short story writer, is an ardent sportsman—his father gave him a fishing rod at two and a gun at ten. He served as an ambulance driver in World War I, out of which experience he wrote* A Farewell to Arms, *1929. When the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936, he went to Spain and remained there during much of that turbulent period, which furnished the background of* For Whom the Bell Tolls, *1940.*

*Although Mr. Hemingway now lives in Cuba, he also has a home in Key West, Florida, where he has done much deep-sea fishing and where he has gathered material for several short stories and for his novel,* To Have and to Have Not, *1937. Vice President of the International Game Fish Association, he is still an enthusiastic fisherman. He has contributed many rare specimens of deep sea life to various museums, and is proud that a scorpion fish, the* neomerinthe hemingwayi, *has been named for him.*

1. Certainly there is no hunting like the hunting of man and those who have hunted armed men long enough and liked it, never really care for anything else thereafter. You will meet them doing various things with resolve, but their interest rarely holds because after the other thing ordinary life is as flat as the taste of wine when the taste buds have been burned off your tongue. Wine, when your tongue has been burned clean with lye and water, feels like puddle water in your mouth, while mustard feels like axle-grease, and you can smell crisp, fried bacon, but when you taste it, there is only a feeling of crinkly lard.

2. You can learn about this matter of the tongue by coming into the kitchen of a villa on the Riviera late at night and taking a drink from what should be a bottle of Evian water and which turns out to be *Eau de Javel,* a concentrated lye product used for cleaning sinks. The taste buds on your tongue, if burned off by *Eau de Javel,* will begin to function again after about a week. At what rate other things regenerate one does not know, since you lose track of friends and the things one could learn in a week were mostly learned a long time ago.

3. The other night I was talking with a good friend to whom all hunting is dull except elephant hunting. To him there is no sport in anything unless there is great danger and, if the danger is not enough, he will increase it for his own satisfaction. A hunting

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companion of his had told me how this friend was not satisfied with the risk of ordinary elephant hunting but would, if possible, have the elephants driven, or turned, so he could take them head-on, so it was a choice of killing them with the difficult frontal shot as they came, trumpeting, with their ears spread, or having them run over him. This is to elephant hunting what the German cult of suicide climbing is to ordinary mountaineering, and I suppose it is, in a way, an attempt to approximate the old hunting of the armed man who is hunting you.

4. This friend was speaking of elephant hunting and urging me to hunt elephant, as he said that once you took it up no other hunting would mean anything to you. I was arguing that I enjoyed all hunting and shooting, any sort I could get, and had no desire to wipe this capacity for enjoyment out with the *Eau de Javel* of the old elephant coming straight at you with his trunk up and his ears spread.

5. "Of course you like that big fishing too," he said rather sadly. "Frankly, I can't see where the excitement is in that."

"You'd think it was marvelous if the fish shot at you with Tommy guns or jumped back and forth through the cockpit with swords on the ends of their noses."

"Don't be silly," he said. "But frankly I don't see where the thrill is."

"Look at so and so," I said. "He's an elephant hunter and this last year he's gone fishing for big fish and he's goofy about it. He must get a kick out of it or he wouldn't do it."

"Yes," my friend said. "There must be something about it but I can't see it. Tell me where you get a thrill out of it."

"I'll try to write it in a piece sometime," I told him.

"I wish you would," he said. "Because you people are sensible on other subjects. Moderately sensible I mean."

"I'll write it."

6. In the first place, the Gulf Stream and the other great ocean currents are the last wild country there is left. Once you are out of sight of land and of the other boats you are more alone than you can ever be hunting and the sea is the same as it has been since before men ever went on it in boats. In a season fishing you will see it oily flat as the becalmed galleons saw it while they drifted to the westward; white-capped with a fresh breeze as they saw it running with the trades; and in high, rolling blue hills the tops blowing off them like snow as they were punished by it, so that sometimes you will see three great hills of water with your fish jumping from the top of the farthest one and if you tried to make a turn to go with him without picking your chance, one of those breaking crests would roar down in on you with a thousand tons of water and you would hunt no more elephants, Richard, my lad.

7. There is no danger from the fish, but anyone who goes on the sea the year around in a small power boat does not seek danger. You may be absolutely sure that in a year you will have it without seeking, so you try always to avoid it all you can.

8. Because the Gulf Stream is an unexploited country, only the very fringe of it ever being fished, and then only at a dozen places in thousands of miles of current, no one knows what fish live in it, or how great size they reach or what age, or even what kinds of fish and animals live in it at different depths. When you are drifting, out of sight of land, fishing four lines, sixty, eighty, one hundred and one hundred fifty fathoms down, in water that is seven hundred fathoms deep you never know what may take the small tuna that you use for bait, and every time the line starts to run off the reel, slowly first, then with a scream of the click as the rod bends and you feel it double and the huge weight of the friction of the line rushing through that depth of water while you pump and reel, pump and reel, pump and reel, trying to get the belly out of the line before the fish jumps, there is always a thrill that needs no danger to make it real. It may be a marlin that will jump high and clear off to your right and then go off in a series of leaps, throwing a splash like a speedboat in a sea as you shout for the boat to turn with him watching the line melting off the reel before the boat can get around. Or it may be a broadbill that will show wagging his great broadsword. Or it may be some fish that you will never see at all that will head straight out to the northwest like a submerged submarine and never

show and at the end of five hours the angler has a straightened-out hook. There is always a feeling of excitement when a fish takes hold when you are drifting deep.

9. In hunting you know what you are after and the top you can get is an elephant. But who can say what you will hook sometime when drifting in a hundred and fifty fathoms in the Gulf Stream? There are probably marlin and swordfish to which the fish we have seen caught are pygmies; and every time a fish takes the bait drifting you have a feeling perhaps you are hooked to one of these.

10. Carlos, our Cuban mate, who is fifty-three years old and has been fishing for marlin since he went in the bow of a skiff with his father when he was seven, was fishing drifting deep one time when he hooked a white marlin. The fish jumped twice and then sounded and when he sounded suddenly Carlos felt a great weight and he could not hold the line which went out and down and down irresistibly until the fish had taken out over a hundred and fifty fathoms. Carlos says it felt as heavy and solid as though he were hooked to the bottom of the sea. Then suddenly the strain was loosened but he could feel the weight of his original fish and pulled it up stone dead. Some toothless fish like a swordfish or marlin had closed his jaws across the middle of the eighty-pound white marlin and squeezed it and held it so that every bit of the insides of the fish had been crushed out while the huge fish moved off with the eighty-pound fish in its mouth. Finally it let go. What size of a fish would that be? I thought it might be a giant squid but Carlos said there were no sucker marks on the fish and that it showed plainly the shape of the marlin's mouth where he had crushed it.

11. Another time an old man fishing alone in a skiff out of Cabañas hooked a great marlin that, on the heavy sashcord handline, pulled the skiff far out to sea. Two days later the old man was picked up by fishermen sixty miles to the eastward, the head and forward part of the marlin lashed alongside. What was left of the fish, less than half, weighed eight hundred pounds. The old man had stayed with him a day, a night, a day and another night while the fish swam deep and pulled the boat. When he had come up the old man had pulled the boat up on him and harpooned him. Lashed alongside the sharks had hit him and the old man had fought them out alone in the Gulf Stream in a skiff, clubbing them, stabbing at them, lunging at them with an oar until he was exhausted and the sharks had eaten all that they could hold. He was crying in the boat when the fishermen picked him up, half crazy from his loss, and the sharks were still circling the boat.

12. But what is the excitement in catching them from a launch? It comes from the fact that they are strange and wild things of unbelievable speed and power and a beauty, in the water and leaping, that is indescribable, which you would never see if you did not fish for them, and to which you are suddenly harnessed so that you feel their speed, their force and their savage power as intimately as if you were riding a bucking horse. For half an hour, an hour, or five hours, you are fastened to the fish as much as he is fastened to you and you tame him and break him the way a wild horse is broken and finally lead him to the boat. For pride and because the fish is worth plenty of money in the Havana market, you gaff him at the boat and bring him on board, but the having him in the boat isn't the excitement; it is while you are fighting him that is the fun. If the fish is hooked in the bony part of the mouth I am sure the hook hurts him no more than the harness hurts the angler. A large fish when he is hooked often does not feel the hook at all and will swim toward the boat, unconcerned, to take another bait. At other times he will swim away deep, completely unconscious of the hook, and it is when he feels himself held and pressure exerted to turn him, that he knows something is wrong and starts to make his fight. Unless he is hooked where it hurts he makes his fight not against the pain of the hook, but against being captured and if, when he is out of sight, you figure what he is doing, in what direction he is pulling when deep down, and why, you can convince him and bring him to the boat by the same system you break a wild horse. It is not necessary to kill him, or even completely exhaust him to bring him to the boat.

13. To kill a fish that fights deep you pull against the direction he wants to go until he

is worn out and dies. It takes hours and when the fish dies the sharks are liable to get him before the angler can raise him to the top. To catch such a fish quickly you figure by trying to hold him absolutely, which direction he is working (a sounding fish is going in the direction the line slants in the water when you have put enough pressure on the drag so the line would break if you held it any tighter); then get ahead of him on that direction and he can be brought to the boat without killing him. You do not tow him or pull him with the motor boat; you use the engine to shift your position just as you would walk up or down stream with a salmon. A fish is caught most surely from a small boat such as a dory since the angler can shut down on his drag and simply let the fish pull the boat. Towing the boat will kill him in time. But the most satisfaction is to dominate and convince the fish and bring him intact in everything but spirit to the boat as rapidly as possible.

14. "Very instructive," says the friend. "But where does the thrill come in?"

15. The thrill comes when you are standing at the wheel drinking a cold bottle of beer and watching the outriggers jump the baits so they look like small live tuna leaping along and then behind one you see a long dark shadow wing up and then a big spear thrust out followed by an eye and head and dorsal fin and the tuna jumps with the wave and he's missed it.

16. "Marlin," Carlos yells from the top of the house and stamps his feet up and down, the signal that a fish is raised. He swarms down to the wheel and you go back to where the rod rests in its socket and there comes the shadow again, fast as the shadow of a plane moving over the water, and the spear, head, fin and shoulders smash out of water and you hear the click the closepin makes as the line pulls out and the long bight of line whishes through the water as the fish turns and as you hold the rod, you feel it double and the butt kicks you in the belly as you come back hard and feel his weight, as you strike him again and again, and again.

17. Then the heavy rod arc-ing out toward the fish, and the reel in a band-saw zinging scream, the marlin leaps clear and long, silver in the sun, long, round as a hogshead and banded with lavender stripes and, when he goes into the water, it throws a column of spray like a shell lighting.

18. Then he comes out again, and the spray roars, and again, then the line feels slack and out he bursts headed across and in, then jumps wildly twice more, seeming to hang high and stiff in the air before falling to throw the column of water and you can see the hook in the corner of his jaw.

19. Then in a series of jumps like a greyhound he heads to the northwest and standing up, you follow him in the boat, the line taut as a banjo string and little drops coming from it until you finally get the belly of it clear of that friction against the water and have a straight pull out toward the fish.

20. And all the time Carlos is shouting, "Oh, God the bread of my children! Oh look at the bread of my children! Joseph and Mary look at the bread of my children jump! There it goes the bread of my children! He'll never stop the bread the bread the bread of my children!"

21. This striped marlin jumped, in a straight line to the northwest, fifty-three times, and every time he went out it was a sight to make your heart stand still. Then he sounded and I said to Carlos, "Get me the harness. Now I've got to pull him up the bread of your children."

22. "I couldn't stand to see it," he says. "Like a filled pocketbook jumping. He can't go down deep now. He's caught too much air jumping."

"Like a race horse over obstacles," Julio says. "Is the harness all right? Do you want water?"

"No." Then kidding Carlos, "What's this about the bread of your children?"

"He always says that," says Julio. "You should hear him curse me when we would lose one in the skiff."

"What will the bread of your children weigh?" I ask with mouth dry, the harness taut across shoulders, the rod a flexible prolongation of the sinew, the pulling ache of arms, the sweat salty in my eyes.

"Four hundred and fifty," says Carlos.

"Never," says Julio.

"Thou and thy never," says Carlos. "The

fish of another always weighs nothing to thee."

"Three seventy-five," Julio raises his estimate. "Not a pound more."

23. Carlos says something unprintable and Julio comes up to four hundred.

24. The fish is nearly whipped now and the dead ache is out of raising him, and then, while lifting, I feel something slip. It holds for an instant and then the line is slack.

"He's gone," I say and unbuckle the harness.

"The bread of your children," Julio says to Carlos.

25. "Yes," Carlos says. "Yes. Joke and no joke yes. *El pan de mis hijos.* Three hundred and fifty pounds at ten cents a pound. How many days does a man work for that in the winter? How cold is it at three o'clock in the morning on all those days? And the fog and the rain in a norther. Every time he jumps the hook cutting the hole a little bigger in his jaw. Ay how he could jump. How he could jump!"

"The bread of your children," says Julio.

"Don't talk about that any more," says Carlos.

26. No it is not elephant hunting. But we get a kick out of it. When you have a family and children, your family, or my family, or the family of Carlos, you do not have to look for danger. There is always plenty of danger when you have a family.

27. And after a while the danger of others is the only danger and there is no end to it nor any pleasure in it nor does it help to think about it.

28. But there is great pleasure in being on the sea, in the unknown wild suddenness of a great fish; in his life and death which he lives for you in an hour while your strength is harnessed to his; and there is satisfaction in conquering this thing which rules the sea it lives in.

29. Then in the morning of the day after you have caught a good fish, when the man who carried him to the market in a handcart brings the long roll of heavy silver dollars wrapped in a newspaper on board it is very satisfactory money. It really feels like money.

30. "There's the bread of your children," you say to Carlos.

"In the time of the dance of the millions," he says, "a fish like that was worth two hundred dollars. Now it is thirty. On the other hand a fisherman never starves. The sea is very rich."

"And the fisherman always poor."

"No. Look at you. You are rich."

"Like hell," you say. "And the longer I fish the poorer I'll be. I'll end up fishing with you for the market in a dinghy."

"That I never believe," says Carlos devoutly. "But look. That fishing in a dinghy is very interesting. You would like it."

"I'll look forward to it," you say.

"What we need for prosperity is a war," Carlos says. "In the time of the war with Spain and in the last war the fishermen were actually rich."

"All right," you say. "If we have a war you get the dinghy ready."

## *Robert Smith*

# BASEBALL SINCE THE TWENTIES

*Robert Miller Smith (1905- ) was born in Boston. He is now president of the Magazine Institute, a school of magazine writing. He has published two novels,* Hotel on the Lake, *1943, and* The Human Image, *1945, and a number of short stories.* Baseball, *1947, from which the following selection is taken, is his first book of non-fiction.*

Baseball *is described as a historical narrative of the game, the men who have*

*played it, and its place in American life. The material which follows comprises the final three chapters of the book. In these Mr. Smith discusses modern baseball, pointing out the shift in strategy, the effects of chain-store baseball, and the influence of America's chief pastime on the lives of the people.*

1. Modern baseball—that is, baseball since the twenties—looks different from old-time baseball mainly because it has been adjusted to the lively ball. Infield play is altogether new. Strategy, at least in the American League, is falling into a new pattern. There are even new pitches, or at least new names for old pitches, and new small wrinkles in deliveries that were invented long before.

2. It was not long ago that a semipro shortstop who failed to get his heels together in fielding a ground ball might find himself sitting on the bench. There was *one* way to play grounders, and that was to *stop* them. You stopped them with your hands if you could; but if you couldn't, you stopped them with your feet, your legs, or your chest. Infielders played close in to the base lines and knocked down many a ball with their bodies.

3. Now an infielder who put both heels together to pick up a ground ball would look like a child playing ups-a-daisy. Infielders, facing a ball that bounces harder and faster through the infield, try now to take the ball in stride, to field it cleanly in the hands every time, and be set for the throw as soon as they have grasped the ball. They have farther to throw, too, for naturally when they play out on the grass or near it they are putting a greater distance between themselves and the base.

4. Hitting is basically different, too. Now a man can be let go by a major-league club because he "just hits singles." The managers want power at the bat, the ability to hit the ball for extra bases, consistently, so as to score two or three or four runs at a time. Batters no longer stand alertly in the box, adjusting their grip and their stance to the pitcher or the pitch. A batter works out the stance that gives him the best feeling of balance and then, if he can, he digs into it, so that his feet will not slip when he swings.

BASEBALL SINCE THE TWENTIES: Reprinted from *Baseball* by permission of Simon and Schuster, Publishers. Copyright, 1947, by Robert Smith.

5. Batters in these times seem to be looking for the impossible in bats to hit with. They want long, light bats—long enough to reach those outside pitches, light enough to be swung swiftly and easily. But bats that are too light for their length don't have wood enough in them to drive the ball the full distance.

6. And pitchers in general do not seem to develop the motions they did a few decades back. A pitcher's wind-up in the early years of the century was as awesome and intricate as a cowboy's spinning of his lariat. In that time, every boy learned to crank his arm around and around, to lean far back, with the hand holding the ball reaching almost to the ankle, and then to unleash the pitch with a long sweep of the arm and a forward step and dip of the body.

7. The ball nowadays comes back so fast and hard that many a pitcher must give special thought to protecting himself after he lets the ball go. In batting practice in training camps some teams use a canvas shield behind which the pitcher stands to throw the balls to the batters. In the game, against a fearsome hitter, the pitcher must land on both feet after the pitch, alert to get his hands up to fend off the ball that is cannonaded back at his head. Some pitchers have no wind-up at all. They simply crook their elbows once or twice, lift the ball face-high, and sling it down toward the batter. The champion Red Sox of 1946 had a pitcher who threw like an infielder: Jim Bagby, who merely cocks his arm, with the ball behind his ear, and snaps it down. Sometimes the return throw from the catcher seems to have all the speed of Bagby's pitch, or more.

8. Yet young pitchers give as much thought to the development of trick pitches as the hurlers ever did in 1910. At least one major-league team of recent days had a pitching staff made up almost entirely of knuckle-ball throwers. The modern knuckle ball is really a finger-tip or a fingernail ball—that is, the

fingers are drawn back so the very ends of one or more fingers are perched on the ball, in the spot where the knuckles were held in former days. The effect is much the same. The ball creates the illusion, because of the full-arm throw, of coming toward the batter at full speed. But, because it has no spin, its forward motion is abbreviated and it falls suddenly, without momentum. It is a pitch hard on the arm, as is any pitch which is designed to give the appearance of full strength with only half the impetus. But hardly a pitcher lives today in semipro, minor, or major leagues—unless he be an established veteran—who does not give some thought to the development of his "knuckler."

9. The old-time pitchers insist that this failure to concentrate on a full wind-up, and a motion, like Feller's, which gets the full body into the pitch, means arm weariness for pitchers and shorter careers. But a young pitcher who has tried a hard straight ball, with a long, graceful follow-through, against a batter like Jimmy Foxx, for instance, and has come to in the dressing room with someone holding cold packs to the purpling knob on his forehead, may feel that there are worse ways than a sore arm of bringing a career to an end.

10. As for the knuckler, and those other "modern" pitches, the slider, the sailer, the screwball, and the fork ball, these, according to the old-timers, are just junk and delude too many youngsters into neglecting the standard equipment—control, speed, and a change-up—that is, a ball, usually a curve, thrown with the same apparent effort as the fast ball, but traveling at about two-thirds the speed.

11. To the part-time spectator, who sees baseball as simply a throwing of the ball and an effort, sometimes successful, to hit it so that the opponents cannot retrieve it in time, the intricacies of pitching may sound like nonsense, superstition, or mysteries too deep for contemplation. Yet they are simple applications of common sense to the task of fooling the batter or holding runners on base.

12. On this account certain strategical concepts have remained the same through the days of the lively ball, with only minor modification. Yet, for some reason I cannot pretend to fathom, the American League, which has the liveliest ball, has had a tendency to standardize these notions of strategy until they have become almost ritualistic. The National League, however, which a few years ago came out and confessed that their ball had been livelier—and that they were deadening it at once—has used more imagination in varying the standard practices to suit certain tense tactical situations.

13. For an example: it has been standard practice, since the days when Denton True Young was brushing the hay off his britches, to "waste" a pitch when there are two strikes and no balls on the batter. Every pitcher who has even the faintest understanding of tactics knows enough to throw a ball high, or wide, or low when the count is "two and nothing"—the idea being that the batter, aware of the fact that he will go out on any pitch which even nicks the strike zone, will be persuaded to hit at a bad ball, which will probably turn into an easy grounder, a pop fly, or, at the worst, a long fly ball to the outfield.

14. In some clubs this practice is so thoroughly standardized that pitchers are fined fifty, a hundred, or even five hundred dollars if they "groove the two-and-nothing pitch." They are allowed no judgment in the matter. They *must* waste that pitch.

15. As a consequence, experienced batters who find themselves "behind the pitcher" by this count have themselves adopted a standard practice of "taking" that pitch (allowing it to go by unmolested), because they know it is going to be wasted.

16. In the World's Series of 1946 there were one or two striking examples of American League ritual opposed to National League imagination. In the final game, with the tying runs on base and none out, a Red Sox batter stepped to the plate and quickly found himself behind the pitcher by two and nothing. He *knew* what would happen next. *Everyone* knew that pitchers were under orders to waste the next pitch. So when it came, he let it go—and this time it was a strike, right down the middle. The Cardinal pitcher had found the psychological moment to alter the tactics and catch the batter with his figurative pants below his knees.

17. Another standard practice, which is known to every grammar-school ballplayer,

is "taking" the pitch when the count is three balls and no strikes. In that case, from major leagues to barnyard, the next pitch is the [illegible]matic strike"—the pitch which is sometimes allowed to float right in at perfect height. Naturally, a pitcher is not always able to make the "automatic strike" come into the strike zone; and that is the purpose of letting it go—to take a chance that the pitcher's control will be unequal to the task of grooving the ball, and the batter will get a free walk. But there are times when it is necessary to hit this "cripple," as the three-and-nothing pitch is termed. A hitter like Williams, for instance, may come to bat with a man on second and first base open. In this case the pitcher is likely to take chances on just nicking the plate corners, or the upper and lower limits of the strike zone. For he will be willing to chance putting Williams on base to keep him from getting hold of a ball to his liking. (If he *does* walk, the situation will not greatly deteriorate, and may even improve, inasmuch as there will then be possible force plays at every base.) Williams, in such cases, may have permission from his manager to hit the cripple. Otherwise he may never see a ball worth offering at.

18. In batting, the National League, where the ball is not made to be so lively, seems to be going back to the methods of the opening decade of the century. Here the bunt and the hit-and-run are practiced often enough by certain clubs to make the game look familiar to our fathers and grandfathers. In Brooklyn, for instance, Manager Durocher had a player on his 1946 team (which very nearly won the pennant) who, according to "modern" standards, did not belong on a major-league club. By Durocher's own admission, Ed Stanky "couldn't hit, throw, or run." That is, the little second baseman was just an ordinary performer in the three vital departments. But Stanky could wait out a pitcher, working him for a walk because of his sharp eye. He could get a start on a pitcher through sharp observation and alertness—and so he could steal bases despite his lack of speed. And he could lay down a good bunt, and so could help push a run around into scoring position. But all these qualities were supposed to be less than nothing in the era of the lively ball. Why bother having a man steal a base when the next hitter could score him from first with a ball against the fence? Why fret over one run when three good hitters in a row, and a walk thrown in, could fashion four runs in an inning?

19. Still, the Brooklyn team won many a game through these outdated tactics and even finished three or four places higher in the standings than the experts said they should have. So, possibly, other managers now will consider the advantages of old-time "inside" baseball, with efforts to steal the signs of the opponents; with careful signaling to the batter of what his next move should be; with use of the hit-and-run to get a runner from first to third, or the squeeze play to get a run in from third base at the cost of an out; with frequent employment of the sacrifice bunt so that a weak hitter may pay his way in the line-up through shoving runs up into scoring position.

20. In other clubs, and especially in the American League, weak hitters, no matter how strong they might be on the defense, were usually seen in the parks (except during the recent war) only when they bought tickets. Strong hitters could hold their jobs down in spite of great awkwardness on the defense. Two of the greatest first basemen of the modern era, Bill Terry and Lou Gehrig, were something less than finished performers on the field when they first earned their jobs. Both men had an embarrassing habit, when trying to make a double play by way of second base, as Fred Tenney used to, of accidentally hitting the runner in the back with the ball. Yet they stayed in the line-up because they could be counted on to earn two or three or even four bases at a time with one swift swipe of the bat.

21. The 1946 World's Series was won by sharp defensive play, some of it so spectacular, so well calculated to make a tired fan stand up and yell till his throat hurt, that it may perhaps suggest to the men who own the game that the time has come to concentrate less on slugging and fearful speed. The outfielders of both teams, three of whom at one time or another pulled up with bad injuries, caught balls that were counted impossible to catch, or chopped off sure runs at the

plate by throws which were aimed to the inch and timed to the split second. Terry Moore, of the St. Louis Cardinals, batting so feebly that he might have deserved, by American League standards, to spend the series on the side lines, saved the whole Series for his team by racing some thirty yards at top speed (on an injured leg) to catch a ball that had traveled four hundred feet from the bat of Ted Williams—a ball that would have been a home run in many parks and would have been a triple in this one if a less skillful and determined man had tried to play it. Harry Walker, in the same game, leaped up and made a backhanded catch of a similar blow by Higgins of Boston. And throughout the series there were finger-tip catches of foul balls by Musial and Kurowski, first and third baseman, respectively, of St. Louis, which sent Boston batters to the bench just when they seemed about to crack a game right in two.

II

22. Modern fans, who seem more numerous than ever (there were a million telephone calls in New York City by men and women who wanted to learn the outcome of the games in the 1946 World's Series, in which no New York team was involved), still want speed and heavy hitting to some degree. They will crowd a park any day to see Ted Williams or Stan Musial—or their like—drive the ball to the fence, or they will neglect their jobs for an afternoon on the chance that they may see Robert Feller make a new strike-out record. They will even turn out in unusual numbers to see some player run a "hitting streak" for a few more games, to establish some peculiar record, which may exist only in their minds. (Baseball records, despite the tons of paper and rivers of time that have been devoted to them, are notoriously inaccurate and may stand for years on the basis of a misprint, a miscalculation, or a bit of neglect.) Yet fans are not the same breed that the country knew ten years ago.

23. Baseball must still serve to more than a few as the only staff on which to hang, without embarrassment or danger, the love of his fellow man that grows somewhere in everyone. It must absorb the loyalties, the inarticulate ambitions, and the yearning for a better life which thousands have to spend—in a world where the struggle for daily bread invites loyalty only to self, and where the chief victory life has to offer lies in garnering the fruits of other men's labor. Yet baseball does not, in the degree it did before, evoke fierce partisanship or rivalry between town and town. In Brooklyn there is still the burning core of the spirit that made 5000 fans one year send a joint telegram to Manager Durocher demanding that he use a man named Dixie Walker in the outfield. In New York there must be some fans still who want to see Boston or Brooklyn beaten on the ball field because they are homes of the outlander or the snob. St. Louis fans, in fair numbers, must experience a spasmodic resentment against other teams as representing the profit-swollen East.

24. In general, however, though today's fans may put in long hours talking about games and hanging on their outcome, their loyalties are scattered and superficial. One man may find himself shifting loyalties in the middle of a season. Or some may send their hearts along with a favorite player as he jaunts from Cincinnati, to Brooklyn, to St. Louis, to Washington, to Montreal. The synthetic quality of inter-town rivalry, first detected almost eighty years ago in Cincinnati, has finally become so patent that only the very young can shut their eyes to it. Now it is the game itself that fans must enjoy, the swift patterns of defense, the ring of long, hard hits, the fire and craft of pitching, the speed and accuracy of throws. Outcomes of games are really important now only to those who have bet money on one team or the other. A pitcher may come to New York to shut out the Yankees or Giants and earn as many cheers as if he "belonged" to the city, for he may carry the good wishes of most fans for his skill, and of others for the cash they have invested in his arm.

25. As to playing the game, there is less and less opportunity for that. In the big cities, particularly, the knell of the original game of baseball is rung each week, when boys and young men refer to it as "hard ball"—to differentiate it from the game they are now devoted to, soft ball, in which the ball is not especially soft, but which is better adapted

to narrower space and myriad neighboring windows.

26. The majority of professional ballplayers today are country boys, from farms and villages, where there is more space to practice the game, and where young men have generally been more likely to concentrate on the physical side of life, seeking pastimes that excite their muscles rather than their minds and emotions. For baseball demands, in even greater degree than other sports, a confidence in one's individual agility, a concentration on the performance of certain routine muscular feats, a physical egoism that is not often the property of young men who are bred among a thickening swarm of their fellow creatures.

27. Then, too, the practices of the profit-hungry men who own the professional game have dried up baseball on many sand lots. Chain-store baseball is supposed to justify itself because it provides high-quality performers in towns which could not afford them were not some major-league club contributing to their salary. And it is supposed to assure every ambitious young man with baseball ability an opportunity to show himself to major-league managers, inasmuch as most major-league managers now have access to "farms," all up and down the scale of skill, where anyone who deserves a try may get one. In the old days, the modern baseball publicists will explain, a boy might offer himself to some small club that could neither appreciate him nor offer him a chance to move ahead. Or he might apply to some major-league team and find that there simply was not room.

28. What may happen nowadays, however, is that a young man can be bought by a major-league team and kept in the minor leagues—still under contract to the major-league team—for seven long years, without a chance to move ahead or show himself elsewhere. The parent team may have no need for him, despite his skill, and he may find himself shifted here and there in low-grade baseball, yet kept "on ice" all the time, lest some rival club should add him to their strength. Of course, under the chain-store system, rivalries in minor-league cities are even more synthetic than they are upstairs. The smaller teams are run, not for the benefit of the people who patronize them, but for the good of the parent club. Stars may be lifted out and sent along to the majors, or to clubs higher in the scale, in a manner that must seem haphazard and thoughtless to the fans of the small town. Young men who own a home-town following may find it impossible ever to play near home. The men who control the game must put them in a farm club where there happens to be room. And no independent small-town team can outbid a baseball chain. Nor can small-town teams develop proper local support without the local stars.

29. Of course, the advantages of chain-store baseball, in its offer of decent salaries to young men on small teams, and its providing of good baseball to fans who cannot travel to the seats of the major leagues, may be enjoyed without the present chain-store system, which is wasteful of human effort and discouraging of home-town loyalty. Judge Landis once set forth a scheme which called for co-operative support of the minor leagues by the entire body of major-league baseball, with baseball schools and tryout camps established and maintained co-operatively. Under this plan, players who proved themselves in league tryout camps could be assigned to teams near their homes and in leagues suitable to their ability. There would be no "sale" to the clubs which hired them, and consequently there would be money left in the small club's pocket with which to pay the player a decent stipend. The players in the minor leagues, under this scheme, could be drafted without restriction—that is, taken up at the end of the league season by major-league clubs, with the lowest club in each league having first choice of players. A player in this way could feel sure that he was moving up to the big time just as soon as his ability warranted.

30. But this plan, which seemed designed to keep the richest clubs from exercising an eventual monopoly over baseball talent in the country, was denounced as "socialistic" by the master minds of baseball, who never fail to see down to their very noses' ends. As in so many big, hungry businesses, each magnate continues to be prompted by the conviction that, in the rush for wealth, he at last will come out on top of all his neighbors.

31. Meanwhile the baseball business con-

tinues to make patchwork defenses against the various threats to its ever-swelling income. During the war, when men and women without access to their automobiles found the ball park the next best retreat to the beach and the countryside, major-league club owners made profits such as they had not dared to dream of. Yet the baseball they offered, inasmuch as most of the great players were serving their country at scant wages somewhere, was hardly to be dignified by calling it minor league. Catchers almost too slow to hold a high-school job would lumber about on major-league diamonds and make feeble, humpbacked tosses to a base. Fielders who in normal times could not have talked themselves into a uniform stumbled about on the green and grabbed vainly at misjudged flies. For all this the fans, fed on stories of the great games the absent heroes had played, paid millions of dollars into the major-league box offices, while the magnates patriotically held salaries and traveling expenses down.

32. On the return of the prewar players there were only feeble efforts made to assure a share in these profits to the men who had offered their lives to insure them—and who had originally made them possible. Some, who had apparently lost their youthful agility in the war, were quickly brushed into minor leagues or out of baseball forever. A few were kept on the payroll through the grim efforts of some loyal manager. Attempts to secure salary increases were met with the usual tight silence. And when a new league in Mexico lured a few players away with offers of fat salaries and bonuses, there were such alarms as only an enemy invasion should have prompted.

33. When a young man named Murphy set out to build a new players' union there were indignant cries from much of the press (again, a few sports writers, like Stanley Woodward, Red Smith, and Jimmy Powers, stuck by the players) and from all the well-heeled magnates. Murphy was a "rabble-rouser," a "professional bleeding heart," a "Communist," and a "cad." And furthermore (said the magnates and the complacent press), ballplayers were well paid, even overpaid—except for one or two, or maybe a dozen exceptions hardly worthy of the name.

34. Whatever Murphy managed to accomplish for his Baseball Players' Guild, he did the players a good turn in reminding the magnates of the day when the dread word Brotherhood had been heard in the land. Quickly they evolved schemes for "player representation" or for "company unions" which would feed the players a few concessions and choke off organized protest. The cynical way in which the magnates approached the union threat seemed to suggest that they had not been reading the newspapers for the past fifteen years. They did not hesitate to utter threats of discipline against any player who dared join a union of his choice. They made no bones about organizing and financing a union under the control of the owner. And finally, after hand-picking a few "representatives" of the players, they met with these representatives, told the representatives what the players' demands should be, offered various crumbs which they felt sure they could spare—and almost immediately came up with a suggestion that the players should all play an extra fourteen games next season, at no increase in stipend. They also agreed to "allow" the players to establish a pension fund of their own, out of money which ordinarily would have gone to the players, anyway.

35. The withering of sand-lot baseball the magnates gave heed to by appropriating a ridiculously small sum of money, such as could be eaten up in "expenses" by half a dozen publicists to "spread the game" throughout the entire nation.

36. The magnates replaced Commissioner Landis with a man they thought would be more amenable, the former Senator from Kentucky; and, after getting a few frights by his show of concern for the rights of players and public, seem finally to have persuaded him to take a more "constructive" (that is, a profit-wise) point of view. While one or two of them may still snicker about him behind their hands and call him "boothead" in private, most of the magnates have come to prefer him to the unbridled old hothead who first held the job.

37. These matters, however, need not greatly concern the fan or the part-time follower of the game, for baseball will be here long after the magnates have done it all the

injury in their power. The concern of the club owners is with the money to be wrung from the game; and when it no longer pays them enough they will turn it back to the people who play and watch it.

III

38. Baseball belongs to the American people to a greater degree than many of them know. Some who have never held a stitched ball and could not observe a single inning without utter mystification or boredom still use the language of baseball in daily intercourse. Most baseball terms are slang phrases in our tongue, some of them with strikingly symbolic meanings. A man who is "born with two strikes on him," is one who needs but little misfortune to put him down for good. And one who finds himself "away out in left field" is far removed from the play at hand and, by inference, from pertinent realities. "Something on the ball" may imply sales ability, intellectual powers, or sex appeal—while in the baseball world it means only a sharply breaking pitch.

39. It is respectable, though faintly bromidic now, to remark that a person is off his base, or that some man has muffed the ball. "To make a hit" is hardly regarded as slang any longer, nor is it even reminiscent of baseball when one offers to perform some deed "right off the bat." It is out of date for a man to describe a girl as a "foul ball." The term to "play ball" in its figurative sense suggests the need for co-operation, which is the basis of the modern game. All the ordinary terms, such as "strike out," "get caught off base," "foul one off," even to "belt one over the fence," are used by common people in their everyday talk to pictorialize the petty failures and successes of ordinary life. And businessmen who can't think of any better way of putting it remind their salesmen about once a week that they must "keep their eyes on the ball." Once in a while a superior will offer to "go to bat" for an underling, and the man thus blessed will know what is meant, though he has never seen a game in his life. The phrase "pinch-hit" has become synonymous with "take the place of," in fields far removed from baseball. By some fugitive association, the term "home-run hitter" in certain places is used to mean a phony who talks big. Baseball fans are not the only citizens who describe a particularly apt or cogent remark as "right over the plate." The meaning of "grandstand play" is familiar to everyone who uses the tongue. "Keep swinging" is a behest used both in the game and out, to suggest the value of persistence in overcoming a run of bad luck. And "getting to first base" is the phrase generally used now to suggest a successful approach—intellectual, business, or sexual. An ignorant person, in vulgar circles, is described as not knowing his backside from second (or even third) base. The use of subterfuge and underhand devices is sometimes called "throwing curves." Whether the term "screwball" came out of baseball into the language, or vice versa, I am not the one to say for sure. A screwball on the diamond is one which curves in a contrary and erratic fashion. "To pull a fast one" is of doubtful parentage, yet it has a baseball flavor to it, suggesting the use of speed to outwit the umpire or accomplish some dark deed before he looks your way. Irishmen have borrowed the baseball device of dividing players into right-handers and left-handers to divide the Catholics from the Protestants.

40. Despite the pervasiveness of baseball in the spoken tongue, there is little of the game in our literature. Most baseball books, if they are not reference books, are boys' books, with not a pretense of offering any sample of reality. There are histories of various teams and biographies of certain great players, but these are jobs of journalism, written for the men and women, like me, who read the sports pages. Only Ring Lardner has ever written of ballplayers with both talent and understanding, and his satirical stories have served as models for half a hundred wan imitators. Heywood Broun once based a novel on the life of Babe Ruth, but it was not the best of his mediocre novels. Thomas Wolfe wrote a short story about a ballplayer once, but it was less convincing than the works of John Fox, Jr., and very nearly as innocent.

41. It may be that our national game appears so seldom in our literature simply because American writers have wandered so far from the highroad of American life. There are books now in which eleven-year-old girls utter

yards of solemn apothegms in painfully adult, even rhythmic phrases. We read novels in which condemned prisoners spend their last tag ends of daylight scribbling on scanty paper five- or six-page prose poems fashioned to be read aloud. Or we find masterpieces in which every one of some ten characters can recall in brilliant detail the very incident of his childhood which now has prompted him to steal from his employer, betray his wife into the hands of a seducer, wring an old man's neck, or lure half a dozen innocent girls to bed. Certainly, in worlds where such things can be, it would be difficult to scare up eighteen men to play a ball game.

42. "Serious" American writers now seem concerned, when dealing in ordinary people and everyday pursuits, with chronicling the comic aspects of poverty. Or they may have to devote full time to choking down their deep and almost tearful regard for the "little guy" —as if privates first class and semipro ballplayers were built a little smaller than magazine editors or the suave young men who read things on the radio. Or they may choose delicately to reveal the pale goings-on within "sensitive young men growing to manhood." Still others turn what talent they have to investing the simple joys of sex with melodramatic delirium.

43. Perhaps someday they'll turn to baseball, but one can hope that it will be with less conscious repression of inexpressible ideas they have not conceived, with some attention to the actual sounds and smells of the game and the deeds of the people who love it, and with more understanding of the game and the people in and around it than they can develop in cocktail lounges or plush magazine offices.

44. Of course, to many men and women in the book world baseball remains a bourgeois excrescence, like crowded bathing beaches and houses that look alike. To them it is past imagining to take the game seriously.

45. But there are several million people in the country who will take baseball seriously as long as they are alive. There are men just past their youth who will brood for days over the sudden disappearance of their ability to bend quickly for a ground ball, meet a pitch squarely with the bat, or beat a slow throw to first base. There are girls, boys, women, and men who will abandon food, work, study, or play to hear how the local baseball team has done.

46. And there are hundreds of thousands of Americans who count few things sweeter than to climb high in a baseball park, in the gentle sun, to smell the baking dry wood of the bleachers; to hear close at hand the inimitable ringing clack when a bat meets a thrown ball with perfect timing and sends it true as a gunshot into the close-clipped field; to observe the ineffable grace with which an infielder moves from his position, scoops a swiftly bounding ball into his glove, cocks his arm, and slings the ball in a sizzling low arc across to the base; or to approve the magic agility with which an outfielder, traveling in the same direction as the ball, clutches the flying sphere and pulls it down like a trapped bird to make the out.

47. Here, for a little more than an hour, a man can forget the dread march of the months and be as young again as when he first stepped trembling to the batter's box or first made a frightened grab at an angry spinning ball and held it tight.

# *Paul Gallico*

## LAST STRONGHOLD OF HYPOCRISY

*Paul William Gallico (1897- ) was born in New York City and educated at Columbia University. He has served as movie critic, sports editor and, since 1936, as a free-lance fiction writer. Among his books are* The Secret Front, *1940,* Golf Is a Friendly Game, *1942, and* The Lonely One *(London), 1947. Mr. Gallico's first book* Farewell to Sport, *1938, from which the following selection is taken, is a severe indictment of American practices which make sports cease to be sport. The book runs the whole gamut of sports from football to ping-pong and includes a host of sports celebrities—Babe Ruth, Helen Wills Moody, Jack Dempsey, Babe Didrikson, and Jesse Owen, to mention a few. The continuing popularity of the book is revealed in its multiple printings.*

College football today is one of the last great strongholds of genuine old-fashioned American hypocrisy. During Prohibition, naturally, it ran second, but with the coming of repeal and the legalization of betting on the horses in most of the states of the Union, it easily took the lead. Its nearest competitor is the Amateur Athletic Union, and that isn't even close. It is highly discouraging that, one by one, all of our fine and worshipped institutions based upon the American precept of saying one thing and doing another, writing laws and then breaking them, have been crumbling. But football has stepped into the breach nobly and seems only to be beginning to come into its own as the leader in the field of double-dealing, deception, sham, cant, humbug, and organized hypocrisy. There are occasionally abortive attempts to turn football into an honest woman, but, to date, the fine old game that interests and entertains literally millions of people has managed to withstand these insidious attacks. Like the chronic drunk, it has its moments of remorse, but equally like the inveterate souse, the benders following the periods of repentance are that much bigger and better. The future looks rosy.

The idea has dwelt with me for some time that in some ways football was even dirtier than prizefighting, because it insists, every so often in proclaiming and harping upon its virtues, which prizefighting does not. The ring, as has been noted, is strictly a business proposition and is quite engagingly candid and shameless in the manner in which it goes about that business. The same golden rain that hoisted the manly art of self-defense into the surtax brackets likewise turned college football into a huge and highly profitable business. The college gang has been raking in the dough with both hands, but it still likes to pretend that the game is the same innocent college sport that it was back in the days when your father was posing for his picture against a corner of the quad fence, wearing a big turtleneck sweater with his varsity letter a foot high on the chest. But it isn't—for which reason I say farewell and also good riddance to a game riddled with hypocrites, liars, perjurers, and sophists. It is a game which also holds the distinction of turning loose annually into the already turbid stream of national life a fresh collection of the world's greatest bores—ex-football-players.

An insight into why it is that the game prefers to go along as it is, shamming and faking, fraudulent and frequently mealy-mouthed, hiding beneath the sacred academic cloak, is interesting. The background is purely eco-

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nomic. We meet again our old friends cheap labor and the law of supply and demand.

The original premise upon which college sport, including football, is founded is that play and exercise are healthful and helpful to young men engaged in studies. Participants in inter-collegiate competition are supposed to be bona-fide registered students, paying their own way, or recipients of scholarships for excellence in their academic work. Scholastic standards are to be maintained up to a predetermined grade, a grade as nearly alike as possible in all the universities participating in extra-mural agreements.

Before the post-war sports hysteria, all this worked beautifully except for minor infractions. The tramp athlete and occasional semi-professional football-player existed back in the good old days of the turned-up hat-brim and the Gibson girl. And then suddenly football began to hit the high spots financially and collared its share of the loot that was flung about with such munificent abandon during the rich, spendthrift days of the Golden Decade; whereupon it was discovered that there just weren't enough good football-players to go round. The law of supply and demand entered into the picture and threw the whole system haywire. The puzzle still remains as to why the universities, reputedly the fountain-head of the country's ethics, brains, and culture, were unable to meet these new conditions as honestly and successfully as they have met other not dissimilar problems.

This much became immediately patent—that only winning football teams could hope to cut in on the melon, the big two-hundred-thousand-dollar week-end gates, the publicity, and the kudos and prestige that not only brought in ready cash at the turnstiles, but also upped the entrance applications and, best of all, attracted heavy donations of money from wealthy alumni, which last item is the one that is most liable to cause Prexy to shut his educated eye when the athletic board is up to shenanigans.

The universities tossed their football teams into the public entertainment markets to pick up their share of the swag, and the academicians immediately learned that, unlike the colleges and their staffs, trained and taught to appreciate beauty for beauty's sake, the spending public was not content with the spectacle of eleven men in handsome colored uniforms running around on the field, the band, the cheer-leaders, and the fair co-ed sponsors. It wanted to look at winners, or at least teams that had a fair and even chance of beating the other teams on the schedule. It was quite willing to spend freely, even at the high tariffs imposed by the universities, but it wanted to see something for its money.

These facts were painful to the colleges, but they had to be faced, especially after these same deep wells of learning had made the identical error of judgment that the rest of us made about the good times. They, too, thought that prosperity would last forever, and, as a result, dipped into their treasuries, or floated bonds, or mortgaged the statue of Alma Mater, to erect bigger and roomier stadiums to accommodate the ever-increasing throngs of customers who were parting with three and four dollars apiece each Saturday during the season for a look at football teams that cost the colleges nothing but maintenance, equipment, and the salary of the football professor engaged to instruct them. Old-world, retiring, and pedantic as they were, it didn't take the colleges long to experience acute pain and discomfort in the same regions where it is experienced by professional promoters when they are compelled to turn people and good money away because there is no more room inside. It makes good reading to be able to say that ten thousand applications for tickets had to be refused, but translated into the thirty or forty thousand dollars that might have been paid into the athletic association till, it hurts. Oh, how it hurts!

The next discovery made by the universities, to which knowledge they were for the most part assisted by their high-salaried football pedagogues and their ever-growing staffs, is really the crux and the kernel of the whole business. They learned that it takes football-players to play football—that is to say, high-pressure, modern, four-dollar-a-throw, stadium-packing football. And you cannot get enough of them out of the ranks of the students.

You may, to take a simple, analogous example, collect a tennis team of four or five

men out of any student body. Some will be better than others, but none of them could compete as a Davis Cup team or even last beyond the first round in a big-time National Championship. None of them would draw a dime at the gate. Every big college has a baseball team, but nobody goes to see the games, because the players and the teams aren't good enough. It will do for Old Home Week, or Alumni Day, when the Old Boys come back and dress up in funny suits and hats, but any Class C professional team plays better ball, and the public knows it.

Large enrollments are frequently misleading. Out of a student body of one thousand, 750 must be discarded immediately because of the physical requirements of the game—perhaps more. The six-foot hundred-and-eighty- or ninety-pounder is an exception. Occasionally a good hundred-and-fifty or even hundred-and-forty-pound back is developed for football, but he is even more of an exception and is useful only for his speed and elusiveness. Of the 250 remaining, 150 will be eliminated for one reason or another, either physical or mental. Some don't like football and are more interested in other sports, some may have bad hearts or some other defect, and still others lack, not the courage, but the temperament to appreciate and render service in a hard body-contact sport. That leaves a squad of a hundred or so, out of which forty perhaps have had a thorough football training in prep school or elsewhere. And out of that hundred may be developed one or two stars and perhaps four or five other first-class players. But that isn't enough for the modern game, which requires a specialist in every position and from two to three complete teams.

Football is definitely a specialized sport—much more so than golf or tennis or swimming. The average life of a college football-player in his game is from five to six years, two of those spent in prep school and three or four in college. Thereafter—that is, after graduation—he never plays again, unless, of course, he goes into professional football. It has no social value whatsoever beyond the scars and the insignia that remain. It is no accomplishment in afterlife to be an ex-football-player.

Nearly every boy can run, jump, swim, play a passable game of tennis, or hit a golf ball, but not every boy can play football. The game calls for an extraordinary amount of physical courage and combativeness. If you do not think so, picture yourself hurling yourself into the path of a two-hundred-pounder who is charging at you full speed, picking his knees up to his chin as he runs. He is wearing heavy, cleated boots, a certain amount of protective body armor, and a stiff, hard leather helmet on his head, technically for the protection of his skull, but today developed to the point where it is a dangerous and powerful offensive weapon that can well smash a man's nose level with his face, split his eye, or break his jaw. The prospect to the average man is not too attractive. The game demands, too, a great deal of skill, skill that afterwards, as has been pointed out, will be useless to the player. The body movements needed to carry out the requirements of the technical problems of offense and defense—offense, attack without the use of hands; defense, with the use of them—call for long practice, drill, and training. Kicking is an art in itself, and so is the throwing and receiving of forward passes. And definitely the strategy of the modern game, its complicated running and passing plays and deception, demands a certain type of intelligence, or if not intelligence, then adaptability to regimentation and the formation of habits.

Yes, you must have football-players to play football. There are not enough of them in the average student body. Where to get them, then? And that is the problem that is making liars and hypocrites out of ninety per cent of the American universities and colleges. Because one curious development of the game has been that the intelligence that enables a boy to learn signals and master the art of riding an end or a tackle out of a play just long enough to let the man with the ball slip past him is not the same kind that enables him to master calculus or learn to read Goethe or Ronsard at sight.

Where to get them? The faculty, the dean, and the president suggest the ranks of the regularly matriculated scholars. The coaches and the athletic directors and the alumni laugh at them and yank players off trucks or out of boiler factories or the steel mills or

prep-school farms. The faculty is asked to be its age or else. "Else" means having to support a losing football team and sacrifice rich-alumni backing, with a general financial shrinkage all around. And the faculty, generally courageous, honest, open and above-board in all other matters pertaining to university life, dogs this one, in a manner that is cowardly and craven and can hardly be called honest. It tries to get the football-players and the dough and yet maintain face by apparent strict adherence to academic and scholastic standards. Any ten-year-old child knows that in eight out of ten universities or college entrance requirements and scholastic standards as far as good football-players are concerned are strictly phony and that few teachers any longer care to risk their popularity by benching the star halfback on the eve of an important game for a weakness in Virgil. It simply isn't done. . . .

Briefly, the publicized tenets of the universities are that (a) their football-players are all bona-fide students in good standing, and (b) they are all amateurs who do not receive any fee, emoluments, or honorariums for their services on the football field. In nine cases out of ten, one or the other or neither of these will stand up. Somewhere along the line there has been an evasion, a half-truth, or just a plain downright falsehood.

The evasions are almost too many to enumerate or remember. The scholarship racket is the best known, with a few colleges turning sufficiently square to list frankly a certain sum to be set aside for athletic scholarships—in other words, to pay a young man's tuition through college in return for his services on the team, an exchange of education for football, which is a pretty good bargain for the university. Then of course there is the phony job swindle worked by nearly every school that needs good football-players. It appears to be strangely axiomatic that only the sons of the poor seem to have real talent for football. This dodge is handled by the athletic office or the prominent alumnus. And the prominent alumnus is himself an important cog in the machinery of supplying football-players. Frequently he buys one or two and presents them to his grateful Alma Mammy, or constitutes himself a scout to look for promising material and import it to his college much as a baseball scout combs the bush leagues for fresh ivory. The new football coach generally brings a few transfers with him, boys who can play his system and who will be useful in breaking in the machine. Many up-to-date colleges maintain prep-school farms (in exactly the same manner that the major-league baseball teams own minor-league franchises and use the teams to train and season promising material), and a couple of the Southern colleges even went so far as to stage preseason football try-outs. Boys who made the grade in the opinion of the examining coach were given scholarships. Those who didn't had to postpone their thirst for knowledge and a college degree. In their search for first-class, winning football material the colleges have had to use every method found useful and practical by the organizers of professional sport in other branches.

The thing that is so inexplicable is that there is nothing actually wrong with what the colleges are doing to promote good football teams for themselves except their stubborn and dishonest insistence that they are still playing the game under the old standards. They haven't done that for the last ten or fifteen years. The old standards no longer exist and, for that matter, are probably no longer useful or valid. But by refusing to admit this the colleges have managed to get themselves involved in a dirty and subversive business.

In the first place, there is a bad economic balance, or rather unbalance. In the old days participation in a college sport conferred a favor on the boy. He received, free of charge, the benefit of expert teaching and coaching in a sport, the pleasure of winning a place on a team and earning a distinguishing mark in the form of insignia or a letter, occasional trips away from the school, and the joys of competing against his equals as a member of a team representing his college.

Today it is just reversed. It is the boy who confers the favor upon the college. The casual and frequently pleasurable practice periods of a couple of hours an afternoon have been supplanted by long, hard, daily grinds that are continued under floodlights long after darkness has set in, tedious spring practice,

and perhaps a three-week training session at a football camp before the beginning of the fall school term. The long hours on the field are further supplemented by night blackboard lectures and early-morning skull practice. He is directly responsible, if he becomes a star, for earning thousands upon thousands of dollars for his college. . . . And because of the attendant publicity, the boy comes under a terrific nervous strain as he acquires responsibility for victory or defeat.

Whether or not he reaps any benefit from the glare of publicity to which he is subjected is debatable, but that he is definitely injured by harsh public criticism to which he is subjected is not. He is in physical danger if he is a good player, since it is considered a part of good strategy on the part of opposing teams to put him out of action if they can. This may not be aimed for deliberately, but often deliberation is not necessary. If a player is known as a dangerous ball-carrier, kicker, or passer, he is a marked man on the field and his opponents concentrate on stopping him. If they can get him off the field, so much the better for their chances. If he is a key man on his team, an injury is often insufficient to keep him on the sidelines. The university is not particularly scrupulous about inquiring into the health of its football-players and the morals and ethics of its football coach. Kids have no sense, anyway, and the coach lives only by his victories. An injured star is liable to be baked, boiled, taped, and strapped and sent into the game in no condition adequately to protect himself, with the result that what might have been a minor injury is aggravated into a permanent disability which handicaps him all through later life. There is very little joy left in modern intercollegiate football. It has become hard, specialized work.

Economically, the principles under which the colleges work are sound. Ethically and morally, they smell to high heaven. There is only one conclusion that can be drawn from their stubborn adherence to outmoded principles, and that is that as long as they stick to them they can continue to get football-players for next to nothing—cheap labor.

At best, an amateur football-player under present conditions rarely earns more than fifty dollars a week besides tuition and board. If the universities were to turn square and actually pay their players what they were worth in box-office draw and services rendered, the profits from the football racket would be cut down tremendously. The boys are being just a little dumb about it all. But then, after all, they are just boys.

The colleges sell them a free education, a living pittance, and a phony glamour. It is a question just how attractive is the first bait. I doubt whether more than five per cent of the boys who shop for colleges to which they hope to sell their football wares are actuated by a desire to acquire an education, a degree, and a profession without paying for it. But the principle of exchange at least is a decent one, and would be more decent still if the schools would drop all pretense and state frankly: "Trade! For services on our football team, young men, eighteen to twenty-one years of age, will be given four years' free board, lodging, books, pocket money, and permission to attend such university classes as they may desire. Degrees granted if necessary work therefor is completed with passing grades."

From there it might be an easy step, especially if the boys woke up, to arrange to pay them a wage commensurate with their services and ability, time and a half for overtime, and adequate disability and death compensation. Also, if the colleges were paying their football stars a decent salary they might not be quite so reckless of their health. One is inclined to be much more restrained and careful of a property that costs five hundred dollars a week than of one that can be had for fifty.

Such a system might lead to other evils, but they could not well be any worse than those that exist now with the game organized on a one-way basis, ninety per cent for the colleges and ten per cent for the player. Play the professional game sub rosa, but keep that pure amateur countenance on the surface. It whipsaws the kids neatly and keeps the dough rolling in. It must also give the eighteen- or nineteen-year-old boy starting out on a college career a charming picture of what honesty, integrity, and truth are worth on the market, when the whole college athletic system is founded upon falsehood and double-dealing. Kids, goodness knows, are dumb, but not so

dumb that they don't know what is going on. It is a curious thing that the college to which a boy goes, not only for an education, but for the set of morals, ethics, and ideals with which to carry on in later life, is the first place where he learns beyond any question of doubt that you can get away with murder if you don't get caught at it or if you know the right people when you do get nabbed. His university is playing a dirty, lying game and it doesn't take him very long to find it out. The non-athlete, with more brains usually than the football-player, who has little to offer his school in the way of immediate headlines or victories or gate receipts, sees the football-player receiving favors, free tuition and pocket money, that are denied himself. The football-player discovers early in his career that rules are made only for them as hasn't. Them as has can make up their own rules.

Perhaps it is a good thing for a boy to make these discoveries early in life so that the world as he finds it will not be too great a shock to him. But there are many who believe that in strong idealism and high ethical sense backed by courage and action lies the only salvation for this wretched globe, and that the last stronghold of such idealism is to be found only in the independent university. Perhaps it is, but in the meantime the fact remains that, seduced by that nice, crisp, shiny football money, Alma Mammy has become something of a tramp. I have no more respect for her than I have for any other racketeer.

The colleges are apparently rigged to try any way out of their dilemma except the obviously decent and honest one. They brought the dilemma—that of the huge, unpaid-for stadiums and athletic plants—upon themselves by greed, but they will not admit it or change to meet new conditions. One large Southern university, disgusted with the obvious hypocrisy of the double-barreled eligibility rules, put the screws on. No more tramp athletes. Only students of good scholastic standing wanted. But in the meantime there was still that steel and concrete bowl and the new field-house to be paid for. And so it still schedules games with the big high-pressure semi-professional teams, teams from colleges that are not handicapped by such niceties of feelings, and the kids take a mauling—to pay for the stadium. That does not strike me as being exactly high-minded either.

Another great and powerful university in the heart of a great city built its stadium out of bonds purchased by the small investors of that city, the tailor, the carpenter, the plumber, and the delicatessen-store owner. To default on those bonds would be a civic catastrophe and scandal. The university must fill that great arena two or three times a year. To do so it must put on the field a football team capable of competing on even terms and winning against the best in the country. There is only one way of getting such a team together today. In one way or another, you go out into the market and buy it. The boys, who in the old days had to die but once for dear old Rutgers, are now called upon first to perish for the mortgage- and bond-holders, or the First National Bank, before they get around to giving up the ghost for the beloved college.

The system is rotten from top to bottom. While the colleges close one eye to the methods used to acquire winning football teams, they haul down the other lid to the underground work, trickery, double-dealing, and questionable politics of their graduate managers and athletic boards in setting up fat money schedules. Before football became a national blight, a college could play a normal schedule of games with teams from the immediate vicinity, winding up on Thanksgiving Day with the big game with a traditional rival. Today every game must be a big game, and no schedule is worth anything without the carding of two or three intersectional games. Boys are expected to play through eight consecutive Saturdays against powerful elevens of semi-professional caliber and maintain a winning average or a clean slate, always with an eye cocked to the many "bowl" invitations that await the stand-out teams at the end of a season and the fat check that goes with it, a check in which they do not in any way share. They are supposed to take a week in proximity to the Hollywood movie queens for their end and like it. Well, some of the kids have done all right on that score too. The chiseling, petty politics, back-scratching, and maneuvering required to land a Rose

Bowl invitation rivals that necessary to bag a nomination for the presidency.

The other alternative to playing a solid schedule of strong teams with a national ranking entails the scheduling of weak or set-up or "breather" teams. The school supplying the set-up team gets a nice little guarantee, a free trip, a look at a big-time football stadium; and their boys take a licking—a good licking, too. Coaches play politics and swap favors with the booking of these weak teams. The player is never consulted. He goes where he is sent and plays whom he is told. The fact that he has no possible interest in common with the rival he is meeting is unimportant. Traditional rivalry is no longer concerned. The boys know that they must play for the record and not for the fun of it. Each week the newspapers list the number of teams remaining unbeaten. The graduate manager knows that ivy-steeped tradition will sell plenty of seats in a football stadium—Yale and Harvard would come close to selling out if they had lost every previous game of the season—but he also knows that a "natural" meeting between two top-notch unbeaten teams such as Notre Dame and Ohio State in 1935 will pack it to its last cranny.

The football coach is usually not a regular member of the faculty. He is hired for but one purpose—to produce results. When he signs, there is usually a good deal of tripe peddled about the fine influence he will have upon the sterling young manhood in his charge, but it doesn't fool anyone, not even the coach. He knows his college employers and how much they are to be trusted. He knows that if he doesn't produce a winning team his shrift will be short and he will be fired. How he produces it is of no particular concern to his employers unless they are exceptional. He hires his own assistants and uses his own methods. Not even a graduate of the college that hires him, he owes the school nothing but the services for which he is paid, and has no loyalties except to himself. He has absolute power over the boys on the squad as long as they care to compete for places on the team. He can wreck a boy physically or with a careless or deliberately vengeful and malicious word about the boy's willingness or courage destroy him.

But the dirtiest of all angles of the football racket, perhaps, is the occasional face-saving indulged in by a college, by way of pointing up the fact that it is clean and pure in its conduct of the sport. Some poor, stupid youngster who is dumber than usual about covering up his tracks, or who has been so foolish as to take a check, or even, to relax from the nerve strain of playing high-pressure football, has gone off on a bender or smoked a cigarette, is turned up and immediately publicly disclaimed and then pilloried by his university. High-salaried coaches inflate their egos by firing kids who have been caught breaking training, off the team, and snitching to the press about it. With three or four such victims a year, or more, the self-respect of the colleges of the country is sufficiently restored to enable them to wade into another season of skullduggery.

If there is anything good about college football it is the fact that it seems to bring entertainment, distraction, and pleasure to many millions of people. But the price, the sacrifice to decency, I maintain, is too high. As far as I am concerned, it is good-by to college football and good riddance.

*I. I. Rabi*

# FAITH IN SCIENCE

*Isidor Isaac Rabi (1898- ), Higgins Professor of Physics at Columbia University, was born in Austria but was brought to America in his infancy. After graduation from Cornell and Columbia he did postgraduate work at several European universities. He served as a member of the General Advisory Committee for the United States Atomic Energy Commission, and was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1944 for his work in nuclear physics.*

*For science, Professor Rabi feels, the unknown is a problem full of interest and promise, and the scientific tradition—"a contemporaneous living thing made by men for man's edification and entertainment"—should help man to renew and reaffirm his faith.*

1. Mankind is puny and feeble under the heavens as long as it is ignorant. It is ignorant in so far as it is self-limited by dogma, custom, and most of all by fear—fear of the unknown. To science the unknown is a problem full of interest and promise; in fact science derives its sustenance from the unknown; all the good things have come from that inexhaustible realm. But without the light of science the unknown is a menace to be avoided by taboo or propitiated by incantation and sacrifice. The scientific tradition rests first of all on a faith in mankind, in the ability of humans to understand, and ultimately, within certain limits, which are in the nature of things, to control, the environment in which we live in all its aspects: physical, biological, and social.

2. This optimistic faith has always permeated and energized the American way of life. The scientific tradition should help us to renew and reaffirm our faith. In recent years, however, ominous symptoms of moral hypochondria have disturbed the development of our institutions. Under the threat of impending conflict with the Russian empire some sections of the public have reacted with blind, irrational fear. The action of Congress in overriding the presidential veto of the anti-Communist bill and the arrogant dismissal of a large number of professors by the regents of the University of California are the newest examples of what I would call moral hypochondria. A healthy awareness of grave danger should lead to clear, considered, decisive action. Hysterical fear results in the setting up of taboos around emotionally charged words and symbols. The real objective, security for the free development of our institutions, becomes hazy and possibly perverted when panic takes over.

3. The greatest enemy of the scientific tradition is superstition. By superstition I do not mean merely a belief in goblins, gremlins, and the malevolent power of Friday the 13th. The superstition which is completely incompatible with the scientific tradition usually comes as a plausible system of ideas founded on premises which defy exact formulation. They may be words without a definite meaning or infer-

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ences from events inexactly described or unique and nonrepetitive.

4. An attempt to study a superstition in an external, objective fashion usually encounters emotional and often physical opposition from its proponents. Mankind seems to have a genius for the invention of superstition. As science advances, superstition makes more and more use of the terminology of science; it becomes in fact a parody of the scientific method, a deft mixture of the true and the false, which often has a fatal fascination.

5. The best examples of this sort of thing can probably be found within the realm of the Soviets. The whole Nazi movement in Germany was founded on this kind of superstition. Superstitions arise everywhere and there is no force which can hope to combat them successfully except science.

6. Even science itself has not been wholly free from superstition. Science strives for understanding, but how can one distinguish understanding from mere plausibility? The scientific tradition, although affirmative in spirit, polices itself by a profound skepticism. There are many examples where scientists have made mistakes, where they have been fooled or have fooled themselves. However, all their work passes under the scrutiny of friendly but skeptical minds.

7. Individual authority no longer possesses any force in the scientific tradition. No scientist, however great his renown, can mislead his fellow scientists for longer than it takes to check his observations or verify his conclusions and their consequences. Whether the individual scientist acknowledges his error or not is of little consequence as long as the tradition is kept pure. Controversy and polemic are now outmoded forms of scientific publication except possibly within the Soviet Union. Even there the appeal is hardly meant for fellow scientists.

8. I dwell on this point not only to show something of the reason for the great authority of established scientific doctrine, but also to indicate the way of life of science when it is free. If some of the customs and tradition of science could be transferred to the halls of our Congress or the United Nations, how beautiful life could become.

9. It is a truism to say that the application of science to technology is the basis of modern life in the United States. I refer not only to the products in everyday use, from the automobile parked in the street to the detergent in the kitchen, but more to the living social integration of our economy. Cut a relatively few electric power lines and the larger gasoline pipes which cross the country from west to east and south to north and keep them cut for a while. The effect on the life of the country would be like a thumb on the windpipe of a baby. Even the proud independent farmer would be unable to cultivate his acres without gasoline. His horses are gone and his wife is not inured to pulling the plow.

10. The development of new means of communication, production, transportation, and control have not merely added new possibilities to an existing way of living: they have so altered our basic patterns of organization that national life as of today would be impossible without them. We consider ourselves exponents of individualism and free enterprise, and national planning is on the whole unpopular. Yet we live under a degree of integration of social effort comparable to that of the cells in our bodies. I doubt very much whether we would have dared to build a social structure which is so vulnerable to attack from without, and to social disorganization from within, if it were actually planned from the very beginning.

11. On the other hand, if we consider the assimilation of science into our way of thought we find that our general public—and even our educated public—is as ignorant of science as a healthy Hottentot is of physiology. We are like the city boy who likes milk but is afraid of cows.

12. It is one of the paradoxes of our age that our general public, our lawmakers, our molders of public opinion, novelists, columnists, labor leaders, and administrators, have not devoted themselves more to understanding this force which is shaping our present and our future. Wise decisions in which science is involved cannot be reached merely by consulting experts. The very aims and ideals which condition these decisions come from the intellectual and spiritual background of the people who are in positions of responsibility. These ideals come from within and are

a part of the culture of the nation. We do not ask an expert to tell us what should be our heart's desire. We only ask him how it is to be attained.

13. Barring war or other catastrophe our standard of living, and therefore our dependence on science, will increase rather than decrease. Even if our population were decentralized, our dependence on science would not be lessened, but rather increased, if we wish to maintain and better our standards of health and comfort. Is it not folly to believe that a complex organism like our society, dependent as it is on science for its lifeblood and development, can continue to be managed properly by people whose education is not imbued with the living tradition of science, who have never experienced the influence of a scientific discipline?

14. For what science has to offer, and for what the country needs, a mere interest in the so-called scientific method, without specific knowledge of some part of some science, is as devoid of content as moral principle without moral action.

15. Over and above our lives as citizens, we also live our lives as individuals. What has science to offer as a guide to conduct and to the enrichment of one's inner life?

16. Fundamental to the existence of science is a body of established facts which come either from observation of nature in the raw, so to speak, or from experiment. Without facts we have no science. Facts are to the scientist what words are to the poet. The scientist has a love of facts, even isolated facts, similar to the poet's love of words. But a collection of facts is not science any more than a dictionary is poetry. Around his facts the scientist weaves a logical pattern or theory which gives the facts meaning, order, and significance. For example, no one can look at a brilliant night sky without emotion, but the realization that the earth and planets move in great orbits according to simple laws gives proportion and significance to this experience.

17. Theory may be qualitative and descriptive like Darwin's theory of the origin of species, or quantitative, exact, and mathematical in form like Newton's theory of the motions of planets. In both cases the theory goes far beyond the facts because it has unforeseen consequences which can be applied to new facts or be tested by experiment.

18. A scientific theory is not a discovery of a law of nature in the sense of a discovery of a mine or the end result of a treasure hunt or a statute that has been hidden in an obscure volume. It is a free creation of the human mind. It becomes a guide to new discovery and a way of looking at the world—which gives it meaning.

19. A successful theory goes far beyond the facts which it was made to fit. Newton in his laws of motion and theory of universal gravitation essentially created a universe which seemed to have the same properties as the existing universe. But it is hardly to be expected that the creation of a finite human mind would duplicate existing nature in every respect. The history of science indicates that it can't be done. Newton's theory has given place to Einstein's theory of relativity and gravitation. The Darwinian theory has been greatly modified by the geneticists.

20. The great scientific theories enable us to project our knowledge to enormous distances in time and space. They enable us to penetrate below the surface to the interior of the atom, or to the operation of our bodies and our minds. They are tremendously strong and beautiful structures, the fruit of the labors of many generations. Yet they are man-made and contingent. New discoveries and insights may modify them or even overthrow them entirely. However, what was good in them is never lost, but is taken over in the new theory in a different context. In this respect the scientist is the most conservative of men.

21. More than anything else, science requires for its progress opportunity for free, untrammeled, creative activity. The scientist must follow his thought and his data wherever they may lead. A new and fundamental scientific idea is always strange and uncomfortable to established doctrine and must have complete freedom in its development; otherwise it may be strangled at birth. Ever since the time of Galileo the progress of science has continued without a break and at an accelerated rate in spite of war, revolution, and persecution. However, this progress has not always been in the same country. When science faltered in Italy,

it began to bloom in England and Holland, then in France and Germany. Now that scientific progress is unfortunately slowing down in Europe, science in the United States after an incredibly long period of quiescence has burst out with tremendous vigor.

22. The great contributions to science in any country have usually come during or close to a period of great vigor in other fields, in periods of optimism, expansion, and revolutionary creative activity. In England it was right after the Elizabethan period. Newton's great contributions came within fifty years after the death of Shakespeare. The other great period in British science was between the Napoleonic Wars and the First World War. It was also a period of great poetry. In the United States the giant figure of Benjamin Franklin had no equal down to the most recent times; his period also produced the greatest statesmen in our history.

23. I do not wish to imply any necessary causal connection between important achievement in different fields of activity, but no one will deny that certain intellectual, moral, and spiritual climates are more conducive to creative activity than others. No one can deny that the continuity of a living tradition can be broken by the murder, exile, or ostracism of its chief exponents, or that a culture which is sterile can be kept so indefinitely by rigorous police action which prevents the intrusion of alien ideas. We have seen all too many examples of the self-preservation of sterility in recent years.

24. Fortunately for the scientific tradition it carries with it many gifts, some of which are more practical than spiritual, and therefore it has never lacked a new home when the time came to move. Science has never become localized in any place or in any culture. It is merely human and universal. French science and German science, Russian, English, Japanese, and American, do not exist separately as does poetry or some other arts such as law and government. They all speak the same universal language of science and say the same things when they have something to say. When another mode is imposed from without, science either quietly dies or goes away, leaving the field to the charlatan and pseudo-scientist.

25. What then are our conclusions? What does the tradition of science teach us?

26. It teaches us moderation and tolerance of ideas, not because of lack of faith in one's own belief, but because every view is subject to change and every truth we know is only partial. The strange thought or custom may still be valid.

27. It teaches coöperation not only among people of the same kind, but also of the most diverse origins and cultures. Science is the most successful coöperative effort in the history of mankind.

28. Science inspires us with a feeling of hopefulness and of infinite possibility. The road ahead may be invisible but the tradition of science has shown that the human spirit applied in the tradition of science will find a way toward the objective. Science shows that it is possible to foresee and to plan and that we can take the future into our own hands if we rid ourselves of prejudice and superstition.

29. The tradition of science teaches us that no vested interests in institutions or systems of thought should escape continual re-examination merely because they have existed and have been successful. On the other hand it also teaches us to conserve what is operative and useful.

30. Science teaches us self-discipline. One must continually look for the mote in one's own eye. The history of science shows that it is always there.

31. These lessons can be multiplied to cover almost the entire range of human activity, because science is itself a contemporaneous living thing made by men for man's edification and entertainment.

32. I will close with one last point. Science is fun even for the amateur. Every scientist is himself an amateur in another field of science which is not his specialty, but the spirit is the same. Science is a game that is inspiring and refreshing. The playing field is the universe itself. The stakes are high, because you must put down all your preconceived ideas and habits of thought. The rewards are great because you find a home in the world, a home you have made for yourself.

## *Anthony Standen*

# THEY SAY IT'S WONDERFUL

*Anthony Standen (1906- ) received a thorough scientific education at Oxford University and at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is an active member of the leading scientific organizations and societies of the United States and England, assistant editor of* The Encyclopedia of Chemical Technology, *and author of numerous articles and of two books*—Insect Invaders, *1943, and* Science Is a Sacred Cow, *1950.*

*A first-rate scientist himself, Mr. Standen can gracefully suggest that the white-robed priests of the cult of omnipotent science, who take themselves so seriously, deserve to be treated with some skepticism. In* Science Is a Sacred Cow, *of which this essay is the first chapter, he reviews several of the sciences: mathematics, the only exact science but the tool of all the others; physics, the oldest, the most highly developed, deserving the deference and respect paid it by the other sciences; biology, preoccupied with definition of terms, bogged down trying to establish a precise theory of evolution; psychology, formulating the obvious, filled with pious hopes, rent by bitter schisms as reflected in the various schools—gestaltists, behaviorists, functionalists, reflexionists; social science, guesswork clad in long flowing robes of "gobbledygook." In "They Say It's Wonderful" he is primarily concerned with the layman's undue reverence for scientists, the "arrogance of scientists (collective arrogance, be it said, once and for all)," and the scientific method.*

1. When a white-robed scientist, momentarily looking away from his microscope or his cyclotron, makes some pronouncement for the general public, he may not be understood, but at least he is certain to be believed. No one ever doubts what is said by a scientist. Statesmen, industrialists, ministers of religion, civic leaders, philosophers, all are questioned and criticized, but scientists—never. Scientists are exalted beings who stand at the very topmost pinnacle of popular prestige, for they have the monopoly of the formula "It has been scientifically proved . . ." which appears to rule out all possibility of disagreement.

2. Thus the world is divided into Scientists, who practice the art of infallibility, and non-scientists, sometimes contemptuously called "laymen," who are taken in by it. The laymen see the prodigious things that science has done, and they are impressed and overawed. Einstein said that matter could be converted into energy, and the atomic scientists went ahead and did it with the atomic bomb, and what other group of people have done anything so wonderful as that? Science has achieved so many things, and has been right so many times, that it is hard to believe that it can be wrong in anything, particularly for a layman, who does not have enough knowledge of the subject to be able to argue back. He might not even want to argue back, for the claims of science are extremely inviting. The benefits we have received from it are tremendous, all the way from television to penicillin, and there is no reason to suppose that they will stop. Cancer may be cured tomorrow, or the day after, and the nuclear physicists may easily find a way to end all

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drudgery and usher in the golden age. Mere laymen, their imaginations stupefied by these wonders, are duly humble, and regard the scientists as lofty and impeccable human beings.

3. "The scientist is a man of integrity and faith who trusts the basic laws of nature and intelligence to lead him into the paths of truth. His loyalty to truth is unquestioned: his capacity for patient and sacrificial inquiry is limited only by his powers of endurance; his devotion to the scientific method is unwavering; his objective is the welfare of mankind; and his discoveries, whether of medicine, mechanics, psychology, or what not, are the free possession of democratic peoples." [1] This is the opinion of Mr. Stewart Cole, in *Liberal Education in a Democracy,* and is probably a fair sample of what many laymen suppose to be true, although if scientists had to be all that Mr. Cole has been led to believe, there would be very few scientists.

4. Since it is only human nature to accept such flattery, the scientists accept the laymen's opinion about themselves. The laymen, on the other hand, get their information about scientists from the scientists, and so the whole thing goes round and round like the whip at Coney Island. Not that scientists become individually conceited about it; they will assure you, usually with truth, that they are modest and even diffident men. They take the extravagant praise as referring to Science in general, of which they are the humble representatives. But they themselves would be the first to say that Science is just an abstraction, and that to praise Science is to praise scientists, and so these individually humble men have their collective ego as inflated as a well-managed piece of bubble gum, while the laymen accept their own inferior status with scarcely a whimper.

5. The scientists are convinced that they, as scientists, possess a number of very admirable human qualities, such as accuracy, observation, reasoning power, intellectual curiosity, tolerance and even humility. Furthermore, they suppose that these qualities can be imparted to other people, to a certain extent, by teaching them science. In science teachers, therefore, the natural arrogance of scientists (collective arrogance, be it said, once and for all) is enhanced, for they think of teaching as preaching. They expound their subject in a spirit of high missionary zeal, hoping that some of the virtues, which they believe to be theirs, will seep into their pupils by osmosis. Teachers are therefore the propagandists, the front men, of science, and we find out most easily what science is really like by paying close attention to what the scientists teach and the reasons they give for teaching it.

6. "The success of the scientific method . . . is based entirely upon an absolute honesty of mind and love of truth." This is what Professor Hendren, of the University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia, has to say, as one of the reasons why one should read his book on physics. "Dogmatic prejudice, lying, falsification of facts, and data, and willful fallacious reasoning are all out of harmony with the spirit of the sciences. It is writ large in the history of science that the most heinous offense a man can commit is to falsify his data and let his prejudice and his desire color his reasoning. It has never been given to such a type of mind to discover any of the important truths of nature. If a student leaves his course in physical science with the typical scientific point of view, he has obtained a moral value which will be a distinct asset and which will help to lead him to a happy and successful life." [2]

7. If this is the effect of studying science in Georgia, it does not seem to be apparent in the rest of the population. Vast masses of people, all of whom had "Biology I" in college, or at least "Introductory Science" in high school, are not in the least distinguished, either by absolute honesty of mind, or by the absence of dogmatic prejudice, nor are they particularly happy or successful. How did this happen? Weren't they taught enough science? Or were they taught so badly that it didn't stick? Or can it possibly be that science—at any rate the kind of science they were taught —isn't all it is cracked up to be?

8. Almost everyone with a high-school edu-

[1] Reprinted by permission of Harper and Brothers.

[2] Hendren: *Survey of Elementary Physics* (Athens, Georgia: The University of Georgia Press). Reprinted by permission.

cation or more has been exposed to just a little science; most college graduates devote a considerable fraction of their time to this highly-rated human activity, whether they like it or not. They come out of the mill with one out of about three possible reactions: either (1) they hated it, and have depressing memories of cutting up dogfish and of "doing" experiments and trying to make the result come out right, or (2) they found the subject interesting, but the teacher dull, and nourish for the rest of their lives a wistful yearning to know more, or (3) they gobble up everything, and suppose that because science has penetrated the structure of the atom it can solve all the problems of the universe. People in the first two categories are genuine, understandable human beings. But the third class! So far are they from having learned any humility, they are known in every high school and among the freshmen and sophomores of every college as the most insufferable, cocksure know-it-alls. If they go on to be professional scientists, their sharp corners are rubbed down, but they undergo no fundamental change. They most decidedly are not set apart from the others by their integrity and faith, and their patient humility in front of the facts of Nature, as their teachers would like to have us believe. They know the last word about the electron, and they seem to think that they are entitled to pour scorn on other subjects from a very great height. If you want to talk to them about poetry, they are likely to reply that the "emotive response" to poetry is only a conditioned reflex, depending on the associations established for various words, and that the thing to study is thermodynamics. They become technocrats. They propose to solve the problem of war by having a committee of sociologists apply the scientific method to the differences between nations. They eat concentrated vitamins. They psychoanalyze every remark you make until it has no meaning. They are uneducated, in the fullest sense of the word, and they certainly are no advertisement for the claims of the science teachers.

9. That there are plenty of *good* reasons for knowing something about science goes without saying. Its practical advantages are perfectly obvious. Everybody knows how useful science is, in anything that you may do, from farming to mending a Ford car, and it would be very hard to find anybody who does not realize this, without any high-powered propaganda from the science-mongers. What is needed, in this very practical way, is just plain information without any high talk—as much as possible of the know-how of the television sets and dishwashing machines and plastic thingummies and gimmicks that are supposed to simplify our modern lives. The more of this kind of information everybody has the better, but it is only those who dish it out that are fooled into thinking that it has anything to do with moral values and patient sacrificial inquiry.

10. Atomic energy, of course, has given a great boost to science education, for persons of all ages from five to 100. Children play atomic bomb in their games, and grownups flock to books and magazine articles trying to make clear to them the meaning of $E = mc^2$. There was even a time, shortly after Hiroshima, when the seriousness of atomic energy was more or less appreciated, but it is very hard to go on living day after day, week after week, and keep in mind that the atomic bomb is not getting any less terrifying, but rather more so. $E = mc^2$ is dreadfully important. But this is not just another book about atomic energy, for that infernal discovery does not fundamentally change the picture, it only makes it very much sharper and more serious. Scientific warfare was bad enough as it was; it is at least 10,000 times worse now. We are forced to make decisions about atomic energy, or to let the decisions be made by our elected representatives. We, and our representatives, should know as much as we possibly can about uranium 238 and the neutrons. And it is troublesome, but true, that we would do far better to know more rather than less, and this would involve us all in a long stiff course in physics, for it is very little good having just a nodding acquaintance with a neutron.

11. But in spite of all these excellent reasons why everybody should study science in large-sized doses, the scientists stick to their attitudes that the real reason is something else, something higher and loftier altogether. They are like the Elizabethan poets, who would praise their mistress' eyes, nose, lips,

neck, etc., and then say "but if you could see the virtue that dwells within her breast, you would find that even more delightful still." It is for no base utilitarian reasons that they invite the adult, and bully the young into their classrooms. And it is not the results of science that they advertise most; it is always the "scientific method" or the "scientific attitude," or a variety of other hidden mystical virtues. Useful facts are mere dross: it is this underlying method that purifies and refines the soul. "Science teaches us how to think straight, how to avoid deceit, and how to benefit mankind most by honoring the authority of Truth," [3] says a chemist: a biologist goes in for "emotionalized standards"; one of these standards is believing in the scientific attitude with a fervent conviction "somewhat akin in its intensity to that of a religious belief." [4] He wants to teach the laws of health, to teach that nature is governed by law, and to make pupils love birds, trees, flowers, etc., and to give what he calls "a speaking acquaintance with plants and animals." Professor E. G. Spaulding, of Princeton, "considers the cultivation of scientific attitudes in the population at large of great importance as a means toward reconciling criticism and resistance to convention with amenableness to social requirements." [5] And so if you wish to achieve this reconciliation, whatever it is, you must get that scientific attitude. Mr. B. C. Gruenberg, an authority on the teaching of biology, favors science teaching "for enriching and stabilizing our thought in common," and says "continuous contact with the progress of science would serve to bridge the gap between older and younger, essential for family and social integration." [6] (The bridge is essential, not the gap.) Evenings, we should sit by the fire and chat about atomic fission. Another scientific educator believes that "scientists have a special responsibility to help adults and adolescents to find new conceptions and ideas to replace the traditional religious beliefs about the nature of the universe, man's place therein, and the meaning and value of human life, which science has made untenable" [7] (the traditional beliefs have been made untenable, not human life, for this was written in 1935, well before the atomic age). And Mr. Gerald Wendt, of Columbia Teachers College, says: "The student and the citizen need to absorb the scientific attitude, to master the scientific method of thought, and to understand the basic concepts of the sciences. Only thus, delving beneath the superficial and avoiding the burden of the technical, can they be ready to read further and to understand in the decades to come what science is doing and can do. Only thus can their own intelligence be called into play." [8] Merciful heavens! Were there no intelligent men before science was invented?

12. Alas, it isn't even true that scientists are always intelligent. Mr. Hilaire Belloc has pointed out that science has changed greatly, and for the worse, since it has become popular. Some hundred years ago, or more, only very unusual, highly original spirits were attracted to science at all; scientific work was therefore carried out by men of exceptional intelligence. Now, scientists are turned out by mass production in our universities, and they therefore include men of very ordinary, even mediocre intellectual powers. This is not to say that we shouldn't go on turning out scientists by mass production; their work is extremely useful, nay, indispensable: don't let us do anything to stop it. But we are having wool pulled over our eyes if we let ourselves be convinced that scientists, taken as a group, are anything special in the way of brains. They are very ordinary professional men, and all they know is their own trade, just like all other professional men. There are some geniuses among them, just as there are mental giants in any other field of endeavor. There is a good-sized intermediate group, who are fairly intelligent along their own particular line, just as in the population at large there are plenty of people who are fairly intelligent in at least one line. And there is plenty of work, in science, that can be done

[3] *Journal of Chemical Education* (La Jolla, Calif.), January 1947. Reprinted by permission.

[4] Downing: *An Introduction to the Teaching of Science* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press). Reprinted by permission.

[5] From *Science and the Public Mind*, by B. C. Gruenberg. Copyright 1935. Courtesy of McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc. Reprinted by permission.

[6] *Ibid.*

[7] *Ibid.*

[8] From *Earth Sciences*, by J. H. Bretz, John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 1940. Reprinted by permission.

by people who are stupid. For example, much agricultural research, which is roughly like this: it is necessary to find out what certain fertilizers will do, in varying amounts, by themselves and in combination. A large field is divided up into squares, which are treated with the various fertilizers in every possible combination, and the bushels of apples or pounds of potatoes are weighed. This requires nothing more than a certain amount of attention to detail. To find out the answer—which fertilizer is really best—requires the use of some rather complicated mathematics. The proper mathematics was developed by intelligent men, but almost anybody can be trained to use it. This kind of work is by no means confined to agriculture. At a rough guess, fully 90 per cent of all the scientific papers published are of this sort, sometimes without the mathematics, and they are just plain dull. And there is no reason why we should be hoodwinked into thinking that there are marvelous virtues in something that anyone can do, and that in any case is just plain dull.

13. If it isn't a 90 per cent yield of potatoes, it's something else. It all comes down to "correlations" (one of the scientists' favorite words). They measure two things, and find that when one of them changes the other also changes: this is called a beautiful correlation, and it is pursued with a solemn, dead-pan intensity, as if a correlation were a thing in itself. Very often they argue that the one thing *caused* the other, when it might quite well have been the other way round. Executives have been found to have a large vocabulary; therefore, learn ten new words every day, and you will become an executive. Or else, there will be an argument that, in principle, runs like this: a man gets drunk on Monday on whiskey and soda water; he gets drunk on Tuesday on brandy and soda water, and on Wednesday on gin and soda water. What caused his drunkenness? Obviously, the common factor, the soda water.

14. Scientists, themselves, are sober people. Their conventions and get-togethers are not nearly so exciting as those of salesmen. They know no more about subjects outside their own than any other group of people do, perhaps less, for they are hard-working, and spend long hours in keeping up with all the papers that are published—the 90 per cent potatoes stuff. They relax occasionally, and have their own form of rather professional humor. They easily absorb the prejudices of those around them, and many of them are mildly reactionary, and have mild class feelings and race bias, in an unthinking sort of way.

15. As we saw before, scientists are individually humble, for the most part, particularly the very best scientists. Though collectively they are a society of mutual backslappers, not all of them go in actively for scientific evangelism. It is mostly the scientific educators that do, but the rest of them make no effort to control the ridiculous excesses of these hucksters, and they may be taken as condoning their proselytizing by their silence. After all, with such a list of virtues as Mr. Cole has strung together, who would go out of his way to deny such praise? And as advertising always convinces the sponsor even more than the public, the scientists become sold, and remain sold, on the idea that they have the Key to the Absolute, and that nothing will do for Mr. Average Citizen but to stuff himself full of electrons, protons, neutrons, neutrinos, genes, chromosomes, glands, hormones, potassium chloride, high-octane gasoline, ultrasonic vibrations, and the theory of relativity.

16. What exactly is this "Science" that is so highly regarded? Buckets of ink have been used up in defining it, but the simplest way is to say, "Science is any knowledge that is arrived at by the Scientific Method"—and then to define the scientific method. Many more buckets of ink have been used in explaining this method, but its essentials can be described rather easily, as a series of definite steps, roughly as follows. The first step is observation. Usually what is observed is the result of a deliberately contrived experiment (but not necessarily, for astronomy is a science, and it is impossible to do any experiments with the stars). A number of observations are collected, and then the scientist goes into a huddle with himself and forms a hypothesis, that is, a suggested explanation, of some sort or other, of the facts that have been observed. A hypothesis is, if you like, a sort of guess: later in this book some of the hypotheses of science

will be described, to see how they work. In the next step the scientist says, "*If* my hypothesis is true, then when I do such and such an experiment, so and so ought to happen." The final step is to do the appropriate experiment, and see if the hypothesis is substantiated. If the result of the experiment is different from what was expected, the hypothesis is rejected at once, it's wrong. If the experiment agrees, the hypothesis is accepted tentatively. As further experiments are done, perhaps by other scientists, the hypothesis is continually put to the test of experiment, and if it survives a large number of experiments, and can explain them all, it is promoted to a "theory." A theory is simply a well-tested hypothesis, but there is no sharp dividing line. Even the very best of theories may turn out to be wrong, for tomorrow an experiment may be done that flatly contradicts it. Scientists suppose that they always remember this faint shadow of doubt that hangs over all their theories, but in practice, as we shall see later, they often forget it.

17. Besides these essentials of the scientific method, there are some other qualities usually associated with science, and that are connoted if not denoted by the word. One of these is accuracy in observation, which quite clearly is necessary. Quantitative measurement is also very highly stressed. Even more highly regarded is the absence of bias, or freedom from prejudice, that scientists think they enjoy. In the higher realms of science it really is uncommonly difficult to be properly impartial when comparing two theories, your own and somebody else's, or to be sure, in making a hypothesis, to give the other fellow's results just as much weight as your own. Most scientists do this remarkably fairly and well, in their own specialized fields, though whether they can practice this virtue outside their own little duck ponds is much more questionable; at any rate they pat themselves hard on the back for doing it at all. But they reserve the greatest praise for their own objectivity. It is continually stressed, in all scientific training, that subjective feelings must not enter. The scientist records the result of an experiment in terms of observations, usually readings of instruments; he pays no attention to whether he likes it or not. The objects in front of him are what he is talking about, not his own subjective feelings about them. He must record a result that contradicts his theory just as objectively as one that agrees with it. According to what some scientists say, one could almost define science as pure concentrated essence of objectivity. And this explains why science is, for some people, devoid of appeal, and why it leaves out much that is of interest to everybody, for we are all of us, as human beings but not as scientists, tremendously interested in our own subjective feelings.

18. Another belief firmly held by all scientists, even the quieter ones, is that they define their terms accurately, and express themselves with a praise-worthy precision which everybody should imitate. It is hard to see how they can keep up this belief, seeing that all of them spend quite a lot of time in reading what is written by other scientists, and that clear expression is as rare among scientists as it is anywhere else. The answer to this puzzle can only be that scientists are no better readers than anybody else, and don't know clear writing when they see it. At any rate they spend a great deal of trouble in framing definitions for their words. Sometimes the definitions actually say what the words mean, sometimes they don't. But they are impressed with the advantages of this procedure, and they teach words, supposing that in so doing they are teaching science. They will have you call the mammals the "Mammalia," or the backboned animals "Vertebrata." They will teach you that a spider is not an insect, that a whale is not a fish, or sometimes, by a crazy mismanagement of words in the name of science, that a shark is not a fish (because it is not a bony fish). They will teach you that the Latin name of an animal or a plant is the "scientific" name, as if one knew anything about science simply through knowing Latin names, although the whole Linnaean system of names, they will freely admit, is in an appalling mess. They will teach you that "work" is "force times distance" instead of being anything you do that is disagreeable and that you get paid for. In the realm of higher abstractions they will teach you powerful phrases like "electronic resonance" and "emergent evolution": they will define these in tight phrases which convey a meaning only to those who already

understand it, and if you can produce, in an examination, the correct defining words, then you pass the test. And all this has as much, and no more, to do with real science as knowing the names of the pieces and the squares on a chessboard has to do with being able to play chess.

19. The dreadful cocksureness that is characteristic of scientists in bulk is not only quite foreign to the spirit of true science, it is not even justified by a superficial view. It is of course quite possible to write the history of science as one long crescendo, whose ultimate glorious achievement is the present—and what wonderful people we must be. It is always given in this way, in teaching, as part of a little introduction which is a pep talk for the particular science being dealt with. The Greeks were very clever people, the introduction will go, and they thought of many ingenious theories, but they were lazy, and did not do experiments with their hands. Their foremost philosopher was Aristotle, and it is now the fashion to say that he was not altogether too bad, but the medievals were bad who believed things on Authority, the authority of Aristotle. Modern Science began with Galileo and Newton, and has run steadily ahead ever since, with a great acceleration of progress in the last fifty years, with radioactivity, the discovery of X rays, Einstein, Bohr, the structure of the atom, Oppenheimer, the Manhattan Project and the Atomic Energy Commission (leaving out the Un-American Activities Committee). But the same story can be told with a humiliating reverse English on it: if the climax and pinnacle of science is our knowledge of the atom *now,* then what was known ten years ago must have been decidedly imperfect, for science has made great strides since then. What was known twenty years ago was even more imperfect, and the science of fifty years ago hardly worth knowing. Using a little imagination, we can ask what will become of the science of today, some twenty or thirty years from now? Unless the rate of scientific advance shows a notable slacking off (and there are no signs of this) our best knowledge of today will become decidedly frowsy.

20. Since scientists have such overweening confidence in their ability—in their collective ability, that is to say—it is small wonder that they make no attempt to teach what are the limitations of science, for they hardly recognize any.

21. Yet there may be limits to what science can do. Consider this question: Can science disprove ghosts? In the supremely confident period, toward the end of the last century, when it was supposed that there was a conflict between Science and Religion, and Science was rapidly winning, it was the mark of an educated man to say, "Science has proved that there are no such things as ghosts, they are merely the superstitions of the unenlightened." Education is always behind the times, and much the same attitude is prevalent today; you can still hear people say, "Surely, science has proved that there are no ghosts." And yet, is that so? Suppose, just suppose for the sake of argument, that ghosts can occasionally appear when the psychological conditions are just right, and suppose, what might quite well be true, that one necessary condition for the appearance of a ghost is the *absence* of a scientist: well then, "Science" (that is to say, scientists) would go on investigating ghost after ghost, and would "disprove" every one of them, and yet ghosts would continue to appear whenever the scientists were not looking.

22. This is a simple case, perhaps not a very important one, illustrating the impossibility of proving anything negative by the scientific method. At least it is enough to show that science is not infallible, and if science has any more serious defects than the inability to perceive an occasional spook in the corner, it is of the utmost importance that citizens, generally, should know what they are. Yet this sort of knowledge is very conspicuously absent, from the populace at large, and from the curriculums of institutes of learning. Non-scientists don't even know what science *can* do; scientists are so obsessed with the past successes and future possibilities of their own specialty that they have no idea what the proper field of science in general is and no recognition that there are any limits. What they can't do, some other scientists, presumably, can do, so that they come to think that Science with a capital "S"—or rather its concentrated and distilled essence, the Scien-

tific Method—is the universal cure-all for mankind.

23. They are wrong, for science is not a cure-all. The claims of the science fiends are preposterously exaggerated. Science has many important limitations, which will appear throughout this book in ever-increasing number. The idea that science is infallible and beyond criticism, is a delusion, and even a dangerous one. The teaching of science only perpetuates this delusion, for it is always taught by scientists, who are so busy keeping up with science that they can never look at it from the outside. What with scientists who are so deep in science that they cannot see it, and non-scientists who are too overawed to express an opinion, hardly anyone is able to recognize science for what it is, the great Sacred Cow of our time.

24. John Dewey, a worshiper in the temple of science, said, "The future of our civilization depends on the widening spread and deepening hold of the scientific habit of mind." But perhaps there is more truth in an old wisecrack of Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Science is a good piece of furniture for a man to have in an upper chamber provided he has common sense on the ground floor."

## *Rachel L. Carson*

# THE BIRTH OF AN ISLAND

*Rachel Louise Carson (1907- ), aquatic biologist, was educated at Pennsylvania College for Women and at Johns Hopkins University. She has been a research scholar at Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory, biologist for the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, and is now editor-in-chief for the U. S. Wildlife Service.*

*Nearly all of her writings, from her first book,* Under the Sea Wind, *1941, to the latest,* The Sea Around Us, *1951, have been about aquatic life. Miss Carson has won many awards and prizes. For "The Birth of an Island," which appeared in* The Yale Review, *she received the Westinghouse Award "for the best piece of scientific writing to appear in a magazine" in 1950. This selection later became a part of* The Sea Around Us, *which won the 1952 National Book Award for nonfiction. Her next book will be a guide to the seashore.*

1. Millions of years ago, a volcano built a mountain on the floor of the Atlantic. In eruption after eruption, it pushed up a great pile of volcanic rock, until it had accumulated a mass a hundred miles across at its base, reaching upward towards the surface of the sea. Finally its cone emerged as an island with an area of about 200 square miles. Thousands of years passed, and thousands of thousands. Eventually the waves of the Atlantic cut down the cone and reduced it to a shoal—all of it, that is, but a small fragment which remained above water. This fragment we know as Bermuda.

2. With variations, the life story of Bermuda has been repeated by almost every one of the islands that interrupt the watery expanses of the oceans far from land. For these isolated islands in the sea are fundamentally different from the continents. The major land masses and the ocean basins are today much as they have been throughout the greater part of geologic time. But islands are ephemeral, created today, destroyed tomorrow. With few exceptions, they are the result of the violent, explosive, earth-shaking eruptions of sub-

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marine volcanoes, working perhaps for millions of years to achieve their end. It is one of the paradoxes in the ways of earth and sea that a process seemingly so destructive, so catastrophic in nature, can result in an act of creation.

3. Islands have always fascinated the human mind. Perhaps it is the instinctive response of man, the land animal, welcoming a brief intrusion of earth in the vast, overwhelming expanse of sea. Here in a great ocean basin, a thousand miles from the nearest continent, with fathoms of water under our vessel, we come upon an island. Our imaginations can follow its slopes down through darkening waters to where it rests on the sea floor. We wonder why and how it arose here in the midst of the ocean.

4. The birth of a volcanic island is an event marked by prolonged and violent travail, the forces of the earth striving to create, and all the forces of the sea opposing. The sea floor, where an island begins, is probably nowhere more than about fifty miles thick—a thin covering over the vast bulk of the earth. In it are deep cracks and fissures, the results of unequal cooling and shrinkage in past ages. Along such lines of weakness the molten lava from the earth's interior presses up, and finally bursts forth into the sea. But the eruption of a submarine volcano is different from one on the earth's surface, where through an open crater the lava, molten rocks, gases, and other ejecta are hurled into the air. Here on the bottom of the ocean the volcano has resisting it all the weight of the ocean water above it. Despite the immense pressures of two or three miles of sea water, the new volcanic cone builds upward towards the surface, in flow after flow of lava. Once within reach of the waves, its soft ash and tuff are violently attacked, and for a long period the potential island may remain a shoal, unable to emerge. But, eventually, in new eruptions, the cone is pushed up into the air and a rampart of hardened lava is built against the attacks of the waves.

5. Navigators' charts are marked with numerous recently discovered submarine mountains. Many are the submerged remnants of the islands of a geologic yesterday. On the same charts appear islands that emerged from the sea at least fifty million years ago, others that arose within our own memory, and undersea mountains that may be the islands of tomorrow, forming, unseen, on the floor of the ocean at this moment.

6. For the sea is by no means done with submarine eruptions; they occur fairly often, sometimes detected only by instruments; sometimes obvious to the most casual observer. Ships in volcanic zones may suddenly find themselves in violently disturbed water. There are heavy discharges of steam. The sea appears to bubble or boil in a furious turbulence. Fountains spring from its surface. Floating up from the deep, hidden places of the actual eruption come the bodies of fishes and other deep-sea creatures, and quantities of volcanic ash and pumice.

7. One of the youngest of the large volcanic islands of the world is Ascension in the South Atlantic. As the only piece of dry land between the hump of Brazil and the bulge of Africa, Ascension became known during the Second World War to every American airman crossing the South Atlantic. It is a forbidding mass of cinders, in which the vents of no less than forty extinct volcanoes can be counted. It has not always been so barren, for its slopes have yielded the fossil remains of trees. What happened to the forests no one knows, for the first men to explore the island, about the year 1500, found it treeless, and today it has no natural greenness except on its highest peak.

8. In modern times we have never seen the birth of an island as large as Ascension. But now and then there is a report of a small island appearing where none was before. Perhaps a month, a year, or five years later, the island has disappeared into the sea again. These are the little, stillborn islands, doomed to only a brief emergence above the sea.

9. About 1830 such an island suddenly appeared in the Mediterranean between Sicily and the coast of Africa, rising from 100-fathom depths after there had been signs of volcanic activity in the area. It was little more than a black cinder pile, perhaps 200 feet high. Waves, wind, and rain attacked it. Its soft and porous materials were easily eroded; its substance was rapidly eaten away and it sank beneath the sea. Now it is a shoal, marked on the charts as Graham's Reef.

10. Falcon Island, the tip of a volcano projecting above the Pacific nearly two thousand miles east of Australia, suddenly disappeared in 1913. Thirteen years later, after violent eruptions in the vicinity, it as suddenly rose again above the surface and remained as a physical bit of the British Empire until 1949. Then it was reported by the Colonial Under-Secretary to be missing once more.

11. Almost from the moment of its creation, a volcanic island is foredoomed to destruction. It has in itself the seeds of its own dissolution, for new explosions, or landslides of the soft soil, may violently accelerate its disintegration. Whether the destruction of an island comes quickly or only after long ages of geologic time may also depend on external forces: the rains that wear away the loftiest of land mountains, the sea, even man himself.

12. South Trinidad, a group of volcanic peaks lying about 700 miles east of the coast of Brazil, is an example of an island that has been sculptured into bizarre forms through centuries of weathering—an island in which the signs of dissolution are clearly apparent. E. F. Knight wrote in 1907 that Trinidad "is rotten throughout, its substance has been disintegrated by volcanic fires and by the action of water, so that it is everywhere tumbling to pieces." During an interval of nine years that elapsed between Knight's visits, a whole mountainside had collapsed in a great landslide of broken rocks and volcanic debris.

13. Sometimes the disintegration takes abrupt and violent form. The greatest explosion of historic time was the evisceration of the island of Krakatoa. In 1680 there had been a premonitory eruption on this small island in Sunda Strait, between Java and Sumatra in the Netherlands Indies. Two hundred years later came a series of earthquakes. In the spring of 1883, smoke and steam began to ascend from fissures in the volcanic cone. The ground became noticeably warm, and warning rumblings and hissings came from the volcano. Then, on August 27, Krakatoa literally exploded. In an appalling series of eruptions that occupied two days, the whole northern half of the cone was carried away. The sudden inrush of ocean water added the fury of super-heated steam to the cauldron. When finally the inferno of white-hot lava, molten rock, steam, and smoke had subsided, the island that had stood 1,400 feet above the sea had become a cavity a thousand feet below sea level. Only along one edge of the former crater did a remnant of the island remain.

14. Krakatoa, in its destruction, became known to the entire world. The eruption gave rise to a hundred-foot wave that wiped out villages along the Strait and killed people to the number of tens of thousands. The wave was felt along the shores of the Indian Ocean and at Cape Horn; rounding the Cape into the Atlantic, it sped northward and retained its identity even as far as the English Channel. The sound of the explosions was heard in the Philippine Islands, in Australia, and on the Island of Madagascar, nearly 3,000 miles away. And clouds of volcanic dust, the pulverized rock that had been torn from the heart of Krakatoa, ascended into the stratosphere and were carried around the globe, providing a series of spectacular sunsets in every country of the world for nearly a year.

15. Although its dramatic passing was the most violent eruption that modern man has witnessed, Krakatoa seems to have come into being as the result of an even greater one. There is evidence that an immense volcano once stood where the waters of Sunda Strait now lie. In some remote period a titanic explosion blew it away, leaving only its base represented by a broken ring of islands. The largest of these was Krakatoa, which, in its own destruction, carried away what was left of the original crater ring. But in 1929 a new volcanic island arose in this place, Anak Krakatoa—child of Krakatoa.

16. Subterranean fires and deep unrest disturb the whole area occupied by the Aleutians. The islands themselves are the peaks of a thousand-mile chain of undersea mountains of which volcanic action was the chief architect. The geologic structure of the ridge is little known, but it rises abruptly from oceanic depths of about a mile on one side and two miles on the other. Apparently this long narrow ridge indicates a deep fracture of the earth's crust. On many of the islands volcanoes are now active, or only temporarily quiescent. In the short history of modern navigation in this region, it has often happened that a new island has been reported,

but perhaps as soon as the next year it had disappeared.

17. The small island of Bogoslof, since it was first observed in 1796, has altered its shape and position several times and has even disappeared completely, only to emerge again. The original island was a mass of black rock, sculptured into fantastic, towerlike shapes. Explorers and sealers coming upon it in the fog were reminded of a castle and named it Castle Rock. At the present time there are left only one or two pinnacles of the castle, a long spit of black rocks where sea lions haul out, and a cluster of higher rocks resounding with the cries of thousands of sea birds. Each time the parent volcano erupts, as it has done at least half a dozen times since men have been observing it, new masses of steaming rocks emerge from the heated waters, some to reach enormous heights before they are destroyed in fresh explosions.

18. One of the few exceptions to the almost universal rule that oceanic islands have a volcanic origin seems to be the remarkable and fascinating group known as St. Paul's Rocks. Lying in the open Atlantic between Brazil and Africa, they are an obstruction thrust up from the floor of the ocean into the midst of the racing equatorial current, a mass against which the seas, that have rolled a thousand miles unhindered, break in sudden violence. The entire cluster of rocks covers not more than a quarter of a mile, running in a curved line like a horseshoe. The highest rock is no more than sixty feet above the sea; spray wets it to the summit. Abruptly the rocks dip under water and slope steeply down into great depths. Geologists since the time of Darwin have puzzled over their origin, though it is generally agreed that they are composed of material like that of the sea floor itself. In some remote period, inconceivable stresses in the earth's crust must have pushed a solid rock mass upward more than two miles.

19. So bare and desolate that not even a lichen grows on them, St. Paul's Rocks would seem one of the most unpromising places in the world to look for a spider, spinning its web in arachnidan hope of snaring passing insects. Yet Darwin found spiders when he visited the Rocks in 1833, and forty years later the naturalists of *H.M.S. Challenger* also reported them, busy at their web-spinning. A few insects are there, too, some as parasites on the sea birds, of which three species nest on the rocks. One of the insects is a small brown moth which lives on feathers. This very nearly completes the inventory of the inhabitants of St. Paul's Rocks, except for the grotesque crabs that swarm over the islets, living chiefly on the flying fishes brought by the birds to their young.

20. St. Paul's Rocks are not alone in having an extraordinary assortment of inhabitants, for the fauna and flora of oceanic islands are amazingly different from those of the continents. The pattern of island life is peculiar and significant. Aside from forms recently introduced by man, islands remote from the continents are never inhabited by any land mammals, except sometimes the one mammal that has learned to fly—the bat. There are never any frogs, salamanders, or other amphibians. Of reptiles, there may be a few snakes, lizards, and turtles, but the more remote the island from a major land mass, the fewer reptiles there are, and the really isolated islands have none. There are usually a few species of land birds, some insects, some spiders. So remote an island as Tristan de Cunha in the South Atlantic, 1,500 miles from the nearest continent, has no land animals but these: three species of land birds, a few insects, and several small snails.

21. With so selective a list, it is hard to see how, as some biologists believe, the islands could have been colonized by migration across land bridges, even if there were good evidence for the existence of the bridges. The very animals which are missing from the islands are the ones that would have had to come dryshod, over the hypothetical bridges. The plants and animals which we find on oceanic islands, on the other hand, are the ones that could have come by wind or water. As an alternative, then, we must suppose that the stocking of the islands has been accomplished by the strangest migration in earth's history—a migration that began long before man appeared on earth and still continues, a migration that seems more like a series of cosmic accidents than an orderly process of nature.

22. We can only guess how long after its emergence from the sea an oceanic island may

lie uninhabited. Certainly in its original state it is a land bare, harsh, and repelling beyond human endurance. No living thing moves over the slopes of its volcanic hills; no plants cover its naked lava fields. But little by little, riding in on the winds, drifting in on the currents, or rafting in on logs, floating brush, or trees, the plants and animals that are to colonize the island arrive from the distant continents.

23. So deliberate, so unhurried, so inexorable are the ways of nature that the stocking of an island may require thousands or millions of years. It may be that no more than half a dozen times in all these eons does a particular form, such as a tortoise, make a successful landing upon its shores. To wonder impatiently why man is not a constant witness of such arrivals is to fail to understand the majestic pace of the process.

24. Yet we have occasional glimpses of the method. Natural rafts of uprooted trees and matted vegetation have frequently been seen adrift at sea, more than a thousand miles off the mouths of great tropical rivers like the Congo, the Ganges, the Amazon, and the Orinoco. Such rafts could easily carry an assortment of insect, reptile, or mollusk passengers. Some of the involuntary passengers might be able to withstand long weeks at sea; others would die during the first stages of the journey. Probably the ones best adapted for travel by raft are the wood-boring insects, which, of all the insect tribe, are most commonly found on oceanic islands. The poorest raft travellers must be the mammals. But even a mammal might cover short inter-island distances. A few days after the explosion of Krakatoa, a small monkey was found floating on some drifting timber in Sunda Strait. She had been terribly burned, but was rescued and survived the experience.

25. No less than the water, the winds and the air currents play their part in bringing inhabitants to the islands. The upper atmosphere, even during the ages before man entered it in his machines, was a place of congested traffic. Thousands of feet above the earth, the air is crowded with living creatures, drifting, flying, gliding, ballooning, or involuntarily swirling along on the high winds. Discovery of this rich aerial plankton had to wait until man himself had found means to make physical invasion of these regions. With special nets and traps, scientists have now collected from the upper atmosphere many of the forms which inhabit oceanic islands. Spiders, whose almost invariable presence on these islands is an intriguing problem, have been captured nearly three miles above the earth's surface. Airmen have passed through great numbers of the white, silken filaments of spiders' "parachutes" at heights of two to three miles. Many living insects have been taken at altitudes of 6,000 to 16,000 feet, and with wind velocities reaching 45 miles an hour. At such heights and on such strong winds, they might well have been carried hundreds of miles. Seeds have been collected at altitudes up to 5,000 feet. Among those commonly taken are members of the Composite family, typical of ocean islands.

26. An interesting point about transport of living plants and animals by wind is the fact that in the upper layers of the earth's atmosphere the winds do not necessarily blow in the same direction as they do on the earth's surface. The trade winds are notably shallow, so that a man standing on the cliffs of St. Helena, a thousand feet above the sea, is above these winds, though they blow with great force below him. Once drawn into the upper air, insects, seeds, and the like can easily be carried in a direction contrary to that of the winds prevailing at island level.

27. The wide-ranging birds that visit islands of the ocean in migration may also have a good deal to do with the distribution of plants, and perhaps even of some insects and minute land shells. From a ball of mud taken from a bird's plumage, Charles Darwin raised eighty-two separate plants, belonging to five distinct species. Many plant seeds have hooks or prickles, ideal for attachment to feathers. Birds also distribute plants by ingestion of seeds. Such birds as the Pacific golden plover, which annually flies from the mainland of Alaska to the Hawaiian Islands and even beyond, probably figure in many riddles of plant distribution on islands.

28. The catastrophe of Krakatoa gave naturalists a perfect opportunity to observe the colonization of an island. With most of the island itself destroyed, and the remnant cov-

ered with a deep layer of lava and ash that remained hot for weeks, Krakatoa, after the explosive eruptions of 1883, was, from a biological standpoint, a new volcanic island. As soon as it was possible to visit it, scientists searched for signs of life, although it was hard to imagine how any living thing could have survived. Not a single plant or animal could be found. It was not until nine months after the eruption that the naturalist Cotteau was able to report: "I only discovered one microscopic spider—only one. This strange pioneer of the renovation was busy spinning its web." Since there were no insects on the island, the web-spinning of the bold little spider presumably was in vain, and except for a few blades of grass, practically nothing lived on Krakatoa for a quarter of a century. Then the colonists began to arrive—a few mammals in 1908; a number of birds, lizards, and snakes; various mollusks, insects, and earth worms. Ninety percent of Krakatoa's new inhabitants, Dutch scientists found, were forms that could have arrived by air.

29. Isolated from the great mass of life on the continents, with no opportunity for the crossbreeding which tends to preserve the average, to eliminate the new and unusual, island life has developed in a remarkable manner, and nature has excelled in the creation of strange and wonderful forms. As though to prove her incredible versatility, almost every island has developed species which are endemic, that is, they are peculiar to it alone and are duplicated nowhere else on earth.

30. It was in the pages of earth's history written on the lava fields of the Galapagos that young Charles Darwin read the message of the origin of species. Observing their strange plants and animals—giant tortoises, amazing black lizards that hunted their food in the surf, sea lions, birds in extraordinary variety—he was struck by their vague similarity to mainland species of South and Central America, yet haunted by the differences, differences that distinguished them not only from the mainland species but from those on other islands of the archipelago. Years later he was to write in reminiscence: "Both in space and time, we seem to be brought somewhat nearer to that great fact—that mystery of mysteries—the first appearance of new beings on earth."

31. Of the "new beings" evolved on islands, some of the most striking examples have been birds. In some remote age before there were men, a small, pigeon-like bird found its way to the island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean. By processes of change at which we can only guess, this bird lost the power of flight, developed short, stout legs, and grew larger until it reached the size of a modern turkey. Such was the origin of the fabulous dodo, which did not long survive the advent of man on Mauritius. New Zealand was the sole home of the moas, ostrich-like birds of which one species stood twelve feet high. Moas had roamed New Zealand from the early part of the Tertiary; those that remained when the Maoris arrived soon died out.

32. Besides the dodo and the moas, other island forms have tended to become large. Perhaps the Galapagos tortoise became a giant after its arrival on the islands, although fossil remains on the continents cast doubt on this. The loss of wing use and even of the wings themselves (the moas had none) are common results of insular life. Insects on small, wind-swept islands tend to lose the power of flight. The Galapagos Islands have a flightless cormorant. There have been at least fourteen species of flightless rails in the islands of the Pacific alone.

33. One of the most interesting and engaging characteristics of island species is their extraordinary tameness, a lack of sophistication in dealing with the human race which even the bitter teachings of experience do not quickly alter. When Robert Cushman Murphy visited the Island of South Trinidad in 1913 with a party from the brig *Daisy*, terns alighted on the heads of the men in the whaleboat and peered inquiringly into their faces. On Laysan, the albatrosses (whose habits include wonderful ceremonial dances) allowed naturalists to walk among their colonies, and responded with grave bows to similar polite greetings from the visitors. When the British ornithologist David Lack visited the Galapagos Islands, a century after Darwin, he found that the hawks allowed themselves to be touched, and the flycatchers tried to remove hair from the heads of the men for nesting material. "It is

a curious pleasure," he wrote, "to have the birds of the wilderness settling upon one's shoulders, and the pleasure could be much less rare were man less destructive."

34. But man, unhappily, has written one of his blackest records as a destroyer on the oceanic islands. He has seldom set foot on an island without bringing about disastrous changes. He has destroyed environments by cutting, clearing, and burning; he has brought with him as a chance associate the nefarious rat; and almost invariably he has turned loose upon the islands a whole Noah's Ark of goats, hogs, cattle, dogs, cats, and other non-native animals, as well as plants. Upon species after species of island life, the black night of extinction has fallen.

35. In all the world of living things, it is doubtful whether there is a more delicately balanced relationship than that of island life to its environment. This environment is a remarkably uniform one. In the midst of a great ocean, ruled by currents and winds that rarely shift their courses, climate changes little. There are few natural enemies, perhaps none at all. The harsh struggle for existence that is the normal lot of continental life is softened on the islands. When this gentle pattern of life is abruptly changed, the island creatures have little ability to make the adjustments necessary to survival.

36. Ernst Mayr tells of a steamer wrecked off Lord Howe Island east of Australia in 1918. Its rats swam ashore. In two years they had so nearly exterminated the native birds that an islander wrote: "This paradise of birds has become a wilderness, and the quietness of death reigns where all was melody."

37. On Tristan de Cunha, nearly all of the unique land birds that had evolved there in the course of the ages were exterminated by the hogs and the rats. The native fauna of the island of Tahiti is losing ground against the horde of alien species that man has introduced. The Hawaiian Islands, which have lost their native plants and animals faster than almost any other area in the world, are a classic example of the results of interfering with natural balances. Certain relationships of animal to plant, and of plant to soil, had grown up through the centuries. When man came in and rudely disturbed this balance, he set off a whole series of chain reactions.

38. Vancouver brought cattle and goats to the Hawaiian Islands, and the resulting damage to forests and other vegetation was enormous. Many plant introductions were as bad. A plant known as the pamakani was brought in many years ago, according to report, by a Captain Makee for his beautiful gardens on the island of Maui. The pamakani, which has light, windborne seeds, quickly escaped from the Captain's gardens, ruined the pasture lands on Maui, and proceeded to hop from island to island. The CCC boys once were put to work to clear it out of the Honouliuli Forest Reserve, but as fast as they destroyed it, the seeds of new plants arrived on the wind. Lantana was another plant brought in as an ornamental species. Now it covers thousands of acres with a thorny, scrambling growth—despite large sums of money spent to import parasitic insects to control it.

39. There was once a society in Hawaii for the special purpose of introducing exotic birds. Today when you go to the islands, instead of the exquisite native birds that greeted Captain Cook, you see mynahs from India, cardinals from the United States or Brazil, skylarks from Europe, and titmice from Japan. Most of the original bird life has been wiped out, and to find its fugitive remnants you would have to search assiduously in the most remote hills.

40. Some of the island species have, at best, the most tenuous hold on life. The Laysan teal is found nowhere in the world but on the small island of Laysan. Even on this island it occurs only on one end, where there is a seepage of fresh water. Probably the total population of this species does not exceed fifty individuals. Destruction of the small swampy bit of land that is its home, or the introduction of a hostile or competing species, could easily snap the slender thread of life.

41. Most of man's habitual tampering with nature's balance by introducing exotic species has been done in ignorance of the fatal chain of events that would follow. But in modern times, at least, we might profit by history. About the year 1513, the Portuguese introduced goats on the recently discovered island of St. Helena, which had developed a magnifi-

cent forest of gumwood, ebony, and brazilwood. By 1560 or thereabouts, the goats had so multiplied that they wandered over the islands by the thousand, in flocks a mile long. They trampled the young trees and ate the seedlings. By this time the colonists had begun to cut and burn the forests, so that it is hard to say whether men or goats were the more responsible for their destruction. But of the result there is no doubt. By the early 1800's the forests were gone, and the naturalist Alfred Wallace later described this once beautiful, forest-clad volcanic island as a "rocky desert" in which the fugitive remnants of the original flora persisted only in the most inaccessible peaks and crater ridges.

42. When the astronomer Halley visited the islands of the Atlantic about 1700, he put a few goats ashore on South Trinidad. This time, without the further aid of man, the work of deforestation proceeded so rapidly as to be nearly completed within the century. Today Trinidad's slopes are the place of a ghost forest, strewn with the fallen and decaying trunks of long-dead trees; its soft volcanic soils, no longer held by the interlacing roots, are sliding away into the sea.

43. One of the most interesting of the Pacific islands was Laysan, one of the far outriders of the Hawaiian chain, a tiny scrap of soil. It once supported a forest of sandalwood and fanleaf palms, and had five species of land birds, all peculiar to the island. One of them was the Laysan rail, a charming, gnome-like creature no more than six inches high, with wings that seemed too small (and were never used as wings), and feet that seemed too large, and a voice like distant, tinkling bells. About 1887, the captain of a visiting ship moved some of the rails to Midway, about three hundred miles to the west, establishing a second colony. It seemed a fortunate move, for soon thereafter rabbits were introduced on Laysan. Within a quarter of a century, the rabbits had killed off the vegetation of the tiny island, reduced it to a sandy desert, and all but exterminated themselves. As for the rails, the devastation of their island was fatal, and the last native rail died about 1924.

44. Perhaps the Laysan colony could later have been restored from the Midway group had not tragedy struck there also. During the war in the Pacific, rats went ashore from ships and landing craft on island after island. They invaded Midway in 1943. The adult rails were slaughtered. The eggs were eaten, and the young birds killed. The world's last Laysan rail was seen in 1944.

45. The tragedy of the oceanic islands lies in the uniqueness, the irreplaceability of the species they have developed, by the slow processes of the ages. In a reasonable world men would have treated these islands as precious possessions, as natural museums filled with beautiful and curious works of creation, valuable beyond price because nowhere in the world are they duplicated. W. H. Hudson's lament for the birds of the Argentine pampas might even more truly have been spoken of the islands: "The beautiful has vanished and returns not."

## *Louis Bromfield*

# WE DON'T HAVE TO STARVE

*Louis Bromfield (1896- ), novelist, is a descendant of a line of farmers who pioneered into Ohio in the eighteenth century. Revolting against the circumscribed life on the farm with its attendant poverty and hard labor, he left Ohio to cast his fortunes in the East, where he became a newspaper man at fifteen, wrote news stories for the Associated Press, served as dramatic and music critic, became one of the original editors of* Time Magazine, *and conducted a critical column for* The New Yorker. *In 1924 he published his first novel,* The Green Bay Tree. *In 1926 he won the Pulitzer Prize with* Early Autumn. *Following in rapid succession came* A Good Woman, *1927,* The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, *1928, and a series of other novels, including what has probably been his most popular,* The Rains Came, *1937. In 1933 Mr. Bromfield, impelled by the firm conviction that neglected and eroded land could be transformed into productive areas capable of supporting a vast segment of the world population, purchased a thousand-acre farm near Mansfield, Ohio.* Pleasant Valley, *1945, and* Malabar Farm, *1948, recount his farming experiences, and, like this essay, utter a vigorous plea for action against wasteful exploitation of our agricultural soil.*

After more than a hundred years the ghost of Thomas Robert Malthus is walking again. At the end of the eighteenth century, Malthus set forth the theory that while food supplies of the world increased by arithmetical progression, population increased by geometric progression, and that the day was certain to arrive when the population of the world would exceed its capacity to feed itself.

In Malthus's time, vast areas of the colonial world were opening up and the prospect of a world shortage of food seemed preposterous to many of his contemporaries. But now we know that in most cases these areas filled up almost at once to the limits of their capacity to feed their populations under existing agricultural practices.

Some of the newly opened areas, instead of becoming treasure houses of food, turned out to be unsuited to productive agriculture because of the soils or climates; and some, because of excessive rainfall and its leaching effect, produced only food of an unbalanced and deficient nutritional value. Moreover, advances in medicine, sanitation, and nutrition have increased the average life span and kept alive millions of people who in Malthus's time would have died at middle age, or earlier.

All in all, time and man's progress—as well as his ignorance and greed—have served to vindicate Malthus and have produced a world in which food shortages have become an increasing menace. A school of Neo-Malthusians has sprung up crying "woe" and "havoc," and on the surface evidence they appear to be right. They see a world with steadily increasing populations in which productive agricultural land is constantly being destroyed by wind and water erosion and a wretched agriculture, and in which yields per acre have been constantly going downhill.

Opposed to the Neo-Malthusians is a less pessimistic group of experts which believes that the world can feed itself if it will change its ways and if peoples and governments will recognize the vital role that food plays in the question of world war or peace. Beyond these

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two groups there exists a school of so-called experts which, often through the medium of newspapers and national magazines, has been conducting a "Pippa Passes" campaign—"God's in his heaven: All's right with the world" and there is nothing for us to worry about. This silliness is inspired in some cases by ignorance and in others by bureaucratic and academic feuds and jealousies.

As a practical working farmer I am inclined to believe that the answer lies somewhere in between. The world is not feeding itself and actually is on the downgrade, but it could feed itself if it chose.

No nation has a worse record than ours in exploiting and destroying its natural resources. Yet, at the moment, we are beginning to provide what might be called an historically astonishing spectacle: that of a nation and a people doing something about a grave situation before it actually becomes a disaster.

Today it could be said, I think, that the world is turning more and more to this country for the answers to the problems of soil erosion, depletion, and waning food supplies. Perhaps 50 per cent of these answers have come out of the billions spent annually upon Federal and state agencies, and the remainder from the better farmers—those possessed of intelligence, imagination, curiosity, and the capacity to learn, and blessed with the powers of observation.

The truth is that during the past generation a great revolution has been going on in American agriculture, which until recently has passed almost unnoticed. It is a revolution which involves many factors—mechanization, technology, economics, plant breeding, and wholly new approaches to soil, nutrition, and disease—and which presents an amazingly complex pattern with its threads extending into the fields of chemistry, physics, medicine, nutrition, health, and almost every manifestation of science and human endeavor. It could have an immense effect upon the establishment of world peace, since food and raw materials and markets and purchasing power all lie at the very root of war in our shrunken modern world.

I suppose it could be said that modern agriculture began with Justus von Liebig and the invention of commercial or chemical fertilizers. Liebig's creation of chemical fertilizers gave rise to a school of agriculturists who, with the oversimplification which sometimes handicaps specialists, looked upon these new fertilizers as *the* solution to the problem of producing great quantities of food and fiber continuously and at a comparatively low cost. The assumption proved to be disastrous. As a result of the use of chemical fertilizers alone, millions of acres of good farm lands declined rapidly in production and some millions were virtually destroyed—a costly example of the scientific error of concentration upon one factor to the exclusion of many others.

By the persistent and *sole* use of chemical fertilizers the textures of soils were destroyed, erosion and the attacks of diseases and insects were promoted, and adequate moisture was eliminated, together with the bacteria, fungi, molds, earthworms, and countless other organisms—some of them as yet undiscovered—which we know now are indispensable to a real and maintained agriculture and a sound soil capable of optimum production.

At one time the advertisements of chemical fertilizer producers read as if one needed only to sprinkle a little chemical fertilizer on an asphalt pavement, sow the seeds, and eventually harvest bumper crops. But all this has changed. Today the manufacturers of chemical fertilizers are among the greatest advocates of organic material in soils, for they have come to recognize that their product is beneficial or destructive in exact ratio to the amount of organic materials in the soil. They realize that a good and permanent customer is a satisfied customer, and that a farmer who understands soil and good agricultural practices must be satisfied with the results of chemical fertilizers if he is to purchase them persistently and in quantities profitable to the manufacturer.

The chemical fertilizer error which began the agricultural revolution has been almost entirely corrected in good agricultural practice and teaching, and much of the correction has come from the chain of new discoveries which have brought the agricultural picture back into balance.

Productive soil is not simply an accumulation of inert minerals: it contains within its

limits the whole process of birth, growth, death, decay, and rebirth which is the inexorable law of all continuing organic life. To produce the optimum in quantity and quality a cubic foot of soil must contain an intricate series of balances: a balance between minerals and organic material, a balance among the major elements—nitrogen, potash, phosphorus, and calcium—and finally a balance between all these things and the whole range of the trace elements such as manganese, boron, magnesium, cobalt, sulphur, and many others which need exist only in minute quantities, but the absence of which can create sicknesses and low yields in plants, and sicknesses and even deformities, both physical and mental, in animals and people feeding from the deficient or unbalanced soils.

It is very likely that the laws governing perfect soils of high production both in quantity and quality are as exact as those governing chemistry, physics, or astronomy. Beyond these purely mineral and organic balances there exist also other elements and perhaps balances, still unexplored, having to do with the molds, fungi, hormones, enzymes, antibiotics, vitamins, and other factors. Both this field and that of the trace elements (of which we know almost as little) open up fabulous possibilities, in relation not only to quantity but to quality nutritional factors in agriculture, in animal husbandry, and in human life, vigor, and character.

The point is that if every cubic foot of the world's soil now under cultivation could be made into a perfect, balanced soil, not only could we raise many times the amount of food the world is now producing but we could improve its nutritional quality to such a degree that, save for inherited organic deficiencies or weaknesses, we could alter the physique, character, and intelligence of millions of the world's population for the better. In other words, instead of coolies or poor whites, living perpetually on the borders of malnutrition and even starvation, we should be developing well-fed, intelligent physical specimens capable of producing and enjoying economic wealth and of making continuous contributions to civilization.

The task of converting the agricultural soils of the earth to this degree of organic and mineral perfection would be a colossal t but not an impossible one. The means known and available to every governm and every people if they choose to use th

One is accustomed to hearing the express "worn-out farm" applied to farms which h reached a low stage of production or b abandoned altogether. I am inclined to lieve that there is no such thing as a "wc out farm" except in the case where eros by wind or water may have carried off all t soil down to the level of unproductive ha pan or actual rock. All soils were origin nothing but accumulations of minerals rocks in broken-down form. As life progres and developed on this planet, and the pro of organic birth, growth, death, decay, rebirth advanced with increasing rapid these inorganic mineral accumulations came overlaid with deposits of minerals in organic form of dead and decaying or deca animals and vegetation. In this organic fc the minerals were highly available for nutrition of succeeding animals and v tation.

When man began the first agriculture, began destroying this thin organic residue two ways: (1) by encouraging it to wash a down the streams and back into the oce (2) by burning it up rapidly through cult tion. Not only did he gradually destroy the living qualities of the soil (the moist bacteria, fungi, molds, and other factors pendent upon decaying organic mater for their existence) but he also destroyed process by which these organisms opera to break down chemical combinations of organic minerals, unlocking them and mak them available to plants and consequentl animals and people. In other words, he in rupted a natural chain reaction together v the balance by which soils are created re-created and by which they can consta restore themselves.

On the whole this destructive process been called agriculture for thousands of ye Only here and there in very limited regi and among a few farmers throughout hist have there existed exceptions to the gen pattern.

It is one of the common assumptions of layman that crops consume great quanti

of minerals out of the soil, thus depleting it rapidly. Actually no such thing occurs. No plant, even greedy corn or cotton, takes as much as 5 per cent of its weight or growth from the soil. Many plants take much less than that. The rest comes out of sunlight, air, and water through the miraculous process of photosynthesis, which ends by providing us with the proteins and oils necessary to our existence. A small amount of minerals, however, *is* necessary in order for the process of photosynthesis to take place, and the capacity for production of fiber and seed is in turn largely determined by the quality of balance or imbalance existing among the minerals in the soils.

In many cases, it is not actual mineral depletion which reduces crop yields to the point where a farm becomes "worn out," so much as poor agricultural practices which make the minerals unavailable. The same minerals are still in existence but they have been reduced virtually to the same condition in which they existed at the time that organic life began on this planet.

In the hands of a truly modern, intelligent farmer these "worn-out" farms can be restored rapidly, and at an economically possible cost, to the level of their original production; and sometimes—through the addition of fertilizers to correct poor mineral balances and by new hybrid and more productive plants—they may be raised above the level of the original virgin soil production in terms of quality as well as quantity.

This is an operation which I have observed as taking place or having already been achieved on a great number of so-called "worn-out" farms through the South, the Atlantic seaboard, and the Middle West. It is exactly the process we have employed on our own worn-out land at Malabar Farm, where today we are growing more of most crops per acre than has ever been grown before on this land. In the process we have spent less money on fertilizer than is spent annually on many farms providing much lower yields. The process is neither expensive in terms of money nor is it in any sense a short cut. We work with Nature rather than against her, following the very method by which Nature built up some of our richest soils, and speeding up the process immeasurably through technology and mechanization. In an area of once eroded land, no more erosion occurs today with the land under intensive cultivation than occurred when the same land was covered by hardwood forest. Possibly there is even less erosion.

It is to these low-production or "worn-out" farms that we must turn in this country for further increases in agricultural production since we have no more rich virgin land. To a great extent this is also true of the rest of the world.

Nature, to be sure, laid down her accumulations of minerals in a haphazard way and in combinations of great variety so that, contrary to the belief of the average person, not all virgin soils are good or productive soils. Indeed some virgin soils are miserably unbalanced and deficient in many elements. The point is that today, for the first time in the history of agriculture, we know pretty well what *does* make a productive soil and we have the means, within economic reason, of eventually making all soils *of any potentiality whatever* into balanced and very nearly perfect soils.

If our agriculture in this country were operating 100 per cent on this kind of soil, we could without question feed three to four times our present population at the nutritional levels to which we are accustomed. Moreover, our food would cost much less and the farmer would be making a greater profit since the rule which has made American industry supreme in the world applies equally to agriculture—the rule that the more you produce per unit, per man-hour, per dollar invested, the cheaper is the cost and the greater the profit.

In laying down minerals and in the process of translating these from inorganic to organic form, Nature has created a few soils which were originally very nearly perfect. Among these, perhaps at the very top, are the Black Belt soils of Alabama, Texas, and the Ukraine. In Alabama these soils, first depleted of organic materials and converted into "dead" soils, have been allowed to erode away until in the greater part of the area the soils are no longer black, but gray. In Texas the same soils, put under the plow from seventy-five to one hundred years later, have also suf-

fered from erosion, though to a lesser degree. But while they remain black, the yields per acre have fallen off as much as 50 per cent or more during the past few years. This is not because of mineral depletion, but because the destruction of organic materials and the failure to replenish them has made the Black Belt soil a dead soil in which the natural mineral fertility has become largely unavailable.

Soil specialists in the area do not recommend the use of chemical fertilizers, because the natural mineral fertility of these soils and the quality of their mineral balance are still so superior that chemical fertilizers would add nothing to the potential fertility. But organic material of any kind mixed into these soils produces miraculous results. A crop of hubam or annual sweet clover plowed into a field can raise production in one year 30 per cent or more, merely by reintroducing into the soil the natural process of birth, growth, death, decay, and rebirth which maintains moisture and makes the native minerals available to plants and consequently to animals and people. This is only one of the many instances in which, simply by proper agricultural methods, the yields of soils can be increased enormously—in some areas, similar to our own in Ohio, even increased many hundred per cent.

The great wheat area of the Southwest offers another striking example of the effect upon production of applying knowledge and common sense to agriculture. In the past the rule for three years was on an average one total crop failure, one fair year, and one good year. There has been no failure in the wheat crop since 1939, and in nearly every year the crops have been of bumper proportions. It could be said that the dust storms (and this was the great Dust Bowl area) have virtually ceased, or at least become almost wholly localized.

This change was not brought about through altered climatic conditions, but by a simple change in methods of agriculture. The old-fashioned mold-board plow has been abandoned and a "ripping" plow, which tears up the soil without turning it over and burying all rubbish and organic material, has been substituted. No longer do the farmers who know on which side their bread is buttered burn over the residue of straw, leaving the ground bare. Instead they chop it or work it into the surface, sometimes to a depth of four to five inches. Some farmers are using subsoilers or great chisels which rip up the soil to a depth as great as twenty inches or more, breaking up the hardpan and admitting to the mineral reserve, deep down, both the air and the moisture which help to make it available to the crops growing on the surface.

The rubbish left on the surface or chopped into it has the power of reducing the velocity of a sixty-miles-an-hour gale to about eight miles an hour on the surface of the fields. Thoroughly worked ground, full of surface rubbish, entraps virtually *all* the rainfall which on the clean worked fields of the past largely ran off the hard and sometimes caked surface, creating soil erosion and downstream floods.

Today, under the new agriculture, all of this rainfall, eccentric and undependable and generally in the form of heavy downfalls in this area, is trapped and carried deep into the ground as a reserve for crops during the dry season that follows. Moreover, it is protected from subsequent evaporation by wind and water by the insulating layer of rubbish and straw mixed into the surface of the earth above. The result is an immense conservation of the moisture so vital to all crops, and a noticeable check upon erosion by wind and water.

In the past the success or failure of a wheat crop was virtually determined by the amount and timing of rainfall. Today this element of chance has been nearly eliminated through a purely technological change in agriculture. Although rainfall has been below normal in the area during the past three years and not too well distributed, there has been no crop failure. The answer is, of course, that through intelligent methods backed by modern machinery a twelve-inch total rainfall is as valuable as a sixteen-inch rainfall under the old pattern of agriculture, since nearly all rainfall is trapped and insulated. At least one great source of the world's most valuable food, wheat, has been largely insured against the caprices of weather.

On the horizon, there exist countless other factors contributing to the world's potential ability to feed itself well. Germany has led

the way in producing high-protein foods and feed for cattle out of sawdust and the wastes of the forestry industry.

The manipulations of yeast and the use of algae to produce high proteins and even fats is already in an advanced stage and is completely practical as a means of increasing supplies both of high proteins, by which we live, and fats and oils which are indispensable to our health and eventually to our existence. The government station at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, is experimenting with the planting of clams to be harvested as a crop. An acre of the waters of Chesapeake Bay produces more high-protein food than any acre of land under cultivation anywhere in the world, and this production can be increased still further by the program of management being worked out by the Federal government and the states adjoining the Bay area. The control of soil erosion and of industrial and city pollution alone in this region would doubtless add an increase of 25 per cent or more to the yields.

The wholesale advance of grass farming by which hilly or marginal land unadapted to other agricultural uses can be developed for growing high-quality grass forage for cattle, sheep, poultry, and to some extent hogs, thus releasing grain supplies for direct consumption by people, offers further possibilities of augmenting the supply of such high-protein foods as meat and the whole range of poultry and dairy products. All of this is involved in a program of proper land use, of understanding soils and their fundamental inexhaustibility, and of getting optimum production off each kind.

In all these advances technology, and in particular mechanization, cannot be overlooked. Today if a farmer has a few bright days he can—through the proper use of mechanization—plant, cultivate, or harvest a crop and save it all, where in the past he might have lost part or all of it. Mechanization has introduced as well a great number of tools such as the subsoiler, the field tiller, the Graham-Hoehme "ripping" plow now in use throughout the Great Plains area, and many other implements adapted to the new agriculture and designed to achieve optimum production. Moreover, mechanization, together with all the other factors dealt with above, can bring down the cost of food, increase profits to the farmer, and expand the purchasing power of the dollars of all of us.

Agricultural scientists are now making valuable new discoveries through the use of the spectograph, which had hitherto been used to determine the mineral contents of distant planets. Today this instrument can be used not only to determine the mineral composition of soils, down to the smallest trace elements, but also to determine the mineral content of vegetables and so fix their nutritional value. These values are not all the same in the same vegetable, as many housewives assume. Two heads of lettuce can vary as much as 75 per cent in their nutrition content, according to mineral content and balance of the soils on which they were grown.

In a half-dozen places agricultural research workers are using radioactive isotopes of various minerals to trace the part each mineral plays in the growth and productivity of any plant. It is highly probable that in the near future these workers will be able to understand and explain one of the miracles of the universe—how a plant is able, by the process of photosynthesis, to turn sunlight, air, and water into proteins and oils, and to provide us and the whole animal kingdom with the basic means of existence upon earth. The prospects opened by such a discovery are almost endless.

At Freeport, Texas, the Dow Chemical Company, pushing further and further the processes by which magnesium was extracted during the war from sea water, is succeeding in the recovery of many other valuable elements. The sea, to be sure, is the source from which all of us came when the first fish went ashore to live, and all the elements of the sea are still necessary in the production of human beings who are intelligent and healthy. The sea is the repository of all the minerals and elements which have been washed down into it since the beginning of time, and if they can be recovered at a reasonable economic cost in great quantities, they can make agricultural land highly productive. The supply, of course, is inexhaustible. In the past the process of recovering elements directly from the sea for use in agriculture has been economically pro-

hibitive, but today the prospect of recovering an incredible amount of potential fertility at a reasonable cost is within sight.

If what we already know were simply applied to all the agricultural land of the world and the problem of proper distribution were given consideration, the world could feed itself well. The means are at hand and available. The solution is up to man and his governments—whether he chooses to go on raising less and less and increasing his numbers meanwhile, or whether he and his governments choose to settle down and produce those great quantities of food which it is potentially possible to produce.

It is an apparently valid law of biology that, as diet and living standards move upward, the increases in population coming from the lower economic levels tend to stabilize themselves somewhere within the limits of reasonable potential food supplies. The poorer the diet and living conditions, the faster the population tends to breed, apparently in agreement with the Darwinian theory that plants and animals under adverse conditions reproduce frantically in order that some of the species may survive. It is not impossible that once we begin to feed the world properly, particularly the more starved areas, the population problem in relation to the food supply will tend to correct itself.

The truth is that man, since agriculture began with the first cave man who burned over a little plot of grass or forest and worked it until it would no longer produce, has been living off the countryside like an invading army destroying everything as it moved. Largely speaking, he has fought Nature instead of working with her, and now finds himself face to face with perhaps the most formidable problem of his existence.

We know today how to produce food and to produce it in great and increasing quantities. We know how to create soils that are better and more productive than all but a very few of those created by Nature in her haphazard way. We don't have to starve.

# Reportage

## *Cecil Brown*

# STAND BY FOR TORPEDO

*Cecil Brown (1907- ) began his world travels shortly after he finished college when he and his brother stowed away on a ship bound for South America. A year later, he shipped out as an able seaman on a freighter headed for the Black Sea. After this experience, he settled down in the United States for a few years, working on newspapers in various parts of the country, until, in 1937, he decided to try his luck free-lance in Europe. During the war years he was employed by CBS and journeyed halfway round the world—from Rome (he was expelled from Italy in 1940 for his criticism of the Fascists) to Yugoslavia, Ankara, Cairo, and finally, via Rangoon and the Malayan jungle, to Singapore, where he experienced the exciting adventure reported below. On his return to the United States in 1942 Cecil Brown published a book called* Suez to Singapore, *and continued his radio commenting for CBS and more recently for the Mutual Broadcasting System.*

*Because it is a vivid account of a kill-or-be-killed experience, and because the event reported is extremely significant in the history of warfare, "Stand By for Torpedo" may well be considered a classic piece of report writing.*

1. We were looking for trouble and we were ready for it. "Looking for trouble," was the way Admiral Phillips put it when we sailed out of Singapore on that unforgettable Monday, December 8th, at dusk, for a sweep northward to intercept the convoys reinforcing the Japanese bridgeheads on the north coast of Malaya. We were looking for trouble. We found it.

2. It's Wednesday now, and my watch says it's 11 A.M. The *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales* are still hunting, but they're also being hunted. Yesterday, at 5:20 P.M., during a one-hour break in the gray, rain-filled clouds, the Jap Nakajima Naka 93 spotted us. The Nakajima Naka 93 is a twin-float reconnaissance plane. The plane shadowed us constantly and we expected an attack all last night, convinced it would come, inevitably, at any moment.

3. I wasn't worried, particularly, for the very good reason that under me there were 32,000 tons of armor-clad ship—*H.M.S. Repulse*. And around me were 1,260 stanch sailormen. Half a mile ahead *H.M.S. Prince of Wales* steamed at 26 knots through the South China Sea, 55 miles from the Malay Coast, 150 miles north of Singapore. The beautiful ship moved with what seemed a prideful invulnerability and accentuated our sense of security.

4. The clouds have gone now, and the sky is a robin's-egg blue and the sun is bright yellow. Our ships move through pea-green water, white where the hulls cleave it. Ahead, the *Wales'* fifteen-inch guns jut from port and starboard from turrets that bulge like muscles. They seem to quiver, eagerly. A few destroy-

STAND BY FOR TORPEDO: Reprinted by permission of the author and the publisher, from *Collier's*, January 17, 1942.

ers flank us. They are pygmy ships and seem ridiculous and impertinent in such powerful company.

5. The crews, their battle bowlers on, are sitting beside their guns, waiting for attack alarm. Standing on the flag deck, I look down over the decks of the *Repulse*. The pom-poms, multiple high-altitude ack-acks, are pointed skyward. The guns seem no less eager for combat than the crews themselves.

6. The flag deck is a good spot from which to watch most phases of any action. Of course it has its disadvantages too. Yesterday one of the deck officers said to me, quietly, "You know, old boy, in every action there are usually casualties on the flag deck." I said, "Thanks."

7. I wear a white antiflash hood, something like the snow helmets the boys wear skiing. It covers the head over an ordinary steel helmet and comes down over the shoulders. It's to protect against burns from exploding shells or bombs. Jumpers cover my shorts and bush jacket. I've got a camera hanging around my neck. Wonder if I'll get a chance to use it?

8. At 11 A.M., to the second, the ship's communications system bellows: "Enemy aircraft approaching—Action Stations!" I see them coming, 10,000 feet high, like a lengthened star-sapphire necklace, grayish against the blue sky.

9. Flame tongues flash from the guns of the *Wales* up ahead and just as the blasts reach us the guns of the *Repulse* let go. I've never been so close to so many big guns before. The roar is deafening. The flash of flame from their barrel mouths is blinding.

10. I'm standing on the flag deck, in the lee of a funnel, eight feet from a battery of pom-poms. I'm getting my tonsils sunburned by gaping open-mouthed at the planes overhead, at the bombs coming down, materializing suddenly out of nothingness and streaming toward us like ever-enlarging teardrops. There's a magnetic, hypnotic, limb-freezing fascination in that sight.

11. Nine Jap planes are now directly overhead. Their formation is undisturbed. The sky is filled with black puffs and they seem a discordant profanation of that beautiful sky. Suddenly, fifteen feet off the side of the ship, directly opposite where I'm standing, a geyser of water rises and drenches us and simultaneously we feel the crash of a bomb on the catapult deck.

12. All around us the water rises in white pyramids. I hear the cry, "Fire in marines' mess and hangar!" I run back to see the damage but the bomb penetrated and exploded, and only smoke is coming up. Our aircraft is knocked off its track and a red-bearded New Zealand fleet air-arm pilot is atop the crane attempting to lift the plane to drop it overside, since its gasoline constitutes a menace. As I pass the gun crews they seem extraordinarily calm, replenishing ammunition, laughing. "Let's get them all next time." I hear somebody say, "Bloody good bombing for those blokes." When I return to the flag deck I note a three-inch hole in the funnel from a bomb-splinter eighteen inches above the spot where I'd been standing. It's obvious my number isn't up yet. Just as I reach the flag deck again I see a splash three miles distant off the port beam and a roar goes up: "We got him!"

13. Smoke is still coming up from the catapult deck and strenuous efforts are under way to control the fire. Four stokers come up to the flag deck to get first aid. They're blackened and scorched, and their clothes are water-soaked.

14. They are very calm but wild-eyed and stunned, and their hands are shaking. It isn't a pleasant sight, and someone says, "Make way for these men. They need first aid."

15. A stoker says, "Water. I want some water." A glass is placed to his lips.

16. It's 11:40. The *Prince of Wales* seems to be hit. She's reduced her speed and signals, "We've a man overboard." A destroyer pushes up to her side. Standing less than 100 feet away, it's as incongruous as a baby running to protect its mamma. The flag-deck lieutenant says: "Those Japs were good, weren't they?"

17. I say, "Too good to suit me. How badly is the *Wales* hit?" The lieutenant says, "I don't know. They haven't told us yet."

18. We are all lighting cigarettes, sucking deeply, and our exhalations are more like sighs. The pause is too brief. At 11:45 distant specks appear. Now they are identifiable. They are nine torpedo-carrying bombers,

circling a mile away at one thousand feet. They are now like moths around our flaming guns.

19. They swoop lower. A bugle blows to stand by. The communications pipes roar to stand by for a barrage, and instantly every gun aboard the *Repulse* is stuttering and roaring and the whole ship vibrates and the pom-poms are tossing empties furiously. But their clatter is unheard in the bigger roar of the guns. A voice beside me says, "Look at those yellow —— come!" The *Repulse* is twisting and snaking violently to avoid torpedoes. My only weapon is a fountain pen and a notebook, so I sidle beside a multiple Vickers gun spewing 2,000 half-inch bullets every minute.

20. A few feet to my right an eight-barreled pom-pom is spitting, and half a dozen feet away a four-inch high-altitude ack-ack is crashing, its barrel nearly horizontal instead of skyward, to meet the onrushing torpedo bombers, which are coming down gracefully 100 yards above the water.

21. A cooling liquid is gushing over the guns and the paint blisters on them are as big as tennis balls. Gunners are moving like a movie running too fast. Some are very young and eager and breathless with excitement, their faces streaked with sweat. The white cloth antiflash helmets covering their heads, cheeks and shoulders are now soaked and discolored. Some are wearing life belts and Mae Wests.

22. A whole pom-pom swings this way and that, with its seated trigger man, feet braced, riding with it. That is a dizzy job.

23. I've already seen three torpedoes drop. One plane just dropped a torpedo 300 yards distant. The whole side of the plane is exposed. Shells and tracers are ripping into it. It's fascinating to watch.

24. The tracers are cross-stitching the sky, at eye level, with long, thin white lines, slightly curved. For me this whole picture—orange flame belching from the four-inchers, white tracers from pom-poms and Vickers guns, and gray airplanes so close I can see the pilots' profiles; astonishingly close, like butterflies pinned on blue cardboard—is a confusing, macabre kind of fun.

25. But this, I realize, is deadly business too. Three gunners ten feet from me slump over with Japanese machine-gun bullets in them. It's difficult to comprehend sudden death. But they aren't the only casualties in this terrible moment. A torpedo bomber has just dropped a tin fish and banked without gaining altitude. It glides beautifully, parallel with the *Repulse* at a ten-degree angle and still tracers are plowing into it. It doesn't seem to me the plane is going to crash until an instant later I see that it isn't going to pull out and is still gliding toward the sea. It strikes the water and immediately bursts into flame.

26. I run to the starboard side of the flag deck, where another torpedo bomber is coming in. It is difficult to judge distance but I guess it's no more than 200 yards away when it swerves. I don't see the torpedo. And with good reason. There's a huge hole in the side of the plane. It's aflame, and instantly it seems to buckle. As though it's got a cramp it dives, shapeless, flaming, seaward. It's just a pillar of fire until it hits the water and spreads out into nothingness.

27. There are nine bombers in that attack which ends at 11:51.

28. A flag-deck sailor runs past to transmit a message to the bridge deck directly above: "*Prince of Wales,* steering gear is gone." The decks of the *Repulse* are littered with empty shell cases. Upon the faces of the sailors there's a mixture of incredulity and a sort of sensuous pleasure, but I don't detect fear. There's an ecstatic happiness, but strangely, I don't see anything approaching hate for the attackers. For the British this is a contest. This facial expression is interpreted by an officer who turns to me and says: "Plucky blokes, those Japs. That was as beautiful an attack as ever I expect to see." He'll never see another action. He's at the bottom of the South China Sea.

29. Our great concern is that the Japs are going to crash-dive the ship. I know enough about naval warfare to know that the flag deck is a good spot on which to crash-dive. Suddenly it occurs to me how wonderful it would be to be back in Ohio. A voice says: "Here they come again."

30. At 12:01 ten torpedo bombers launch an attack at all angles. One even launches a torpedo directly astern, which seems silly since we are twisting rapidly. Planes coming from port and starboard are headed directly at the

bow. I see the *Prince of Wales* being subjected to an attack also and a bomber is coming toward us from a thousand yards, directly ahead.

31. I think, "Here comes a crash-dive." No, this certainly isn't fun. The smell of cordite is suffocating. My eyes ache with the blows of shell blasts.

32. It's the same as before—amazingly daring torpedo bombers are targets for mere moments and are seemingly unaffected by the almost solid wall of shells and bullets. The water is streaked with the tracks of torpedoes. A sudden roar goes up on one side of the ship. It's another bomber down, but I didn't see it.

33. If it wasn't so awe-inspiring it would be routine; the way planes rush in, drop a tin fish, machine-gun the decks of the *Repulse* and roar away. Now they're all gone. Those who are able to light cigarettes do so, and I take off my steel helmet and notice the sailors blowing up their life belts.

34. At 12:20 I see ten bombers approaching. It's impossible to tell whether this will be a high-level or a torpedo attack. They come closer, lower, and it's definitely a torpedo attack. The communications pipes again, "Stand by for barrage," and hell breaks loose. A plane is diving straight for the middle of the ship off the port side, 500 yards away, and tracers are rushing to meet it, but it comes on and now seems suspended in the air 100 yards above the water and the torpedo drops.

35. It is streaking for us. There is a deadly fascination in watching it. The watcher shouts, "Stand by for a torpedo." The torpedo strikes the ship about twenty yards astern of my position. It feels as though the ship has crashed a dock. I am thrown four feet across the deck but I keep my feet. Almost immediately, it seems, the ship lists and the communications pipes bellow: "Blow up your life belts." I take down mine from the shelf and start putting it on, having blown two or three puffs into the tube when communications says: "All possible men to starboard."

36. But a Japanese plane invalidated that command. Instantly there's another crash to starboard. Incredibly quickly, the *Repulse* is listing to port, and I haven't finished blowing up my life belt. Captain William Tennant's cool voice is piped over the communications system: "All hands on deck. Abandon ship. God be with you!"

37. Those last words came out of the ship's loud-speakers. We all start streaming down the ladders to reach the quarter-deck. The coolness of everyone is incredible. There is no pushing, but no pausing either. One youngster seems in a great hurry and an officer quietly says to him: "Now, now, we are all going along that way, too."

38. Beside a pom-pom two men are dead. I see four sailors, two of them midshipmen, just eighteen, carry a comrade with a machine-gunned leg to the edge of the ship and throw him seaward to give him a chance to be rescued. I see a lifeboat jammed with ratings (British for seamen) and a half a dozen officers.

39. I climb a cable hand over hand and finally I swing myself into a tiny, precarious corner. Someone shouts, "This boat will never get off."

40. As a matter of fact, no boats of the *Repulse* take away. We all pile out. I drop ten feet to the slippery, slanting deck and crash into a bulkhead. I'm dizzy when I pick myself up and scramble away on my hands and knees, grabbing cables and deck protuberances to reach the edge of the ship. The ship is almost on her side and in a swell position to capsize and there are at least 500 heads bobbing in the water.

41. The tide is sweeping them swiftly astern. From masts fore and aft men jump 70, 80, 90 feet into the sea. One doesn't jump far enough and hits the slanting hull and crumples and flops into the water like a sack of wet cement. Another misses his direction and dives straight down a funnel, but most appear to leap clear. Standing on the edge of the ship, which is now like the ridge of an Army tent, I hate to leave the *Repulse*.

42. The whole thing has become suddenly unbelievable, and now I see the *Prince of Wales* sinking, shrouded in smoke. Men beside me are sliding down the side of the ship, bouncing their rumps over rivets, hitting bulges and shooting off into space. An officer who last evening said to me, "I find *Alice in Wonderland* the best book to read during wartime," stands up and dives. He dives back inside the ship, into the torpedo hole under the water line.

43. Sailors are throwing into the sea any-

thing floatable. I turn back. On deck there's a padre, who is administering to a dying gunner. Men are running along the hull of the ship to dive from a point nearer the water. As though a hammer had crashed down on my head it suddenly came to me: "Cecil, old boy, you aren't going to get out of this."

44. You do queer things at such moments. I take off my shoes and carefully lay them down together as I would at the foot of a bed. I see the admiralty photographer engaged in similar idiocy. He opens a lifeboat locker and places his expensive camera inside and carefully closes the lid.

45. I am most unwilling to leave behind my new portable typewriter, which is in my cabin and now under water. I slide down four feet along the side of the ship and brace my feet in a porthole and remove my steel helmet and lay it inside the port. Ten feet away the whole hull is torn as wide and jagged as a slashed tin can.

46. I still hate to leave the crazy-angled ship and my false security for that oily mess below. A sailor at my side stands up and dives with outstretched arms. Beautiful. That decides me.

47. I jump twenty feet. My ignorance of shipwreck technique is profound. It doesn't occur to me to swim away from the ship to avoid the suction until I see others striking out vigorously. It doesn't occur to me that the ship might explode or the oil catch fire.

48. But now I'm swimming away and I grab a small piece of wood, and when I'm 50 feet from the *Repulse* I slide under water. The stern is vertical and almost immediately I feel the powerful suction, and oil sweeps over my head and I swallow much of that unpleasant stuff. The wood I'd grabbed was a small bench and I hang onto it and manage to lie atop it and take off my socks.

49. But the effort required is excessive and I drink oil again, and someone calls across the water, "You all right, old boy?" I say, "Yes," and gulp more oil.

50. I'm not giving up, but I have suddenly a pessimistic view of my chances of floating a half mile to the destroyers. The tide and oil make swimming difficult. Every face in the water around me is black with oil.

51. One ten yards distant yells, "I've a cramp," and disappears. I see four or five others just give up and slide under water without a sound. One officer is blowing up the life belts of half a dozen seamen in the water. The stronger are constantly swimming to the side of men who are getting glassy-eyed, some supporting others and hanging onto planks.

52. Many faces are blood-streaked and oil-soaked. After 55 minutes in the water I manage to reach a Carley float which is jam-packed. A Royal marine pulls me up and supports me to keep me from falling off. Jap planes are still overhead. Someone says, "Watch out for those yellow ——, they're going to machine-gun us," and another says, "Best thing to do is dive under water." A marine rasps out, "Shut up with that guff!" I thought, "After all this we gotta get machine-gunned."

53. I knew that if I dived under water I'd never come up. But the Japs don't molest us, although if one bomb drops anywhere near, it will kill us all with its concussion. After an hour and a half the raft gains a destroyer, and a line is tossed to us. The marine loops it around me and yells, "Heave up," and I'm dragged through foot-thick oil and hauled on deck. Admiral Phillips and Captain Leach have gone down with the *Prince of Wales*, and Captain Tennant of the *Repulse* is saved. I am suddenly very tired, but I am not too tired to inquire about the officer I'd seen pumping life belts for the glassy-eyed sailors.

54. It seems that while in the water he took off his belt and gave it to a sailor who was unable to swim. The officer isn't among the survivors.

55. Some of those men running alongside ship to dive jumped off the stern and, since the screws were still turning, they were caught in the blades. At least twelve marines died thus. Highest dive made was by a midshipman. He leaped from atop the mainmast, the highest point on the ship. He dived 170 feet and was saved.

56. On the Carley float I managed to reach, one sailor lay back and died from exhaustion and from swallowing oil. We were forced to push him off to make room for others still in the water and hanging precariously onto the float. I'm glad I knew how to swim.

# *Philip Wylie*

# —AND WHAT ABOUT HURRICANES?

*Philip Wylie (1902- ), novelist and short story writer, was born in Montclair, New Jersey, where his father was a Congregational minister and his mother a writer of popular fiction. He received his college training at Princeton University. In his varied writing career he has been press agent, staff writer of* The New Yorker, *script writer for Paramount Pictures and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, newspaper columnist, magazine contributor, and editor for the publishing house of Rinehart. He has written a large number of books, among which* Finnley Wrenn, *1934,* Night unto Night, *1944, and* Generation of Vipers, *1942, are perhaps best known because of the relentless castigation they give American manners and morals.*

*Though as an author Mr. Wylie is often in a state of high anger, the following report of his experience with a hurricane in Miami, Florida, his present home, is told objectively—with a fine gift of choosing detail that recreates for the reader the emotion and the subjective reaction of an on-the-spot experience.*

1. The sky was blue innocence, the air as washed and warm as on any tropic day, and the sun made the landscape glow. It was the morning after another hurricane. I came downstairs and began the usual inventory.

2. Our rooms would have been very dark—because of the cypress shutters over the windows and glass doors—but we had left one deeply recessed opening unbarred. Light came grayly from there; the outdoors, seen through it, was as brilliant as the color picture on the screen of a dim theater.

3. I flipped a switch. No light. I'd expected none. The telephone, lifted from its cradle, emitted no hum. It had gone out at eleven the evening before. In the kitchen I turned a tap unhopefully, but this time our city water flowed. I let the hot tap run, since the tanks would still be warm, filled a kettle and set it on the miniature stove beside the inert coils of the electric range. I struck a match, but its damp head smeared, so I snapped a cigarette lighter and set afire the can of solidified alcohol.

4. The louvers on the kitchen door opened with effort. The door itself resisted until I pushed hard enough to crack branches, of which there was a drifted heap in the carport where our two automobiles were jammed deliberately against each other and a concrete wall. The cars were polka-dotted with thousands of poinciana leaflets and stood hub-deep in debris. But no glass was broken and they seemed all right.

5. No morning paper on the steps. A glance down the curving driveway gave one possible explanation: it was blocked by limbs from our live-oak trees, limbs thigh-thick, heaped as high as the top of a big truck. The lawn lay invisible beneath vegetation, with pans, tins, pots, flower containers and other objects here and there—objects less careful neighbors or people somewhere had failed to take indoors. I walked toward the green barricade in the drive. Lo and behold, the newspaper lay there, after all! The boy had come as close

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to our house as he could and tossed it over the heap. Its headline read:

DAMAGE MAY REACH 30 MILLIONS

6. To the left was the poinsettia bed, a hundred feet long, hewn in hard rock by the gardener and myself, filled by wheelbarrow with special dirt and planted with choice cuttings which this year were expected to produce a wall of scarlet. Two great oak branches and a tree now lay upon the bed, poinsettias crushed beneath. The foot-thick trunk of the tree was splintered; it had been tossed by last night's wind from a nearby woods onto our floral border.

7. I walked around the high brick wall that masks the clothes-drying yard. A huge solanum vine, still in flower when the red-and-black hurricane-warning flags were hoisted, lay prostrate in the yard, and not a blossom left. Where the parasol-wide leaves of the taro had tented a corner of the house, was a green wreck. The pads of the tropical water lilies in the pool I'd spent months digging and cementing were turned up and tattered like flounces on the dress of a drowned girl. Rain that fell inches in minutes had brimmed the little pond; leaves, twigs and branches filled it.

8. The oak at its base was probably done for. Two branches of seven remained; the rest stood stiffly in the sunshine, like the shot-off fingers of a cupped hand. Beyond, in the acres of our land that are pine and palmetto, the blasted stumps of a few trees showed; but most still stood. And the house itself was unscathed.

9. I went back into the murky kitchen, slapping at mosquitoes, perspiring a little from the October sun and the dampness of the green-smelling morning. The kettle was hot now. I put a heaping spoonful of powdered coffee in a cup, added sugar and then cream from the still-cold but slowly defrosting refrigerator, poured the hot water, drank coffee and opened up the morning paper.

Mrs. Wylie came downstairs. Ricky, we call her. She looked at me for a moment and smiled. "How did we do?"

"Dandy," I said. "Just dandy!"

10. On the morning of the day before, a friend, knowing that we rarely listened to the radio, had phoned early. She had been a little bit jeering: "You should have stayed north longer! That hurricane fumbling around Jamaica is headed this way now! It's the ninth or tenth spotted this year, and I hope it misses, like the others!"

11. We were busy. We had other plans. But the same thing was true of all the half million people that morning in South Florida: the business went undone and the plans were canceled. Ricky, like tens of thousands of other housewives, has a routine for such occasions, and I, like as many husbands, have my set chores.

12. We tested our radio, but it didn't work. So that got priority on the list. We were warned at nine o'clock. By noon we'd had new batteries put in the radio, so it would work without its regular power supply.

13. Our gardener, luckily on hand, by noon had spread the solid board hurricane shutters on the lawn and commenced to carry them to the proper windows. Galvanized wing nuts and washers, brass screws and heavy bolts in glass jars marked "Hurricane" had been brought down from shelves. Both cars had been filled with gasoline, for there is no way to tell, when a hurricane is hours distant, how bad it will be, and therefore how many days may pass with the power off and gasoline pumps not functioning. The extension ladder was leaning against the house. The stepladders had been carried outdoors.

14. Ricky had shopped. The two-gallon kerosene can was full, for lamps. The can for "white" gasoline also was full, for the lantern. Extra batteries to fit sundry electric lamps and flashlights were on hand. She had stocked a fresh supply of candles, a dozen cans of solidified alcohol, powdered coffee, enough tinned staples to keep us fed without heat or ice for two weeks, if need be. People with freezer units can sometimes get dry ice to carry their produce over a period without electric power, but we have no unit. So she cooked the meat on hand. It would keep longer that way.

15. We have a spaniel named Popcorn; there was a three-week supply of canned food for him. Ricky had also bought a half-dozen bug bombs, against the good possibility that our screens might be damaged beyond easy and early repair, so that to sleep in any com-

fort we would have to seal up and spray a bedroom.

16. She'd set out raincoats and heavy boots and old towels in case of leaks just as I'd set out an ax in case of blockaded doors and fire extinguishers because of the lamps and the approaching wind.

17. Every two hours on the half hour, our radio stopped playing dance music or reporting world affairs or discussing the merits of advertised goods, and we—the half million of us—were transferred to the Weather Bureau. There, a calm but urgent voice made its reports, which are called advisories and were repeated at half-hour intervals by the regular announcers on all stations—stations which, in a few more hours, largely would fall silent as their tall steel towers crashed in a roaring night.

18. The storm, the voice would say, is at such-and-such latitude and longitude. Then it would translate: so many miles south and east of Miami and coming north and west at ten or eleven miles an hour. Or standing still for a while over some empty, tempestuous stretch of the sea. "Planes scouting the storm report wind velocities near the center at upward of a hundred miles an hour. This is a small but dangerous hurricane, and all safety measures and other preparations should be rushed!"

19. After the Weather Bureau, would come the voice of an announcer for the Red Cross. He would tell the listeners—sure of an excellent audience—what schools and other public buildings had been designated as shelters. Anybody who felt unsafe would be welcome —men, women and children, bearing their own food and water and flashlights, if they had them, but not pets. Pets were to be left behind with supplies of food and water. And expectant mothers were to be taken to Jackson Memorial Hospital; the storm might be so furious that the stork could get through, but not the doctor.

20. People in trailers, people in rickety houses, people living near the sea and frightened by the expectation of rising tides, packed up their families in family cars or took busses to the shelters—which were opened at two in the afternoon. Some other people, listening, but oversanguine, decided to ride it out where they were. Of those, some were subsequently regretful, and at least three lost their lives.

21. Toward one o'clock we decided to eat lunch downtown. The commercial buildings were already boarded up. But it seemed to us that Miami's pre-hurricane overture of hammers pounding wasn't loud enough in the residential sections. Perhaps the storms had called "wolf" and missed Miami too often that year. Or perhaps that word "small" sounded more cogent to many householders than the familiar word "dangerous." Most people with homes, at any rate, weren't doing much. But the boat owners were taking precautions. The city's many drawbridges went up and down as yachts, fishing cruisers, houseboats, sailboats and even outboards paraded up the rivers and canals to anchorages between high banks.

22. The restaurant was battened down, electric-lighted and full of people. Some seemed excited, but others looked tired and grim. Perhaps they'd been in hurricanes before and doubtless they'd boarded up for nothing several times that year. Near our table sat a group of badge-wearing delegates, members of one of the three conventions in town at the time.

23. A man among them proclaimed in a facetious shout, "If this hurricane misses, I'm going to ask the Chamber of Commerce for my money back! Always did want to see what happened in one!"

"If it hits," Ricky said to me quietly, "he may get his money's worth."

After all, we'd been through five.

24. Eating lunch in a restaurant saved our food supplies and saved energy and time. If the storm speeded up, time might become valuable. We drove home, part of the way in a hard shower that threw thunder across the green landscape and gave way to blue sky again in a few blocks. The storm, said the Weather Bureau, was stalling as of noon. Building up in force, they said.

25. Now the gardener and I began to fasten on the shutters. Each was lifted, fixed over threaded bolts in the window frame, pressed tight and secured by washers and wing nuts. One by one, upstairs and down, most of the windows of our house were thus darkened. Then the doors. Inside it became hot and

gloomy. Outside the shower was repeated, the sky turned blue again and the wind picked up. The big garbage cans went into the shed where the shutters had been stored. The wheelbarrow and sawhorses were put in the concrete-block compost bin, on top of the heap, but below the walls. We brought in the gardenia and the potted plants. Porch furniture was stowed in bedrooms. With a garden hose I set a siphon going to lower our lily pond, knowing the rains might otherwise wash out its population of tropical fish.

26. Our grapefruit and papayas were too green to bother picking. We had no avocados. With a pole-handled tree trimmer, I cut off various fronds and branches which, in a tempest, might be expected to bat against eaves or the power lines leading to our house. I forgot to cut back the nine-foot tulip tree, and in the morning what was left was less than two feet high. And I thought of wrapping up the big, double yellow hibiscus at the corner of my workroom. But I didn't, and that was gone next day. I checked the hand pump on our well, and it was working; we'd have water—potable water—unless the concrete pump house blew away, and the pump with it.

27. Indoors, Ricky and our maid, Hester, had taken up rugs and hung away clothes, filled all the flint lighters, finished the cooking, locked or left open interior doors according to a plan, and set the hurricane gear at strategic points. Hester was dismissed early, and she joined the home-going throngs. School had been let out everywhere at noon and the yellow busses had already taken the children home. We were set now, and this was the time for the phone calls and the visits.

28. Other people, also finished with their precautions, came to see if they could help us. We got into a car and drove over to find out if our friends needed helpers. Some did.

29. Soon after our return, the contractor who had built our house the year before stopped by to see if we were snug, and decided my preparations needed reinforcements. He and I went back up on the ladders and the broad, flat roofs. Afterward he had a cup of coffee. More people phoned. We phoned to a few more, and the wind began to hiss in the treetops. It grew dark. Ricky cooked supper and we ate and then washed the dishes.

30. At eight-thirty the radio said South Florida was surely in for it. The Red Cross gave staccato lists of aid stations and shelters. People had been told everything they could be told. The wind downtown in Miami, in the next couple of hours, rose to hurricane force, which is seventy-five miles and above.

31. At five minutes of eleven our lights went out, after dying and coming on again a few times. We know the moment because the electric clocks stopped then, and the hands stayed there afterward. We had been phoning periodically to relay the advisories to a family whose radio had stopped working in the afternoon. The husband lay abed with a high fever, and one of the children, in trying to light a candle with a damp match, got a blazing coal in her eye. A doctor made it to their house through the rising tumult and found the child painfully, but not seriously injured. We phoned the ten-thirty bulletin to them, and none after that, as our line went dumb at about the time our lights went out.

32. Outdoors it poured. As long as the power lasted, we kept our floodlights on, so we could watch the trees surge and glitter in the horizontal rain, catch sight of vague objects hurtling across the wet night and bounding anonymously on the lawn, and see our shrubs bend low, wave, twist and dig funnels in the earth at their bases. A steady wind steadily rose, giving the landscape just such an appearance and producing just such sound effects as the movies of hurricanes do. Over that wind, however, came the gusts, audible in the distance, screaming as they plowed troughs in the woods around us. The cinema is too feeble to reproduce such sounds as those. It was possible to go out on lee porches, but it was difficult to hear even shouts at any distance.

33. When our lights went, everybody's did near us; the comforting glow of other houses disappeared. It was replaced by flashes far and near—pink and blue and white lights—as transformers burned out and hot wires shorted on the ground or amidst the hurtling tree stems. Then utter darkness, filled with unspeakable din. The radio, now on batteries, stopped and we tuned to another station. A tower had gone down, the new announcer said. His station had switched to a non-direc-

tional beam to cover for stations temporarily out of commission.

34. "Look at the barometer!" Ricky cried. The eye could see it move. Down and down. Twenty-five hundredths in as many seconds. Our ears popped and hurt. Wind rushed from the house through the doors and windows we had left open for the purpose of keeping pressure equalized.

35. The radio talked fast now. Downtown in the main streets, it said, metal shutters were being ripped off many of the big stores. Their great plate-glass windows were bursting into the street as the outdoor pressure dropped. All firemen and police near a certain address were urged to hurry to it: a woman and two children were trapped there in an unroofed home. People were desperately ordered to stay off the streets. Casualties from the exploding windows were mounting where the foolhardy lingered in some supposedly protected spot to watch. More radio towers were falling. More roofs were lifting everywhere. Walls were collapsing. Huge electric signs were falling or dangling and grinding in the wind. The sea was up around thousands of houses. The sand it carried had made streets impassable where fallen trees had not already done so. *Cabañas* along the ocean front, torn up by the seas and the wind, were blowing around the beach.

36. Our house was now a dot in a pitch-dark world. The lamps guttered. A tongue of water slid under a door and spread out on the white terrazzo floor. Ricky threw some of the old towels over the little inundation and wrung them into a pan and left them at the wet crack. The noise was a tremendous roar overridden by the squealing gusts and punctuated by rare cracking sounds as trees broke. Most such noises, however, though loud in themselves, were lost in the general bellow.

37. Now the direction of the hurricane changed and our front porch became a protected place. We went out there. The screens still held, but we could see in the lightning and the beam of a big flashlight that our pines, slim and sixty or seventy feet tall, were bent low. The palms blew all one way, like the loose hair of a woman in a fast-driven roadster. The gusts had become appalling. Though the Weather Bureau had recorded nothing over a hundred and six miles an hour, I told Ricky I'd eat everything hurled into our yard if the gusts weren't hitting a hundred and a quarter by that time. They were—and in some places maybe a hundred and fifty, the bureau said later. We went back indoors, soon—a little afraid a branch or board might ride the pandemonium onto the porch.

38. The hurricane had reached its peak, but we had no way to tell. Our house, like all properly built houses in that area, was set on foundations of steel and of concrete poured in trenches in the underlying limestone. Ferro-concrete beams at the corners were tied by steel rods into similar heavy beams under the eaves; steel bands attached each separate member of the roof to the beams. Our rafters were double.

39. Ricky and I were far from terrified, but it would be untrue to say we were without apprehension. I've been worse scared by a California quake and in a burning building in Dakota, in a Canadian forest fire, in the 1913 Ohio flood and during a tornado in that same state. I've been more alarmed in a storm at sea. But hurricanes are tricky. Sometimes they contain tornadoes of their own which no construction can withstand. Occasionally a freak, twisting gust wreaks some particular havoc. And this was a strong storm. News of the falling steel towers—that had stood through other blows—and of the unroofing of many houses made that plain. As we felt the majestic mallet blows of the wind, we couldn't help glancing up where the rafters met the beams, to see if a crack showed there or if water was dribbling in.

40. Our exile, like that of all the rest in private homes, was absolute. For an hour, or possibly six or eight hours, we would be alone. The streets and roads were impassable. Communications were nil, except for radio and radio hams. A person might be able to flounder through the frantic night for aid; a person might fail in such an attempt. Any injury, acute sickness or disaster to our house would be our problem to deal with, probably without aid for hours. We sat on the divan and smoked limp cigarettes. Popcorn, our white cocker spaniel, stayed close in spite of the heat, shook, and eyed us with worry. We

thought and spoke about the sleazy houses built for veterans in some of the outlying real-estate developments, and we spoke about the ramshackle sprawl of "colored town" where our Hester had lived until recently.

41. Morning was to see 20,000 houses, mostly the shabby or badly built ones, hit, unroofed or wrecked. Three dead and nearly a hundred hurt, and a miracle the total was so low. But that night the myriad disasters—bits and pieces of which the radio continued to report—were used by us and by hundreds of thousands like us as indices of personal hazard. Would we be next? And how long would we have to endure passively the effort of the elements to tear our house apart?

42. The October hurricane proved the old adage about the want of the nail for which the shoe was lost. The littlest violation of the building codes, the most minor skimping of material—nails too far apart or too small, mortar too poor or too sparingly used, a roofing felt lighter than the prescribed kind, flashing of too thin a gauge let in a finger of the tempest, and the hand and brawny arm thrust in behind. A tile rattled and flipped into the night; the tiles above it were plowed loose. Metal began to vibrate and then tore; the material beneath ballooned, ripped, raced into oblivion, and the roof after it, and then, sometimes, the walls buckled. In days to come, Miami would learn new lore concerning building against hurricanes and learn, shamefacedly, that among its capable builders there were a few cheats. Some people lost everything because a contractor had saved himself as little as ten dollars on a home.

43. "The barometer!" Ricky exclaimed again, after an hour or so. It was rising!

44. The terribleness of the gusts diminished; the general tumult lost energy. In another hour we had such a wind as might blow on any night of a gale, and soon only a stiff breeze. A neighbor—a man who said he liked to cook, but had no opportunity except before hurricanes—had brought us half of a cake. We ate most of that and drank a bottle of milk, which would sour if we did not use it. We were able to realize how tired we were. It was three A.M.

45. I let Popcorn out by a porch door and followed him a few feet through the rain. Not far. Overhead, branches still hung dangerously amongst the treetops; now and then we heard one let go and crash to earth. Somewhere nearby the wires were down, and of these some carried 13,000 volts; they might be alive still. There was another possible hazard in walking in the dark through fallen brush. It rains so hard in hurricanes that the effect is like that of a flash flood. When the adjacent lowlands are flooded, rattlesnakes sometimes scurry to such high ground as ours. The breed is *adamanteus,* the biggest of the diamondbacks, and we've found him on our lawn, bird hunting, even on pleasant days. I whistled Popcorn back presently, and let the damage census go till we'd had some sleep and until the light came.

46. The next morning, when we'd finished our coffee and made another tour of the premises, we toilsomely began the third part of every hurricane's routine.

47. While Ricky mopped up the mud tracks through the house, I chopped apart the limbs on the drive and manhandled them to one side. Then I tried starting both cars; neither was damped out. We drove over to see how the family with the sick father and the hurt child had fared. At the corner we saw the daughter of another neighbor playing in an uprooted and overturned mountain of trees which till then had stood for perhaps a century.

48. Our friends were safe and we went back, driving past houses with tile roofs like half-scaled fish, under leaning power poles, around roped-off areas where live wires lay, zigzagging through hastily cleared paths in the streets and noticing that not just the brittle trees, but even the mahoganies were riven. Heavy-husked coconuts lay everywhere like a giant's green marbles. Snapped palm and pine trunks stood conspicuously. Stone walls were notched where trees had fallen on them, and sidewalks were sundered where roots had lifted them. People in hundreds were outdoors, doing things or merely looking.

49. Already city trucks were collecting and carting off the mess. Portable cranes were straightening trees. On power poles among the snaggled spider webs of wire, umbrellas were lashed to shield from the hot autumn sun linemen who had begun to work as soon

as the wind commenced to drop. Men were setting up concrete lampposts and moving up replacements for metal posts broken by the flung trees. A boy was staring morosely at the ruin of his convertible, and we saw a householder examining a car that had been rolled onto his crotons. Bulldozers shoved boughs and fronds about. Here a roof was gone, yonder a small building had become a pile of cement blocks, and in the distance the stump of a chimney showed.

50. Our shutters had to be set out to dry in such a way as not to warp. I began unbolting them. I next cleared the poinsettia bed, chopping up the large fallen tree to movable sizes. Since our house was dry inside, Ricky went to help people who had wet rugs, sodden draperies, soaked beds, bedraggled linen, drenched and often ruined clothes; people whose windows had broken because they hadn't bothered to put up shutters or whose windows and shutters had failed to keep out horizontal, pressurized streams of water that spurted even through keyholes and drowned whatever was in the rooms.

51. At lunchtime we knocked off and, since the restaurants were open, we met in one. From a human-relations standpoint, it is too bad hurricanes aren't universal and frequent. The restaurant was crowded, strangers doubled up at tables, everybody talked amiably to everybody else—talked a little excitedly and trustingly. Shared peril and subsequent release make all men brothers, briefly.

52. We worked all that day. Hester didn't show up and we worried about her. That night we bathed in the last of the warm water and read by kerosene lamps till we were sleepy.

53. In the morning Hester returned. Her house had suffered only a broken window, but her daughter and six grandchildren had escaped from theirs after the roof came off, but before the walls fell in. These seven, with all possessions lost, had moved in with Hester. "A bad storm," Hester said sorrowfully. "This one was just too bad."

54. By late afternoon of the second day, all the shutters were down again and the house was airy. The limbs and debris I'd piled up ran for fifty feet along the drive in a heap higher than my head, but you couldn't see the grass for the leaves, still, and there were acres I hadn't even investigated carefully. Our floors were spick-and-span, the lamps were full for another evening, spoiled food had been buried, because it breeds maggots swiftly in this climate, and I was raking oak leaves out of the lily pond—so their acidity wouldn't kill the fish—when Ricky came bursting from the house. "The light's on!" she shouted.

55. It seemed a great victory. We felt, for once, not the classic American impatience with utilities, but great pride in a company and in the men who could make swift sense out of the copper shambles the power lines had been. We wanted to thank somebody, but there wasn't a phone. Light also meant that our stove would work again and our bath water would heat, our fans would turn and we'd have ice and could store fresh food again. Two days! It might have been two weeks.

56. The following morning I trimmed back the beat-up shrubbery and straightened up those bushes, especially hibiscuses, which might reroot and live. I cut down the taro. Ricky put out food for her birds—cardinals and jays, quail and two kinds of doves, woodpeckers, towhees and flickers—which were extra hungry because their natural food had largely blown away. A plague of mosquitoes descended. But the big event that day was the ringing of our phone and the announcement by a technician that it would from then on be pretty constantly usable.

57. We—and 40,000-odd other people—went to the Orange Bowl that evening and watched the University of Miami defeat Boston University. During the first half, it is true, we were all a shade uneasy, owing to another phenomenon common in the hurricane latitudes: a new storm had been discovered in the gulf. It was headed toward us. Perhaps we'd have it all to do, go through and undo again. That had happened to Ricky and me twice before. But during the game the public-address system announced the blow was going to miss Miami—word that got quite a hand. Eventually that storm petered out, doing no damage.

58. A week after the hurricane, most of the streets were clear. Most of the tipped-over trees had been set upright and most of the ruined ones had been chopped up and carted

off. Nearly everybody had lights and phones again. The open roofs were nearly all at least temporarily repaired enough to ward off the rains of the rainy season. The glass shortage was over and the stores were getting back their windows. Here and there, scraps of evidence remained: a boat aground, a plane demolished, a leaning tree, a cat's cradle of overhead wires, a missing cupola, a hotel with a wrecked sign. But our poinsettias were already coming up from the roots, the yellow hibiscus was growing anew, and the rapid vegetation of the tropics would soon obscure the wounds.

59. Long before the winter tourists arrived the landscape was normal—normal for a land where orchids bloom on trees. The tourists now look in vain for proof of what hit us in October. Only a few thousand people out of half a million remember the mid-October storm of 1950 as anything particular. The rest blur it with other, lesser or more violent recollections. But always, inland people and people who live up north, curious about our different way of life on the tropical big toe of Florida, will cap their inquiries with the question: "—and what about hurricanes?"

60. Well—

## *William L. Laurence*

# DAWN OVER ZERO

*William Leonard Laurence (1888- ), scientist, lecturer, and journalist, was born in Lithuania, came to the United States at seventeen, and was educated at Harvard and Boston University; he also attended at one time the University of Besançon in France. For more than two decades he has been science writer for the New York* Times. *Among his many awards are two Pulitzer Prizes (1937 and 1946), the Distinguished Science Writers Award, and the Medal for Distinguished Service to Journalism. He is the only journalist to observe four of the first five atomic bomb explosions. Although his recent writing has generally been about the atomic and hydrogen bomb experiments and their social significance* (Dawn over Zero, *1946, and* The Hell Bomb, *1951), he has written and lectured about such other subjects as radar, cosmic rays, cancer research, and synthetic food. He is the author of the science section of the* Information Please Almanac.

*Mr. Laurence, using noticeably short paragraphs, writes with a dramatic feeling for history in the making, and usually succeeds in communicating a sense of momentous things happening or about to happen. He has also the dramatist's liking for dialogue and stage directions, even in newspaper articles.*

1. The Atomic Age began at exactly 5.30 mountain war time on the morning of July 16, 1945, on a stretch of semi-desert land about fifty air-line miles from Alamogordo, New Mexico, just a few minutes before the dawn of a new day on that part of the earth. At that great moment in history, ranking with the moment when man first put fire to work for him, the vast energy locked within the heart of the atoms of matter was released for the first time in a burst of flame such as had never before been seen on this planet, illuminating earth and sky, for a brief span that seemed eternal, with the light of many supersuns.

2. The elemental flame, first fire ever made on earth that did not have its origin in the

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sun, came from the explosion of the first atomic bomb. It was a full-dress rehearsal preparatory to dropping the bomb over Hiroshima and Nagasaki—and other Japanese military targets, had Japan refused to accept the Potsdam Declaration for her surrender.

3. The rehearsal marked the climax in the penultimate act of one of the greatest dramas in our history and the history of civilized man —a drama in which our scientists, under the direction of the Army Corps of Engineers, were working against time to create an atomic bomb ahead of our German enemy. The collapse of Germany marked the end of the first act of this drama. The successful completion of our task, in the greatest challenge by man to nature so far, brought down the curtain on the second act. The grand finale came three weeks afterward in the skies over Japan, with a swift descent of the curtain on the greatest war in history.

4. The atomic flash in New Mexico came as a great affirmation to the prodigious labors of our scientists during the past four years. It came as the affirmative answer to the until then unanswered question: "Will it work?"

5. With the flash came a delayed roll of mighty thunder, heard, just as the flash was seen, for hundreds of miles. The roar echoed and reverberated from the distant hills and the Sierra Oscuro range near by, sounding as though it came from some supramundane source as well as from the bowels of the earth. The hills said yes and the mountains chimed in yes. It was as if the earth had spoken and the suddenly iridescent clouds and sky had joined in one affirmative answer. Atomic energy—yes. It was like the grand finale of a mighty symphony of the elements, fascinating and terrifying, uplifting and crushing, ominous, devastating, full of great promise and great forebodings.

6. I watched the birth of the era of atomic power from the slope of a hill in the desert land of New Mexico, on the northwestern corner of the Alamogordo Air Base, about 125 miles southeast of Albuquerque. The hill, named Compania Hill for the occasion, was twenty miles to the northwest of Zero, the code name given to the spot chosen for the atomic bomb test. The area embracing Zero and Compania Hill, twenty-four miles long and eighteen miles wide, had the code name Trinity.

7. I joined a caravan of three busses, three automobiles, and a truck carrying radio equipment at 11 P.M. on Sunday, July 15, at Albuquerque. There were about ninety of us in that strange caravan, traveling silently and in the utmost secrecy through the night on probably as unusual an adventure as any in our day. With the exception of myself the caravan consisted of scientists from the highly secret atomic bomb research and development center in the mesas and canyons of New Mexico, twenty-five miles northwest of Santa Fe, where we solved the secret of translating the fabulous energy of the atom into the mighti est weapon ever made by man. It was from there that the caravan set out at 5.30 that Sunday afternoon for its destination, 212 miles to the south.

8. The caravan wound its way slowly over the tortuous roads overlooking the precipitous canyons of northern New Mexico, passing through Espagnola, Santa Fe, and Bernalillo, arriving at Albuquerque at about 10 P.M. Here it was joined by Sir James Chadwick, who won the Nobel Prize and knighthood for his discovery of the neutron, the key that unlocks the atom; Professor Ernest O. Lawrence of the University of California, master atom-smasher, who won the Nobel Prize for his discovery of the cyclotron; Professor Edwin M. McMillan, also of the University of California, one of the discoverers of plutonium, the new atomic energy element; and several others from the atomic bomb center, who, like me, had arrived during the afternoon.

9. The night was dark with black clouds, and not a star could be seen. Occasionally a bolt of lightning would rend the sky and reveal for an instant the flat semi-desert landscape, rich with historic lore of past adventure. We rolled along on U. S. Highway 85, running between Albuquerque and El Paso, through sleeping ancient Spanish-American towns, their windows dark, their streets deserted—towns with music in their names, Los Lunas, Belen, Bernardo, Alamillo, Socorro, San Antonio. At San Antonio we turned east and crossed "the bridge on the Rio Grande with the detour in the middle of it." From there we traveled ten and one half miles east-

vard on U. S. Highway 380, and then turned outh on a specially built dirt road, running or twenty-five miles to the base camp at Trinity.

10. The end of our trail was reached after ve had covered about five and one fifth miles n the dirt road. Here we saw the first signs f life since leaving Albuquerque about three ours earlier, a line of silent men dressed in elmets. A little farther on, a detachment of nilitary police examined our special creden-ials. We got out of the busses and looked round us. The night was still pitch-black ave for an occasional flash of lightning in the astern sky, outlining for a brief instant the ierra Oscuro Range directly ahead of us. We vere in the middle of the New Mexico desert, niles away from nowhere, with hardly a sign f life, not even a blinking light on the dis-ant horizon. This was to be our caravansary ntil the zero hour.

11. From a distance to the southeast the eam of a searchlight probed the clouds. This ave us our first sense of orientation. The omb-test site, Zero, was a little to the left f the searchlight beam, twenty miles away. With the darkness and the waiting in the chill f the desert the tension became almost un-ndurable.

12. We gathered in a circle to listen to di-ections on what we were to do at the time of he test, directions read aloud by the light of flashlight.

13. At a short signal of the siren at minus ive minutes to zero, "all personnel whose luties did not specifically require otherwise" vere to prepare "a suitable place to lie down n." At a long signal of the siren at minus wo minutes to zero, "all personnel whose luties did not specifically require otherwise" vere to "lie prone on the ground immedi-tely, the face and eyes directed toward the round and with the head away from Zero. Do not watch for the flash directly," the di-ections read, "but turn over after it has ccurred and watch the cloud. Stay on the round until the blast wave has passed (two ninutes). At two short blasts of the siren, ndicating the passing of all hazard from light nd blast, all personnel will prepare to leave s soon as possible.

14. "The hazard from blast is reduced by lying down on the ground in such a manner that flying rocks, glass and other objects do not intervene between the source of blast and the individual. Open all car windows.

15. "The hazard from light injury to eyes is reduced by shielding the closed eyes with the bended arms and lying face down on the ground. If the first flash is viewed a 'blind spot' may prevent your seeing the rest of the show.

16. "The hazard from ultraviolet light injuries to the skin is best overcome by wearing long trousers and shirts with long sleeves."

17. David Dow, assistant to the scientific director of the Atomic Bomb Development Center, handed each of us a flat piece of colored glass such as is used by arc welders to shield their eyes. Dr. Edward Teller of George Washington University cautioned us against sunburn. Someone produced sunburn lotion and passed it around. It was an eerie sight to see a number of our highest-ranking scientists seriously rubbing sunburn lotion on their faces and hands in the pitch-blackness of the night, twenty miles away from the expected flash. These were the men who, more than anybody else, knew the potentialities of atomic energy on the loose. It gave one an inkling of their confidence in their handiwork.

18. The bomb was set on a structural steel tower one hundred feet high. Ten miles away to the southwest was the base camp. This was G.H.Q. for the scientific high command, of which Professor Kenneth T. Bainbridge of Harvard University was field commander. Here were erected barracks to serve as living-quarters for the scientists, a mess hall, a commissary, a post exchange, and other buildings. Here the vanguard of the atomists, headed by Professor J. R. Oppenheimer of the University of California, scientific director of the Atomic Bomb Project, lived like soldiers at the front, supervising the enormously complicated details involved in the epoch-making tests.

19. Here early that Sunday afternoon gathered Major General Leslie R. Groves, commander in chief of the Atomic Bomb Project; Brigadier General T. F. Farrell, hero of World War I, General Groves's deputy; Professor Enrico Fermi, Nobel Prize winner and one of the leaders in the project; President James Bryant Conant of Harvard; Dr. Vannevar

Bush, director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development; Dean Richard C. Tolman of the California Institute of Technology; Professor R. F. Bacher of Cornell; Colonel Stafford L. Warren, University of Rochester radiologist; and about a hundred and fifty other leaders in the atomic bomb program.

20. At the Base Camp was a dry, abandoned reservoir, about five hundred feet square, surrounded by a mound of earth about eight feet high. Within this mound bulldozers dug a series of slit trenches, each about three feet deep, seven feet wide, and twenty-five feet long. At a command over the radio at zero minus one minute all observers at Base Camp, lay down in their assigned trenches, "face and eyes directed toward the ground and with the head away from Zero." But most of us on Compania Hill remained on our feet.

21. Three other posts had been established, south, north, and west of Zero, each at a distance of 10,000 yards (5.7 miles). These were known, respectively, as South-10,000, North-10,000, and West-10,000, or S-10, N-10, and W-10. Here the shelters were much more elaborate—wooden structures, their walls reinforced by cement, buried under a massive layer of earth.

22. S-10 was the control center. Here Professor Oppenheimer, as scientific commander in chief, and his field commander, Professor Bainbridge, issued orders and synchronized the activities of the other sites. Here the signal was given and a complex of mechanisms was set in motion that resulted in the greatest burst of energy ever released by man on earth up to that time. No switch was pulled, no button pressed, to light this first cosmic fire on this planet.

23. At forty-five seconds to zero, set for 5.30 o'clock, young Dr. Joseph L. McKibben of the University of California, at a signal from Professor Bainbridge, activated a master robot that set off a series of other robots, until, at last, strategically spaced electrons moved to the proper place at the proper split second.

24. Forty-five seconds passed and the moment was zero.

25. Meanwhile at our observation post on Compania Hill the atmosphere had grown tenser as the zero hour approached. We had spent the first part of our stay eating an early morning picnic breakfast that we had taken along with us. It had grown cold in the desert, and many of us, lightly clad, shivered. Occasionally a drizzle came down, and the intermittent flashes of lightning made us turn apprehensive glances toward Zero. We had had some disturbing reports that the test might be called off because of the weather. The radio we had brought with us for communication with Base Camp kept going out of order, and when we had finally repaired it some blatant band would drown out the news we wanted to hear. We knew there were two specially equipped B-29 Superfortresses high overhead to make observations and recordings in the upper atmosphere, but we could neither see nor hear them. We kept gazing through the blackness.

26. Suddenly, at 5.29.50, as we stood huddled around our radio, we heard a voice ringing through the darkness, sounding as though it had come from above the clouds: "Zero minus ten seconds!" A green flare flashed out through the clouds, descended slowly, opened, grew dim, and vanished into the darkness.

27. The voice from the clouds boomed out again: "Zero minus three seconds!" Another green flare came down. Silence reigned over the desert. We kept moving in small groups in the direction of Zero. From the east came the first faint signs of dawn.

28. And just at that instant there rose from the bowels of the earth a light not of this world, the light of many suns in one. It was a sunrise such as the world had never seen, a great green super-sun climbing in a fraction of a second to a height of more than eight thousand feet, rising ever higher until it touched the clouds, lighting up earth and sky all around with a dazzling luminosity.

29. Up it went, a great ball of fire about a mile in diameter, changing colors as it kept shooting upward, from deep purple to orange, expanding, growing bigger, rising as it expanded, an elemental force freed from its bonds after being chained for billions of years. For a fleeting instant the color was unearthly green, such as one sees only in the corona of the sun during a total eclipse. It was as though the earth had opened and the skies had split. One felt as though one were

present at the moment of creation when God said: "Let there be light."

30. To another observer, Professor George B. Kistiakowsky of Harvard, the spectacle was "the nearest thing to doomsday that one could possibly imagine. I am sure," he said, "that at the end of the world—in the last millisecond of the earth's existence—the last man will see what we have just seen!"

31. A great cloud rose from the ground and followed the trail of the great sun. At first it was a giant column, which soon took the shape of a supramundane mushroom. For a fleeting instant it took the form of the Statue of Liberty magnified many times. Up it went, higher, higher, a giant mountain born in a few seconds instead of millions of years, quivering convulsively. It touched the multicolored clouds, pushed its summit through them, kept rising until it reached a height of 41,000 feet, 12,000 feet higher than the earth's highest mountain.

32. All through this very short but extremely long time-interval not a sound was heard. I could see the silhouettes of human forms motionless in little groups, like desert plants in the dark. The newborn mountain in the distance, a giant among the pygmies of the Sierra Oscuro Range, stood leaning at an angle against the clouds, a vibrant volcano spouting fire to the sky.

33. Then out of the great silence came a mighty thunder. For a brief interval the phenomena we had seen as light repeated themselves in terms of sound. It was the blast from thousands of blockbusters going off simultaneously at one spot. The thunder reverberated all through the desert, bounced back and forth from the Sierra Oscuro, echo upon echo. The ground trembled under our feet as in an earthquake. A wave of hot wind was felt by many of us just before the blast and warned us of its coming.

34. The big boom came about one hundred seconds after the great flash—the first cry of a newborn world. It brought the silent, motionless silhouettes to life, gave them a voice. A loud cry filled the air. The little groups that had hitherto stood rooted to the earth like desert plants broke into a dance—the rhythm of primitive man dancing at one of his fire festivals at the coming of spring. They clapped their hands as they leaped from the ground—earthbound man symbolizing the birth of a new force that for the first time gives man means to free himself from the gravitational pull of the earth that holds him down.

35. The dance of the primitive man lasted but a few seconds, during which an evolutionary period of about 10,000 years had been telescoped. Primitive man was metamorphosed into modern man—shaking hands, slapping his fellow on the back, all laughing like happy children.

36. The sun was just rising above the horizon as our caravan started on its way back to Albuquerque and Los Alamos. We looked at it through our dark lenses to compare it with what we had seen.

37. "The sun can't hold a candle to it!" one of us remarked.

## *George Orwell*

# SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT

*George Orwell (1903-1950), whose real name was Eric Blair, was a British novelist, essayist, and satirist. He was born in Bengal, India, and after four years at Eton (1917-1921) served for five years with the Indian Imperial Police in Burma (1922-1927). His life in Burma is the background for the following chapter from his last book. He spent several years in Paris writing fiction, and one year fighting in the Spanish Civil War, during which he was badly wounded. To the end of*

*his life his favorite reading was Shakespeare, Swift, Fielding, Dickens, Reade, Samuel Butler, Zola, Flaubert, Joyce, Eliot, Lawrence, and especially Maugham. Like some of these writers, Orwell was primarily satirical in his reactions to human experience and behavior—both individual and group. He was author of fourteen books, the best known of which are* Animal Farm, *1945,* Nineteen Eighty-Four, *1949, and* Shooting an Elephant, *1950.*

In Moulmein, in Lower Burma, I was hated by large numbers of people—the only time in my life that I have been important enough for this to happen to me. I was sub-divisional police officer of the town, and in an aimless, petty kind of way anti-European feeling was very bitter. No one had the guts to raise a riot, but if a European woman went through the bazaars alone somebody would probably spit betel juice over her dress. As a police officer I was an obvious target and was baited whenever it seemed safe to do so. When a nimble Burman tripped me up on the football field and the referee (another Burman) looked the other way, the crowd yelled with hideous laughter. This happened more than once. In the end the sneering yellow faces of young men that met me everywhere, the insults hooted after me when I was at a safe distance, got badly on my nerves. The young Buddhist priests were the worst of all. There were several thousands of them in the town and none of them seemed to have anything to do except stand on street corners and jeer at Europeans.

All this was perplexing and upsetting. For at that time I had already made up my mind that imperialism was an evil thing and the sooner I chucked up my job and got out of it the better. Theoretically—and secretly, of course—I was all for the Burmese and all against their oppressors, the British. As for the job I was doing, I hated it more bitterly than I can perhaps make clear. In a job like that you see the dirty work of Empire at close quarters. The wretched prisoners huddling in the stinking cages of the lock-ups, the grey, cowed faces of the long-term convicts, the scarred buttocks of the men who had been flogged with bamboos—all these oppressed me with an intolerable sense of guilt. But I could get nothing into perspective. I was young and ill-educated and I had had to think out my problems in the utter silence that is imposed on every Englishman in the East. I did not even know that the British Empire is dying, still less did I know that it is a great deal better than the younger empires that are going to supplant it. All I knew was that I was stuck between my hatred of the empire I served and my rage against the evil-spirited little beasts who tried to make my job impossible. With one part of my mind I thought of the British Raj as an unbreakable tyranny, as something clamped down, in *saecula saeculorum,* upon the will of prostrate peoples; with another part I thought that the greatest joy in the world would be to drive a bayonet into a Buddhist priest's guts. Feelings like these are the normal by-products of imperialism; ask any Anglo-Indian official, if you can catch him off duty.

One day something happened which in a roundabout way was enlightening. It was a tiny incident in itself, but it gave me a better glimpse than I had had before of the real nature of imperialism—the real motives for which despotic governments act. Early one morning the sub-inspector at a police station the other end of the town rang me up on the 'phone and said that an elephant was ravaging the bazaar. Would I please come and do something about it? I did not know what I could do, but I wanted to see what was happening and I got on to a pony and started out. I took my rifle, an old .44 Winchester and much too small to kill an elephant, but I thought the noise might be useful *in terrorem.* Various Burmans stopped me on the way and told me about the elephant's doings. It was not, of course, a wild elephant, but a tame one which had gone "must." It had been chained up, as tame elephants always are when their attack of "must" is due, but on

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the previous night it had broken its chain and escaped. Its mahout, the only person who could manage it when it was in that state, had set out in pursuit, but had taken the wrong direction and was now twelve hours' journey away, and in the morning the elephant had suddenly reappeared in the town. The Burmese population had no weapons and were quite helpless against it. It had already destroyed somebody's bamboo hut, killed a cow and raided some fruit-stalls and devoured the stock; also it had met the municipal rubbish van and, when the driver jumped out and took to his heels, had turned the van over and inflicted violences upon it.

The Burmese sub-inspector and some Indian constables were waiting for me in the quarter where the elephant had been seen. It was a very poor quarter, a labyrinth of squalid bamboo huts, thatched with palm-leaf, winding all over a steep hillside. I remember that it was a cloudy, stuffy morning at the beginning of the rains. We began questioning the people as to where the elephant had gone and, as usual, failed to get any definite information. That is invariably the case in the East; a story always sounds clear enough at a distance, but the nearer you get to the scene of events the vaguer it becomes. Some of the people said that the elephant had gone in one direction, some said that he had gone in another, some professed not even to have heard of any elephant. I had almost made up my mind that the whole story was a pack of lies, when we heard yells a little distance away. There was a loud, scandalized cry of "Go away, child! Go away this instant!" and an old woman with a switch in her hand came round the corner of a hut, violently shooing away a crowd of naked children. Some more women followed, clicking their tongues and exclaiming; evidently there was something that the children ought not to have seen. I rounded the hut and saw a man's dead body sprawling in the mud. He was an Indian, a black Dravidian coolie, almost naked, and he could not have been dead many minutes. The people said that the elephant had come suddenly upon him round the corner of the hut, caught him with its trunk, put its foot on his back and ground him into the earth. This was the rainy season and the ground was soft, and his face had scored a trench a foot deep and a couple of yards long. He was lying on his belly with arms crucified and head sharply twisted to one side. His face was coated with mud, the eyes wide open, the teeth bared and grinning with an expression of unendurable agony. (Never tell me, by the way, that the dead look peaceful. Most of the corpses I have seen looked devilish.) The friction of the great beast's foot had stripped the skin from his back as neatly as one skins a rabbit. As soon as I saw the dead man I sent an orderly to a friend's house nearby to borrow an elephant rifle. I had already sent back the pony, not wanting it to go mad with fright and throw me if it smelt the elephant.

The orderly came back in a few minutes with a rifle and five cartridges, and meanwhile some Burmans had arrived and told us that the elephant was in the paddy fields below, only a few hundred yards away. As I started forward practically the whole population of the quarter flocked out of the houses and followed me. They had seen the rifle and were all shouting excitedly that I was going to shoot the elephant. They had not shown much interest in the elephant when he was merely ravaging their homes, but it was different now that he was going to be shot. It was a bit of fun to them, as it would be to an English crowd; besides they wanted the meat. It made me vaguely uneasy. I had no intention of shooting the elephant—I had merely sent for the rifle to defend myself if necessary—and it is always unnerving to have a crowd following you. I marched down the hill, looking and feeling a fool, with the rifle over my shoulder and an ever-growing army of people jostling at my heels. At the bottom, when you got away from the huts, there was a metalled road and beyond that a miry waste of paddy fields a thousand yards across, not yet ploughed but soggy from the first rains and dotted with coarse grass. The elephant was standing eight yards from the road, his left side towards us. He took not the slightest notice of the crowd's approach. He was tearing up bunches of grass, beating them against his knees to clean them and stuffing them into his mouth.

I had halted on the road. As soon as I saw the elephant I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him. It is a serious

matter to shoot a working elephant—it is comparable to destroying a huge and costly piece of machinery—and obviously one ought not to do it if it can possibly be avoided. And at that distance, peacefully eating, the elephant looked no more dangerous than a cow. I thought then and I think now that his attack of "must" was already passing off; in which case he would merely wander harmlessly about until the mahout came back and caught him. Moreover, I did not in the least want to shoot him. I decided that I would watch him for a little while to make sure that he did not turn savage again, and then go home.

But at that moment I glanced round at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense crowd, two thousand at the least and growing every minute. It blocked the road for a long distance on either side. I looked at the sea of yellow faces above the garish clothes—faces all happy and excited over this bit of fun, all certain that the elephant was going to be shot. They were watching me as they would watch a conjurer about to perform a trick. They did not like me, but with the magical rifle in my hands I was momentarily worth watching. And suddenly I realized that I should have to shoot the elephant after all. The people expected it of me and I had got to do it; I could feel their two thousand wills pressing me forward, irresistibly. And it was at this moment, as I stood there with the rifle in my hands, that I first grasped the hollowness, the futility of the white man's dominion in the East. Here was I, the white man with his gun, standing in front of the unarmed native crowd—seemingly the leading actor of the piece; but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of those yellow faces behind. I perceived in this moment that when the white man turns tyrant it is his own freedom that he destroys. He becomes a sort of hollow, posing dummy, the conventionalized figure of a sahib. For it is the condition of his rule that he shall spend his life in trying to impress the "natives," and so in every crisis he has got to do what the "natives" expect of him. He wears a mask, and his face grows to fit it. I had got to shoot the elephant. I had committed myself to doing it when I sent for the rifle. A sahib has got to act like a sahib; he has got to appear resolute, to know his own mind and do definite things. To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing—no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me. And my whole life, every white man's life in the East, was one long struggle not to be laughed at.

But I did not want to shoot the elephant. I watched him beating his bunch of grass against his knees, with that preoccupied grandmotherly air that elephants have. It seemed to me that it would be murder to shoot him. At that age I was not squeamish about killing animals, but I had never shot an elephant and never wanted to. (Somehow it always seems worse to kill a *large* animal.) Besides, there was the beast's owner to be considered. Alive, the elephant was worth at least a hundred pounds; dead, he would only be worth the value of his tusks, five pounds, possibly. But I had got to act quickly. I turned to some experienced-looking Burmans who had been there when we arrived, and asked them how the elephant had been behaving. They all said the same thing: he took no notice of you if you left him alone, but he might charge if you went too close to him.

It was perfectly clear to me what I ought to do. I ought to walk up to within, say, twenty-five yards of the elephant and test his behavior. If he charged, I could shoot; if he took no notice of me, it would be safe to leave him until the mahout came back. But also I knew that I was going to do no such thing. I was a poor shot with a rifle and the ground was soft mud into which one would sink at every step. If the elephant charged and I missed him, I should have about as much chance as a toad under a steam-roller. But even then I was not thinking particularly of my own skin, only of the watchful yellow faces behind. For at that moment, with the crowd watching me, I was not afraid in the ordinary sense, as I would have been if I had been alone. A white man mustn't be frightened in front of "natives"; and so, in general, he isn't frightened. The sole thought in my mind was that if anything went wrong those two thousand Burmans would see me pursued, caught, trampled on and reduced to a grinning corpse like that Indian up the hill. And if that hap-

pened it was quite probable that some of them would laugh. That would never do. There was only one alternative. I shoved the cartridges into the magazine and lay down on the road to get a better aim.

The crowd grew very still, and a deep, low, happy sigh, as of people who see the theatre curtain go up at last, breathed from innumerable throats. They were going to have their bit of fun after all. The rifle was a beautiful German thing with cross-hair sights. I did not then know that in shooting an elephant one would shoot to cut an imaginary bar running from ear-hole to ear-hole. I ought, therefore, as the elephant was sideways on, to have aimed straight at his ear-hole; actually I aimed several inches in front of this, thinking the brain would be further forward.

When I pulled the trigger I did not hear the bang or feel the kick—one never does when a shot goes home—but I heard the devilish roar of glee that went up from the crowd. In that instant, in too short a time, one would have thought, even for the bullet to get there, a mysterious, terrible change had come over the elephant. He neither stirred nor fell, but every line of his body had altered. He looked suddenly stricken, shrunken, immensely old, as though the frightful impact of the bullet had paralysed him without knocking him down. At last, after what seemed a long time —it might have been five seconds, I dare say —he sagged flabbily to his knees. His mouth slobbered. An enormous senility seemed to have settled upon him. One could have imagined him thousands of years old. I fired again into the same spot. At the second shot he did not collapse but climbed with desperate slowness to his feet and stood weakly upright, with legs sagging and head drooping. I fired a third time. That was the shot that did for him. You could see the agony of it jolt his whole body and knock the last remnant of strength from his legs. But in falling he seemed for a moment to rise, for as his hind legs collapsed beneath him he seemed to tower upward like a huge rock toppling, his trunk reaching skyward like a tree. He trumpeted, for the first and only time. And then down he came, his belly towards me, with a crash that seemed to shake the ground even where I lay.

I got up. The Burmans were already racing past me across the mud. It was obvious that the elephant would never rise again, but he was not dead. He was breathing very rhythmically with long rattling gasps, his great mound of a side painfully rising and falling. His mouth was wide open—I could see far down into caverns of pale pink throat. I waited a long time for him to die, but his breathing did not weaken. Finally I fired my two remaining shots into the spot where I thought his heart must be. The thick blood welled out of him like red velvet, but still he did not die. His body did not even jerk when the shots hit him, the tortured breathing continued without a pause. He was dying, very slowly and in great agony, but in some world remote from me where not even a bullet could damage him further. I felt that I had got to put an end to that dreadful noise. It seemed dreadful to see the great beast lying there, powerless to move and yet powerless to die, and not even to be able to finish him. I sent back for my small rifle and poured shot after shot into his heart and down his throat. They seemed to make no impression. The tortured gasps continued as steadily as the ticking of a clock.

In the end I could not stand it any longer and went away. I heard later that it took him half an hour to die. Burmans were bringing dahs and baskets even before I left, and I was told they had stripped his body almost to the bones by the afternoon.

Afterwards, of course, there were endless discussions about the shooting of the elephant. The owner was furious, but he was only an Indian and could do nothing. Besides, legally I had done the right thing, for a mad elephant has to be killed, like a mad dog, if its owner fails to control it. Among the Europeans opinion was divided. The older men said I was right, the younger men said it was a damn shame to shoot an elephant for killing a coolie, because an elephant was worth more than any damn Coringhee coolie. And afterwards I was very glad that the coolie had been killed; it put me legally in the right and it gave me a sufficient pretext for shooting the elephant. I often wondered whether any of the others grasped that I had done it solely to avoid looking a fool.

# The American Tradition

## *Lee Strout White*

## FAREWELL, MY LOVELY!

*The reader will search in vain for a writer named Lee Strout White. This vivacious tribute was written by two distinct individuals, Richard Lee Strout and E. B. White. Richard Lee Strout (1898- ) was educated at Harvard University. He began his newspaper work in England with the Sheffield* Independent, *and was later a reporter for the Boston* Post. *In 1921 he joined the* Christian Science Monitor *and since 1925 has been with the Washington Bureau. One of the leading journalists of our day, Mr. Strout also publishes in* The Reader's Digest, The New Republic, *and other magazines. (A biographical sketch of E. B. White appears in the headnote to "Here Is New York.")*

*E. B. White has probably contributed more to the preservation of the familiar essay than any other American writer. Underlying his light-hearted style and his good-natured satire are a seriousness of purpose, increasingly evident since World War II, and a quiet idealism, recommending courage, honesty, and sympathy. In this essay he and Mr. Strout have given perfect expression to a subject admirably suited to the essay form. No "institution" is historically more significant or more thoroughly indigenous to the United States than the Model T. As these writers say, ". . . the old Ford practically* was *the American scene."*

1. I see by the new Sears Roebuck catalogue that it is still possible to buy an axle for a 1909 Model T Ford, but I am not deceived. The great days have faded, the end is in sight. Only one page in the current catalogue is devoted to parts and accessories for the Model T; yet everyone remembers springtimes when the Ford gadget section was larger than men's clothing, almost as large as household furnishings. The last Model T was built in 1927, and the car is fading from what scholars call the American scene—which is an understatement, because to a few million people who grew up with it, the old Ford practically *was* the American scene.

2. It was the miracle God had wrought. And it was patently the sort of thing that could only happen once. Mechanically uncanny, it was like nothing that had ever come to the world before. Flourishing industries rose and fell with it. As a vehicle, it was hard-working, commonplace, heroic; and it often seemed to transmit those qualities to the persons who rode in it. My own generation identifies it with Youth, with its gaudy, irretrievable excitements; before it fades into the mist, I would like to pay it the tribute of the sigh that is not a sob, and set down random entries in a shape somewhat less cumbersome than a Sears Roebuck catalogue.

3. The Model T was distinguished from all other makes of cars by the fact that its transmission was of a type known as planetary—which was half metaphysics, half sheer friction. Engineers accepted the word "planetary"

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in its epicyclic sense, but I was always conscious that it also meant "wandering," "erratic." Because of the peculiar nature of this planetary element, there was always, in Model T, a certain dull rapport between engine and wheels, and even when the car was in a state known as neutral, it trembled with a deep imperative and tended to inch forward. There was never a moment when the bands were not faintly egging the machine on. In this respect it was like a horse, rolling the bit on its tongue, and country people brought to it the same technique they used with draft animals.

4. Its most remarkable quality was its rate of acceleration. In its palmy days the Model T could take off faster than anything on the road. The reason was simple. To get under way, you simply hooked the third finger of the right hand around a lever on the steering column, pulled down hard, and shoved your left foot forcibly against the low-speed pedal. These were simple, positive motions; the car responded by lunging forward with a roar. After a few seconds of this turmoil, you took your toe off the pedal, eased up a mite on the throttle, and the car, possessed of only two forward speeds, catapulted directly into high with a series of ugly jerks and was off on its glorious errand. The abruptness of this departure was never equalled in other cars of the period. The human leg was (and still is) incapable of letting in a clutch with anything like the forthright abandon that used to send Model T on its way. Letting in a clutch is a negative, hesitant motion, depending on delicate nervous control; pushing down the Ford pedal was a simple, country motion—an expansive act, which came as natural as kicking an old door to make it budge.

5. The driver of the old Model T was a man enthroned. The car, with top up, stood seven feet high. The driver sat on top of the gas tank, brooding it with his own body. When he wanted gasoline, he alighted, along with everything else in the front seat; the seat was pulled off, the metal cap unscrewed, and a wooden stick thrust down to sound the liquid in the well. There were always a couple of these sounding sticks kicking around in the ratty sub-cushion regions of a flivver. Refuelling was more of a social function then, because the driver had to unbend, whether he wanted to or not. Directly in front of the driver was the windshield—high, uncompromisingly erect. Nobody talked about air resistance, and the four cylinders pushed the car through the atmosphere with a simple disregard of physical law.

6. There was this about a Model T: the purchaser never regarded his purchase as a complete, finished product. When you bought a Ford, you figured you had a start—a vibrant, spirited framework to which could be screwed an almost limitless assortment of decorative and functional hardware. Driving away from the agency, hugging the new wheel between your knees, you were already full of creative worry. A Ford was born naked as a baby, and a flourishing industry grew up out of correcting its rare deficiencies and combating its fascinating diseases. Those were the great days of lily-painting. I have been looking at some old Sears Roebuck catalogues, and they bring everything back so clear.

7. First you bought a Ruby Safety Reflector for the rear, so that your posterior would glow in another car's brilliance. Then you invested thirty-nine cents in some radiator Moto Wings, a popular ornament which gave the Pegasus touch to the machine and did something godlike to the owner. For nine cents you bought a fan-belt guide to keep the belt from slipping off the pulley.

8. You bought a radiator compound to stop leaks. This was as much a part of everybody's equipment as aspirin tablets are of a medicine cabinet. You bought special oil to prevent chattering, a clamp-on dash light, a patching outfit, a tool box which you bolted to the running board, a sun visor, a steering-column brace to keep the column rigid, and a set of emergency containers for gas, oil, and water—three thin, disc-like cans which reposed in a case on the running board during long, important journeys—red for gas, gray for water, green for oil. It was only a beginning. After the car was about a year old, steps were taken to check the alarming disintegration (Model T was full of tumors, but they were benign.) A set of anti-rattlers (98¢) was a popular panacea. You hooked them on to the gas and spark rods, to the brake pull rod, and to the steering-rod connections. Hood silencers, of black rubber, were applied to the fluttering hood.

Shock-absorbers and snubbers gave "complete relaxation." Some people bought rubber pedal pads, to fit over the standard metal pedals. (I didn't like these, I remember.) Persons of a suspicious or pugnacious turn of mind bought a rear-view mirror; but most Model T owners weren't worried by what was coming from behind because they would soon enough see it out in front. They rode in a state of cheerful catalepsy. Quite a large mutinous clique among Ford owners went over to a foot accelerator (you could buy one and screw it to the floor board), but there was a certain madness in these people, because the Model T, just as she stood, had a choice of three foot pedals to push, and there were plenty of moments when both feet were occupied in the routine performance of duty and when the only way to speed up the engine was with the hand throttle.

9. Gadget bred gadget. Owners not only bought ready-made gadgets, they invented gadgets to meet special needs. I myself drove my car directly from the agency to the blacksmith's, and had the smith affix two enormous iron brackets to the port running board to support an army trunk.

10. People who owned closed models builded along different lines: they bought ball grip handles for opening doors, window antirattlers, and deluxe flower vases of the cut-glass antisplash type. People with delicate sensibilities garnished their car with a device called the Donna Lee Automobile Disseminator—a porous vase guaranteed, according to Sears, to fill the car with a "faint clean odor of lavender." The gap between open cars and closed cars was not as great then as it is now: for $11.95, Sears Roebuck converted your touring car into a sedan and you went forth renewed. One agreeable quality of the old Fords was that they had no bumpers, and their fenders softened and wilted with the years and permitted the driver to squeeze in and out of tight places.

11. Tires were 30 x 3½, cost about twelve dollars, and punctured readily. Everybody carried a Jiffy patching set, with a nutmeg grater to roughen the tube before the goo was spread on. Everybody was capable of putting on a patch, expected to have to, and did have to.

12. During my association with Model T's, self-starters were not a prevalent accessory. They were expensive and under suspicion. Your car came equipped with a serviceable crank, and the first thing you learned was how to Get Results. It was a special trick, and until you learned it (usually from another Ford owner, but sometimes by a period of appalling experimentation) you might as well have been winding up an awning. The trick was to leave the ignition switch off, proceed to the animal's head, pull the choke (which was a little wire protruding through the radiator), and give the crank two or three nonchalant upward lifts. Then, whistling as though thinking about something else, you would saunter back to the driver's cabin, turn the ignition on, return to the crank, and this time, catching it on the down stroke, give it a quick spin with plenty of That. If this procedure was followed, the engine almost always responded—first with a few scattered explosions, then with a tumultuous gunfire, which you checked by racing around to the driver's seat and retarding the throttle. Often, if the emergency brake hadn't been pulled all the way back, the car advanced on you the instant the first explosion occurred and you would hold it back by leaning your weight against it. I can still feel my old Ford nuzzling me at the curb, as though looking for an apple in my pocket.

13. The lore and legend that governed the Ford were boundless. Owners had their own theories about everything; they discussed mutual problems in that wise, infinitely resourceful way old women discuss rheumatism. Exact knowledge was pretty scare, and often proved less effective than superstition. Dropping a camphor ball into the gas tank was a popular expedient; it seemed to have a tonic effect on both man and machine. There wasn't much to base exact knowledge on. The Ford driver flew blind. He didn't know the temperature of his engine, the speed of his car, the amount of his fuel, or the pressure of his oil (the old Ford lubricated itself by what was amiably described as the "splash system"). A speedometer cost money and was an extra, like a windshield-wiper. The dashboard of the early models was bare save for an ignition key; later models, grown effete, boasted an ammeter

which pulsated alarmingly with the throbbing of the car. Under the dash was a box of coils, with vibrators which you adjusted, or thought you adjusted. Whatever the driver learned of his motor, he learned not through instruments but through sudden developments. I remember that the timer was one of the vital organs about which there was ample doctrine. When everything else had been checked, you "had a look" at the timer. It was an extravagantly odd little device, simple in construction, mysterious in function. It contained a roller, held by a spring, and there were four contact points on the inside of the case against which, many people believed, the roller rolled. I have had a timer apart on a sick Ford many times, but I never really knew what I was up to—I was just showing off before God. There were almost as many schools of thought as there were timers. Some people, when things went wrong, just clenched their teeth and gave the timer a smart crack with a wrench. Other people opened it up and blew on it. There was a school that held that the timer needed large amounts of oil; they fixed it by frequent baptism. And there was a school that was positive it was meant to run dry as a bone; these people were continually taking it off and wiping it. I remember once spitting into a timer; not in anger, but in a spirit of research. You see, the Model T driver moved in the realm of metaphysics. He believed his car could be hexed.

14. One reason the Ford anatomy was never reduced to an exact science was that, having "fixed" it, the owner couldn't honestly claim that the treatment had brought about the cure. There were too many authenticated cases of Fords fixing themselves—restored naturally to health after a short rest. Farmers soon discovered this, and it fitted nicely with their draft-horse philosophy: "Let 'er cool off and she'll snap into it again."

15. A Ford owner had Number One Bearing constantly in mind. This bearing, being at the front end of the motor, was the one that always burned out, because the oil didn't reach it when the car was climbing hills. (That's what I was always told, anyway.) The oil used to recede and leave Number One dry as a clam flat; you had to watch that bearing like a hawk. It was like a weak heart—you could hear it start knocking, and that was when you stopped and let her cool off. Try as you would to keep the oil supply right, in the end Number One always went out. "Number One Bearing burned out on me and I had to have her replaced," you would say, wisely; and your companions always had a lot to tell about how to pamper Number One to keep her alive.

16. Sprinkled not too liberally among the millions of amateur witch doctors who drove Fords and applied their own abominable cures were the heaven-sent mechanics who could really make the car talk. These professionals turned up in undreamed-of spots. One time, on the banks of the Columbia River in Washington, I heard the rear end go out of my Model T when I was trying to whip it up a steep incline onto the deck of a ferry. Something snapped; the car slid backward into the mud. It seemed to me like the end of the trail. But the captain of the ferry, observing the withered remnant, spoke up.

17. "What's got her?" he asked.

"I guess it's the rear end," I replied, listlessly. The captain leaned over the rail and stared. Then I saw that there was a hunger in his eyes that set him off from other men.

"Tell you what," he said, carelessly, trying to cover up his eagerness, "let's pull the son of a bitch up onto the boat, and I'll help you fix her while we're going back and forth on the river."

18. We did just this. All that day I plied between the towns of Pasco and Kennewick, while the skipper (who had once worked in a Ford garage) directed the amazing work of resetting the bones of my car.

19. Springtime in the heyday of the Model T was a delirious season. Owning a car was still a major excitement, roads were still wonderful and bad. The Fords were obviously conceived in madness: any car which was capable of going from forward into reverse without any perceptible mechanical hiatus was bound to be a mighty challenging thing to the human imagination. Boys used to veer them off the highway into a level pasture and run wild with them, as though they were cutting up with a girl. Most everybody used the reverse pedal quite as much as the regular foot brake—it distributed the wear over the bands

and wore them all down evenly. That was the big trick, to wear all the bands down evenly, so that the final chattering would be total and the whole unit scream for renewal.

20. The days were golden, the nights were dim and strange. I still recall with trembling those loud, nocturnal crises when you drew up to a signpost and raced the engine so the lights would be bright enough to read destinations by. I have never been really planetary since. I suppose it's time to say good-bye. Farewell, my lovely!

## *Carl Sandburg*

# LINCOLN SPEAKS AT GETTYSBURG

*Carl Sandburg (1878- ) has gained wide recognition as an American poet and biographer. He has received many literary awards, chief among them the Pulitzer Prize in 1940 and again in 1951. His literary career has been devoted to poetry, to the singing and collecting of folksongs, and to writing his monumental biography of Abraham Lincoln, in six volumes. The first two volumes, dealing with* The Prairie Years, *were published in 1926; the latter four volumes, treating* The War Years, *appeared in 1936. In 1939 (with Paul M. Angle) he published* Mary Lincoln, Wife and Widow. *His* Lincoln Collector *appeared in 1950.*

*Whether Carl Sandburg is writing poetry, singing or collecting folksongs, or writing biography, he never strays from the American scene. Time and again his writing reflects his awareness and appreciation of the milieu out of which American heroes come. "Lincoln Speaks at Gettysburg" shows this keen perceptiveness.*

1. A printed invitation came to Lincoln's hands notifying him that on Thursday, November 19, 1863, exercises would be held for the dedication of a National Soldiers' Cemetery at Gettysburg. The same circular invitation had been mailed to Senators, Congressmen, the governors of Northern States, members of the Cabinet, by the commission of Pennsylvanians who had organized a corporation through which Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maryland, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were to share the cost of a decent burying-ground for the dust and bones of the Union and Confederate dead.

2. In the helpless onrush of the war, it was known, too many of the fallen had lain as neglected cadavers rotting in the open fields or thrust into so shallow a resting-place that a common farm plow caught in their bones. Now by order of Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania seventeen acres had been purchased on Cemetery Hill, where the Union center stood its colors on the second and third of July, and plots of soil had been allotted each State for its graves.

3. The sacred and delicate duties of orator of the day had fallen on Edward Everett. An eminent cultural figure, perhaps foremost of all distinguished American classical orators, he was born in 1794, had been United States Senator, Governor of Massachusetts, member of Congress, Secretary of State under Fillmore, Minister to Great Britain, Phi Beta Kappa poet at Harvard, professor of Greek at Harvard, president of Harvard. His reputation as a public speaker began in the Brattle Street

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Unitarian Church of Boston. Two volumes of his orations published in 1850 held eighty-one addresses, two more volumes issued in 1859 collected one hundred and five speeches. His lecture on Washington, delivered a hundred and twenty-two times in three years, had in 1859 brought a fund of $58,000, which he gave to the purchase and maintenance of Mount Vernon as a permanent shrine. Other Everett lectures had realized more than $90,000 for charity causes. . . . No ordinary trafficker in politics, Everett had in 1860 run for Vice-President on the Bell-Everett ticket of the Constitutional Union party, receiving the electoral votes of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. . . .

4. Serene, suave, handsomely venerable in his sixty-ninth year, a prominent specimen of Northern upper-class distinction, Everett was a natural choice of the Pennsylvania commissioners, who sought an orator for a solemn national occasion. When in September they notified him that the date of the occasion would be October 23, he replied that he would need more time for preparation, and the dedication was postponed till November 19.

5. Lincoln meanwhile, in reply to the printed circular invitation, sent word to the commissioners that he would be present at the ceremonies. This made it necessary for the commissioners to consider whether the President should be asked to deliver an address when present. Clark E. Carr of Galesburg, Illinois, representing his State on the Board of Commissioners, noted that the decision of the Board to invite Lincoln to speak was an afterthought. "The question was raised as to his ability to speak upon such a grave and solemn occasion. . . . Besides, it was said that, with his important duties and responsibilities, he could not possibly have the leisure to prepare an address. . . . In answer . . . it was urged that he himself, better than any one else, could determine as to these questions, and that, if he were invited to speak, he was sure to do what, under the circumstances, would be right and proper."

6. And so on November 2 David Wills of Gettysburg, as the special agent of Governor Curtin and also acting for the several States, by letter informed Lincoln that the several States having soldiers in the Army of the Potomac who were killed, or had since died at hospitals in the vicinity, had procured grounds for a cemetery and proper burial of their dead. "These grounds will be consecrated and set apart to this sacred purpose by appropriate ceremonies on Thursday, the 19th instant. I am authorized by the Governors of the various States to invite you to be present and participate in these ceremonies, which will doubtless be very imposing and solemnly impressive. It is the desire that after the oration, you, as Chief Executive of the nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks."

7. Mr. Wills proceeded farther as to the solemnity of the occasion, and when Lincoln had finished reading the letter he understood definitely that the event called for no humor and that a long speech was not expected from him. "The invitation," wrote Clark E. Carr, "was not settled upon and sent to Mr. Lincoln until the second of November, more than six weeks after Mr. Everett had been invited to speak, and but little more than two weeks before the exercises were held." . . .

8. Benjamin B. French, officer in charge of buildings in Washington, introduced the Honorable Edward Everett, orator of the day, who rose, bowed low to Lincoln, saying, "Mr. President." Lincoln responded, "Mr. Everett."

9. The orator of the day then stood in silence before a crowd that stretched to limits that would test his voice. Beyond and around were the wheat fields, the meadows, the peach orchards, long slopes of land, and five and seven miles farther the contemplative blue ridge of a low mountain range. His eyes could sweep them as he faced the audience. He had taken note of it in his prepared and rehearsed address. "Overlooking these broad fields now reposing from the labors of the waning year, the mighty Alleghanies dimly towering before us, the graves of our brethren beneath our feet, it is with hesitation that I raise my poor voice to break the eloquent silence of God and Nature. But the duty to which you have called me must be performed;—grant me, I pray you, your indulgence and your sympathy." Everett proceeded, "It was appointed by law in Athens," and gave an extended sketch of the manner in which the Greeks cared for their dead who fell in battle. He

spoke of the citizens assembled to consecrate the day. "As my eye ranges over the fields whose sods were so lately moistened by the blood of gallant and loyal men, I feel, as never before, how truly it was said of old that it is sweet and becoming to die for one's country."

10. Northern cities would have been trampled in conquest but for "those who sleep beneath our feet," said the orator. He gave an outline of how the war began, traversed decisive features of the three days' battle at Gettysburg, discussed the doctrine of state sovereignty and denounced it, drew parallels from European history, and came to peroration quoting Pericles on dead patriots: "The whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men." The men of nineteen sister States had stood side by side on the perilous ridges. "Seminary Ridge, the Peach-Orchard, Cemetery, Culp, and Wolf Hill, Round Top, Little Round Top, humble names, henceforward dear and famous,—no lapse of time, no distance of space, shall cause you to be forgotten." He had spoken for an hour and fifty-seven minutes, some said a trifle over two hours, repeating almost word for word an address that occupied nearly two newspaper pages, as he had written it and as it had gone in advance sheets to many newspapers.

11. Everett came to his closing sentence without a faltering voice: "Down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country there will be no brighter page than that which relates THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG." It was the effort of his life and embodied the perfections of the school of oratory in which he had spent his career. His erect form and sturdy shoulders, his white hair and flung-back head at dramatic points, his voice, his poise, and chiefly some quality of inside good heartedness, held most of his audience to him, though the people in the front rows had taken their seats three hours before his oration closed.

12. The Baltimore Glee Club sang an ode written for the occasion by Benjamin B. French, who had introduced Everett to the audience. The poets Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, George Boker, had been requested but none found time to respond with a piece to be set to music. The two closing verses of the ode by French immediately preceded the introduction of the President to the audience:

> Great God in Heaven!
> Shall all this sacred blood be shed?
> Shall we thus mourn our glorious dead?
> Oh, shall the end be wrath and woe,
> The knell of Freedom's overthrow,
> A country riven?
>
> It will not be!
> We trust, O God! thy gracious power
> To aid us in our darkest hour.
> This be our prayer—"O Father! save
> A people's freedom from its grave.
> All praise to Thee!"

13. Having read Everett's address, Lincoln knew when the moment drew near for him to speak. He took out his own manuscript from a coat pocket, put on his steel-bowed glasses, stirred in his chair, looked over the manuscript, and put it back in his pocket. The Baltimore Glee Club finished. The specially chosen Ward Hill Lamon rose and spoke the words "The President of the United States," who rose, and holding in one hand the two sheets of paper at which he occasionally glanced, delivered the address in his high-pitched and clear-carrying voice. The *Cincinnati Commercial* reporter wrote, "The President rises slowly, draws from his pocket a paper, and, when commotion subsides, in a sharp, unmusical treble voice, reads the brief and pithy remarks." Hay wrote in his diary, "The President, in a firm, free way, with more grace than is his wont, said his half dozen words of consecration." Charles Hale of the *Boston Advertiser,* also officially representing Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, had notebook and pencil in hand, took down the slow-spoken words of the President, as follows:

> Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.
>
> Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.
>
> We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live.
>
> It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract.

The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

14. . . . The *New York Tribune* and many other newspapers indicated "[Applause.]" at five places in the address and "[Long continued applause.]" at the end. The applause, however, according to most of the responsible witnesses, was formal and perfunctory, a tribute to the occasion, to the high office, to the array of important men of the nation on the platform, by persons who had sat as an audience for three hours. Ten sentences had been spoken in five minutes, and some were surprised that it should end before the orator had really begun to get his outdoor voice.

15. A photographer had made ready to record a great historic moment, had bustled about with his dry plates, his black box on a tripod, and before he had his head under the hood for an exposure, the President had said "by the people, for the people" and the nick of time was past for a photograph.

16. The *New York Times* reporter gave his summary of the program by writing: "The opening prayer by Reverend Mr. Stockton was touching and beautiful, and produced quite as much effect upon the audience as the classic sentences of the orator of the day. President Lincoln's address was delivered in a clear loud tone of voice, which could be distinctly heard at the extreme limits of the large assemblage. It was delivered (or rather read from a sheet of paper which the speaker held in his hand) in a very deliberate manner, with strong emphasis, and with a most business-like air."

17. The *Philadelphia Press* man, John Russell Young, privately felt that Everett's speech was the performance of a great actor whose art was too evident, that it was "beautiful but cold as ice." The *New York Times* man noted: "Even while Mr. Everett was delivering his splendid oration, there were as many people wandering about the fields, made memorable by the fierce struggles of July, as stood around the stand listening to his eloquent periods. They seem to have considered, with President Lincoln, that it was not what was *said* here, but what was *done* here, that deserved their attention. . . . In wandering about these battlefields, one is astonished and indignant to find at almost every step of his progress the carcasses of dead horses which breed pestilence in the atmosphere. I am told that more than a score of deaths have resulted from this neglect in the village of Gettysburg the past summer; in the house in which I was compelled to seek lodgings, there are now two boys sick with typhoid fever attributed to this cause. Within a stone's throw of the whitewashed hut occupied as the headquarters of General Meade, I counted yesterday no less than ten carcasses of dead horses, lying on the ground where they were struck by the shells of the enemy."

18. The audience had expected, as the printed program stipulated, "Dedicatory Remarks, by the President of the United States." No eloquence was promised. Where eloquence is in flow the orator must have time to get tuned up, to expatiate and expand while building toward his climaxes, it was supposed. The *New York Tribune* man and other like observers merely reported the words of the address with the one preceding sentence: "The dedicatory remarks were then delivered by the President." These reporters felt no urge to inform their readers about how Lincoln stood, what he did with his hands, how he moved, vocalized, or whether he emphasized or subdued any parts of the address. Strictly, no address as such was on the program from him. He was down for just a few perfunctory "dedicatory remarks."

19. According to Lamon, Lincoln himself felt that about all he had given the audience

was ordinary garden-variety dedicatory remarks, for Lamon wrote that Lincoln told him just after delivering the speech that he had regret over not having prepared it with greater care. "Lamon, that speech won't *scour*. It is a flat failure and the people are disappointed." On the farms where Lincoln grew up as a boy when wet soil stuck to the mold board of a plow they said it didn't "scour."

20. The near-by *Patriot and Union* of Harrisburg took its fling: "The President succeeded on this occasion because he acted without sense and without constraint in a panorama that was gotten up more for the benefit of his party than for the glory of the nation and the honor of the dead. . . . We pass over the silly remarks of the President; for the credit of the nation we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall no more be repeated or thought of."

21. The *Chicago Times* held that "Mr. Lincoln did most foully traduce the motives of the men who were slain at Gettysburg" in his reference to "a new birth of freedom," the *Times* saying, "They gave their lives to maintain the old government, and the only Constitution and Union." He had perverted history, misstated the cause for which they died, and with "ignorant rudeness" insulted the memory of the dead, the *Times* alleged: "Readers will not have failed to observe the exceeding bad taste which characterized the remarks of the President and Secretary of State at the dedication of the soldiers' cemetery at Gettysburg. The check of every American must tingle with shame as he reads the silly, flat, and dish-watery utterances of the man who has to be pointed out to intelligent foreigners as the President of the United States. And neither he nor Seward could refrain, even on that solemn occasion, from spouting their odious abolition doctrines. The readers of THE TIMES ought to know, too, that the valorous President did not dare to make this little journey to Gettysburg without being escorted by a bodyguard of soldiers. For the first time in the history of the country, the President of the United States, in traveling through a part of his dominions, on a peaceful, even a religious mission, had to be escorted by a bodyguard of soldiers . . . it was fear for his own personal safety which led the President to go escorted as any other military despot might go." In the pronouncement of a funeral sermon Mr. Lincoln had intruded an "offensive exhibition of boorishness and vulgarity," had alluded to tribal differences that an Indian orator eulogizing dead warriors would have omitted, "which he knew would excite unnecessarily the bitter prejudices of his hearers." Therefore the *Chicago Times* would inquire, "Is Mr. Lincoln less refined than a savage?"

22. A Confederate outburst of war propaganda related to Lincoln and the Gettysburg exercises was set forth in a *Richmond Examiner* editorial, and probably written by its editor, Edward A. Pollard, taking a day off from his merciless and occasionally wild-eyed criticism of President Jefferson Davis of the Confederacy. And the *Chicago Times,* which seldom let a day pass without curses on Lincoln for his alleged suppression of free speech and a free press, reprinted in full the long editorial from the *Examiner.* "The dramatic exhibition at Gettysburg is in thorough keeping with Yankee character, suited to the usual dignity of their chosen chief," ran part of the editorial scorn. "Stage play, studied attitudes, and effective points were carefully elaborated and presented to the world as the honest outpourings of a nation's heart. In spite of shoddy contracts, of universal corruption, and cruel thirst for southern blood, these people have ideas . . . have read of them in books . . . and determined accordingly to have a grand imitation of them. . . . Mr. Everett was equal to the occasion. He 'took down his Thucydides,' and fancied himself a Pericles commemorating the illustrious dead. The music, the eloquence, the bottled tears and hermetically sealed grief, prepared for the occasion, were all properly brought out in honor of the heroes, whom they crimp in Ireland, inveigle in Germany, or hunt down in the streets of New York.

23. "So far the play was strictly classic. To suit the general public, however, a little admixture of the more irregular romantic drama was allowed. A vein of comedy was permitted to mingle with the deep pathos of the piece. This singular novelty, and deviation from classic propriety, was heightened by assigning

this part to the chief personage. Kings are usually made to speak in the magniloquent language supposed to be suited to their elevated position. On the present occasion Lincoln acted the clown."

24. This was in the customary tone of the *Chicago Times* and relished by its supporting readers. Its rival, the *Chicago Tribune,* however, had a reporter who telegraphed (unless some editor who read the address added his own independent opinion) a sentence: "The dedicatory remarks of President Lincoln will live among the annals of man."

25. The *Cincinnati Gazette* reporter added after the text of the address, "That this was the right thing in the right place, and a perfect thing in every respect, was the universal encomium."

26. The American correspondent of the London *Times* wrote that "the ceremony was rendered ludicrous by some of the sallies of that poor President Lincoln. . . . Anything more dull and commonplace it would not be easy to produce."

27. Count Gurowski, the only man ever mentioned by Lincoln to Lamon as his possible assassin, wrote in a diary, "Lincoln spoke, with one eye to a future platform and to reelection."

28. The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* said thousands who would not read the elaborate oration of Mr. Everett would read the President's few words "and not many will do it without a moistening of the eye and a swelling of the heart." The *Detroit Advertiser and Tribune* said Mr. Everett had nobly told the story of the battle, "but he who wants to take in the very spirit of the day, catch the unstudied pathos that animates a sincere but simple-minded man, will turn from the stately periods of the professed orator to the brief speech of the President." The *Providence Journal* reminded readers of the saying that the hardest thing in the world is to make a good five-minute speech: "We know not where to look for a more admirable speech than the brief one which the President made at the close of Mr. Everett's oration. . . . Could the most elaborate and splendid oration be more beautiful, more touching, more inspiring, than those thrilling words of the President? They had in our humble judgment the charm and power of the very high est eloquence."

29. Later men were to find that Robe Toombs of Georgia had in 1850 opened speech: "Sixty years ago our fathers joine together to form a more perfect Union an to establish justice. . . . We have now met t put that government on trial. . . . In m judgment the verdict is such as to give hop to the friends of liberty throughout th world."

30. Lincoln had spoken of an idea, a prop sition, a concept, worth dying for, whic brought from a Richmond newspaper countering question and answer, "For wh are we fighting? An abstraction."

31. The *Springfield Republican* had veere from its first opinion that Lincoln was hone but "a Simple Susan." Its comment ran: "Su passingly fine as Mr. Everett's oration was i the Gettysburg consecration, the rhetoric honors of the occasion were won by Presider Lincoln. His little speech is a perfect gen deep in feeling, compact in thought and e pression, and tasteful and elegant in eve word and comma. Then it has the merit unexpectedness in its verbal perfection ar beauty. We had grown so accustomed homely and imperfect phrase in his produ tions that we had come to think it was th law of his utterance. But this shows he ca talk handsomely as well as act sensibly. Tur back and read it over, it will repay study a model speech. Strong feelings and a larg brain were its parents—a little painstaking i *accoucheur.*"

32. That scribbler of curious touch wl signed himself "The Lounger" in *Harper Weekly* inquired why the ceremony at Getty burg was one of the most striking events the war. "There are grave-yards enough i the land—what is Virginia but a cemetery? and the brave who have died for us in th fierce war consecrate the soil from the ocea to the Mississippi. But there is peculiar si nificance in the field of Gettysburg, for the 'thus far' was thundered to the rebellion. . . The President and the Cabinet were ther with famous soldiers and civilians. The or tion by Mr. Everett was smooth and cold. . . The few words of the President were fro the heart to the heart. They can not be rea

even, without kindling emotion. 'The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.' It was as simple and felicitous and earnest a word as was ever spoken. . . . Among the Governors present was Horatio Seymour. He came to honor the dead of Gettysburg. But when they were dying he stood in New York sneeringly asking where was the victory promised for the Fourth of July? These men were winning that victory, and dying for us all; and now he mourns, *ex-officio,* over their graves."

33. Everett's opinion of the speech he heard Lincoln deliver was written in a note to Lincoln the next day and was more than mere courtesy: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes." Lincoln's immediate reply was: "In our respective parts yesterday, you could not have been excused to make a short address, nor I a long one. I am pleased to know that, in your judgment, the little I did say was not entirely a failure."

34. At Everett's request Lincoln wrote with pen and ink a copy of his Gettysburg Address, which manuscript was auctioned at a Sanitary Fair in New York for the benefit of soldiers. At the request of George Bancroft, the historian, he wrote another copy for a Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair at Baltimore. He wrote still another to be lithographed as a facsimile in a publication, *Autographed Leaves of Our Country's Authors.* For Mr. Wills, his host at Gettysburg, he wrote another. The first draft, written in Washington, and the second one, held while delivering it, went into John Hay's hands to be eventually presented to the Library of Congress.

35. After the ceremonies at Gettysburg Lincoln lunched with Governor Curtin, Mr. Everett, and others at the Wills home, held a reception that had not been planned, handshaking nearly an hour, looking gloomy and listless but brightening sometimes as a small boy or girl came in line, and stopping one tall man for remarks as to just how high up he reached. At five o'clock he attended a patriotic meeting in the Presbyterian church, walking arm-in-arm with old John Burns, and listening to an address by Lieutenant Governor-elect Anderson of Ohio. At six-thirty he was on the departing Washington train. In the dining-car his secretary John Hay ate with Simon Cameron and Wayne MacVeagh. Hay had thought Cameron and MacVeagh hated each other, but he noted: "I was more than usually struck by the intimate, jovial relations that existed between men that hate and detest each other as cordially as do these Pennsylvania politicians."

36. The ride to Washington took until midnight. Lincoln was weary, talked little, stretched out on one of the side seats in the drawing-room and had a wet towel laid across his eyes and forehead.

37. He had stood that day, the world's foremost spokesman of popular government, saying that democracy was yet worth fighting for. He had spoken as one in mist who might head on deeper yet into mist. He incarnated the assurances and pretenses of popular government, implied that it could and might perish from the earth. What he meant by "a new birth of freedom" for the nation could have a thousand interpretations. The taller riddles of democracy stood up out of the address. It had the dream touch of vast and furious events epitomized for any foreteller to read what was to come. He did not assume that the drafted soldiers, substitutes, and bounty-paid privates had died willingly under Lee's shot and shell, in deliberate consecration of themselves to the Union cause. His cadences sang the ancient song that where there is freedom men have fought and sacrificed for it, and that freedom is worth men's dying for. For the first time since he became President he had on a dramatic occasion declaimed, howsoever it might be read, Jefferson's proposition which had been a slogan of the Revolutionary War—"All men are created equal"—leaving no other inference than that he regarded the Negro slave as a man. His outwardly smooth sentences were inside of them gnarled and tough with the enigmas of the American experiment.

38. Back at Gettysburg the blue haze of the Cumberland Mountains had dimmed till it was a blur in a nocturne. The moon was up and fell with a bland golden benevolence on the new-made graves of soldiers, on the sepulchers of old settlers, on the horse car-

casses of which the onrush of war had not yet permitted removal. The *New York Herald* man walked amid them and ended the story he sent his paper: "The air, the trees, the graves are silent. Even the relic hunters are gone now. And the soldiers here never wake to the sound of reveille."

39. In many a country cottage over the land, a tall old clock in a quiet corner told time in a tick-tock deliberation. Whether the orchard branches hung with pink-spray blossoms or icicles of sleet, whether the outside news was seedtime or harvest, rain or drouth, births or deaths, the swing of the pendulum was right and left and right and left in a tick-tock deliberation.

40. The face and dial of the clock had known the eyes of a boy who listened to its tick-tock and learned to read its minute and hour hands. And the boy had seen years measured off by the swinging pendulum, and grown to man size, had gone away. And the people in the cottage knew that the clock would stand there and the boy never again come into the room and look at the clock with the query, "What is the time?"

41. In a row of graves of the Unidentified the boy would sleep long in the dedicated final resting-place at Gettysburg. Why he had gone away and why he would never come back had roots in some mystery of flags and drums, of national fate in which individuals sink as in a deep sea, of men swallowed and vanished in a man-made storm of smoke and steel.

42. The mystery deepened and moved with ancient music and inviolable consolation because a solemn Man of Authority had stood at the graves of the Unidentified and spoken the words "We cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. . . . From these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion."

43. To the backward and forward pendulum swing of a tall old clock in a quiet corner they might read those cadenced words while outside the windows the first flurry of snow blew across the orchard and down over the meadow, the beginnings of winter in a gun-metal gloaming to be later arched with a star-flung sky.

## *Henry Steele Commager*

# PORTRAIT OF THE AMERICAN

*Henry Steele Commager (1902- ) was born in Pittsburgh and educated at the University of Chicago. He is now professor of American history at Columbia University, and he often lectures at other universities in the United States and Europe. His prolific scholarship has been devoted to a study of the American people: their history, traditions, and character. He has edited* Documents of American History, *1934,* America in Perspective: the United States through Foreign Eyes, *1947, and* The Blue and the Gray: the Story of the Civil War as Told by Participants, *1950. His more important historical writings are* The Growth of the American Republic *(with Samuel Eliot Morison), 1930, revised 1950,* America: the Story of a Free People *(with Allan Nevins), 1942, and* The Story of the Second World War, *1945. His keen interest in American intellectual history is especially evident in* The American Mind, *1950.*

*Professor Commager's intensive study of American history and culture and his wide acquaintance with American life eminently qualify him to essay a "Portrait*

*of the American." Though he admits that he can give only a broad outline of national character, he has been able to isolate the main factors which have formed the typical American and to describe the manifestations of those factors in American life.*

1. The important questions about any nation, as about any individual, come back to character. "What kind of people do they think we are?" asked Winston Churchill at a momentous crisis in history, and Britain—and the democratic world—survived, not because the English Channel held the Nazis at bay, but because of English steadfastness and courage. Yet it is clear, too, that England's insular position is, itself, an ingredient of the English character just as the protection of the Atlantic and the open frontier have been ingredients of the American character. The broad question, what kind of people are we? inevitably takes precedence over any particular questions of government, economy or sociology, of domestic or foreign policy, but it cannot be separated from the elements that give rise to such questions. Character is intangible and unique but it is neither abstract nor isolated; it is both cause and consequence, creator and creation. It is the product of a thousand factors of geography, history, and economy, and it determines, in turn, the manifestations of those factors.

2. What kind of people, then, are we Americans? What have we inherited, and what have we created? What values do we cherish, what standards do we maintain, what fears do we confess, and what hopes do we avow? What are our motivating interests, sentiments, and passions? What are our instinctive habits of conduct and what our calculated principles? How do we view ourselves, and how do we view others? How have we responded, in the past, to the various crises of economy, politics, and war, and to the challenges of philosophy, culture, and science; how may we be expected to respond, in the future, to the implacable demands that will be made upon our understanding, our courage, and our virtue?

3. These are questions that cannot, in the nature of things, be answered comprehensively or conclusively. No biographer, not even a Boswell, a Lockhart, or a Freeman, has exhausted the possibilities of an individual character, nor can the historian hope to do more than suggest the broad outlines of a national character. Certainly in a people so mixed as the American, scattered over so broad a territory, coming from such varied backgrounds, professing such different faiths, concerned with such diverse interests, there is no single pattern, however rich. Yet from Crèvecoeur to Brogan, the most judicious foreign visitors have concluded that America has fused its human ingredients into something approaching a type, and observation of the American soldier overseas confirmed the conclusion that somehow the homogeneous had triumphed over the heterogeneous and the general over the particular.

4. The American character is an amalgam of inheritance, environment, and experience. The inheritance is chiefly British, but it is, in a broad sense, that of western Christendom. Contributions from Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, Bohemia, Poland, Russia, and—above all—Africa made an impact on special groups and regions; but their total effect on American institutions was negligible, and only the African had a lasting influence on the American character. The environment, like the inheritance, is varied—varied both in time and in space, for Americans lived in different environments in different eras of their history. The diversity of the environment, however great, was less important than its general character—spaciousness, richness, beauty, and isolation. For over two centuries the environment was a challenge and a reward—a succession of wildernesses that demanded the utmost of those who braved them, and of soils and minerals that rewarded industry and ingenuity richly.

5. Fully to appreciate the American experience—the third factor in the formation of the national character—would require a rehearsal

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the whole of American history. Certain ele-
ents of that experience were to prove of
ecial importance to white Americans: Puri-
ism and the principle of the dignity of the
dividual; the Enlightenment and the sov-
eignty of Reason; the Revolution and the
ctrine of the subordination of government
man; education in self-government through
constantly expanding electorate and in
mocracy through voluntary association; the
sence of feudal institutions of church, state,
d society, and the necessary practice of so-
l and religious tolerance; freedom from hard
d fast class distinctions; the combination of
undant natural resources and of individual
dustry which made possible a high level of
aterial prosperity and the indulgence of
omen and children; the traditions of im-
unity from European entanglements, of
tory in war, of inexhaustible resources, of
oral superiority, and of Providential favor
raditions none the less effective even when
t consistent with reality.

6. The Old World inheritance persisted to the late nineteenth and twentieth cenries, when it was augmented and, in part, nsformed by the new immigration and by e reception of new scientific and philosophl ideas such as evolution, determinism, and eudianism. With the passing of the frontier the nineties the peculiar impact of a wilderss environment disappeared, and as techlogy enabled men to master their environent, the role of geography and climate was minished. Yet the varied forces of weather, il and water, of mountain, prairie and forest ntinued to make themselves felt. A larger iiformity embraced striking sectional dirgencies, and the American scene presented richly differentiated an economic pattern that of all Europe. And to almost three nturies of history—often overlaid with roance or transfigured by legend—Americans lded half a century of experience which by ntrast seems almost wholly contemporaneis. This recent past, merging imperceptibly ith the present, has had a decisive influence the shaping of the American character.

7. The watershed that divides the historic ist from what we may call the modern era n be located, with some assurance, in the cade of the 'nineties. That decade witnessed important changes in the material scene: the passing of the frontier, the completion of the transcontinental railways, the coming of the "new" immigration, the decisive shift of population from country to city, and of economy from agriculture to industry, the rise of trusts and of modern labor organizations, the emergence of the New South, and the advent of the United States to world power. And during these years, too, the intellectual and psychological world in which Americans lived underwent a comparable change. The doctrine of evolution challenged religious orthodoxy and profoundly affected science and the social sciences, philosophy, literature, and art. Catholicism emerged as a major force, threatening to compete with the Puritan and the evangelical tradition. A new physics gave scientific sanction to the principle of uncertainty, and currents of thought stemming from Marx, Nietzsche, and Freud introduced radically new elements into the pattern of thought. The rise of sensational journalism and of a more popular press accelerated that tendency towards the vulgarization of ideas already notorious in America, while pragmatism, regarded by unfriendly critics as a comparable vulgarization in philosophy, provided Americans with a philosophical method highly congenial to democracy.

8. The twentieth century introduced not only new material circumstances and philosophical concepts, but novel techniques, experiences, and challenges. Among the new techniques it is sufficient to mention the moving pictures, the radio, television, and modern advertising, with their vast and almost unexplored potentialities for molding opinion. Among the new experiences the most important are the most obvious: a depression which left permanent scars and should have taught permanent lessons in economy and government, and a world war which violently wrenched life from its normal course, confronted millions of Americans with perplexing problems in conduct and morals, and placed upon the American character unprecedented responsibilities. Among the new challenges are the growth of the welfare state, the attainment of world power, the advent of a permanent military organization, and atomic energy. All these, together with the deeply-

rooted and permanent factors of inheritance, environment, and historical experience, condition the American character as it reveals itself at mid-century.

II

9. Let us, then, try to delineate that character.

10. The American is optimistic, self-confident, and self-satisfied. He takes for granted that his is the best of all countries, the happiest and most virtuous of all societies, the richest and most bounteous of all economies. He knows that Providence has favored him in the past and he takes for granted that he will continue to be the object of special dispensation. Collectively he has never known defeat, or prolonged misery, and only colored Americans—who are usually left out of calculations—have known oppression. He is not indifferent to the past, as long as it is American, and is inclined to believe that history began in 1607 or—if he is a Yankee—in 1620. Mostly, however, he lives in the present or the future. Although less sure of progress than his fathers or grandfathers, he is confident that if there is progress, it will be under American leadership and bear the American imprint. Accustomed to seeing his boldest plans and most sanguine anticipations realized, he believes that they will continue to be fulfilled—but with that belief goes a suspicion that in these matters he is no longer the free agent he was during the period of relative immunity from European affairs.

11. The American has boundless faith in the new generation over the horizon, is willing to make almost any sacrifices for it except those required by self-restraint. Education is his religion. It is commonly said that the United States is a young country. That is true only in part, and in a special sense, but it is indubitably true that it is above most others a country whose society and economy are organized for children and young people—again, so long as they are white. That indulgence of children, which most foreign commentators have remarked, is rooted, in part, in good fortune and prosperity, and, in part, in the confident assumption by each successive generation that the period of true greatness lies ahead.

12. In one important respect, confidence in the future has led the American to a characteristic disregard of the interests of his children and of his children's children. Because he believed that his natural resources were inexhaustible, he used them recklessly, taking little care for soil or forest or stream, or even for the less tangible but no less important element of the beauty of carefully tended trees and roads and lawns. Because he trusted his own individual strength, he was hostile to planning, especially by any governmental agency. Because he was easy-going and heedless, he piled up staggering public debts for future generations to pay, and was unwilling to burden himself, even in times of prosperity, by a speedy retirement of that debt. The twentieth century saw improvement in the attitude toward conservation and a decline in hostility toward planning. Belatedly shocked by the rapid exhaustion of his resources, the American approved a conservation program that at least arrested, if it did not reverse, that process. Confused by the complexity of modern economy and wounded by the great depression, he undertook, somewhat gingerly, a series of experiments in economic planning, of which T.V.A. is easily the most ambitious. All this was a sign of maturity.

13. Enraptured with his life in the New World, the American is inclined to disparage or ignore any other. Confident of the superiority of what he calls, with naïve vagueness, "The American way of life," he is confident, too, of the superior intelligence, competence, and virtue of his own people. Whatever quality is admirable he promptly dubs "American," and he is inclined to think that nowhere but in America do doctors save children or newspapers print honest news or women wear nylons. This is an attitude by no means unique to the American, and more easily excused in a people who have been so favored by nature and history in their attempt to make something new, than it is in some others. Neither familiarity with the history and institutions of Old World nations or contact with them during two wars disabused the average American of his feeling of superiority or his tendency either to indulge other peoples for their quaintness and charm, or to disparage them for their backwardness or their

wickedness. Yet if the tendency to equate civilization with plumbing is childish, it is perhaps no more childish than the Old World habit of equating it with titles or monuments or traditions.

14. Because he has a long tradition of victory over the wilderness and over foreign enemies, the American is inclined to regard any set-back to his success or qualification of it as contrary to nature. He looked on the great depression of 1929 not as the logical consequence of his own political and economic follies, but rather as an aberration, and for over a decade his business and political leaders have been busy trying to forget it or to pretend that it never really happened. He has never willingly admitted defeat in war, nor quit while there was still some purpose in fighting: in this he is closer to the British and the Russian than to any other peoples. First and Second Bull Run, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, did not fatally dishearten the North; nor Gettysburg and Vicksburg the South. Pearl Harbor seemed not so much a defeat as an indignity; it did not depress the American, but astonished and outraged him.

15. Much of the American's optimism is rooted in innocence. Less virtuous—certainly less moral and law-abiding—than his British cousins, he is at the same time less sophisticated and consequently less disillusioned. Notwithstanding an inheritance of Puritanism, he has never really subscribed to the doctrine of the natural depravity of man, and despite the efforts of generations of revivalists, he has never taken the Devil seriously. Nor has he ever comprehended corruption, as have, for example, the French and the Germans. His philosophers early abandoned those problems of evil which had engaged the anxious consideration of philosophy since the days of Plato. Emerson remained his favorite philosopher, and after him, William James. Josiah Royce, who did wrestle with the problem of evil, was largely ignored. Of his major writers only three—Hawthorne, Melville, and E. A. Robinson—concerned themselves with sin. His imagination, which is lively enough in the realm of humor and fantasy, seems incapable of penetrating to the depths of human depravity. By comparison with French novelists like Jules Romains or with English ones like Graham Greene, his hard-boiled novelists and tough mystery-story writers seem like adolescent boys scrawling naughty words on walls. Even World War II, even the German and Japanese torture camps, failed to bring home to him the full reality of evil, and he remains, therefore, psychologically disqualified for appreciating the fears and despairs that today afflict so large a part of the world.

16. This attitude affects even his foreign and his military policy. He is confident that in a third world war his side would win, and impatient with the misgivings of some western European states about the outcome of such a war. When he takes thought, he realizes that, win or lose, a third war would destroy western Europe, but he does not always take thought. So, too, with his control of the atomic weapon. He feels that his intentions are good, and assumes that his country will not misuse atomic bombs, and he expects other countries to trust him, too. He is perpetually astonished and outraged by Russian suspicion of his motives. He is sure that in the event of atomic warfare his country will have the most and the most effective bombs, and that it will inflict more damage on the enemy than the enemy can inflict on it. He does not commonly appreciate that the damage to Britain or Scandinavia, for example, might be incalculable and irreparable—to say nothing of the fact that equally sinister weapons may suddenly be turned on him.

III

17. American culture is predominantly material, its thought and its standards quantitative. The normal American tends to compute almost everything in numbers, even qualitative things such as religion or art. He takes pride in statistics of population growth, automobile production, magazine circulation, and college enrollment, and is inclined to put a financial value on objects of public interest—houses, or bridges, or works of art—not because he is primarily interested in money but because money furnishes the most convenient quantitative yardstick. He is proud when his company builds the highest office-building, or his city the most miles of boulevard, or his college the largest stadium.

18. This passion for quantity is looked upon as naïve, even as vulgar, by outsiders; it has given acute pain to such different critics as Matthew Arnold, Knut Hamsun, and de Madariaga. Yet it has certain advantages. Oftentimes quantity is meaningless, but oftentimes, too, it contributes directly to human welfare and happiness. The American wants the highest standard of living, and knows that telephones and libraries and boulevards contribute to that standard. Only rarely does he delude himself that twenty thousand students at the State University guarantee a higher standard of education than five thousand students at Oxford, but at the same time he is prepared to maintain that two million students in colleges and universities do make for a more enlightened citizenry than, say, one hundred thousand. He is not to be dissuaded from his pride in keeping twenty-seven million boys and girls in his public schools or in the handsome buildings he commonly provides for them.

19. His respect for numbers contributes to the maintenance of the two-party system, and to a more cheerful acquiescence in majority decisions than is to be found in many other countries. It may even be argued that there is a connection between majority—or quantitative—rule and economic and social progress. It is suggestive that the section of the country where minority control is indulged has made least material progress, and least progress in social and intellectual tolerance. Nor is the quantitative standard wholly without significance in international relations. The American can fight when outnumbered—witness the history of the Confederacy—but prefers to fight with the largest numbers and the best equipment, and the ability of America to muster large numbers and produce superior equipment is a basic consideration in world affairs.

20. The American is ingenious, inventive, and experimental, though less so in the twentieth than in the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries. This ingenuity is in part an inheritance from life on successive frontiers, where almost everyone was a jack-of-all-trades, in part a concomitant of an equalitarian society where rewards went to the most enterprising. It is, in addition, a consequence of the important fact that America came to maturity during the era of the industrial revolution. The American likes to tinker, and his passion for gadgets is notorious—the very word has come to be an Americanism. He has carried this aptitude for tinkering over into the whole field of science and technology, and to a lesser degree into the realms of education, libraries, journalism and sports. Except in law, he is unimpressed by precedent, and has little use for tradition. He prefers to do old things in new ways, and the fact that something has never been done before is more a challenge than a discouragement.

21. His proclivity for invention and experimentation does not carry over in any substantial form into the political or cultural fields. Here the American is conservative by instinct rather than by conviction. Those who are prosperous, successful, and powerful are generally conservative, and the American is no exception. Most of his political inventions date back to the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—the federal system, the written constitution, the constitutional convention, the colonial system formulated in the Northwest Ordinance, and judicial review; since that day political inventions have been largely confined to the less spacious realms of party and administrative techniques. Although he permits changes in his unwritten constitution, he does not want to change his written one, and he is inclined to regard criticism of that document as heretical. It is remarkable that no basic change has been introduced into the written constitution since 1868. Of the three branches of his government the judicial, which is least democratic in character, is the most exalted, and the legislative, which is most democratic, is most condemned. Tocqueville's observation about the aristocracy of the robe in the eighteen-thirties was equally valid a century later. Although the federal system permits wide experimentation in forty-eight state laboratories, few states have in fact ventured beyond familiar political arrangements and techniques. On the other hand, much of the New Deal program showed audacity, the T.V.A. revealed both boldness and originality, and lend-lease was probably the most ingenious invention in the history of modern international relations.

22. The twentieth-century American does not display hospitality to new or radical ideas in non-political realms. In economics he still prefers the dogmas of Spencer to the experiments of Keynes: it should be added that the verbal expression of his preference here is sentimental and nostalgic. His attitude towards such institutions of property as the corporation, the stock market, land tenure, patents, and labor organizations, is predominantly conservative. In religion he is a conservative, if not a fundamentalist, and the only churches that show a positive decline in membership are the Unitarian, Universalist, and Quaker. Neither his movies nor his radio nor his advertising—the three most popular media of culture—show any weakness for innovation. Some artists and poets experiment, but it is not they who command the favor of the public or of patrons, but rather those who are content with traditional forms. Three decades of agitation for modern housing have produced chiefly colonial or Elizabethan or Spanish reproductions. Even in the automobile, where American productive skill is supreme, the boldest experiments come from abroad. In the realm of science, medicine and technology, Americans have retained considerable intellectual boldness, but not, on the whole, in the social sciences, and the growing popular complacency about American society and economy augurs ill for any bold ventures in that arena.

23. The American is pre-eminently practical. He is the enemy of all abstractions, theories and doctrines. Franklin is his favorite philosopher, and after him, William James—James who asserted that it was only minds debauched by learning that ever suspected common sense of not being true. The American requires that everything serve a practical purpose—religion, education, culture, science, philosophy, even art. He has produced great speculative scientists, but he admires Edison rather than Willard Gibbs; he has produced speculative philosophers, but exalts William James above Josiah Royce; he has produced no great political theorist since Jefferson, no major social theorist since Lester Ward; and both Jefferson and Ward were practical as well as speculative philosophers. His education, too, is practical, and only in America do graduate schools of architecture and journalism and engineering flourish.

24. This strain of practicality is regarded by many Europeans as lamentable, but it is not without merit. It means that philosophy has been levied upon for practical and democratic purposes. Transcendentalism, in its German and English versions, was private and remote, but in its American, it became a powerful instrument for social reform; pragmatism, the most characteristic and most popular of all American philosophies, requires that all truths prove themselves by their consequences. It also means that religious leaders have largely abandoned theology for humanitarianism and reform; that education has broken away, in part at least, from its classical mold and been called on to serve the needs of a business society; that in the realm of politics the American will give his vote to a third party only rarely and reluctantly, and is not tempted by speculative theories. Many foreigners are distressed that there are no discernible differences between the Republican and the Democratic parties, but Americans know instinctively, as well as by experience, that parties are organizations to run the government, not to advance theoretical principles, and, on the basis of results, the American party system appears to be as efficient as any in the world.

25. What is true of philosophy and politics is certainly true of industry, but distinctly less true of agriculture and of business. The efficiency of American technology is unparalleled, but the efficiency of farming is spotty and that of business circumscribed. Agricultural inefficiency had its origins, and its justification, in the abundance of cheap land on successive frontiers, thus making extensive cultivation more profitable than intensive. But with mechanization, the application of science and the contributions of government bureaus, farming is becoming every year more productive and, outside the South, compares favorably with that of Britain and Scandinavia.

26. American business prides itself on its organization, management, publicity, profits, and other characteristics that advertise a high degree of efficiency, and American universities alone teach business administration as a

science. Yet what is perhaps most striking about American business, as distinct from industry, is not social or economic efficiency, but the disproportion between effort and result. Random comparisons with British business are relevant. Probably no banks are more elaborately equipped with devices to keep track of accounts and in particular to control overdrawals than the American, but the several million depositors who lost their savings in American banks during the twenties and thirties might well feel that British banks, for all their shabbiness and their apparent casualness, are substantially more efficient. The machinery of Hollywood is incomparably more elaborate, and more expensive than that of British studios, but Hollywood does not produce pictures as good as the best English films. The total production-costs of American radio run into astronomical figures, but many impartial auditors prefer the less expensive product of the BBC; and American radio has yet to produce anything as good as the "Ideas and Beliefs of the Victorians" series. Or, to look to other fields, the personnel, machinery, and appropriations of the Information and Education division of the American Army were ten-fold as elaborate as those of the British Education program, but it could be argued that the British did a better educational job. What all this suggests, so far as it is tenable, is that the American has faith in machinery, admires bigness, is inclined to mistake the effort for the product and to judge the product by the effort—and the cost. This is natural enough in a people whose genius is inventive, who enjoy abundance, who delight in quantity, and who have learned to rely on machinery to do work ordinarily done by people. What is interesting is that the American businessman should persist in regarding himself as a paragon of efficiency.

27. Another qualification on the efficiency of the American is his deep-rooted and pervasive carelessness. He is careless about his work, his trade, his profession, about speech, manners, and social relationships. In part this is a consequence of generations of rural and frontier life, in part of the absence of distinct social standards or a clear-cut social pattern; in part it is a manifestation of equalitarianism, individualism, and good nature. It reveals itself in countless ways, some deplorable, but mostly amiable. The American slurs over his words, leaves sentences unfinished, cheerfully ignores the rules of spelling and grammar. He is lawless in small matters, as in large; disregards rules and regulations, endures public litter, disorder and noise, and the invasion of privacy. His manners, like his dress, are informal, and informality characterizes the relations of superiors and subordinates in the various hierarchies of education, business, the professions, and even the Army. Compared with the Scotch or the Swedish workingman, he takes little pride in a finished job, and does not prize craftsmanship. His roads and his railway roadbeds need to be relaid every few years. Neither his houses, nor his furniture, nor his automobiles are made primarily to last.

28. The American pays dearly for the luxury of carelessness. He pays in wasted resources of land and of forest, in heavy costs of governmental administration, in excessive bills for continuous repair and replacement of his most elementary requirements. On any system of accounting, it costs more to run the machinery of a city whose inhabitants are contemptuous of law than that of one where the whole population is a cooperative law-enforcement agency; more to run a library whose patrons steal, mislay, or deface books than one in which books are respected; more to maintain public parks and monuments ravaged by visitors than those which are respected. Whatever else may be said of such disparate things as American state and local government, the armed services, the radio, the moving pictures, and advertising, it can be said that they are the most expensive in the world. Nor is the cost of carelessness economic only: the cost in time and energy is heavy.

29. Yet wastefulness and carelessness are not absolutes; they are characteristics rooted in and modified by other qualities. Good-nature accounts for generosity as well as for extravagance; individualism encourages independence as well as wastefulness; hostility to discipline contributes to political liberty as well as to lawlessness. It is sobering to remember that the Germans were good workmen and good craftsmen, careful of the proprieties,

respectful of rank and position, orderly, law-abiding, disciplined, and prudent.

IV

30. The American tradition was of necessity one of tolerance. The late-eighteenth-century American knew that his country had been founded in dissent and born of Revolution, and his nineteenth-century successors did not forget this, for non-conformity and dissent were encouraged by subsequent historical experience. State and federal constitutions guaranteed free speech, press, and worship; successive frontiers shattered traditions and encouraged experimentation; the transcendental and the pragmatic philosophies, for all their differences, exalted individualism; a decentralized political system invited a wide latitude in political experiments; a heterogeneous population required toleration of social differences; the habit of voluntary association in a thousand organizations provided the most varied outlets for individual energies and interests. Had the nineteenth-century American wished to be a traditionalist, he would have found it difficult to know what tradition to honor, unless it was indeed the tradition of toleration and of individualism.

31. The decline of the inventive and experimental spirit in the twentieth century was accompanied by a growing impatience with nonconformity and a growing circumscription of the arena of individual activity. By mid-century the average American was inclined to think of his country as a finished product, its character fixed and its standards formed, and to insist upon conformity and upon outward manifestations of unity. World War I encouraged this attitude; World War II crystallized it; with the inauguration of the cold war against Russia, it received sanction from state and federal governments. The drift towards conformity revealed itself in many ways: in the standardization created by moving pictures, radio, advertisements, schools, patriotic and fraternal organizations; in the popularity of guides to good conduct, business success, friendship, home making, love and marriage; in the censorship of books, plays, and motion pictures; in the emphasis upon gestures and ceremonies of loyalty; in the mounting hostility to criticism, even from such agencies as political parties and universities, whose professional function was that of the critic.

32. Intolerance was no new phenomenon in American history, but not since the days of the Federalists in New England—not even in the ante-bellum South—had it been as indiscriminate as it became in the nineteen forties. It found expression, then, in the antics of state and federal committees on un-American activities and in the requirement of loyalty oaths from groups whose record of loyalty was unimpeachable. It manifested itself in legislative purges of schools and universities, and in the bold intrusion of churches into the realm of politics. It assumed blatant character in anti-Semitism, in the nullification of constitutional guarantees of civil rights to Negroes, and in the emergence of doctrines of racism that had been thought peculiar to the Nazis. In the economic arena, it took the form of hostility to "alien" doctrines by those who subscribed to laissez-faire, Manchester liberalism, and social Darwinism, under the curious misapprehension that these were native. With the Alien Registration Act of 1940, the doctrine of guilt by association entered American law, and various executive and Congressional loyalty tests extended that doctrine to extreme lengths: at mid-century the credentials of a United States Senator, long distinguished in academic life, were openly challenged in Congress on the ground that he had associated himself with an organization designed to advance human welfare in the South. Equally unprecedented, and equally pernicious, was the doctrine of guilt by intention, which likewise made its way into American law in these years. A people who had traditionally cherished liberty no less than order, and who had distinguished themselves as champions of freedom throughout the world, began to whittle away the constitutional guarantees of free speech, free press, and free assembly. Since the conquest of Greece by Rome, history had frequently recorded instances where the vanquished imposed their ideas upon the victors; would history record that American democracy, at the moment of its greatest triumph, had yielded to the racial ideas of the Nazis, the thought-control techniques of the Japa-

nese, the police-state psychology of the Russians?

33. Less ominous, but not without significance, and certainly not without interest, is the apparent growth of class-consciousness in twentieth-century America, especially during the second quarter of the century. By Old World standards, nineteenth-century America, except in the South, had been largely classless. Such class distinctions as obtained were based on mixed considerations, partly economic and partly social, associated with race, family, and education as well as with wealth. But in those years classes merged almost imperceptibly into each other, and, for whites, especially if native born, the transition from one class to another was natural—a matter of years rather than of generations. After the Civil War, large-scale immigration, internal migration, the rise of cities, the weakening of the planter class in the South, and the emergence of the new rich in the North, all contributed to a new blurring of class lines.

34. Although large-scale immigration ceased after the outbreak of World War I, and though a new planter-class arose on the ruins of the old, these influences persisted into the twentieth century, and several, like internal migration and urban growth, were even sharpened. By mid-century it was proper to say that except for Negroes, Mexicans, the foreign-born of southern and eastern Europe, and possibly the share-croppers of the South—a sizeable group to be sure—most Americans belonged to the middle class. Certainly few admitted that they were of a lower class, and just as few professed to belong to an upper; the distinction which Americans themselves made was between upper and lower middle.

35. Yet along with this general leveling of classes came an emergence of class consciousness at once ostentatious and pervasive, and artificial. It appears in the growing importance of the Social Register, and of society pages in newspapers, in a new and flourishing interest in genealogy and in filiopietistic organizations like the Colonial Dames and the Sons of the American Revolution, in the mounting influence and popularity of private schools, in the spread of Old World practices like tipping, in the hierarchy of country clubs, and in the preference for French on menus and in school curricula. It appears most blatantly in advertising, with its deliberate appeal to snobbery. Yet it is worth noting that advertisers, who have the largest stake in class consciousness, find it worth while to publicize not only the preferences of the first families of Boston and Philadelphia, but of the stars of the movies and the radio, of the ball park and the gridiron, who constitute the most widely-acknowledged American aristocracy.

36. Clearly these outward manifestations of class consciousness are an effort to proclaim publicly what no longer proclaims itself. In Britain, for example, social position is relatively fixed, and acknowledged, by such unmistakable indications as titles, or a public-school accent, or professional status: no one can doubt the social credentials of a Lord, or a barrister, or a graduate of Eton College. But in the United States, the distinction between classes had always been narrow and uncertain. Church affiliation had been free from class connotations, accent had foregone its ancient prerogative, there was no special social merit in any profession—not even in the clerical—and almost the only method of distinguishing social position had been through manifestations of what Thorstein Veblen called conspicuous wealth and conspicuous waste. But while the gap between the rich and the poor widened in the twentieth century, the gap between what the rich and the poor could buy with their money has narrowed steadily, until by mid-century it has all but disappeared. Material display is no longer an indication of social status. With the difficulty of getting and keeping help, big houses have been abandoned, and—from the outside—almost all flats look alike. The differences between cheap and expensive cars, too, are imperceptible, as Fords and Cadillacs try to look alike. Every shop-girl can afford ready-made clothes that are good copies of Worth or Paquin, nylon stockings, and smart accessories, and bankers and clerks dress so nearly alike as to suggest business uniform. The poor as well as the rich can afford vacations in Florida; the poor as well as, or more often than, the rich drive to work in their own cars. All buy the same canned goods or frozen vegetables or bottled drinks, the same imitation Sheraton or Hepplewhite furniture, the same radio and tele-

vision sets. Almost all read the same newspapers and magazines, see the same movies and listen to the same radio programs. Rich and poor enjoy essentially the same social services, and amenities—colleges, hospitals, libraries, and entertainment.

37. It is against this background of social and economic leveling that we must reflect the calculated efforts to revive or to create social distinctions. As such distinctions no longer speak for themselves in accent, education, dress, food, or luxuries, they have to be asserted in more ostentatious ways. For clearly no calculated efforts to preserve social or class distinctions can succeed. None can resist, in the long run, the cumulative effect of intermarriage among people of different backgrounds, internal migration, a fluid economy, high income-taxes, and the leveling influence of the public school, the athletic field, and military training. What is significant, then, is not that social and class distinctions are invoked and applied, but that so many people yearn for them and that so many businesses have a stake in them. Just as two generations earlier the rise of the "local color" school in literature was a confession of the passing of genuine provincialism, so in the mid-twentieth century the energetic celebration of class distinctions is an expression of wishful thinking and of nostalgia rather than a description of reality.

V

38. Notwithstanding political and social intolerance, the American remains, as in the past, democratic and equalitarian. Both democracy and equality had roots in his philosophy but both, like toleration, were largely the product of experience. Nothing in that experience suggested that democracy worked less effectively than other forms of government, or that an equalitarian society was less wholesome than one that maintained class distinctions and, if the American looked to his own history rather than abroad, the experience of the ante-bellum South suggested the opposite conclusion. After the last quarter of the nineteenth century, American economy and society experienced profound changes, but those changes were mostly quantitative rather than qualitative, and there was no general inclination to reconsider either the philosophy or the practice of democracy. In so far as the mid-twentieth-century American subscribes to a social or political philosophy, that philosophy remains Jeffersonian.

39. Yet there are serious qualifications on his democracy, qualifications of which he is ignorant or to which he is indifferent. His political system is more democratic than its framers intended, but less than he imagines. The written constitution, the separation of powers, the federal system, and judicial review, are all designed to restrain the excesses of democracy, and all function according to design. The American achieves majority rule, but with greater mechanical difficulty than the peoples in other English-speaking countries. He believes in universal suffrage, but millions of his fellow-citizens are debarred from voting, and only half of those entitled to vote trouble to do so, even at Presidential elections.

40. Democracy is most effective in the nonpolitical realm, and especially in the innumerable voluntary organizations which the American maintains. Nowhere else, except in Britain, do men and women associate so readily or so energetically for common purposes. Where, in most countries, the state establishes colleges or libraries, builds hospitals or playgrounds, reforms the law or the civil service, in America it is, more often than not, private organizations that take on these activities and responsibilities. A thousand organizations enlist the energies and loyalties of men: associations of manufacturers and bankers, of workers and farmers, of scholars and scientists, of parents and teachers, associations of vegetarians and stamp collectors, fishermen and horseshoe pitchers, associations for the perpetuation of circus street-parades and for the reform of the calendar—the list could almost be extended interminably. It is through these organizations that the average American makes his interest, and in some cases his will, known; it is through them that he learns to organize, participate, and lead; these, rather than the party headquarters or the much advertised town-meeting, are the instruments which train him in the business of self-government.

41. Voluntary associations are not only democratic, they are, with some notorious

exceptions, equalitarian. Most of them are open to all who are interested or qualified by experience, and leadership generally goes to the most active and most generous. In the eighteen-thirties, Alexis de Tocqueville concluded that equality was the most pervasive and effective single factor in American society, and the passing of more than a century has not modified this conclusion. The sense of equality permeates American society: language and literature, education and religion, entertainment and sports, all testify to its effectiveness. Equality is accepted, as a matter of course, even where it is not observed. Southerners who "keep the Negro in his place," northerners who tremble at the prospect of inundation by foreigners or Jews, subscribe sincerely enough to the philosophy of equality. What seems palpable insincerity to the outsider passes unobserved by the American, or, on occasion, is considered only an embarrassing exception to the rule. It will be admitted that the exceptions are numerous and flagrant, but it is important to remember that no respectable groups suggest changing the rule.

42. Both democracy and equality presuppose respect for the individual, and individualism flourishes best in a democratic order. Traditionally the American is an individualist, impatient of restrictions on his conduct or his personality. He is anti-authoritarian, dislikes rules, regulations, formalities, and precedents, prefers to do things his own way, and wants to be let alone. His own experience has given him little reason to distrust either government or the military, but distrust of both is deeply engrained. Children are not ordinarily exposed to discipline either in their homes or in their schools, and there is less emphasis on discipline in the American Army than in most others.

43. Yet individualism, so marked in the nineteenth century, is less pronounced in the twentieth. Illustrations come readily to mind. The reform movement of the eighteen-thirties and forties rested on a highly individualistic philosophy and sought private salvation; that of a century later was social and governmental. Pragmatism as formulated by William James was individualistic, almost eccentric; the pragmatism of John Dewey is primarily social. The individual editors of an earlier day—Greeley and Dana for examples—have given way to large impersonal organizations, and for most newspapers, press-services have supplanted reporters. The emphasis in scholarship and science is on cooperative enterprises; so complex is modern science and technology that few individuals are able to master any one part of it. American books are directed less to individual or special tastes than to the mass market; with a population three times that of Britain, American publishers bring out fewer titles, except for reprints, and even here British publishers show more respect for individual tastes. Although the census lists over two hundred religious denominations, actually over three-fourths of all church members belong to the largest five, and the larger churches are growing steadily at the expense of the smaller.

44. The causes for the apparent decline of individualism are complex. It is in part the result of the passing of the frontier, and of a rural society, for urban life offers less scope to the individual character. It is in part the product of universal public education, of standardization, and of the growing emphasis on social and intellectual conformity. It is in part the consequence of the triumph of that very principle of equality which originally encouraged individualism, for individualism flourishes most luxuriantly in an aristocratic society like that in the Old South where the requirements of conformity were more limited and eccentricity more easily indulged.

45. It is in the realm of economics that individualism is most aggressively asserted—and most effectively limited. President Hoover used the term "rugged individualism" to describe private enterprise, and soon private enterprise became identical with "the American way of life." But in fact, as the inexorable statistics of corporation growth reveal, American economy has become less individualistic with every passing year, and private enterprise less private. What is interesting, however, is not so much the gap between reality and ideal, as the almost religious fervor with which many Americans celebrate the ideal. It is as if the American, who no longer indulges himself

freely in the individualistic expression of religion, or social reform, or culture, or even politics, as he did in the nineteenth century, finds in the economic realm the last refuge of an individualism which he still associates with the heroic period of his history.

46. Yet if in consequence of these political, economic, and psychological influences, the scope for the expression of individualism has been circumscribed, the fundamental philosophy, which regards each human being as an end in himself rather than merely as a means to an end, is unimpaired, and reappears at every great crisis of American history.

VI

47. It would be folly to suggest that what we have described is the American character. All we can say is that the qualities which we have delineated seem to be some of the more pronounced traits of the American of the mid-twentieth century as they appear to one observer. No other observer would draw quite the same portrait; many would draw one altogether different. Yet some features, it is safe to say, even some apparently incongruous ones, would probably be common to all portraits. No analysis of the American character could omit optimism, amiability, energy, self-confidence, enterprise, materialism, idealism, practicality, sentimentality, progressivism, conservatism, inventiveness, carelessness, intolerance, equalitarianism, individualism. These characteristics a·e not, in themselves, profoundly different from the characteristics of some other peoples—the English or the Norwegian, for example. It is not so much the particular elements as the juxtaposition of all the elements that gives them peculiar interest. Nor is it realistic to lose sight of the obvious fact that it is the combination of these qualities with immense power that gives them significance.

48. For, in large measure, the destinies of mankind are, for the moment, committed to this people. Not ambitious for power, they have achieved power. Not eager for responsibility, they have been unable to escape responsibility. Inclined to parochialism, they have been thrust into world leadership. Fundamentally peaceable, they have been led by circumstances to become the arsenal of the western world. Only the future will reveal whether they will find, in their heritage, their history, and their character, the resources to quicken their minds, embolden their spirits, fire their imagination, lift up their hearts, and fit them for their duties and their destiny.

## *R. M. MacIver*

# THE GENIUS OF DEMOCRACY

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*Because this essay was written in the year World War II began, it contains references to regimes and personalities that are no longer current. Yet Professor MacIver's definition of democracy is as valid as ever and perhaps even more important. He has given the topic for each of the five main divisions of his essay.*

*He defines democracy by telling what it is not, describes the positive qualities of democracy, relates democracy to the economic order, presents the main arguments for democratic government, and then points out America's contribution to democracy in these troubled days.*

## I. SOME MISUNDERSTANDINGS

1. There must be some universal appeal in the name of democracy, for even its destroyers proudly claim possession of its soul. Fascist writers announce that theirs is the genuine democracy and that so-called democracy is only a sham. Soviet spokesmen assert that they have now the most democratic constitution on earth, and Stalin himself declared that the 1937 elections in Russia were "the most democratic the world has seen." Not to be outdone the Nazis, who can also point exultantly to their unanimous plebiscites, profess, as one of their leaders put it, that "the National Socialist form of state, as authoritarian dictatorship of the people, is, in truth, the most modern form of democracy in history." Hitler himself calls it "Teutonic democracy," and no doubt the adjective makes all the difference.

2. We may smile, sarcastically or sadly, at these professions coming from lands where men fear to whisper a word of criticism of their government, where it is perilous even to listen in to foreign radio stations. But we ourselves are often very careless in our definitions of democracy, and sometimes, as when we identify it with majority-rule, we define it in ways which would actually justify such preposterous claims. It is highly important that we clear up this notion of democracy, so as to see precisely wherein it differs from dictatorship. Although or because so much has been written about democracy, for or against democracy, in these times, the concept itself is still beset by serious confusions. Recently a gentleman introduced a new variety of the game of contract bridge, claiming that it was much more "democratic" than the usual form, and proposed to call it for that reason "American contract." The main idea was that all the suits should have equal value. No doubt it would become still more "democratic" if all the *cards* were given equal value! There are those who think that democracy means giving everyone equal authority, so that no man has any more power than another. This scheme would assure not the presence of democracy but the absence of government—in short, chaos, the "state of nature." There are others who think it is democratic to take a vote in order to decide the merits of plays or pictures or cigarettes or movie actresses, as though there were some necessary relation between merit and popularity. The New York World's Fair, in planning its art exhibition, announced that it would have a nation-wide system of selection committees and that quotas would be established for the various regions throughout the United States, and they called this system "the most complete application of democratic methods ever attempted in an exhibition of this kind." There are also those who think that to be democratic is to show to everyone a "hail-fellow-well-met" spirit. There are certain organizations calling themselves democratic—not unknown, for example, in New York City—where the idea of democracy is to share the spoils among the members and to distribute bread and coal to the deserving democratic poor. There are other organizations which propose to establish democracy by handing things out all round. In the first democracy that history clearly reveals, the idea got abroad—it was in ancient Athens—that there was something peculiarly democratic in the rotation of office, and they created so many offices that practically every citizen had his turn in one of them. To make the principle complete and give every man an equal chance they decided to use the lot instead of the ballot.

3. A more important confusion is that which equates democracy with the government of the many, opposed to the government of the few. The many in this sense never actually govern. They never do and never can decide the specific issues of policy that governments are always facing. Mr. Walter Lippmann once wrote a book (*The Phantom Public*) in which

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he told us that the ordinary man was quite disillusioned about democracy, because he couldn't possibly give attention to all the pressing questions of the day. Democracy was an "unattainable ideal" because the man in the street was unable to attend to banking problems one day and Brooklyn sewers the next and Manchurian railroads the day after —and so on. Of course if anyone entertains such an illusion about the nature of democracy he certainly ought to be disillusioned. No serious political thinker has ever put forward such a theory, with the possible exception of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Democracy can never be government by the people in that sense. They can broadly decide the general direction of governmental policy and little more.

4. Nor can we say that democracy is any system under which the majority of the people support the existing government. Apart from the mere technical point that it is sometimes difficult to say whether a democratically elected government still holds a majority or not—though no doubt Mr. Gallup is of great service to us here—there is the glaring fact that a dictatorship may have the support of a majority, and any definition that will not enable us to distinguish democracy from dictatorship is worse than useless. Assuredly that is not what any intelligent defender of democracy means. We must carefully avoid the definition of democracy as simply majority-rule. Democracy does involve one form of majority-rule, a form in which there is no fixed majority entrenched against the processes and tides of free opinion that could reduce it again to a minority. But a majority-system that silences all opposition and censors all contrary opinion is emphatically not to be named a democracy.

5. Still less can democracy be defined as mass-rule. Here I am using the term "mass" or "masses" in the sense given to it by the Spanish writer Ortega y Gasset in his famous alarmist book, *The Revolt of the Masses*. For him the mass is the average man as a multitude and he declares that the mass in this sense is in our days triumphing over all leadership, over all distinction, creating a "hyper-democracy." I call the book alarmist because it dogmatically presents as a universal modern menace a phenomenon that is far from universal and that is not peculiarly modern. It is not true that the average man normally hates distinction. He generally applauds it where he understands it, as is very evident in the field of sport. And if leadership in the field of politics is often commonplace, a charge to which the party-system of the United States has been peculiarly liable, realistic investigation shows that this condition is due more to the manipulation and machination of wire-pulling interest-groups than to the instincts of the average man. There is indeed an element of truth in the position of Señor y Gasset. It is that in times of stress and crisis the mass tends to coalesce into one or more dynamic movements, responsive to the orator or the demagogue who understands their mentality, though he may understand nothing else. Such movements can easily triumph in such times, and it is true that democracy affords the free and open forum in which they are bred. But so long as democracy endures, such movements sink as easily as they rise. It is only when democracy falls that they gain the character which Señor y Gasset attributes to them. "The mass," he says, "crushes beneath it everything that is different, everything that is excellent, individual, qualified, and select." The description has more obvious application to the dictatorial than to the democratic spirit.

6. There is one further confusion about the nature of democracy which we must seek to dispel before we turn to its positive character. Democracy first expressed itself in a certain type of representative system, a parliamentary system, and on the whole it is still associated with that system. But it is quite possible to conceive of democracy as existing without parliamentary institutions in the traditional sense; that is, apart from a central assembly composed of the elected representatives of the people, an assembly which debates in public, by majority vote, and constitutes the decisive and central organ of government. Historically the growth of democracy was the growth of parliamentary institutions, and it remains true that parliamentary institutions are impossible without democracy, without the free expression of opinion as the basis of national policy. But we must not assume that the free

play of public opinion *must* register itself in parliamentary forms. Historical evolution may reveal an endless train of yet undreamed-of modes of government, adaptations to changing needs and changing demands. Democracy is on the whole a recent development. Parliamentary institutions arose when the problems of government were simpler than they are today, when public opinion was more homogeneous, less diversified by specialized corporate interests, when representation of localities or areas had a meaning that now it has for the most part lost, when agriculture was the predominant occupation of men and the relation to the land everywhere the paramount relation. All that is changed. Already, in every democracy, important activities of regulation are outside the direct control of parliaments. Everywhere the necessities of administration have created boards and commissions, controls and corporate functions, devoted to fundamental national tasks. If this process continues, parliaments and congresses may cease to be the main centers of national life. But if freedom continues, democracy will still prevail. Still the free tides of opinion will determine who shall govern, who shall be entrusted with power. The mechanism of democracy must always change if conditions change and the principle of liberty abides.

## II. THE POSITIVE CHARACTER OF DEMOCRACY

7. If then the institutions of democracy are subject to change and must be forever readapted to changing conditions and changing needs, must we give up the attempt to discover the political form of democracy and seek instead to identify it by its spirit? I would rather not resort to that refuge. It is too inconclusive. It is also dangerous, since even its enemies may and indeed do claim for themselves whatever we assign as the spiritual quality of democracy. I must still define it by its form or structure, though realizing that only a congenial spirit, only an appropriate set of attitudes, can sustain that structure. I believe the problem is solved by the distinction between the form of *government* and the form of the *state* itself. No form of government is permanent but there are abiding forms of state. Democracy is such a form, and wherever it has existed in the past or exists in the present, it can be identified by two simple criteria. By means of these we can tell whether democracy prevails or whether instead we are confronting a political system which should be called by some other name, such as that of dictatorship.

8. The two are as follows. (1) *Democracy puts into effect the distinction between the state and the community.* Among other things this implies the existence of constitutional guarantees and civil rights which the government is not empowered to abrogate. (2) *Democracy depends on the free operation of conflicting opinions.* Among other things this implies a system under which any major trend or change of public opinion can constitutionally register itself in the determination both of the composition and of the policies of government. Let us take in turn each of these criteria.

9. By a community I mean an inclusive area of social interaction within which men share the basic conditions of a common life, whether on the scale of a village or a city, a tribe or a nation. It is thus a relatively definite area of society, and the boundaries of a state, the political organization, may or may not coincide with some such area. But whether they do or do not the state and the community, or more broadly, the state and society, must be distinguished. In everything I have written about the state I have sought to lay stress on this distinction, and the more often I return to the subject the more vital does it appear to me to be, alike for the understanding of the social reality and for the general guidance of social policy. Because democracy in effect affirms this distinction, its foundations, however weak the superstructure, are sunk into the rock of reality. Because the totalitarian state in effect denies this distinction, its foundations rest on shifting sand. No might, no flourish of doctrine, no ruthlessness, can ever destroy the difference, can ever reduce society to the proportions of the state. For the state is men organized under government and no body of men, not even the most totalitarian, make the total surrender of themselves, of all their living and thinking and believing and loving and fearing, to the power-control of government. They could not if they tried. They are

the creatures of customs and traditions and of morals and creeds, of hidden loyalties, of daily habits, that are not controlled or controllable from any mere center of power. We live in a social matrix that is immensely more rich and subtle than the rigid delineaments of the state. That matrix sustains our daily life whereas the state is aloof and impersonal, a majestic name we reverence or an ominous thing we fear. Behind the majesty or the dread there is only a group of men clinging to power, limited in their visions, in their sympathies, in their understanding. The state can do only what government can regulate, what the ruler, a mere man or assembly of men, can effectively decree. And when in arrogant pretension or insufferable narrow-mindedness the ruler decrees that all men shall think as he thinks and shall value only what he values, he passes beyond the limits of his power. For a time the credulities or the passions or the necessities or the despairs of the masses may lead them to support his inordinate claims. He may be the instrument of destiny, even the temporary Messiah of his people. But his will is only the will of a man, placed in power by the conjuncture of events, a man subject to sickness and to age, to the delusions of pride and to the corruptions of power. His will may rule the state but no man and no assembly of men can comprehend or control the creative forces of society. That the total being of a community should be shaped and measured by this totalitarian will is as absurd a pretension as the old belief that the sun goes round the earth.

10. The state is a particular type of social organization and in so far as it has intelligible meaning or function it is an agency of the community it regulates. Under all conditions it is a logical confusion to identify the state with the community, with the people, the nation, the country. The people engage in myriad activities, enter into myriad relationships, that by no stretch of language can be called political. The people display myriad differences of opinion, thought, morals, creed, and culture. The government of the state may formally suppress them, but they are still there, no longer in the state, the political system, but in the community, the social system. Unfortunately language abets the confusion of thought. The same word—"United States," "England," "Germany"—denotes both the state and the nation-community. We say indifferently, "the United States makes a treaty" and "the United States is recovering from a depression." The first sentence refers to the state, the second to the country. We speak of the "national" debt—it is the debt of the state, not the country; it is in fact owed to the country. When we say that "Germany overthrew the Weimar Republic," we mean that the people, or a part of the people, overthrew the state, we do not mean that the state overthrew itself. As soon as we begin to think about it we perceive that the state and the community are two different things, that the state is not the community but the political organization of the community. The customs of the people may conflict with the laws of the state. Men and women, as social beings, are not merely citizens of states. They act in other relationships. Their thoughts, their strivings, their fears and hopes, their beliefs, their affections and interests, their family life, lie largely outside the scheme of government altogether. In war or in grave crisis the state commandeers the community, demanding that the citizens forget their other relationships, their other interests, but the cost is always heavy. Only at an immense temporary sacrifice does the state even approach the universal partnership that orators such as Edmund Burke have called it.

11. Now what democracy does is to establish through constitutional forms the principle that the community is more inclusive than, greater than, the state. In many older forms of state, in ancient empires, the distinction was implicit. The scheme of daily life, the customs of the people, remained almost untouched by government except for incursions by the tax-gatherer and the occasional disruptions of war. But only in democracy is the distinction made the foundation of a political system. In effect democracy asserts that the state is one form of organization of the community, for certain ends of the community. Not for all ends, since that would destroy the right to be different and therefore the possibility of democracy. The ends of the state must be somewhere limited if opinion remains free, if government is to be an agency

of the people instead of the principal of which the people are an agent. Under democracy the cultural life of the community is in general withdrawn from the direct control of the state. For if culture is co-ordinated then divergent opinions and creeds are suppressed, free thought is suppressed, and democracy cannot exist. Democracy so understood is not a specific form of government attached to a specific historical set of institutions, it is a mode of government corresponding to a set of attitudes. The forms may change, must change with the conditions if the creative processes of democracy endure.

12. Our second criterion, the constitutional right of opinion to determine policy, is, as we have just suggested, a corollary of the first. It is the way in which the distinction between the state and the community is carried into effect. The state regulates the common interest or what is conceived to be the common interest. The community nourishes many interests that are not common to all the citizens but only at most to particular groups. The democratic state is a limited state in that it cannot, without destroying itself, suppress the freedom of opinion, with the possible exception of such opinion as advocates the abolition of free opinion. It is limited in that it cannot entertain policies abrogating the right of assembly or of association, policies preventing religious or other cultural groups from pursuing their particular principles or tenets after their own manner, provided they do not assault the peace and order of the community.

13. The constitutional right of opinion to determine policy necessitates the existence of a party system. In democracy opinion is both free and controlling. It cannot control unless it is organized. It cannot be organized unless there are political parties. It is true that the founders of the American Constitution had no place for parties. But they were contemplating a simpler and dominantly agricultural society. In the modern state, whatever sins parties may commit, they are still a *sine qua non* of democracy. A single party on the totalitarian model is in the proper sense no party at all. It is a monopoly preventing the free formation and expression of opinion. It is the precise antithesis of the party system. Nor can a substitute be found for political parties through vocational or functional organizations. Such organizations, syndicates, occupational corporations, and so forth, are either voluntary or state-controlled. If they are voluntary or free, they will act on party lines. A workers' organization will take one stand, an employers' organization another. Or else they will divide on political issues and so parties will reëmerge. If they are state-controlled, they will be merely organs of governmental control, as in Italy, and will not function as free agencies of opinion. At most they will divert attention and energy from genuine political issues to minor questions of particularist material interests.

14. It may be remarked in passing that there are good historical reasons for supposing that democracy is on safer foundations when a country is habituated to a two-party system than when parties are divided up into numerous separate organizations. In the latter situation a single party, holding the balance of power in a crisis or taking advantage of popular excitement, or proclaiming a panacea for the nation's ills, may seize exclusive power without arousing the profound resentment that must be provoked where one of the two alternative parties attempted to suppress the other. A democracy is then most safe when the political struggle lies between two historical parties, adapting themselves to changing conditions, so that third parties are either very temporary or else represent only a small minority. That is one reason why it is good political sense to encourage those representative devices that strengthen the two-party system and discourage those that tend to break it up into multiple parties and blocs. Of the latter devices the most potent is the seemingly fair and innocent principle of proportional representation. In a number of instances, and notably in that of the Weimar Republic, it has been a factor in preventing the formation of a workable democracy.

15. The two criteria we have offered provide the sufficient and conclusive ground for distinguishing democracy from all other forms of state. In so far as these principles prevail a political system is democratic. No political system other than democracy is founded on these principles. A dictatorship may rest on a majority will, but if so it prevents all minority

wills from attaining expression. Hence it is not the number who support a government that determines whether that state is a democracy or a dictatorship. Quite possibly a greater proportion of the citizens support or have supported the Nazi or the Soviet government than in this country favors the present administration at Washington. Again, in the earlier forms of dynastic state the people on the whole, whether through conviction, indoctrination, superstition, fear, or inertia, acquiesced in, approved, or even venerated the governing power, but the opinion of the people was not creative, could not constitutionally translate itself into policy. Only on the grounds we have mentioned can we adequately define democracy and set it properly apart from other forms of the state.

### III. DEMOCRACY AND THE ECONOMIC ORDER

16. Our definition of democracy may help us to clear our minds on certain issues that have a vital bearing on its future. We are told, for example, that political democracy is impossible or meaningless without economic equality. The communists tell us that we cannot have democracy so long as there are class distinctions. From the opposite school we hear that democracy is incompatible with economic planning. And we are asked to choose between Mr. Max Lerner, who believes that the only way to keep democracy is to espouse socialism and to do it quickly, and Mr. Walter Lippmann, who believes that the only way to avoid dictatorship is to eschew socialism and all its works.

17. Now democracy is where you find it and it is most where you find most of it. Actually every democratic system we know has been associated with some type of class system, whether it be the socially aristocratic tradition of England, the bourgeois-familial organization of France, or the wealth-stratification of the United States. This is a simple statement of fact, not an argument in favor of any of these class principles. It merely shows that people can accept and even believe in social distinctions or economic inequalities and still remain attached to democratic institutions. On the other hand the only systems that have professed social and economic equality or have claimed to engineer it have been dictatorial or despotic. This latter fact is not an anomaly or an accident, nor does it involve a contradiction between the form and the spirit of institutions. In human society, on every level and within every group, even among the outcast and the despised of men, differences making for individual inequality and social distinction are forever seeking outlet and expression, and they cannot be suppressed except by a dominant power, so dominant that it can take control of all the sources of difference and thus is inevitably authoritarian and antidemocratic. This fact also is so patent that I cannot trust the good faith of those ideologists of democracy who refuse to acknowledge it. Equality of voting power—yes, that is easy to achieve, and democracy achieves it. Equality before the law—yes, that is formally established under democracy, and it is a proper aim and ideal of democracy to make this formal equality ever more substantial. Equality of opportunity—yes, the democratic state can go a long way to remove the impediments, social and economic, that prevent men from rising in the scale, from finding the place and the function for which their native talents qualify them. All these things democracy has it in its own power to achieve, but absolute equality is a mirage, a most dangerous mirage. The inherent struggle of men for advantage and position, leading to distinctions of social class, cannot be prevented without the overwhelming tyranny that crushes initiative and democracy alike. And in the end we will have established absolute and fatal inequalities of power where once there were only relative inequalities of wealth and social class.

18. There are indeed certain forms of economic inequality which in this age particularly it is the imperative task of democracy to control and remove, because they provoke the greatest danger it faces and because their removal is essential to the social well-being. These inequalities arise out of the hazards of the industrial life, above all the hazard of unemployment. Let us not forget that the dictatorships have on the whole, in one way or another, abolished this hazard for their peoples. If they had not done so they could not have held their peoples. It was a necessity

imposed upon them and necessity found a way. The democracies have taken various measures to mitigate the effects of unemployment, but the main problem is unsolved. Not only is there a considerable permanent volume of unemployment but there is always the prospect of a new depression which will severely aggravate that volume and shake the foundations of democracy. Sooner or later, in the ordinary course of capitalistic industry, the prospect is certain to be fulfilled. Democracy must prepare against it. If the people lack bread they will not accept stones—they will throw them instead. Here is where intelligent economic planning is necessary. It is not a question of dictatorship or of democracy. It is a purely technical problem. Since in a depression there are idle hands and idle plants and idle materials and idle finished products and idle funds and idle enterprise, it is perfectly obvious that the trouble is a failure in the working of the great economic machine, that somehow the monetary and credit system is not adequately geared to the productive system. It is a momentous problem but one that economic intelligence can surely solve. And it is ridiculous to say that the solution is not consistent with democracy. For even a partial solution would enhance the prosperity of all classes and of all interests. No doubt public opinion would require to be prepared for the application of whatever controls are found to be most desirable. But these controls would not seriously interfere with fundamental democratic liberties. No individual, not even the most powerful, controls the price level at will or determines the rate of interest or the accessibility of credit or the insurance of the risks of the entrepreneur. The need for intelligent control is urgent. If it were widely enough realized that here is the greatest of challenges alike to our economic intelligence and to our constructive statesmanship, there are, I believe, already sufficient indications that a solution would be found and that this solution, instead of imperiling democracy, would be its most needed safeguard.

19. Democracy must meet its problems in its own way, and the most persistent of the problems of any government are economic problems. In this respect the goal of the democratic state has been growing clearer in the course of modern history. It cannot abolish social classes but it can suppress the exploitation of one class or one group by another, assuring each, among other things, the equal right to organize and to pursue its collective interest. It cannot abolish differences of wealth, but it can mitigate them while allowing initiative still its opportunity, and it can assure to all its citizens a reasonable standard of security, a decent minimum scale of living, and a share in every increase in the national prosperity.

20. There are some who declare that this is not enough, that it will not work, that we must turn our political democracy into an economic democracy, unless the very word "democracy" is to be a snare and a delusion. I have puzzled considerably over this phrase, "economic democracy," and have come to the conclusion that I do not know what it means. When I try to give it meaning, on the assumption that it is to be taken literally, I find myself lost in the fog. I know what economic equality means, even if I do not see any practicable means of realizing it in any full sense, certainly not under democratic conditions. I know what is meant by the democratic control of national economic policy. The determination of economic policy is a major function of every government, whether it is democratic or not. I know what trade-union democracy means, for obviously the members may assert their right to elect their leaders and say whither they shall lead. But when I am told that political democracy is futile unless it is accompanied by economic democracy, or when I learn from Professor Laski that "a political democracy seeks, by its own inner impulses, to become a social *and economic* democracy" (italics mine), again I am lost in the fog. Does it mean that just as the citizens form parties to elect a government, by the same token the workers will form parties and stage campaigns and then decide by a majority vote who will run banks and factories and transportation systems and what policies they will follow in conducting these businesses? I do not think that can be what Mr. Laski means, for nowhere in the world does that happen and certainly not in a socialist state. Yet that is as near as I can come to the

strict meaning of the words "economic democracy."

21. I observe, however, that when Mr. Laski and others refer to economic democracy, they go on to speak about measures for safeguarding the workers against exploitation, for assuring them the right of collective bargaining, for giving them a larger share in the fruits of industry, and generally for raising their standard of living and their security of tenure. With these aims I am in hearty sympathy, and one of the most important agencies for their attainment is and has been political democracy. It is of course only one of several conditions necessary for the furtherance of such objectives, but I do not observe that any responsible person, whether in a capitalist or in a socialist state or in the mixed capitalist-socialist state that is really characteristic of our times, claims that one of the other conditions is the practice of deciding business policy, in the insurance company or the bank or the industrial corporation, by a majority vote of the workers.

22. In fact various indications lead me to suspect that "economic democracy" is a question-begging phrase and that often when it is used the writer or speaker is not thinking of democracy at all but of certain economic ends which on other grounds he finds desirable and which by other methods he deems attainable. The analogy between political democracy and economic democracy is a very loose one. Political democracy is a form of state, and all the citizens are members of a state. What is the corresponding locus of economic democracy? Is it the business in or for which we work? But there are myriads of these, of all sizes and patterns. Obviously therefore it is only in the state itself that what is spoken of as economic democracy can be realized. But if so, and if economic democracy is distinguished from or contrasted with political democracy, the former term must be simply a way of describing the kind of policy approved by the speaker, the one he thinks a political democracy *ought* to follow. Once again he is talking not of democracy but of something else altogether.

23. Against this misuse of language it is important at this time emphatically to protest. The enemies of democracy are ready enough to distort and misrepresent the meaning of democracy; its friends should not lend them aid.

## IV. THE FINAL ARGUMENT FOR DEMOCRACY

24. In this age of ours, when the form of government has become the most momentous of the issues that divide men and nations we have peculiar need for clear thinking about democracy. If we defend it we should do so without misunderstanding what it is; if we attack it we should know what we attack. To question and to seek the truth is still our democratic privilege. In defending democracy one need not and should not be blind to its limitations and to its defects. Public opinion is no wiser, no better than the people who hold it. The people are easily led by demagogues. They are beset by prejudices, moved by slogans, deceived by specious sentiments. They are often inert and often confused. They are often roused by things that matter little and often unresponsive to things that matter much. Let us freely admit all this, but let us equally admit the fact that we do not get away from the prejudices and the confusions of the people by resorting to dictatorships. In the modern world every system of government must rest on the general consent of the mass of the people. On this score everything that is said in the indictment of democracy applies with yet greater force against dictatorship, since the latter must use every technique to prevent the people, on whose mass emotions it depends, from becoming more enlightened.

25. There are true charges to be made against democracy, but there are also false charges. The people may deceive themselves but they do not deceive anyone else. In this sense they are sincere, often more sincere than their rulers. Of their own accord they march neither to heaven nor to hell but remain on the level earth. There are indeed some prophets of doom among us, who think that democracy works some fatal magic on society. But their prophetic utterances are based on such flimsy argument and are so contradictory one of another that we can afford to disregard them. So we will not pause over Mr. N. J. Lennes (*Whither Democracy*)

who, peering into his biological crystal, sees democracy, because in it men have an opportunity to rise from the class in which they were born, leading straight to a caste system, thoroughly stratified on hereditary principles; nor will we concern ourselves with those other seers, like Mr. Ralph Adams Cram (*The Nemesis of Democracy*) and the worthy Professor Irving Babbitt (*Democracy and Leadership*) who are equally convinced that the end result of democracy is a universal "dead level of incapacity" or "a huge mass of standardized mediocrity."

26. In the modern world there is no way to save government from the people or to save the people from itself. It is idle to ask for a government of the best men, as distinct from a democratic government, for who will elect the best and if by some strange chance they should elect themselves, how long would they remain the best? It is idle to seek a government of laws and not of men, for a government of laws will turn into a government of lawyers, who happen also to be men. Every alternative to democracy is subject to a charge more fatal than any that can be laid against it, the irremediable defect of irresponsible power. It is on that ground that many outstanding political thinkers, men who, like John Stuart Mill, were very conscious of its weaknesses, men who, like most of the Fathers of the Constitution, had no great confidence in the people, nevertheless have championed its cause.

27. Possibly no discovery of the physical sciences, however world-shaking it may be, has been of more profound importance to mankind than the discovery that power could be made effectively responsible. This was no easy achievement but the painful task of centuries. Before it could be realized the discovery had to break through age-old entrenchments of established interests, guarded by traditions, by ceremonies, by taboos, by magic, by religion, by dire penalties, by all the means, physical, economic, spiritual, that power itself can dispose. At best it has been a partial and a precarious achievement, but we should not minimize on that account its immense importance. Democracy is the generic name for that achievement, and its significance is understood only when we contemplate the effects of irresponsible power, not merely on those who are subject to it but above all on those who possess it. Who that has lived many years on this earth can have failed to observe how even a modicum of irresponsible power perverts the intelligence and hardens the sensibilities, how the jack-in-office struts in pompous undiscerning pride, how the bureaucrat loses touch with humanity, how the petty boss, when no superior watches, becomes a wretched bully? In every sphere of human activity, in the factory, in the trade-union, in the home, in the church, in the barracks, in the prison, even in the seats of learning, let power be uncontrolled and it will work the same effects. With some of his bitterest words Shakespeare characterized this phenomenon:

> Man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
> His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the angels weep.

And if uncontrolled power works these effects on the lower level of everyday affairs, how much more evil it can be when it is set on high and calls for veneration! The intolerable experience of such exercise of power drove the politically-minded peoples to seek a safeguard against it—and they all had experience in plenty. The safeguard was democracy, and it is this hard-won safeguard that the dictatorships now ridicule and trample on. They laud and magnify the irresponsible power which corrupts the best and turns the worst into loathsome brutes.

## V. AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTION TO DEMOCRACY

28. In the development of this epoch-making discovery, that power can be made responsible, various peoples have played a part. The Greeks made the first great contribution, the Romans added something, the medieval cities began to explore it anew, the English rediscovered it on a national scale and broadened its foundations through the centuries. Here in conclusion I would say a word about the contribution of America. For at this juncture in world affairs the United States has

taken on a new and more decisive rôle in the drama of democracy.

29. Although many of the pioneers in the making of America came in the quest of religious freedom, social emancipation, or economic opportunity, America contributed little to the practice or principle of democracy until quite modern times. In colonial days dogma had too strong a hold. Those who had found religious freedom for themselves were generally ready enough to deny it to others. Except in certain local arrangements there was relatively little democracy. Except for certain heretics, such as Roger Williams, there was relatively little democratic theory. Indeed there was very little political thinking at all that had any independence. Even in the crisis of the Revolution the eighteenth-century thinkers went back for their philosophical inspiration to the English thinkers of the seventeenth century. What was most congenial to them was the common-sense liberalism of John Locke, while the radicalism of Tom Paine had only an ephemeral flare of popularity and the democratic fervor of Rousseau had practically no appeal at all. The leaders of the Revolution accepted the principle that the people were the locus of sovereignty, but the people were conceived of in the Lockian sense. They were the substantial solid folk as distinct from the rabble. The appeal to the people was not the appeal to the whole people. Nor was it only the socially conservative, like Alexander Hamilton, John Adams, and Ames, who distrusted "the imprudence of democracy." There are evidences of the same distrust in Samuel Adams, even in Thomas Jefferson. The leaders of that age were in the dilemma that they must build the revolutionary state on the foundation of democracy and yet they were fearful of the foundation. So in the various states as well as in the Union they restrained the operation of majority voting by constitutional enactment—a process that particular states have since carried much further—and they further legislated property qualifications for voters and still more stringent ones for electoral candidates.

30. But before another fifty years had passed a new spirit was beginning to pervade the growing republic. It had cast off the intellectual dependence of colonial days. It had begun to create a distinctive social order in which property qualifications disappeared along with primogeniture, in which European traditions of rank and class were set at naught, in which a different philosophy emerged, signalized by the robust individualism of Whitman and Emerson and by the optimistic faith of Lincoln in the common people. In this vast movement the influence of the ever-expanding West predominated, fed by the vision of free men and by the presence of free land. Thither went those who had discarded tradition or who had none to discard, the dispossessed and those who had no possessions. There was generated the spiritual individualism which nursed the characteristic democracy of America. Individualism is not always the friend of democracy. Starting from individualistic premises Thomas Hobbes had deduced the necessity of totalitarianism. But in this age of free land and rich exploitable resources, individualism was tolerant of the liberties of the common man, even though it sustained also the boss, the spoils-seeker, and the robber-baron. The common man emerged from social subservience to an extent nowhere else attained in the civilized world. American democracy thus became a new thing, no longer dependent on European principles but developing along its own lines and growing fully conscious of its new-world quality.

31. Such in briefest outline has been the character of American democracy, reflecting the spirit of the individual's trust in himself, unhierarchal, tolerant of differences, lacking in class consciousness, and distrustful of the repressive powers of government. The picture is complicated by other factors, by the tendency to reverence the Constitution as a final political revelation, by the more powerful operation of the principle of judicial review with its influence in the direction of socio-economic conservatism, by the consolidation of economic power in vast corporate empires, by the presence of a large racially separate population not in effect accepted into the framework of the democratic system, and by the preponderant growth of an industrial urbanized population whose conditions of life and whose problems of security and employment are utterly remote from those that bred the American doctrine. It is not difficult

to imagine that from some alignment of these factors might come a serious menace to the American democratic tradition. The frontier has receded into the Western ocean. Free land belongs to the past. Economic individualism forlornly fights a rear-guard action against the billion-dollar corporation and centralized finance and organized labor and the ruthless economic cycle and large-scale unemployment. New times have brought new attitudes and new deeds. Democracy too must find a new voice, a new conviction. The old forms crumble but the old faith in humanity endures.

32. In its reassertion the United States has a particular contribution to offer and is beginning to offer it. For the United States has something more than its resources, its enterprise, its belief in the future. In it the great middle ground on which democracy stands has not been deeply invaded by the extremists, as in so many countries of Europe. Its people do not reverence authority and rank. They are not prone to any worship of the state. Witnessing the tragic consequences of extremist positions in other lands they can take a new assurance in their own golden mean, in the greater tolerance and restraint that happier circumstances have made it easier for them to maintain. They can take a new devotion to the cause of democracy. The world needs this assurance and this devotion as perhaps never before. It needs this assurance until extremist passions defeat themselves, until extremist philosophies, the untimely birth of violent crisis, lose their hold upon the peoples, and the noise of their mighty conflict dies away.

## *Roger Butterfield*

# BEN FRANKLIN'S PHILADELPHIA

*Roger Place Butterfield (1907- ), free-lance writer, was born in Lyndonville, New York, and educated at Syracuse University and Columbia University School of Journalism. In 1928 he became a reporter and rewrite man for the Philadelphia* Evening Bulletin. *In 1930 he began a seven years' association with the Philadelphia* Evening Public Ledger. *Leaving the* Ledger *in 1937, he became editor of the "Press" section of* Time Magazine *and during the early forties achieved prominence in journalism with such articles as the weekly "Report to the Nation," "The Hulls of Tennessee," "The Fighting South," and "The Puritan Spirit." His story of* Al Schmid, Marine, *1944, was filmed under the title* Pride of the Marines. *His most ambitious work is* The American Past, *1947, illustrated with more than a thousand reproductions of photographs, paintings, cartoons, lithographs, engravings, and drawings.*

For those Americans who would look for strength and inspiration in the history of their country, all roads must lead eventually to Philadelphia. For there is the starting point of our national story, and the shrine of our national freedom. One hundred and seventy-five years ago the delegates of the thirteen colonies were crowding into a ground-floor room in downtown Philadelphia to debate the question of becoming a free and independent people. The motion was carried in the affirmative, in July, 1776, and Americans have never asked for a recount.

It is easier, I think, to capture the spirit of our beginnings in Philadelphia than in any

BEN FRANKLIN'S PHILADELPHIA: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *Holiday*, June 1951.

other city. So many of the beginnings are still there, and available for inspection. History is a living thing in Philadelphia, but it is neither monumental nor forbidding. It is a casual part of the everyday landscape. You see it in a modest red-brick building, a street lamp, a grave a few feet off the sidewalk, a house still being lived in.

At Independence Hall (which all real Philadelphians call the State House), on Chestnut Street between 5th and 6th, anyone can push open a door and walk into the room where our Declaration of Independence was adopted and signed. It is not a large room—it would probably be inadequate for even a subcommittee of a main committee of the present Congress in Washington. But it is a beautiful room, with high ceilings and white paneling and an agreeable absence of clutter. In its day it was big enough to give birth to the idea that all men are created equal, and endowed with the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

In this room, during the hectic days that followed the fighting in Lexington and Concord, a tall Virginia planter, aged forty-three, took his seat in the Second Continental Congress. He said nothing, day after day, but his presence spoke loudly, for he was the only Congressman in a military uniform. His name was George Washington, and this was his way of saying that freedom must be fought for. When the time came to appoint the first American commander-in-chief, the Congress turned almost inevitably to the man who let his uniform talk.

Here in this room another Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, squirmed unhappily while his fellow-Congressmen picked apart the words and phrases he had put into the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson was only thirty-three then, a slender fellow with curly red hair and a sensitive disposition. Old Doctor Franklin of Philadelphia moved over beside him and soothed his feelings by telling jokes; every writer, said Franklin, has to learn that other people can always tell him what he ought to say after he has finished the job himself. But when the Declaration was finally approved, it was mostly Jefferson's work.

Eleven years after the Declaration, in the same Philadelphia room, the Constitution of the United States was written. We have made some amendments to it since, and stretched it in various directions, but it has always snapped back to the same basic shape. Over the years it has offered evidence that men can pursue their individual happiness and yet govern themselves without the aid of kings or dictators, or the rule of any particular class.

The men who met in Philadelphia to write this Constitution were up against the problem which now plagues the whole world—how to combine majority rule, minority rights, and security for everybody. Aggressive young thinkers like James Madison and Alexander Hamilton took the lead in solving this problem, so far as the disunited thirteen States were concerned. Madison drew the original plan for a government with three equal and balancing branches: executive, judiciary, and a legislature of two houses, both elected on a basis of population. Hamilton proposed a lifetime President who would have almost as much power as a King. Both these ideas were opposed by delegates from the smaller states like New Jersey and Delaware. They insisted that each state must have an equal vote in the legislature, and that the President's term be limited.

The compromise which was reached, with one Chamber of Congress elected by population and the other on a basis of equality among the States, did not fully satisfy anybody at the time. But it has long since passed the main test—it has worked. For flexibility and endurance no compact has ever quite matched our Constitution.

In Independence Hall also is our favorite historical relic, the Liberty Bell. The Bell's great moment came on July 8, 1776, when it summoned the citizens of Philadelphia to an open-air mass meeting for the first public reading of the Declaration of Independence. Thereafter it rang on all patriotic occasions until it cracked for good in 1835. It will never ring again in the old, clear tones, but the words around its top—"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF"—are still the height of eloquence for us.

It costs nothing to see the Liberty Bell; the only price of admission is that men remove their hats, and very seldom do the

guards have to ask for that. Nor is it a sight for American eyes alone. If you are Chinese or Russian or Eskimo or Zulu you can push through the swinging doors without asking anybody's leave and look at the Bell, put your hand on its bruised surface or take a snapshot of it. The visiting hours are from nine to five daily, but I remember once when I arrived a little late, with some guests from out of town, and a friendly guard let us in and showed us around.

The Bell now hangs from its 200-year-old yoke of English oak, which has been skillfully reinforced by concealed steel beams, and an iron "spider," or set of hooks, which grips the bronze shell from the inside to prevent further cracking. Around the base of its platform are four mahogany panels which, when pulled away, reveal a kind of hand truck on wheels. In case of fire or other emergency two moderately muscular guards could strip off the panels and push the 2080-pound Bell outdoors in about two minutes flat.

Obviously this would not help much in an all-out bombing raid, and the men who have charge of the Bell are frankly worried over that possibility. In 1777, during its first war, the British captured Philadelphia, but the Bell escaped via ox team and wagon and was hidden under the floor of a church in Allentown, a good fifty miles away. In 1942, when it next seemed threatened, a Philadelphia insurance firm offered to donate a bombproof vault under Independence Hall into which the Bell could be lowered by elevator. But test drillings revealed that any such excavation might seriously weaken the Hall itself, so the project was dropped. As matters now stand, the Bell is about as well (or poorly) prepared for an atomic attack as most of the rest of us.

The tides of political power which made Philadelphia the first capital of the United States have long since shifted to Washington, and the leadership in business and finance which it once enjoyed was seized by New York more than a century ago. But in the art of living with history the sprawling middle city beside the Delaware remains pre-eminent. Freedom seems more at ease there, and more disposed to receive callers.

Independence Hall and the group of buildings which surround it are not just restored show places: they are part of the workday scene in a city of more than two million people. Every morning, noon, and at five o'clock each night they are brushed by the streams of humanity flowing to and from nearby shops and office buildings. Within eyeshot of the Liberty Bell, so to speak, you can insure a ship or an automobile, eat a twenty-cent cheeseburger on toasted roll, get a haircut, buy a Bible or a brassière, meet the editors of *Holiday* or *The Saturday Evening Post,* deposit money in a Christmas fund, board a trolley for the suburbs, place a small bet on a horse, or collect a ticket for parking overtime.

Or, if you have the leisure and the peanuts, you can sit on a bench in Independence Square and feed the local squirrels, who come from a long line of liberty-loving ancestors, and are strongly infected with the itch of individual enterprise. They do not wait to be given peanuts—they reach in any bag they see and take what they want.

Move along any street that leads away from Independence Hall and you will find some fragment of American history attached to every block and corner. A few doors east on Chestnut Street is the gilded weathervane of Carpenters' Hall, which started life as a meeting place for master builders and became, for a while, the first capitol of the unbuilt nation. The First Continental Congress met there, in 1774, to consider what should be done about the British navy blockade of Boston. It decided to stop buying British pepper, molasses and tea, and to make America self-sufficient so far as wool was concerned. (That made mutton an un-American meal, since it takes a live sheep to grow wool.)

On Second Street are the graceful spire and white boxed pews of Old Christ Church (Protestant Episcopal), which still has prayer books from which King George's name was erased in 1776. Farther north, at 239 Arch Street, is the house where the first American flag was stitched together by Betsy Ross—at least, according to Betsy. In the absence of other proof historians have never accepted Betsy's story, but there is no doubt that she could ply a capable needle. And, if the present appearance of her spotless little house is any indication, she was also a great hand at keeping things tidy.

East and toward the river is Elfreth's Alley, a whole block of museum-piece houses, many of which are being preserved not by handouts from millionaires but by the Elfreth's Alley Association and individual property owners. Once this narrow little street was jammed with the noisy traffic and robust smells of an 18th Century port—today it is quiet, and only lightly touched with the aroma of roasting coffee and peanuts. The open gutter which runs through the center of the cobblestone pavement no longer serves its ancient purpose. But it is a reminder of the ghastly yellow-fever epidemics that once killed thousands of Philadelphians and drove even General Washington into retreat.

Walking back up Market Street from the river you follow the route that young Ben Franklin took on his first arrival from Boston, with a "great puffy roll" under each arm, and his mouth stuffed with warm Philadelphia bread. The presence of Franklin, the first American to become a world figure, still hovers usefully over the city which was so particularly his. It was in Philadelphia that Franklin started the first fire company and first public library in America, introduced paved streets and nonsmoking chimneys, invented bifocals and the lightning rod. The four-sided gas lamps which illuminate Independence Square at night were designed by him; so was the American Philosophical Society, the oldest and most distinguished of American learned bodies, which has its headquarters on the square.

Philadelphia was a fairly late starter among the colonial cities—it is fifty-seven years younger than New York, for instance, and fifty-two years younger than Boston. But from the time William Penn arrived and began selling building lots in 1682, the city boomed sensationally. At the time of the Revolution it was the second-largest English-speaking city in the world, and because of its central location on the seaboard, the logical choice for the first capital.

The source of its early prosperity was the unique Quaker policy of religious liberty for all, and considerable political liberty for many. In the 18th Century, Philadelphia became the main stop for the flow of European enlightenment to America, and for immigration and commerce as well. To it came teachers and soldiers, painters and doctors, silversmiths and clockmakers, solid merchants and penniless exiles, pamphleteers like Tom Paine and freethinking scientists like Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen and founder of the first Unitarian church in America. It took on a gloss of sophistication and wealth that caused plain New Englanders like John Adams to turn up their noses, even when they were obviously enjoying a taste of its luxuries. During the first Continental Congress Adams had dinner at the Philadelphia home of the wealthy Benjamin Chew, and wrote in his diary:

> We were shown into a grand entry and staircase, and into an elegant and magnificent chamber, until dinner. About four o'clock, we were called down to dinner. The furniture was all rich. Turtle, and every other thing, flummery, jellies, sweetmeats of twenty sorts, trifles, whipped sillabubs, floating islands, fools, etc., then a dessert of fruits, raisens, almonds, pears, peaches, wines most excellent and admirable. I drank Madeira at a great rate, and found no inconvenience in it.

Whipped sillabubs are rarely encountered in present-day Philadelphia, but the rich furniture and high-toned domestic arrangements that impressed John Adams have been preserved, and are now on public view. They can be seen in the period interiors at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and even better in the city-owned mansions strung out along the Schuylkill River in Fairmount Park. These expensive morsels of architecture, with names like Sweetbrier, Lemon Hill, and Strawberry Mansion, were the country seats of rich Philadelphia families in the 18th and early 19th Centuries. Maj. Gen. Benedict Arnold bought one of them—Mount Pleasant—at the time he married a flighty Philadelphia belle in 1779. But Arnold was not rich, and the debts he incurred while trying to support her contributed heavily to his treason.

Another mansion, Cliveden, has a bloodier tie with American history. During the battle of Germantown, in October, 1777, its thick stone walls served as a fort for five British companies, which held out against point-blank artillery fire, and turned a brilliant American surprise attack into a sorry defeat.

From Cliveden (which is still occupied by descendants of the Chew family that built it) Washington's army began its march to Valley Forge and the times that tried men's souls. But the victorious British officers went back to the city and staged a grand costume ball with the collaboration of certain fair young Philadelphians.

The next June, however, it was the British and their Tory friends who retreated to New York by land and water, while the tough American cavalry scouts of Capt. Allen McLane harried them out of the city. Since then Philadelphia has not known the sounds of battle.

Today a great program of restoration and conservation is going forward in the historic areas of Philadelphia. Whole blocks of unsightly firetraps are being torn down, new approaches and vistas are being opened up around the more important buildings. Northward from Independence Hall, the State of Pennsylvania is cutting a wide mall all the way to Race Street, where the Delaware River bridge begins its curve toward Camden. The Federal Government is providing another mall eastward and southward toward the river itself. On January second of this year the City of Philadelphia turned over the keys of Independence Hall to the United States Department of the Interior, after holding on to them for 135 years. The young men of the National Park Service are moving in, with their Phi Beta Kappa keys and drafting tools, to take permanent charge.

All this is to the good, for history moves with jet power these days, and it takes a staff of specialists to keep up with it. But those who visit Philadelphia will find something there that no Congressional appropriation can give them. They will find the original setting for our national dream, which is that freedom belongs to "all men," with an equal chance for happiness. The city that gave that thought to the world will always be worth knowing.

# Working and Living Together

## *J. P. McEvoy*

## ". . . AND TIME TO ENJOY IT"

*Joseph Patrick McEvoy (1895- ), world traveler and author, started his writing career at fifteen as a newspaper sports editor. He has tried his hand at widely varied types of writing—plays, novels, radio programs, travel articles, feature stories, and the Dixie Dugan comic strip.*

*Mr. McEvoy's home is in Havana, Cuba, where he has had first-hand opportunity to view the Latin American philosophy of living as described by the five Spanish words*—mañana (*män-yä'nä*), tiempo (*tē-ĕm'pō*), suavecito (*swä''vā-sē'tō*), dignidad (*dēg''nē-däd'*), simpático (*sēm-pä'tē-cō''*)—*around which this essay is constructed.*

1. The Latin host has a toast which he delights in teaching the visiting *Americanos* who have just arrived to bring the blessings of northern culture and the techniques of making bigger and better gadgets. *"Salud y pesetas—y tiempo para gozarlas,"* he says.

2. "What does that mean?" they ask him. And he replies, "It is a wish that we wish our friends: 'Here's health and money—and time to enjoy them.' "

3. The *Americano* repeats this several times, and the host who is very polite compliments him on his accent. And because the host is so pleasant and the drinks are so pleasing, the visitor winds up believing that now he is talking like a native and really understands the toast—and his host—and this strange, new, beautiful country.

4. A pleasant illusion. This Apostle of Good Will and technological progress who has just stumbled off the plane with a briefcase full of hemispheric blueprints and a suitcase full of bicarbonate of soda does not understand the toast. If he did he would understand the Latin. And if he understood the Latin he would have stayed at home and invited the Latin to come up and teach him the profound lesson that is tucked away in this simple toast.

5. All of us want health, including Latins who call it *Salud.* All of us want money, including our Latin neighbors who call it *Pesetas.* Time to enjoy them? Ah—there's the rub! Even as you, the visiting *Americano,* are assuring your host that you understand this toast and love it, you are hastily gulping down your drink, consulting your watch and insisting loudly that you have to hurry or you'll be late for that business appointment. The Latin will be too diplomatic to let you know that he is not impressed by your devotion to business; on the contrary, that he is puzzled that you should take pride in exhibiting your inefficiency which has reached the lamentable low where you allow the boring details of making a living to interfere with the civilized pleasures of making a life.

6. We are sending technical commissions all over the continent to spread the gospel of American "can-do." How about a little re-

". . . AND TIME TO ENJOY IT": Reprinted, by permission of *The Pan American* and *The Reader's Digest,* from *The Pan American,* July-September 1945.

verse Lend-Lease: a few delegations of experts from Latin America—experts in *Tiempo Para Gozarlas*—to teach us how to take the time to enjoy our friends, our families, our work, our play! For even richer in meaning than our English word "enjoy" is the Spanish verb *gozar*—to enjoy the fruits of his labor; he even takes time to enjoy time itself.

7. That reverse Lend-Lease commission of Latin experts could also give us, while they're about it, a liberal education in the Five Lively Arts of living happily with ourselves and with our Latin neighbors: *Mañana* or Tomorrow, *Tiempo* or Timing, *Suavecito* or Easy Does It, *Dignidad* or Face, and *Simpático,* which means just that.

8. Let's take *Mañana.* You may think it means tomorrow. But what does tomorrow mean? I mean, what does tomorrow mean when a Latin says it will be done "tomorrow"? As little children we were taught to scrawl "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today." The Latin also has such a proverb, but apparently he has it tucked away where it won't disturb him. He believes that most unpleasant things can be put off until tomorrow—and should be.

9. Now one of the most unpleasant things for a Latin is to have to say "No" to you. A sentimentalist, it literally hurts him worse than it hurts you. So, instead of just saying "No" he says in effect: It is impossible to do this thing for you today, but tomorrow—who knows? While there is a tomorrow there is hope; and who am I, says he, to rob you of hope?

10. So when you ask the workman when he will finish painting your house and he says *Mañana,* he knows he won't finish it *Mañana.* But if he told you that he wasn't even coming back tomorrow you would be very unhappy. You might even quarrel with him, with the result that he could never come back to work for you again and keep his *Dignidad.*

11. So tomorrow comes, but the workman doesn't. You say to yourself, I'm not used to this sort of thing. I can't stand it! The house will never get painted this way! Well, maybe you aren't used to this sort of thing, but it isn't true that you can't stand it. *Mañana* is something like those dandelions that were always growing on the lawn, no matter what the man did about them. Finally he was told that if he had tried every way he knew to get rid of them, and still had dandelions, there was only one thing left for him to do—learn to love them. I won't go so far as to say that you can ever really learn to love this *Mañana* business. But you can learn to get along with it very nicely and, instead of working against it, make it work for you. Then you'll discover that eventually your house will get painted, and for the first time you will realize that all the houses around you are painted, and got painted the same way yours did.

12. So *Mañana* doesn't mean just tomorrow. It also means "I have plenty of time to do this my own way, and if you don't try to rush me you will get it done in God's good time. Be calm—philosophical. Consider the ebb and flow of the tides, the round of the seasons, the lilies of the field. Be patient. There is a natural rhythm and tempo in every country and every people. Don't fight this tempo. Don't waste your energy trying to change it. *Mañana* is inevitable; relax and enjoy it—and live longer."

13. But *Mañana* is something else, too, as the Yankee trader from the North learns when he runs smack into it for the first time. It is a Latin strategy, something like a defense in depth—an elastic rear-guard action which easily absorbs the shock of the most aggressive salesmanship. Up North our high-pressure technique of doing business gets results principally because so many of us don't think it's important to take time enough to think—hence we can be rushed into buying almost anything.

14. Not the Latin. From *Mañana* to *Mañana* he falls back gracefully and skillfully, allowing your high-powered sales campaign to wear itself out while he studies you and decides at what point he will either pleasantly capitulate and do business with you, or doggedly dig in for the duration and have no part of you or your product.

15. Maybe you are that aggressive young man who made a record selling trucks in South Bend. Your company may believe that this is all you need to make you an ideal representative down in Latin America. So off you go with instructions to "Pep 'em up down

there!" Well, it won't take you long to learn that if there's one thing the Latin is proud of—and with good reason—it's his pep. But you will also learn that he has his own idea about when and where and how he should be peppy. Pretty much the same things make the wheels go round in the Latin and ourselves—love, hate, pride, ambition, to name a few. But in some curious way the wheels of the Latin seem to revolve at a different tempo from ours. There is just as much pep in the rhumba as there is in the foxtrot—which brings us to *Tiempo,* or Timing. We have seen that the Latin's idea of time is not ours; but even more important, his timing is not our timing; hence the friction, the clashes, the head-on collisions that often result when the *Latino* and *Americano* get together.

16. Up North we say, "Easy does it!" Down South they say, *"Suavecito. . . ."* Put them together and you have good timing—and Good Neighbors.

17. According to J. Z. Horter, an American in business for 40 years in Latin America, when a Latin company writes to a U. S. company for the first time, asking for catalogues and prices, almost invariably the Latin will get a routine reply, curtly requesting bank references, credit rating, etc. Naturally the Latin is offended. His integrity, his honesty, his *Dignidad*—the reputation of his firm—is questioned, even before he has tried to buy anything.

18. On the other hand, the English firm will reply in effect: "We are happy to hear from you. We are pleased that you are thinking of honoring us with your business. We are sending you our catalogues and prices, and we hope we can serve you. If there is any further information you require, please command us. Thank you again for this opportunity, and hoping for the pleasure of serving you soon, we remain, with renewed assurances of our greatest esteem, faithfully yours, etc." In other words, Easy Does It. Plenty of time to be courteous. Plenty of time for *Suavecito* and, what is even more important, the *Dignidad* or Face of the customer.

19. *Dignidad* is a personal dignity that even the lowliest Latin wears like a toga. Do not criticize a man in front of his friends. Do not bawl out an employe in front of his fellows. Do not scold the maid in the presence of the other servants. Up North that would be thoughtless or just plain stupid. But in the South you have offended against *Dignidad.* That friend you have caused to lose face will never speak to you again. That employe will not show up for work next day. That maid will quietly but definitely disappear out of your house and life forever. And none of them will ever forgive you.

20. My old friend, James Kendrigan, sums it up: "Down here there are no little enemies." James should know. A Bostonian who went to the University of Havana more than 20 years ago to teach Latin and coach football, he has studied generations of Latin boys in the classroom, on the field and in the gym. The worst scrub on the team, says he, is more jealous of his *Dignidad* than the brightest star, and must be handled with extra deference and delicacy. The office boy is more concerned with his *Dignidad* than is the president of the company. Be extra careful; otherwise you may make an enemy whose life ambition from that moment on is to thwart you at every turn. Years will pass. He may become president of the company, or a senator, or a customs inspector—or a policeman out in the country. Your paths cross again. You have forgotten him, but he has not forgotten you. He has been thinking about you for years. He has been dreaming of the time, the place, he would meet you again and pay you back. Now is the time—this is the place—and he does! So be extra courteous—even ceremonious—with the lottery vendor on the street, the waiter in the coffee shop, the man who sells you cigars, the boy who brings you papers. Respect their *Dignidad* and they will respect yours. "There are no little enemies."

21. And now—*Simpático.* Very important. There should be a permanent examining board of experts on *Simpático* sitting up North to pass on all young men who would want to go South. Who is sending them? Why are they going? To make money? If that is all, maybe they would do better to stay at home. Do they like Latins? Will the Latins like them? American industry could afford to underwrite a screening service like this. Latins

who are experts on what Latins like could look the young men over and tell them whether they have the temperament to get along with Latins. If they haven't—if they aren't *Simpático*—thumbs down! Keep them home. Don't waste their time, their employer's money, or the Latin's patience. Latins won't care how much they know, how keen they are, how full of wham and socko.

22. The Latin believes that you show your real character outside of the office. Are you hospitable? Considerate? Generous? A good loser? Do you send flowers to your hostess? Do you have plenty of *Tiempo Para Gozarlas*—time to laugh and play and go fishing, and give graceful toasts to the men and tell charming lies to the ladies? In short, are you *Simpático?*

23. In other words, long before we thought up "Good Neighbor" the Latins had a word for it: *Simpático.* Sometimes you get pretty tired hearing how much Latins don't love us. Latins don't have to love us—nor do Latins insist that we love them. All they ask is that we be *Simpático,* that we try to understand their point of view, and respect it.

24. "Respect" is the keyword. The Good Neighbor Policy emphasizes "respect of self . . . respect of others . . . respect for obligations." It says nothing about love, which is a lovesome thing, God wot, but a rare commodity among families, much less among nations. All the people in our 48 states do not love one another. Nor do all the people in Latin America love one another. But the young man from South Bend will soon learn that if he respects the Latin the Latin will respect him. Simple, isn't it?

25. Clear sailing if the young man also remembers that every American who goes South —whether hell-bent for pleasure or hell-bent for business; whether he goes to do good or merely to do well—is an ambassador-at-large. He can make friends or enemies for his country, his company or himself, depending on how soon and how thoroughly he learns his *Mañana, Tiempo, Suavecito, Dignidad* and *Simpático.* Perhaps, as he grows older and wiser, and has acquired *Salud y Pesetas,* he will even learn "time to enjoy them"—the most important lesson the Latin can teach him.

26. Up North we raise our glasses and wish each other "Health! Success!" But time to enjoy them? How many American business men ever think of it? Some day, yes, they will retire and enjoy life. But now they must work hard. They must hurry, hurry, hurry. They must be successful. And then you read the morning paper! This dynamic young executive has dropped dead at 40, that high-powered tycoon at 45 has gone to Mayo's to have his stomach re-treaded. Havana doctors tell me that nervous breakdown from overwork is so seldom encountered they have no pat phrase for it in Spanish.

27. Perhaps we can show the Latins how to make money faster, but they can teach us the art of how to stick around longer to enjoy it.

## *H. G. Creel*

# THE MASTER WHO LIGHTED THE WAY IN CHINA

*Herrlee Glessner Creel (1905- ), born and educated in Chicago, is professor of Chinese literature and institutions at the University of Chicago. His experience in Asia and his scholarship have won him a prominent place among students of Chinese culture. He has written* Sinism, *1929,* The Birth of China, *1936, and* Confucius: The Man and Myth, *1949.*

*Professor Creel, drawing upon his full and sympathetic understanding of Confucius, sets him forth as the great leader in Chinese religious and ethical thought. Confucius' sayings—some quaint, some profound, all provocative—have for centuries given insight into the character of the Chinese.*

1. One of the world's greatest men was born almost exactly 2,500 years ago (the precise date is unknown). He was K'ung Fu-tzu, whom the modern world calls Confucius. A teacher during his lifetime, he was also the creator of a philosophy which after his death shaped the whole history of China, spread to many other parts of the world and to this day is a living force.

2. Yet far more people know his name, and perhaps a few of his sayings, than have any idea who he was, what kind of man he was, and how it came about that his precepts had such far-reaching and long-lasting influence. There are, to be sure, many legends about him; many things have been attributed to him which he never said. But Confucius the man is for most people a very obscure figure in antiquity.

3. It is worth while, then, to examine the man and the teachings which, after 2,500 years, are still being applied to social and ethical problems. Some of them are, indeed, as modern as tomorrow morning.

4. The prevailing popular notion is that Confucius was a powerful aristocrat. This was not the case. In fact, we do not certainly know who his ancestors were; the genealogy tracing his descent to kings did not appear until he had long been dead, and must be regarded with doubt.

5. He himself said, "When young, I was without rank and in humble circumstances." As a young man he had to make his own way, in the beginning at menial tasks. It was undoubtedly this experience which gave him an intimate knowledge of the bitter sufferings of the common people, and caused him to champion their cause against the arrogant and oppressive nobility.

6. He was born in the ancient state of Lu, a part of modern Shantung. His early years are obscure; we do not know how he acquired his education and came to be a teacher. His personality and practical wisdom impressed nearly everyone who came in contact with him, and he soon attracted a circle of disciples who believed that "since the beginning of the human race there has never been a man like our Master."

7. The Master's major ambition was to put his principles of government and ethics into operation as a public official; he taught only while awaiting the opportunity. It is commonly alleged that he rose to be an important official, but this is legend, wrought by posterity with the intent of glorifying his memory.

8. Rulers of his time, while recognizing his talents, were too much afraid of his sincerity, candor and revolutionary ideas to employ him. They were used to flattery and compromise, and Confucius would stoop to neither. When the ruler of his native state (who had usurped power) asked Confucius how to govern the state, Confucius told him he had first better learn to govern himself. The aristocrat did not (as he well might) have Confucius cut into small pieces, but he did not make him Prime Minister either.

9. Confucius therefore spent most of his life as a scholar and teacher. He became a one-man university, somewhat in the manner of Socrates. He enrolled his students in a bloodless crusade and demanded of them every sacrifice, including their lives if need be, for the sake of humanity.

10. Beyond doubt, the Master was one of the best teachers that ever lived. His teaching was always informal; he seems never to have lectured but merely to have asked questions, suggested reading and discussed problems with his disciples. He drove his students hard, especially the brilliant ones. His only means of discipline was humorous reproof, but he was capable of biting sarcasm.

11. One of his best disciples, Tzu-kung, had the habit of criticizing others. Confucius said, "Obviously Tzu-kung must have become quite

THE MASTER WHO LIGHTED THE WAY IN CHINA: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from the New York *Times Magazine*, August 28, 1949.

perfect himself, to have the time to spare for this; I do not have this much leisure."

12. It is probable that some of his students lived in Confucius' house. He apparently charged tuition according to their ability to pay, and for at least part of the time he was probably dependent upon this income for his living; nevertheless, he did not favor the rich over the poor. Some of his income seems to have been derived from gifts made to him by rulers.

13. Personally, Confucius was a zealot, but with a saving sense of humor. His sense of proportion, his kindliness, his willingness to admit that he always might be and sometimes was wrong, made men forgive him even for the fact that he was firmly convinced that it was his mission to rescue the world from its misfortunes. He had none of the unworldliness which we sometimes associate with the saint or the sage. He hunted and fished, and played an instrument somewhat like the guitar. He liked to drink, though not to excess.

14. Confucius was fond of good company and liked to join in the chorus of a good song. The "Analects," a collection of his aphorisms, says that "When at leisure the Master's manner was informal and cheerful," and that he was "affable, yet firm; commanding, yet not austere; dignified, yet pleasant."

15. His attitude toward men in general was democratic, and he enjoyed talking with all sorts of people, a habit which sometimes scandalized his disciples.

16. All this does not mean, however, that he was loose in his personal conduct. He once said that one should be lenient toward others, but strict with one's self, and he seems to have followed this precept. He could have had wealth for the asking if he had been willing to compromise his principles and give his approval to the practices of those in power. But he said, "With coarse food to eat, water to drink and my bended arm for a pillow, I still have joy in the midst of these things. Riches and honors, acquired by unrighteousness, mean no more to me than the floating clouds."

17. His leniency did not extend to his disciples nor to his son. His son was not gifted, as Confucius thought he should be, and instead of pretending that he was, Confucius was frank about his disappointment and treated his son coolly. Some of the disciples were much closer to the Master.

18. Confucius appears to have been slightly envious of one or two of his disciples. This was natural; rulers who were afraid of the Master's zeal were glad to have his students for their officials, and some of his disciples obtained very influential positions. While this was success of a sort, it did not satisfy Confucius, who never ceased to want to direct the government of a state himself.

19. When he was about 50, Confucius received an office with a high-sounding title but no real authority; it was hoped that this would keep him quiet. When he realized that he was not to be permitted to do anything, he resigned in disgust and set off on a decade of travels to other Chinese states, seeking a ruler who would let him mold the government according to his principles. He never found one. After many vicissitudes he returned to Lu, where he taught until his death in 479 B.C.

20. If he died an apparent failure, the power of his teaching nevertheless caused it to be handed on from generation to generation of disciples. His influence was in a direction which may quite legitimately be called democratic. Before his time, in China, all rulers and almost all officials having any power seem to have been hereditary nobles. These men, members of powerful clans, ruled by the divine assistance of their ancestors, who gave them victory in war and prosperity in peace. The people, virtual serfs, were little more than instruments for the support and pleasure of the aristocrats.

21. Confucius asserted a doctrine diametrically opposed to the one in force. He declared that the rulers were merely instruments for bringing about the well-being of the people, and inheritance of rank did not give them the right to rule.

22. He did not go so far as to say that the hereditary aristocrats should vacate their thrones, that would have been too dangerous in his day, although Confucians did go this far soon after his death. But Confucius insisted that all administrative power in the government should be turned over to min-

isters appointed and promoted solely on the basis of character and ability, without regard to birth or rank.

23. Confucius considered it more important that people believe in the integrity of their Government's principles than that they have faith in the soundness of its treasury. He said that the three essentials of government were economic sufficiency, military sufficiency, and the confidence of the people. But of all these, he said, popular trust is by far the most important, since "if the people have no confidence in their Government, it cannot stand."

24. Confucius' formula for producing confidence was government by men of capacity, sincerely devoted to the common good and possessed of the kind of character which compels respect. He told the ruler of his native state, "To govern means to be correct. If you, in the position of leadership, are correct, who will dare to be otherwise?" This is very similar to Thomas Jefferson's statement that "the whole art of government consists in the art of being honest."

25. In his attack on aristocratic privilege, Confucius altered the meaning of the word "gentleman" (in Chinese, *chüntzŭ*). Before his time it had most commonly denoted a man of aristocratic birth. He used it, however, to mean a man of high ideals and noble character. He asserted that any man might become a gentleman, but that no one (no matter how well born) was truly a gentleman if he failed to act like one. He considered it to be the task of higher education to produce gentlemen.

26. This does not mean that he wished to restrict the opportunity for education. On the contrary, he held that all the people must receive some education, even in philosophy. He did not believe that the richest man or the most powerful noble had any more (or any less) inherent right to education than the poorest farmer, and advocated that education be made available to every person intellectually able to profit by it. He asserted that "in education, there should be no class distinctions," and declared that he himself had never turned away an aspiring student, no matter how poor.

27. His aim in education was the production of men of character, adjusted to the world about them and capable of meeting its strains, prepared to enjoy life themselves and dedicated to promoting the welfare of others.

28. Confucius grappled, successfully, with what is perhaps the most difficult problem facing a democratic community. If it is to act decisively, there must be a large measure of agreement among its citizens, yet it cannot, consistently with democracy, compel agreement. Confucius' solution was similar to that of modern science; suspended judgment as regards ultimates, with practical action based on those propositions concerning which general agreement can be reached among intelligent and reasonable men. "Hear much, leave to one side that which is doubtful, and speak with due caution concerning the remainder," he said. "See much, leave to one side that of which the meaning is not clear, and act carefully with regard to the rest."

29. It seems clear that Confucius was a religious man, to the extent that he hoped that somewhere in the universe, there is a power which is on the side of the right. But as a basis for his philosophy he sought a foundation more concrete and definite than this hope. He tried to develop a system of ethics based upon man's nature as a social being, which stood in little if any conflict with the traditional religion, but was not dependent upon it.

30. This divorcing of morality from metaphysics was perhaps Confucius' greatest achievement. It enabled his ethics to survive while the ancient religion underwent the greatest modifications, and to appeal by its rational self-sufficiency even to the most skeptical. It provided a common moral ground upon which men of diverse religions have been able to live and work together.

31. In his own day, his influence was but slight. After his death it developed gradually, with the growing influence of the Confucian school, but it did not attain great proportions until the second century B.C. In 221 B.C. China was organized as a totalitarian state complete with secret police and thought control, and an attempt was made to suppress the Confucian teachings as subversive and "counterrevolutionary." Confucians took a prominent part in the revolt which came thirteen years later; a direct heir of Confucius in the eighth generation was one of its early martyrs.

The revolution succeeded, and the Han dynasty was the result.

32. Under the Han the hereditary aristocracy was virtually abolished in China for all time. The Government was reformed according to the essential pattern which it retained until the establishment of the Republic in 1912. In this reform the Confucian influence was very important.

33. Some of the ideas of Confucius were greatly distorted, so that his name has even been invoked in support of monarchical despotism. Nevertheless over the past two thousand years the Chinese governmental system has been influenced more deeply by Confucius than by any other man. Undoubtedly the fact that the Confucians were the group which chiefly cultivated literature, and supplied most of the teachers, was extremely important in this connection. Since the beginning of the Christian era, a knowledge of the Confucian classics has normally been required of candidates for many Government offices, including some of the highest.

34. For two thousand years virtually every educated Chinese has read and reread the sayings of Confucius as they are recorded in the "Analects." Even the uneducated know a great many of his aphorisms as proverbs. They have entered the Chinese language and become a part of the Chinese mind.

35. An American scholar asserted in 1938 that Confucianism was still "the greatest single intellectual force" in China. More recently, a famous Chinese scholar of the Left published an essay which depicts Confucius not merely as holding revolutionary ideas, but as fomenting armed rebellion on behalf of the people; on this basis many Chinese Communists claim Confucius as a spiritual ancestor of their movement.

36. The influence of Confucius has not been limited to China, nor even to the Far East. It is at least interesting, and perhaps significant, that the great metamorphosis in Western thinking which took place during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was in many respects a movement toward ideas remarkably like those of Confucius.

37. There came to be a new emphasis on rational thinking, and on the sovereignty of conscience rather than dogma. This-worldliness was justified, and pleasure was regarded as good rather than (as formerly) evil. A cosmopolitan altruism came to be considered the great virtue. Most important of all, it was insisted that men are essentially equal, without regard to birth or rank, and that they therefore have equal right (limited only by their merits) to political office.

38. These were basic articles of faith with Confucius, and it was precisely in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that Confucianism was made known to the West by the Jesuit missionaries, who had recently entered China. It was taken up and studied with enthusiasm by the possessors of some of the best minds of Europe, who made use of it in their attacks upon the *status quo*. These included men like Leibniz and Christian Wolff in Germany, Voltaire and Quesnay in France, and Oliver Goldsmith and Eustace Budgell in England.

39. This is not to suggest that Confucius was responsible for the revolution in Western thinking. Such changes, and perhaps the very same changes, would have taken place if Confucius had never lived. But the fact that his ideas became available precisely at a time when European thinking was in flux undoubtedly influenced the process, in a manner which has never been adequately evaluated, and to which many historians have failed to give due recognition.

### *Wisdom of Confucius*

Feel kindly toward everyone, but be intimate only with the virtuous.

Learning without thought is useless; thought without learning is dangerous.

To recognize what things you know, and what things you do not know—this is wisdom.

When you see a man of worth, think of how you may emulate him. When you see one who is unworthy, examine your own character.

If a man's natural qualities exceed his training he is uncultivated; if his training exceeds his natural qualities he is little more than an educated lackey. It is only when the natural qualities and the training harmoniously complement each other that we have the gentleman.

A young person should be treated with the utmost respect. How do you know that he will not,

some day, be fully equal of what you are now? It is the man who has reached the age of 40 or 50 without ever having done anything to distinguish himself, who is not worthy of respect.

To go too far is as bad as to fall short.

If, when you look into your own heart, you find nothing wrong there, what is there to worry about, what is there to fear?

Do not wish for quick results, nor look for small advantages. If you seek quick results, you will not attain the ultimate goal. If you are led astray by small advantages, you will never accomplish great things.

To be poor without being resentful is difficult; to be rich without being arrogant should be easy.

If a man does not constantly ask himself, "What is the right thing to do?" I really don't know what is to be done about him.

What you do not wish done to yourself, do not do to others.

Language should be such as fully to convey one's meaning, but no more.

## *Willard Sperry*

# THE DECLINE OF CONSCIENCE

*Willard Learoyd Sperry (1882- ) was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford and continued his studies later at Yale. Ordained as a Congregational minister in 1908, he held several pastorates before becoming professor of theology in Andover Theological Seminary. Since 1922 he has been dean of Harvard Divinity School. He is the author of more than fifteen books on religion and practical theology, and has been a frequent contributor to magazines and religious journals.*

*This essay is a challenging appraisal of certain weaknesses in modern character. Dean Sperry displays a clear understanding of the powerful forces released by the ruthlessness of recent wars and by the attendant cynicism and disillusionment.*

1. In the summer of 1939, a month or so before the Second World War broke out, I went in to see a solicitor in Oxford who takes care of a few of my modest affairs in England. He did not seem much interested in his affairs or mine. He insisted upon talking about the state of the world in general. In the course of his reflections he said: "The most sobering fact in the modern world is the general decline of conscience." That chance remark has lingered on in my mind to vex any moral complacency I may have had, and has been confirmed by the events which have followed it.

2. This decline of conscience has been in part a general lowering of our one-time standards of private morals. In the attempt to escape from the prohibitions preached by Puritanism and its mistaken inhibitions the average man has become undisciplined. Most of us are aware of this consequence of our ethical emancipation. We have unwittingly allowed our new liberties to degenerate into a lax license. In particular, the sex mores of America have been steadily degenerating. Not only so, but our taste in fiction, drama, and the like has been vitiated by a would-be paganism. We try to be, once more, "natural" in the primitive sense of that word, not realizing that this effort is doomed to failure. The last word on "Paganism Old and New" was said by Francis Thompson: "You *cannot* bring back the best age of Paganism, the age when Paganism was a faith. None will again behold Apollo in the forefront of the morning, or see Aphrodite in the upper air loose the long lustre of her golden locks. But you

THE DECLINE OF CONSCIENCE: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, Spring 1951.

may bring back the Paganism of the days of Pliny and Statius, and Juvenal—in one word, a most shining Paganism indeed, as putrescence also shines. . . . She who created Zeus and Here, Phoebus and Artemis, Pallas Athene and fair-haired Aphrodite, is dead, and lives only in her corruption." Some such frustration and tragedy are involved in the degeneration of private morals in our day which attends the attempt to escape from ancient tabus and to live "natural" lives.

3. It is not at this level, however, that we are most acutely aware of the general decline of conscience in the modern world. We are most aware of it in the area of our involvement in society and in the terms of our citizenship. We entered the twentieth century and came up to the First World War with some residual decencies, which derived from the age of chivalry, if not from primitive Christianity, and were supposed to be binding on all concerned in the day of battle. This code, whether of the gentleman or the saint, so long as it was in force, gave friend and foe a common ground on which to stand. It was something all were agreed upon. That common ground was denied and repudiated early in the First World War, and supplanted by the ideal of "total war." Many of us can still remember the two happenings which at the time outraged and angered us: the first use of poison gas by the Germans, and then the release of unrestricted submarine warfare. The shock of those two events stunned us, and we gave thanks that we were not as these Germans. But the pitiless logic of war-making drove us to retaliation in much the same terms. And now, since Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the burden of proof rests with us. It has been left for us to plan and put into operation the most devastating expression of "man's inhumanity to man" that the world has ever known.

4. We need clear and cool rather than emotional thinking on this matter. The A-bomb which already is and the H-bomb which may yet be are not different in kind from the demolition bombs that previously had become accepted as a necessary military weapon. It is said that the demolition bombing of Tokyo was nearly as devastating as the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. Morally it is impossible to say that demolition bombing is civilized and Christian, while atomic bombing is uncivilized and un-Christian. Indeed, once primitive man clenched his fists around a rock and attacked his neighbor with that weapon, there is no single point along the line leading to the atomic bomb of which one can say, up to this point war is decent and moral, beyond this point it is indecent and immoral. Each new and sophisticated apparatus for killing our neighbors may shock us, temporarily, but sooner or later we make our peace with it and domesticate it within the area of accepted morality. Years ago the late Canon Streeter of Oxford said that the world-wide cruelties of the First World War were qualitatively no more evil than the unjust flogging of one English schoolboy. So it is with "the bomb."

5. Nevertheless, the quantitative distinction between the efficacy, as yet only dimly foreseen, of the A-bomb or H-bomb and that of all other prior weapons is such that for the moment we feel the distinction as qualitative. This wide-spread and deep feeling for a qualitative difference, however illogical, has reawakened in most of us what Santayana has called "the agonized conscience." We wonder whether we have any further right to call ourselves civilized, much more by what right we can any longer go on calling ourselves Christian. For no serious person will soberly suggest that this H-bomb, which is said to be in process, is to be the finally perfected vehicle for the expression of Christian love. It is this *reductio ad absurdum* which prompts the extreme pacifist to have no part in such transactions and sends him to prison or to a CO camp.

6. Those who cannot take the extreme pacifist position are left in an equivocal position. They feel the force of the pacifist logic and yet do not follow that logic to its conclusion. They fail to do so for two reasons: either they are unwilling to resign from the world and part company with their contemporaries or else they believe that by consenting to the techniques of modern warfare they are defending a political framework within which Christianity is still permissible. They face the fact that in officially godless states religious freedom and religious institutions as we know them are driven underground into

contemporary catacombs. No one who believes in Christianity thinks that it will ever perish from the earth. Perhaps it is so halfhearted today that it may have to be reborn in the catacombs. And he takes a great responsibility who is willing to go on paying the price of atomic bombing to preserve Christian institutions in their present form. In the process he may find himself sacrificing that which he is attempting to preserve. All sensitive Christians are today aware of this dilemma.

7. On the other hand this paradox is not a new thing. The orthodox Calvinist was accustomed to say that in his official capacity God was compelled to do a great many things which personally he would prefer not to do. This is merely another way of saying that ideals and facts are not always synonymous. Most of us find ourselves in something of the same dilemma as actual citizens of some kingdom of this world and would-be citizens of the Kingdom of God. It has been said that religion is the attempt to live in two worlds at the same time. This effort is never easy and the decision to live in only one of the two worlds, to the neglect of the other, destroys the tension which is present in all genuine religious experience. Let it be said, however, that with sensitive Christians the whole problem is not that which one may personally suffer, but what one may be party to doing to others. They do not so much fear dying of the bomb as of bombing others out of life. In so far as much Christian pacifism finds its origin and sanctions in the teaching and example of Jesus, this pacifism isolates the institution of war from its total setting. The literal teaching of Jesus would seem to require financial improvidence bordering on evangelical poverty. The personal example of Jesus would seem to celebrate the virtues of celibacy. Pacifism may be fitly cited as a test case for Christian idealism. It by no means exhausts the occasions for an expression of that idealism.

8. In any case, and at the present moment, the problem of "the bomb" is much in the common mind and on the common conscience. Ministers of religion, by virtue of their profession, may be expected to deplore its use in the past and discourage its use in the future. In the common mind the clergy are dismissed as being subsidized by their profession to make such statements. Pronouncements to the same effect from unsubsidized laymen are today more important and influential. Such witness is not bought and paid for. It is a sober reflection upon our present tragic situation.

9. Thus, Dr. Oppenheimer, who was in charge of the Los Alamos project, says that when the first trial bomb was dropped in the desert he could think only of two lines from the Bhagavad-Gita: "I am become death, the shatterer of worlds." He then adds that this experience left him with a "legacy of concern. . . . In some crude sense, which no vulgarity, no humor, no overstatement can quite extinguish, the physicists have known sin; and this is a knowledge which they cannot lose." It is a matter of common report that more than one physicist has withdrawn from further collaboration along these lines. More striking perhaps is Admiral Leahy's statement that the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was a betrayal of our claim to be a Christian nation and would some day exact stern moral punishment. In midsummer General Eisenhower expressed the hope that we would not drop the bomb on North Korea, because we want to keep the moral respect of the rest of the world.

10. One of this country's most distinguished citizens, an outstanding New York lawyer and member of the Harvard Corporation, Mr. Grenville Clark, has recently published "A Plan for Peace." The book is the more significant because, anticipating our part in the First World War, the author was the prime mover for the Plattsburg idea, and again in 1940 was the chief author of the Selective Service Bill. He prefaces his "Plan for Peace" by a prophetic account of the probable course of a third World War. He thinks we should win, but at a cost which would be all but fatal to our present economy. He does not shrink from describing the devastation which we should both suffer and inflict. But it is not this aspect of the situation which sobers him most. "The cost of victory," he says, "would be staggering. I mean not only in terms of money and property, but in

moral terms. . . . If the war could be brought to an early end, this would be only because the A-bomb will have proved even more destructive than could have been foreseen. Accordingly the moral obloquy and sense of guilt would remain even though we suffered little physical harm. . . . When all is said it would be the hardening of conscience that would be the most destructive consequence of such a war."

11. If there be any single area within which we have seen a loss of religion over the last thirty-five years—i.e., since August, 1914—it is in the moral area rather than in the realm of speculative theology and formal creeds. If the major religions of our time, Judaism and Christianity, continue to lose their historic ethical idealism, the case cannot be saved on other grounds, in other terms. What might be saved would no longer deserve the names which have hitherto obtained.

12. The great religious peril of these days is ethical disillusionment and cynicism, not doctrinal unbelief. There is no cheap and easy solution of our moral dilemma. But one of the most hopeful signs of our times is this increasingly widespread witness to the deeply troubled conscience of all sorts and conditions of men: scientists and soldiers and sailors and lawyers as well as preachers. The stubborn, chronic forms of "man's inhumanity to man" have always been there down the centuries. The latest and most acute form of this inhumanity is beginning to become intolerable. The only solution of our distresses and moral perils lies in some bold cooperative plan for peace. But the prompting to any such plan is to be found in our troubled conscience. In short "knowing sin" in this painful concrete form, rather than in some vague and abstract manner, is our world's surest hope of delivery. A Canadian broadcaster has recently stated our case in a single sentence: "An uneasy conscience makes a better Christian than a sense of moral complacency."

13. These reflections are inconclusive; possibly they smack of compromise. But they are at least warranted by the ancient observation that the important thing in this world is not to find some ready answer to your problem; it is to discover what the problem really is.

## *Bertrand Russell*

# THE FUTURE OF MAN

*Bertrand (Arthur William), Lord Russell (1872- ), the renowned British philosopher and mathematician, was educated at Cambridge University. In addition to being a lecturer at his alma mater, he has lectured and taught at a number of universities outside England—Harvard, Chicago, California at Los Angeles, and the National University of Peking. He has written more than a score of books dealing with mathematics and philosophy. The latter treat such topics as freedom, morals, happiness, the good life, peace, truth, authoritarianism. In the late twenties Lord Russell stirred a storm of controversy with his writings and his unorthodox views on marriage. Some of his later books are* An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth, *1941,* A History of Western Philosophy, *1945,* Human Knowledge, Its Scope and Limits, *1948,* Authority and the Individual, *1949, and* Unpopular Essays, *1950. Lord Russell is also a regular contributor to leading periodicals.*

*In 1920 Lord Russell paid a brief visit to Russia; he talked with Lenin and with other leaders, and what he saw of the government did not impress him. He*

*has been a frequent visitor to the United States and, while sometimes critical of us, he admits some hope for our way of doing things. The following article, in which Lord Russell calmly examines three foreseeable possibilities for the human race, provides clear evidence of the range and responsibility of his thought.*

1. Before the end of the present century, unless something quite unforeseeable occurs, one of three possibilities will have been realized. These three are:

I. The end of human life, perhaps of all life on our planet.

II. A reversion to barbarism after a catastrophic diminution of the population of the globe.

III. A unification of the world under a single government, possessing a monopoly of all the major weapons of war.

2. I do not pretend to know which of these will happen, or even which is the most likely. What I do contend is that the kind of system to which we have been accustomed cannot possibly continue.

3. The first possibility, the extinction of the human race, is not to be expected in the next world war, unless that war is postponed for a longer time than now seems probable. But if the next world war is indecisive, or if the victors are unwise, and if organized states survive it, a period of feverish technical development may be expected to follow its conclusion. With vastly more powerful means of utilizing atomic energy than those now available, it is thought by many sober men of science that radioactive clouds, drifting round the world, may disintegrate living tissue everywhere. Although the last survivor may proclaim himself universal Emperor, his reign will be brief and his subjects will all be corpses. With his death the uneasy episode of life will end, and the peaceful rocks will revolve unchanged until the sun explodes.

4. Perhaps a disinterested spectator would consider this the most desirable consummation, in view of man's long record of folly and cruelty. But we who are actors in the drama, who are entangled in the net of private affections and public hopes, can hardly take this attitude with any sincerity. True, I have heard men say that they would prefer the end of man to submission to the Soviet government, and doubtless in Russia there are those who would say the same about submission to Western capitalism. But this is rhetoric with a bogus air of heroism. Although it must be regarded as unimaginative humbug, it is dangerous, because it makes men less energetic in seeking ways of avoiding the catastrophe that they pretend not to dread.

5. The second possibility, that of a reversion to barbarism, would leave open the likelihood of a gradual return to civilization, as after the fall of Rome. The sudden transition will, if it occurs, be infinitely painful to those who experience it, and for some centuries afterwards life will be hard and drab. But at any rate there will still be a future for mankind, and the possibility of rational hope.

6. I think such an outcome of a really scientific world war is by no means improbable. Imagine each side in a position to destroy the chief cities and centers of industry of the enemy; imagine an almost complete obliteration of laboratories and libraries, accompanied by a heavy casualty rate among men of science; imagine famine due to radioactive spray, and pestilence caused by bacteriological warfare: would social cohesion survive such strains? Would not prophets tell the maddened populations that their ills were wholly due to science, and that the extermination of all educated men would bring the millennium? Extreme hopes are born of extreme misery, and in such a world hopes could only be irrational. I think the great states to which we are accustomed would break up, and the sparse survivors would revert to a primitive village economy.

7. The third possibility, that of the establishment of a single government for the whole world, might be realized in various ways: by the victory of the United States in the next

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world war, or by the victory of the U.S.S.R., or, theoretically, by agreement. Or—and I think this is the most hopeful of the issues that are in any degree probable—by an alliance of the nations that desire an international government, becoming, in the end, so strong that Russia would no longer dare to stand out. This might conceivably be achieved without another world war, but it would require courageous and imaginative statesmanship in a number of countries.

8. There are various arguments that are used against the project of a single government of the whole world. The commonest is that the project is utopian and impossible. Those who use this argument, like most of those who advocate a world government, are thinking of a world government brought about by agreement. I think it is plain that the mutual suspicions between Russia and the West make it futile to hope, in any near future, for any genuine agreement. Any pretended universal authority to which both sides can agree, as things stand, is bound to be a sham, like UN. Consider the difficulties that have been encountered in the much more modest project of an international control over atomic energy, to which Russia will consent only if inspection is subject to the veto, and therefore a farce. I think we should admit that a world government will have to be imposed by force.

9. But—many people will say—why all this talk about a world government? Wars have occurred ever since men were organized into units larger than the family, but the human race has survived. Why should it not continue to survive even if wars go on occurring from time to time? Moreover, people like war, and will feel frustrated without it. And without war there will be no adequate opportunity for heroism or self-sacrifice.

10. This point of view—which is that of innumerable elderly gentlemen, including the rulers of Soviet Russia—fails to take account of modern technical possibilities. I think civilization could probably survive one more world war, provided it occurs fairly soon and does not last long. But if there is no slowing up in the rate of discovery and invention, and if great wars continue to recur, the destruction to be expected, even if it fails to exterminate the human race, is pretty certain to produce the kind of reversion to a primitive social system that I spoke of a moment ago. And this will entail such an enormous diminution of population, not only by war, but by subsequent starvation and disease, that the survivors are bound to be fierce and, at least for a considerable time, destitute of the qualities required for rebuilding civilization.

11. Nor is it reasonable to hope that, if nothing drastic is done, wars will nevertheless not occur. They always have occurred from time to time, and obviously will break out again sooner or later unless mankind adopts some system that makes them impossible. But the only such system is a single government with a monopoly of armed force.

12. If things are allowed to drift, it is obvious that the bickering between Russia and the Western democracies will continue until Russia has a considerable store of atomic bombs, and that when that time comes there will be an atomic war. In such a war, even if the worst consequences are avoided, Western Europe, including Great Britain, will be virtually exterminated. If America and the U.S.S.R. survive as organized states, they will presently fight again. If one side is victorious, it will rule the world, and a unitary government of mankind will have come into existence; if not, either mankind or, at least, civilization will perish. This is what must happen if nations and their rulers are lacking in constructive vision.

13. When I speak of "constructive vision," I do not mean merely the theoretical realization that a world government is desirable. More than half the American nation, according to the Gallup poll, holds this opinion. But most of its advocates think of it as something to be established by friendly negotiation, and shrink from any suggestion of the use of force. In this I think they are mistaken. I am sure that force, or the threat of force, will be necessary. I hope the threat of force may suffice, but, if not, actual force should be employed.

14. Assuming a monopoly of armed force established by the victory of one side in a war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., what sort of world will result?

15. In either case, it will be a world in

which successful rebellion will be impossible. Although, of course, sporadic assassination will still be liable to occur, the concentration of all important weapons in the hands of the victors will make them irresistible, and there will therefore be secure peace. Even if the dominant nation is completely devoid of altruism, its leading inhabitants, at least, will achieve a very high level of material comfort, and will be freed from the tyranny of fear. They are likely, therefore, to become gradually more good-natured and less inclined to persecute. Like the Romans, they will, in the course of time, extend citizenship to the vanquished. There will then be a true world state, and it will be possible to forget that it will have owed its origin to conquest. Which of us, during the reign of Lloyd George, felt humiliated by the contrast with the days of Edward I?

16. A world empire of either the U.S. or the U.S.S.R. is therefore preferable to the results of a continuation of the present international anarchy.

17. There are, however, important reasons for preferring a victory of America. I am not contending that capitalism is better than communism; I think it not impossible that, if America were communist and Russia were capitalist, I should still be on the side of America. My reason for siding with America is that there is in that country more respect than in Russia for the things that I value in a civilized way of life. The things I have in mind are such as: freedom of thought, freedom of inquiry, freedom of discussion, and humane feeling. What a victory of Russia would mean is easily to be seen in Poland. There were flourishing universities in Poland, containing men of great intellectual eminence. Some of these men, fortunately, escaped; the rest disappeared. Education is now reduced to learning the formulae of Stalinist orthodoxy; it is only open (beyond the elementary stage) to young people whose parents are politically irreproachable, and it does not aim at producing any mental faculty except that of glib repetition of correct shibboleths and quick apprehension of the side that is winning official favor. From such an educational system nothing of intellectual value can result.

18. Meanwhile the middle class was annihilated by mass deportations, first in 1940, and again after the expulsion of the Germans. Politicians of majority parties were liquidated, imprisoned, or compelled to fly. Betraying friends to the police, or perjury when they are brought to trial, is often the only means of survival for those who have incurred governmental suspicions.

19. I do not doubt that, if this regime continues for a generation, it will succeed in its objects. Polish hostility to Russia will die out and be replaced by communist orthodoxy. Science and philosophy, art and literature, will become sycophantic adjuncts of government, jejune, narrow, and stupid. No individual will think, or even feel, for himself, but each will be contentedly a mere unit in the mass. A victory of Russia would, in time, make such a mentality world-wide. No doubt the complacency induced by success would ultimately lead to a relaxation of control, but the process would be slow and the revival of respect for the individual would be doubtful. For such reasons I should view a Russian victory as an appalling disaster.

20. A victory by the United States would have far less drastic consequences. In the first place, it would not be a victory of the United States in isolation, but of an alliance in which the other members would be able to insist upon retaining a large part of their traditional independence. One can hardly imagine the American army seizing the dons at Oxford and Cambridge and sending them to hard labor in Alaska. Nor do I think that they would accuse Mr. Attlee of plotting and compel him to fly to Moscow. Yet these are strict analogues of the things the Russians have done in Poland. After a victory of an alliance led by the United States there would still be British culture, French culture, Italian culture, and (I hope) German culture; there would not, therefore, be the same dead uniformity as would result from Soviet domination.

21. There is another important difference, and that is that Moscow's orthodoxy is much more pervasive than that of Washington. In America, if you are geneticist, you may hold whatever view of Mendelism the evidence makes you regard as the most probable; in Russia, if you are a geneticist who disagrees

with Lysenko, you are liable to disappear mysteriously. In America, you may write a book debunking Lincoln if you feel so disposed; in Russia, if you should write a book debunking Lenin, it would not be published and you would be liquidated. If you are an American economist, you may hold, or not hold, that America is heading for a slump; in Russia, no economist dare question that an American slump is imminent. In America, if you are a professor of philosophy, you may be an idealist, a materialist, a pragmatist, a logical positivist, or whatever else may take your fancy; at congresses you can argue with men whose opinions differ from yours, and listeners can form a judgment as to who has the best of it. In Russia, you must be a dialectical materialist, but at one time the element of materialism outweighs the element of dialectic, and at other times it is the other way round. If you fail to follow the developments of official metaphysics with sufficient nimbleness, it will be the worse for you. Stalin at all times knows the truth about metaphysics, but you must not suppose that the truth this year is the same as it was last year.

In such a world, intellect must stagnate, and even technological progress must soon come to an end.

22. Liberty, of the sort that communists despise, is important not only to intellectuals or to the more fortunate sections of society. Owing to its absence in Russia, the Soviet government has been able to establish a greater degree of economic inequality than exists in Great Britain or even in America. An oligarchy which controls all the means of publicity can perpetrate injustices and cruelties which would be scarcely possible if they were widely known. Only democracy and free publicity can prevent the holders of power from establishing a servile state, with luxury for the few and over-worked poverty for the many. This is what is being done by the Soviet government wherever it is in secure control. There are, of course, economic inequalities everywhere, but in a democratic regime they tend to diminish, whereas under an oligarchy they tend to increase. And wherever an oligarchy has power, economic inequalities threaten to become permanent owing to the modern impossibility of successful rebellion.

23. I come now to the question, What should be our policy, in view of the various dangers to which mankind is exposed? To summarize the above arguments: we have to guard against three dangers—the extinction of the human race, a reversion to barbarism, and the establishment of a universal slave state involving misery for the vast majority and the disappearance of all progress in knowledge and thought. Either the first or second of these disasters is almost certain unless great wars can soon be brought to an end. Great wars can be brought to an end only by the concentration of armed force under a single authority. Such a concentration cannot be brought about by agreement, because of the opposition of Soviet Russia, but it must be brought about somehow.

24. The first step—and it is one which is now not very difficult—is to persuade the United States and the British Commonwealth of the absolute necessity for a military unification of the world. The governments of the English-speaking nations should then offer to all other nations the option of entering into a firm alliance, involving a pooling of military resources and mutual defense against aggression. In the case of hesitant nations, such as Italy, great inducements, economic and military, should be held out to produce their coöperation.

25. At a certain stage, when the alliance had acquired sufficient strength, any great power still refusing to join should be threatened with outlawry and, if recalcitrant, should be regarded as a public enemy. The resulting war, if it occurred fairly soon, would probably leave the economic and political structure of the United States intact, and would enable the victorious alliance to establish a monopoly of armed force, and therefore to make peace secure. But perhaps, if the alliance were sufficiently powerful, war would not be necessary, and the reluctant powers would prefer to enter it as equals rather than, after a terrible war, submit to it as vanquished enemies. If this were to happen, the world might emerge from its present dangers without another great war. I do not see any hope of such a happy issue by any other method. But whether Russia would yield when threatened

with war is a question as to which I do not venture an opinion.

26. I have been dealing mainly with the gloomy aspects of the present situation of mankind. It is necessary to do so, in order to persuade the world to adopt measures running counter to traditional habits of thought and ingrained prejudices. But beyond the difficulties and probable tragedies of the near future there is the possibility of immeasurable good, and of greater well-being than has ever before fallen to the lot of man. This is not merely a possibility, but, if the Western democracies are firm and prompt, a probability. From the breakup of the Roman Empire to the present day, states have almost continuously increased in size. There are now only two fully independent states, America and Russia. The next step in this long historical process should reduce the two to one, and thus put an end to the period of organized wars, which began in Egypt some six thousand years ago. If war can be prevented without the establishment of a grinding tyranny, a weight will be lifted from the human spirit, deep collective fears will be exorcised, and as fear diminishes we may hope that cruelty also will grow less.

27. The uses to which men have put their increased control over natural forces are curious. In the nineteenth century they devoted themselves chiefly to increasing the numbers of Homo sapiens, particularly of the white variety. In the twentieth century they have, so far, pursued the exactly opposite aim. Owing to the increased productivity of labor, it has become possible to devote a larger percentage of the population to war. If atomic energy were to make production easier, the only effect, as things are, would be to make wars worse, since fewer people would be needed for producing necessaries. Unless we can cope with the problem of abolishing war, there is no reason whatever to rejoice in laborsaving technique, but quite the reverse. On the other hand, if the danger of war were removed, scientific technique could at last be used to promote human happiness. There is no longer any technical reason for the persistence of poverty, even in such densely populated countries as India and China. If war no longer occupied men's thoughts and energies, we could, within a generation, put an end to all serious poverty throughout the world.

28. I have spoken of liberty as a good, but it is not an absolute good. We all recognize the need to restrain murderers, and it is even more important to restrain murderous states. Liberty must be limited by law, and its most valuable forms can only exist within a framework of law. What the world most needs is effective laws to control international relations. The first and most difficult step in the creation of such law is the establishment of adequate sanctions, and this is possible only through the creation of a single armed force in control of the whole world. But such an armed force, like a municipal police force, is not an end in itself; it is a means to the growth of a social system governed by law, where force is not the prerogative of private individuals or nations, but is exercised only by a neutral authority in accordance with rules laid down in advance. There is hope that law, rather than private force, may come to govern the relations of nations within the present century. If this hope is not realized we face utter disaster; if it is realized, the world will be far better than at any previous period in the history of man.

## *Barbara Ward*

# FAITH FOR FREEDOM

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Any human enterprise, even the smallest, needs a measure of faith. Men must believe that what they have undertaken can be carried through. They must believe that their partners will work with them loyally. How much more is faith needed when the enterprise is the building of a free and peaceful world and the partners include all the races of the earth. One of the greatest obstacles to an effective Western policy is men's uncertainty whether peace can in fact be maintained. Yet the essence of Containment is the belief that war is not inevitable and that a combination of strength and patience in the West will deter the Soviets from further aggression and persuade them either to negotiate or at least to live as they did in the twenties and thirties primarily concerned with their own affairs.

An almost equal obstacle to successful Containment is distrust between the different partners—the tendency of each to pick out and concentrate on the worst aspects of the other's policy, to rub the sore spots, to put salt in old wounds. Out of a million small reactions of unfamiliarity and misunderstanding, national moods grow up, critical, carping, and envenomed. Yet what do the free peoples expect? That their neighbors should be exactly like themselves? That they should escape altogether from the fatality of human weakness and error? That they should be incapable of stupidity or tactlessness or self-interest?

No private undertaking, no human enterprise of any sort, could be run on such expectations. The Western allies have to be patient with one another and keep the larger unity of their common purposes alive in their minds to defeat all the day-to-day inconveniences of close alliance. The essence of faith is that it does not depend upon a perpetual renewal of absolute proof. No ally in the West is likely to give its neighbors a daily exhibition of all the virtues necessary for a great undertaking. Let the others therefore give the tolerance they expect. If the concept of British duplicity, of American greed, of French cowardice, of Italian irresponsibility, is brought in over and over again to interpret policies and explain reactions, no common enterprise can possibly succeed. Only an effort of faith, constantly renewed, can counter the tendency of men and nations to misunderstand, to recriminate, to grow suspicious, and at last to permit their alliances to fall apart.

Faith in the enterprise itself and faith in one's partners are, however, no more than the minimum—the least with which free men can hope to survive. The weakness of the word "Containment" is its negative and defensive

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ring. The Communists do not make the mistake of thinking that they are simply defending themselves against "Western encirclement." This may be the jargon they use to explain to their own people why they have remained armed and alert. But the essence of their drive, of their propaganda, of their picture of themselves, is that they must remake the world according to their own gospel, the single unalterable Marxist-Leninist gospel of salvation.

It is curious that we in the West should tend so uniformly to underestimate or misunderstand the passion that drives Communism on. Western critics are never tired of pointing out that it is based upon materialism; that there is no room in the Communist system for mankind's highest aspirations or deepest hopes; that all the power and poetry and inspiration of humanity are banished by Communism's fundamental tenet that the economic structure of society determines all the rest. It may be that, in theory, there is no room in Communism for these things, but it is vital to remember that, in practical reality, the Communists hardly give economics a thought. They do not condemn Western society because it is inefficient. On the contrary, they are immensely impressed with the technical achievements of the West. They blame it because it is immoral. They do not extol their own system because it is materially more satisfactory. They extol it because it is a new heaven and a new earth, a transfiguration of the conditions of human existence, the raising up of men's lives to new levels of creativeness and joy.

When a new program of irrigation and public works is announced, the newspapers grow lyrical:—

> For centuries the peoples of the East have dreamt of crystal-clear rivers, of fertile gardens in the desert, of a fairyland of happiness. Songs passed down from one generation to the next told of these yearnings. The people were confident that the time would come when clear, transparent rivers and streams would cut through the heart of the desert, when birds would sing in the once-silent stretches of dead sands, when blossoming gardens would flourish under a deep blue sky, when beautiful palaces would appear and crowds of gay people assemble to acclaim with gratitude the conquerors of the desert. Today the Soviet peoples praise in all their tongues the courageous conquerors of the desert—the Bolsheviks; and they glorify the Bolshevik Party and the beloved Comrade Stalin, whose genius has opened the path to fulfillment of these age-old aspirations.

Whatever the shams of Communism—and they are immense—they come clothed in the language of poetry and hope. The dream that has haunted the world from its infancy—of a golden age from which it has been banished and a golden age to which it can return—is repeated in the myth of a primitive communism destroyed by the evil of private property and restored triumphantly in the latter days by the return to communism. The anger and outrage of the prophets of old, denouncing social injustice; the promise of the Magnificat: "He hath . . . exalted them of low degree"; the exquisite and heartbreaking hope of the Apocalypse: "And there shall be no more death, nor sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away"—all these echoes and intimations which lie deepest in men's hearts are evoked by these so-called materialists, by these men who are supposed to think only in terms of economics.

It must be admitted that, in comparison with this apocalyptic vision of the world's warring between Communist good and capitalist evil, Western policy seems, remarkably and inexplicably, to have lost sight of its own vision of the good society, or at least to have lost confidence in its powers of explaining what that vision really is. If a visitor from Mars had arrived on earth during 1949 and examined the published statements of East and West, it is not likely that he would have found the "materialists" in the Communist half. The constant preoccupation with economics, the careful calculation of what could and could not be afforded, the ceaseless discussion of limits of taxation, of budgetary equilibrium, and of the perils of inflation, would have met him in almost every capital —until he came to the Iron Curtain. Beyond he would have found himself in a world dominated not by a certain view of economics but by a new—and terrible—view of life. This contrast is all the more extraordinary when one reflects that, on any standard of comparison,

the really radical and revolutionary way of life does not lie in the East at all, but in the West. The ideas and aspirations of Western man are still the most startling thing that has ever happened to the human race. Stalin's views of man and society are, by comparison, mortally static and archaic. In fact the world today presents the astonishing spectacle of Western man sleeping unaware on the powder keg of his own revolutionary philosophy and the Stalinists leaping up and down proclaiming as a new revolution a view of man and society which was old when the Pyramids were built.

We know something of the civilizations that have risen and fallen in the long history of mankind. Through all of them two themes of human belief and organization appear to run: the first, that man and society are molded by the immense impersonal forces of destiny and circumstance; the second, that the state—whether spiritual or temporal—is omnipotent and the source of all meaning. Subjects were no more than shadows of shadows. Reality rested with king and priest and temple. And humankind together, king and peasant, priest and servant, were bound to the "melancholy wheel" of fate, the impersonal and unchanging order of times and seasons, the infinite fatality of history. For thousands upon thousands of years, the great civilizations rose and fell, the people in servitude to the state, state and people alike in servitude to destiny. Behavior, ritual, thought itself, were determined collectively. Men and women lived out their lives within the closed circle of omnipotent government and omnipotent fate.

Into this static world with its slow rhythm of rise and fall, exhaustion and renewal, there broke a new force of ideas and vitality which wrought probably the most radical transformation of the human scene since man became recognizably man. Two peoples brought about this transformation, each small in number and vast in energy and fertility—the Jews and the Greeks.

With the advent of these two societies the whole character of human development changed and there entered into history something which we may reasonably call "the Western spirit." The measure of its revolutionary power was that it completely contradicted and annihilated the two dominant themes of the archaic world: the fatality of environment and the omnipotence of the state. It is a commonplace that our society is grounded to its deepest foundations in Classical and Christian antiquity. But of all the riches and diversity, these two entirely revolutionary facts must be remembered, for they are the key to the understanding of our own society and to its fundamental divergence from Communism. It is only in their light that the radical newness of Western thought and the fundamentally reactionary character of Communist thinking can be fully grasped. The Greeks and the Jews shared with the older civilizations the idea of a divine order of society, but whereas earlier this order seemed on the whole to have been made up of the sum of circumstances—the seasons, the days, the cycle of agriculture, the chances of flood and storm, the social order as it existed —in Greek and Jewish thought a gulf opened between the divine order as it existed in the mind of God, and the very human order as it existed on earth.

The idea that the sum of things could by human will and action be transformed and remade in the image of the divine took hold of men's imaginations. The static idea of social order began to give way to the revolutionary, to the ideas of a possible perfect society which could be achieved provided men overcame the irrational and immoral aspects of their own lives and their own institutions. The desire to transform, the desire to create, the desire to seize on material circumstances and change and mold them as an artist transforms the material he works with—this was the immense energy injected into the Western world by the rational vision of the Greeks and the moral vision of the Jews. The divine order ceased to be the sum of things that are and began to become the sum of things as they should be. Try as he would—and to return to the static is always a temptation—Western man could never again drive the fever of creation and transformation and progress out of his blood.

The two streams of thought were equally potent in sweeping away the other principle of ancient society: the acceptance of the omnipotent state. The Greek saw the reflection of the Logos in the rational nature of man. As a

creature endowed with reason he acquired inalienable social and political rights, among them the right to self-government. For the Jew, it was the divine image in man that created in him moral responsibility. From the first question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" flowed out the doctrine of personal responsibility. In the Christian tradition the Greek concept of reason and the Hebrew belief in man's accountability met in the idea of the "free and lawful man," which in medieval Europe was the basis of the great constitutional experiment of placing government itself under the law, and in the centuries that followed developed into the full doctrine of representative government and political freedom.

No one will pretend that the progress of these two transforming ideals—of justice and liberty—was regular or complete. The Greek insight into the irrationality of much in man's nature and the institutions he sets up has been more than justified. The Hebrew and Christian concept of sin—the pride of the mind and the lust of the heart—has darkened every page of Western history. Yet underneath failure and collapse and defeat, the Western spirit has constantly renewed itself, and in the darkest ages the voice of the saint, the prophet, the reformer, was raised to denounce the things that were and to point once again to the things that ought to be. Under these pressures, Western society became the most restlessly dynamic and explosive social order the world had ever seen. There could be no rest once these ideals of progress and perfection had been let loose in the mind of Western man.

It is the tragedy of Marxist Communism that it restores the old fetters of fatality and tyranny. Because it borrows the terminology of the West and speaks of true freedom and true democracy and true science, men often overlook the profoundly and terrifyingly reactionary character of its doctrine. The free and morally responsible human being with rights and duties and aspirations which transcend any given social order vanishes. Why? Because there is nothing beyond the social order. Every act of human life, every thought of human minds, is entirely conditioned by the general state of material events at that time. History becomes once more the arbiter of all destiny. It is no longer an arena in which men struggle in freedom to remold recalcitrant matter and fashion it to their ideals. Their freedom is an illusion, and recalcitrant matter is itself responsible for their ideals. The world of freedom closes. In its place returns the stifling world of necessity in which the childhood of the race was spent. Once again men are bound to the melancholy wheel of their social conditioning. Once again events mold them, not they events. The collective crust forms once again over the experiment of human freedom, and the Western vision fades.

In such a world, the return to omnipotent government is inevitable. If man is no more than a unit in a social calculation, to what rights and pretensions can he lay claim? It is the total social process, society, the environment as a whole, that has significance just as thousands of years ago the apparatus of the state—city or temple—was reality and men no more than its component parts. No one doubts the omnipotent claims of the Soviet state today, but some are inclined to overlook the even more omnipotent claims inherent in the prophecy that eventually "the state will wither away." In any conceivable society where variety of claims and interests is admitted, some government must remain as arbiter. The only highly complex societies that can dispense with government are those in which social conditioning has produced such perfect adaptation to circumstance and work that no conflicts are conceivable—and no change and no progress either. We know of such societies. The bees and the ants have reached just such a degree of adaptation to environment. (And if environment is fatality, is reality, is God itself, what greater purpose for humanity can there be than to adapt itself?) Behind the concept of the withering away of the state lies not only the loss of freedom, but the loss of rationality and humanity itself.

These are not idle fears. We know from man's long history that the Western experiment of freedom and responsibility is a flash in the pan, a spark in the longest night, an experiment bounded in space and time and preceded by aeons of collective servitude. To

step back into an older environment, to regress, to abandon an experiment at once so testing and so abnormal, must be a temptation at the very roots of our being. Communism presents it in a form in which language and propaganda are borrowed from the liberal experiment but fundamental thought and direction lead back into the anonymous tyrannies of antiquity and of primitive mankind. Environment as destiny, the state as omnipotence—these are the principles under whose mastery mankind has spent by far the longest part of its conscious span. The Western phase is a tremendous, a breath-taking experiment. It is not yet certain that it can stay the course.

Yet if the Western experiment is really the most audacious and exhilarating that mankind has ever made, how is it that today the audacity and the creativeness and the revolutionary zeal so often seem to be on the other side? There is a tremendous paradox here. The crusaders for freedom and progress, for man's ever-renewed struggle to build a just and holy society, appear to be on the defensive before those who seek to eliminate human freedom and restore the twin tyrannies of fate and government. The real revolutionaries cede ground to the pseudo revolutionaries. The radicals retreat before the reactionaries, the idealists before the materialists. Indeed, the idealists seem to have turned themselves into materialists and fight their war of words in calculations and statistics while their adversaries sing of deserts blossoming and spring returning to a resurrected humanity. How have we in the West contrived so to dim our vision that we appear to have lost it? When was the initiative lost? How can we recapture it?

There can be only one answer. We have not lost it because the Marxist vision is more potent than ours or because Communism offers a more attractive version of society. Indeed, it would be difficult to find anything more unattractive than, say, contemporary Bulgaria; and even if we prefer our Communism in idealized form, one searches Marx's pages in vain for a concrete description of what Communist society would be like. No, his strength lay in what he attacked, not in what he promised. And it is still true of Communism today that wherever it is not imposed by force, it owes its strength not so much to its own attractiveness as to the weakening of the Western way of life. In the last hundred years, we have seen our grip slacken on those two revolutionary principles upon which the Western experiment has been based. The Classical and Christian tradition has grown weaker. In its place, even in the West, the concept of fatality and of almighty circumstance has crept back. The men who founded the industrial revolution and believed in unchanging and unaltering economic laws were introducing a god of economic determinism into one sector of their society. It was a savage but appropriate justice that led Marx to turn economic determinism against them in their own industrial stronghold. Workers had been sacrificed in their turn in the name of economic determinism and dialectical materialism. If matter was to be master, Marx had as good a version of the future to offer as Richard Cobden and John Bright and a much more attractive version from the standpoint of the masses.

Nor was the Manchester School's confidence in the beneficence of *laisser faire* the only entry point for fatalism and historical materialism. The present reality of God and of an ideal world of law and justice which men should struggle to observe and create, even if circumstances drag them the other way, began to fade and the great fatalities—environment, conditioning, heredity, evolution—sapped and weakened the concept of freedom, moral responsibility, and will. Unconsciously at first, but with steadily increasing realization and indifference, a vast mass of Western men and women sloughed off their society's traditional idealism and became in practice, if not in belief, materialists as convinced as any on the other side of the Iron Curtain—but with this difference. The materialism preached by Communists was a religion of materialism—materialism raised to a total explanation of life, guide of conduct, and spur to action. The materialism of the West was all too often no more than an attitude of "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." In a conflict between religious materialism and practical materialism, it seems certain that the religious variety will have the strength to prevail. An

idea has never yet in human history been defeated by no idea at all.

Yet although it is true that Communism has gained strength by the West's own weaknesses, it may yet be true that the West will learn from the Communists how to recapture its own freedom-loving, transforming, and creative spirit. In the first place, men and women in the West can see in Soviet society some of the possible results of their own betrayal of the Western ideal. They see what a society can become which is systematically materialist, godless, and "scientific." They see how speedily the safeguards of freedom vanish once the idea of law independent of race or class fades and in its place is put the convenience of the community. They see how terribly human compassion can be maimed if there is no appeal to a higher authority than that of government. They see that science itself, on which the regime is supposedly based, can be perverted if the search for truth gives way to the acceptance of the politically expedient. And reflecting on these things, they are perhaps more ready to reconsider the old safeguards of independence and of pity, of justice and of truth. They look perhaps with new interest at an earlier belief—that liberty itself is grounded in the fact that God's authority overrules all others and that, in St. Thomas More's words, a man can be the state's "good servant, but God's first."

But Communism does more than provide the Western world with a species of rake's progress of some of its own ideas and assumptions. It is, in a real sense, the conscience of the West. Every pretension, every false claim, every complacency of our Western society, is relentlessly exposed by Communist propaganda, and all too often our dislike of the critics is rendered a thousand times more bitter by our inner knowledge that their gibes are true. It is infuriating, it is exasperating, it is exhausting for the West to know that every weakness is spied on, every social failure capitalized, every injustice trumpeted abroad, every lack of charity and understanding blown up into a major social crime. But is it certain that without these enraging critics we in the West should be so aware of where we fail ourselves? Might we not drift on in indifference beyond the point at which this weakened institution or that false situation could be repaired?

In many ways, we today are paying for the complacency of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. It was not only the injustice, it was also the appalling smugness, of the Victorian possessing classes which put the real vitriol into Marx's pen. Today, at least, no false complacency can hold us back from seeing where lie the shams.

Communists today leave us in no doubt where our weaknesses lie. They await in a fever of tension and expectation the coming of another disastrous depression. They seek to exacerbate by every means the gulf between East and West, between Asia and the Atlantic, between developed and backward areas, between rich and poor, slave and free. They search for every chink in the armor of Western unity. They batten on every national prejudice and try to poison every potential conflict between the allies of the West. Above all, they preach the decadence and decline of Western ideals, the false pretensions of Western society, the myth of Western religion, the hypocrisy of Western freedom, and the certainty of Western collapse.

We need therefore have no doubts about the necessary means of Western survival. To be stable, reliable, and prosperous ourselves; to share with others our prosperity; to rebuild our defenses; to be patient allies and good friends; to restore our vision and moral purpose; to drive out the gods of fatalism; to restore the "glorious liberty of the sons of God"; and, in this spirit, to confront our adversaries with a calm fortitude that allays both their fears and their ambitions—there are the main themes for a common policy in the West. Nothing in them is beyond the competence of the Western powers. Never, indeed, have the material means of fulfilling them been so assured. If there is a doubt at all, it can only be a doubt of the necessary vision and will.

This surely is the crux. In all that they say of the Western world, the Communists are proclaiming the fatal laws of historical necessity. Capitalist society must collapse. The United States must practice selfish imperialism. The Western states must exploit their

workers, fight for markets in the world at large, trample down their Asiatic helots, and plunge the world into wars of aggression. It follows that every policy of the West that contradicts these fears—every Marshall Plan, every extension of economic aid to backward areas, every increase in social economic opportunity, every act of justice and reconciliation —breaks with the Communists' fundamental gospel—the fatality of history—and restores, triumphantly and creatively, the freedom of the West. We are not bound by collective selfishness. No iron law of economics holds us down. The Western world is a world of freedom, and in it the Western powers can freely choose and freely act.

# *Part Two* INTRODUCTION TO LITERATURE

## A PREFATORY NOTE

THE chief purpose of the study of literature is to intensify your awareness of the quality and variety of human experience. A literary work therefore possesses greatness by virtue of the power it is able to exert, through means peculiar to it as a form of art, over the imaginative life of attentive readers. It may range in complexity from a simple expression of personal emotion ("I wandered lonely as a cloud") to the complex and accumulative force of a Shakespearean tragedy. But however modest or grand in scope a single poem, or play, or novel may be, its full realization cannot be achieved without the active and pleasurable participation of the reader. The person who has read many books with understanding has shared in many lives, vividly different from one another, and has added richness and perspective to his sum total of experience—to the outer and inner events of his own life.

*Literature as Memory.* In some ways reading is like remembering. When one sits and remembers what happened to him on his first airplane ride, he is both spectator and participant in that remembered event; and when one reads a literary account of a flight, he observes the event, but in a remembering sort of way he is also in the cockpit.

There is another connection between reading and remembering. A person remembers not only the actual events of his life but also those he has experienced in a book, and though the exciting events of life cut far deeper than the equally exciting event in a book, these latter memories often remain a vivid part of his total experience. Therefore, he who has read many books has lived many lives, vividly different from one another, and has a rich store of memories.

*Literature as Vicarious Experience.* But literature is more than a partial record of man's memories and, for the reader, more than an evocation of memories. It is a record of man's reactions to experience. Furthermore, to stimulate creative expression experience must for the most part seem meaningful, sometimes urgent. Thus literature becomes a partial record of man's reactions to the most important aspects of living. Through an understanding and appreciative reading of this intense and exciting record of the minds and hearts of men and women, everyone has access to this vast experience. As a consequence the reader enriches his life with the experiences of others; and he enlarges, deepens, and intensifies his own direct experience by being made aware

of the otherwise overlooked significance in the commonplace and by being made to realize new and sharpened meanings in old experiences.

Experience, it is said, is a costly teacher. Direct experience is perhaps desirable, despite its cost, but not all our experience can or need be acquired in this direct manner. It is possible to shun disaster, for instance, and yet lay hold upon the quality of character which disaster sometimes gives. The imaginative projection of ourselves into the consciousness of others, through literature, yields experiences that would be too strenuous to endure without hazard in actual life, and yet still be chastening and humanizing to us, bringing us to a better understanding of ourselves and others; the range of such vicarious experience is surprisingly large and varied—from the outrageous to the sublime—but the vicarious experiences of literature are at their best when they complement the actual experiences of living. That is why a masterpiece may be read again and again with pleasure and profit at various stages of one's development. A boy or a girl may with joy read *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* reveling in the experiences of Huck and Tom and Jim. But it requires a mature mind to grasp the novel's import as "one of the central documents of American culture," reflecting the social and economic conditions of Mark Twain's frontier America and symbolizing the duality of man's nature. Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* comes home to the woman who has found that no degree of physical charm will compensate for a dull mind and that love will in effect alter the length and tilt of one's nose. And Edmund Waller's "Go, Lovely Rose" touches nearer the core of a man who has already felt the transient brush of beauty and learned the inevitability of its departure.

This process of living the life of other minds, of sharing experiences common to people of all ages and conditions of life, moreover, may be delightful and absorbing. For example, each of us no doubt has known in some degree the feeling of guilt which comes as a result of a thoughtless or evil moment, suffering an unmistakable sense of despondency and ostracism. But Coleridge takes such a feeling and, by use of rhythm, music, metaphor, and image, sets it in an enchanting work of art. The Ancient Mariner,

> Alone, alone, all, all alone,
> Alone on a wide, wide sea!

convinces the reader that

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small,

but the magic of the marvelous voyage overlays the meaning and the moral with charm and delight.

To share in this manner the rich and varied experience of people in all ages who have faced problems and conditions of life common to man is surely to acquire a larger and more sensitive awareness.

*Literature as Organized Experience.* But literature, however closely allied to any-

body's actual experience, is not exactly a reproduction or transcript of happenings, feelings, and scenes. That is, literature is not so much like a photograph of life as it is like a series of portraits, or interpretations. Life is so filled and crowded with details as to seem nearly chaotic to most of us at times, but each work of literature is a selection of such details as can be combined to suggest a coherent impression of life. The artist does not give us masses of unassimilated knowledge. He imposes form upon the materials he uses and through this form suggests meaning. Organization is what gives us this sense of meaning. Test the truth of this statement by analyzing any one of the stories in the group that follows; how little, in the way of details—of description or character or action—the author actually gives us, how much he suggests or implies.

The central importance of this selection and organization of materials is especially well illustrated by the short story, because within those brief limits the author must select and organize his material with unusual care and skill. For example, when Irwin Shaw, in "The Dry Rock," wants to show how difficult it is for a person of humble means and circumstances to receive the minimum amount of justice and respect which any individual deserves, he creates such characters, invents such actions, and sets such a background as he needs to reveal his theme. He chooses two principal characters, a taxi-cab driver and an ill-mannered young man; centers the action about a single traffic accident; places the story in a fast-moving city. But the selection and organization go beyond this. The personalities of the characters, the details of the action, and the urgency of the situation create an intensity and suspense that convincingly illustrate the point of the story.

The meaning that emerges from organization and selection in any work of literature cannot be adequately conveyed in a summary. To perceive the full quality of the experience interpreted, we have to become sensitively aware of every part and relationship; and the comprehension we finally achieve will depend in part on the scope of our own consciousness. As one contemporary critic has suggested, the effect of a work of art on the consciousness of various readers is like the effect of a pebble falling into various pools of water: the ripples move out to the far edge of the pool. Some pools are larger and more responsive than others.

Someone, thinking about the relationship between literature and life, has suggested that actual experience is like raw, malleable metal, whereas re-created experience (as in a literary work) is this metal after it has been molded into an object. The form of this object is the design within the inner consciousness of the artist. The raw metal is real; the molded metal is no less real. And equally real also are direct experience and the thought and vision of the artist. So, in a sense, a work of literature is reshaped experience, often more astonishing than literal experience, suggesting things, made out of experience, which many of us would not think of without the help of the artist. We do not ask that a chalice sculptured by the famous goldsmith Cellini look like the raw metal out of which he made it. Similarly, we should not ask that a character in a play or in a novel act exactly as we do—only that he act as such a person would in the world the

novelist or dramatist has created for him. Yet we shall find in literature many features of the actual world in which we live, and therefore many people and actions with which we are familiar.

*The Nature of the Esthetic Experience.* Literature appeals to both mind and heart. Therefore our whole being is involved in the response to it. Sometimes full comprehension comes like an illuminative flash enlarging our consciousness and lifting us to a different plane of being. Wordsworth is describing the reader no less than the writer when he mentions one kind and degree of poetic exaltation, experienced occasionally (but not often) by all of us. He calls it "that serene and blessed mood"

> In which . . . we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul:
> While with an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
> We see into the life of things.

It is possible for some readers, for example, to have such an experience upon perceiving the implications of a poem like the following sonnet by the same writer, in which the setting sun, the calm sea, the poet's lovely child combine to make him sense an omnipresent spirit; and this feeling in turn makes him think of the child as closer to the Infinite, perhaps, than we adults are:

> It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
> The holy time is quiet as a Nun
> Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
> Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
> The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
> Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
> And doth with his eternal motion make
> A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
> Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
> If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
> Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
> Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
> And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
> God being with thee when we know it not.

Here both mind and heart join in the perception. An experience like this often comes when we sense vividly the meaning of a scene or an occasion. Such meaning cannot be conveyed fully in a paraphrase, but it is unmistakable. For example, to choose from an American poet this time, what is the flash of illumination sensed by Robert Frost in these lines, and why does the "dust of snow" exert so powerful an influence?

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued.

The sudden illumination here spoken of yields a deep understanding, an unusual insight, a discovery. This illumination may come to the creating artist or to the creative reader as he follows the creative artist and comes upon the same gleam of insight.

Alfred Noyes, in "Watchers of the Sky," describes the exaltation which he imagines that the discoverer of Neptune experienced when the meaning of his discovery dawned upon him; the reader who finds the implications of some truth in a story or drama or poem may realize a like exaltation. Both scientist and reader, like the author, therefore, have a similar esthetic experience. Here is part of the exclamatory feeling which Noyes ascribes to the astronomer:

Three hundred million leagues beyond the path
Of our remotest planet, drowned in night
Another and a mightier planet rolls;
In volume, fifty times more vast than earth,
And of so huge an orbit that its year
Well nigh outlasts our nations. . . . .

No doubt all of us have moments of poetic insight when past knowledge and experience come to focus upon a single point of understanding: these are among our most memorable experiences. Readers of imaginative literature may share these moments with artists, even though the intensity of the original illumination may be reduced. This is reading at its best—creative reading, building and enriching the mind.

# Biography

## INTRODUCTION

THE earliest biographers were probably those minstrels who praised the deeds of heroes in extemporaneous song. As a hero's exploits increased—in fact or in imagination—the songs grew in number, until at last the total reached epic proportions. Such, for instance, was the genesis of our most ancient epics, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Almost as ancient, and equally biographical, are the accounts of the lives of the prophets in the Old Testament or, less ancient, of the Apostles in the New Testament.

For biography, which is simply the story of a man's life, has taken many forms. Today we think of it as being more factual than fanciful, which is, perhaps, why we also think of it usually as being in prose. But the word has not always been so precisely used.

The earliest example of the carefully wrought, more nearly formal type of biography was Plutarch's *Parallel Lives,* written in the first century A.D., which presented in a series of contrasting pairs the lives of a number of famous Greeks and Romans. Plutarch's chief concern was with men as types of moral excellence or moral weakness, rather than as individuals endowed with complex personal characteristics. They were so well written in intense and vivid language that writers, notably Shakespeare, have borrowed heavily from him.

During the more than seventeen centuries between Plutarch and Dr. Samuel Johnson biographical writing took many forms, including miraculous lives of the saints and a multitude of chronicle accounts of kings and conquerors. The compelling motives in these biographical endeavors were largely didactic or commemorative. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, however, a greater degree of curiosity about how other people thought and lived was reflected in such experiments in biographical writing as prefatory biographical essays, character sketches, printed funeral sermons, letters, and diaries. In short, emphasis was placed on the historical rather than the ethical motive, and more attention was given to the individual as a secular being.

The eighteenth century produced one of the most famous men of literary history, the learned Dr. Johnson, both the subject of one of the world's greatest biographies and himself a biographer of consequence. He insisted that the whole truth be given about a man: "If a man is to write *A Panegyrick,* he may keep vices out of sight; but if he professes to write *A Life,* he must write it as it was." James Boswell followed this dictum

of his master, and as a consequence established for biography a permanent place as a type of literature. In *The Life of Samuel Johnson,* one of the most fascinating books in all of English literature, Boswell captured Johnson's individuality, wit, wisdom, and arrogance. As a work of art, Boswell's masterpiece possesses the charm, realism, psychological analysis, and accumulative force that its predecessors possessed only in partial measure.

The spirit of scientific accuracy and exhaustive scholarly research that characterized the late nineteenth century resulted in long, detailed biographies of the "life and times" type. These not only recounted the events of a man's life but used that life as a center around which to organize a history of the times in which the character lived. As a consequence, nineteenth-century biographies are of great scope: Lockhart's life of his father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, was first published in ten volumes; Froude's *Life of Carlyle* in four volumes; Forster's *Life of Dickens* in three volumes.

Today biographical writing competes keenly in popularity with other types of literature. Recent biographers have drawn heavily from modern psychology for method in character analysis and from drama and the short story for techniques of presenting character. By so doing they have helped to create an unprecedented interest in the lives of heroes and saints as well as of villains and "damaged souls." Emphasis centers around character and personality. A person's shortcomings and follies, his merits and his virtues—all are displayed with equal exactitude. The new biography, notable for its clever, crisp, and highly readable style, combines Plutarch's effective use of anecdotes, Boswell's skill in character analysis and ability to reproduce vivid conversation, and the scientific demand for truth and factual accuracy which marked the nineteenth-century taste.

Every scantling of information or clue to character found in letters, journals, diaries, conversations of friends or enemies, published works, and magazine articles becomes the substance of biography. It has been said that Lytton Strachey, the eminent English biographer, waded through a roomful of books and other printed matter in order to write his two-hundred-page life of Queen Victoria.

In America during the second quarter of the twentieth century there have been two noteworthy developments in biographical writing, the extensive interpretative biography and the short sketch. Each differs in length but both draw heavily upon modern techniques. The detailed expository interpretation, such as Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln* and Douglas Southall Freeman's *Life of Robert E. Lee,* each a multi-volume work, represents a blending of scholarship, good writing, psychology, and an explanation of the social age that produced the man. The short sketch, such as Dixon Wecter has presented in his collection *The Hero in America,* attempts to achieve what Lytton Strachey calls a "becoming brevity—a brevity which excludes everything that is redundant and nothing that is significant." Such sketches, which constitute a kind of most-unforgettable-character type, have become justly popular, and appear constantly in current magazines such as *The Atlantic, The New Yorker,* and *Time.*

Autobiographical writing has followed a course paralleling that of biography, with

ever closer attention to minimum essentials, the selection of significant detail, and a refreshing liveliness of style. Experimentation in autobiographical writing started when man first began keeping a record of his life in memoirs, diaries, letters, and chronicles. As a division of literature, however, the early eighteenth century marks the first use of the word *autobiography* to describe a narrative with the writer's life constituting the central framework of the story. The autobiographies of three eighteenth-century writers —David Hume, Edward Gibbon, and Benjamin Franklin—have become classics. Today autobiography as a literary form is perhaps as popular as biography, though not as extensively written. "The Lord's Day in the Nineties," appearing in this text, is an excerpt from Mary Ellen Chase's account of her life, *A Goodly Heritage,* which sketches with interesting detail the manners and customs popular in America at the turn of the past century.

In the two strictly biographical selections to follow—Stephen Leacock's *Mark Twain* and Dixon Wecter's "Old Hickory"—the reader will find moving yet pertinent accounts of two Americans who lived heroic lives. The enjoyment of these biographies will be heightened if the reader observes closely the choice of illustrative detail—detail that not only gives literary or historical perspective but also presents Samuel Clemens and Andrew Jackson as human beings endowed with traits of genius. On the one hand, Leacock, himself a humorist, is writing of Clemens as a humorist and includes just enough literary background to focus our interest on, and to add to our enjoyment of, such works as *Huckleberry Finn, A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court,* and *Tom Sawyer.* On the other hand, Dixon Wecter, an historian, is writing of a man who made history. No American can read "Old Hickory" without feeling a sense of deeper admiration for this fearless, homespun American. And few can read either *Mark Twain* or "Old Hickory" without learning a great deal about literature and history when the American frontier was young. So it is with all great biography: one broadens his store of factual knowledge, gains an understanding of human behavior, comes intimately to know important people, and finds history personalized. In fine, one is enabled to extend his own life immeasurably.

*Stephen Leacock*

# MARK TWAIN

*Stephen Leacock (1869-1949), economist, teacher, biographer, and humorist, was born in Swan Moor, Hampshire, England, of parents who emigrated to Canada in 1876. He was educated at the universities of Toronto and Chicago. From 1908 until 1936, he served as head of the Department of Economics and Political Science at McGill University in Montreal.*

*To Americans Stephen Leacock is known primarily as a humorist, and he has achieved a reputation among some critics as "the most popular humorist in America since Mark Twain." But he is more than a writer of humor. His versatility is evident in a sampling of his titles:* Elements of Political Science, *1906;* Nonsense Novels, *1911;* Lincoln Frees the Slaves, *1934;* Humor: Its Theory and Technique, *1934;* Montreal, Seaport and City, *1942;* How to Write, *1943. His first sustained attempt at biography, a life of Mark Twain, appeared in 1931. It is a readable book, interesting without being sensational, factual without being prosaic. In 1933, Leacock published* Charles Dickens, *the life of another man whom he held in high esteem.*

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## I. CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH—MARK TWAIN AS TOM SAWYER, 1835-1857

The name of Mark Twain stands for American humour. More than that of any other writer, more than all names together, his name conveys the idea of American humour. For two generations his reputation and his fame have been carried all over the world with this connotation. He has become, as it were, an idea, a sort of abstraction, comparable to John Bull who represents England, or Sherlock Holmes who signifies an inexorable chain of logic.

The name, as all the world knows, is only a pen-name, selected after the conceited fashion of the day and taken from the river-calls of the Mississippi pilots. But its apt and easy sound rapidly obliterated the clumsy name of the writer who wore it. Samuel Langhorne Clemens died to the world, or rather, never lived for it. "Mark Twain" became a household word for millions and came to signify not merely a particular person but an idea. Thus, side by side with Mr. Clemens, who is dead, there grew an imaginary person, Mark Twain, who became a legend and is living still.

American humour rose on the horizon of the nineteenth century as one of the undisputed national products of the new republic. Of American literature there was much doubt in Europe; of American honesty, much more; of American manners, more still. But Ameri-


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can humour found a place alongside of German philosophy, Italian music, French wine, and British banking. No one denied its peculiar excellence and its distinctive national stamp.

Now Mark Twain did not create American humour nor the peculiar philosophy of life on which it rests. Before him were the Major Dowlings and the Sam Slicks, and in his own day the Petroleum Nasebys and the Orpheus C. Kerrs and others now resting as quietly as they do. But in the retrospect of retreating years nearly all the work of these sinks into insignificant dreariness or into a mere juggle of words, cheap and ephemeral. The name of only one contemporary, Artemus Ward, may be set in a higher light. Yet all that Ward ever wrote in words, as apart from his quaint and pathetic personality, is but a fragment. If Mark Twain did not create American humour, he at least took it over and made something of it. He did for it what Shakespeare did for the English drama, and what Milton did for Hell. He "put it on the map." He shaped it into a form of thought, a way of looking at things, and hence a mode or kind of literature.

Not that Mark Twain did all this consciously. A deliberate humorist, seeking his effect, is as tiresome as a conscientious clown working by the week. His humour lay in his point of view, his angle of vision and the truth with which he conveyed it. This often enabled people quite suddenly to see things as they are, and not as they had supposed them to be —a process which creates the peculiar sense of personal triumph which we call humour. The savage shout of exultation modified down to our gurgling laugh greets the overthrow of the thing as it was. Mark Twain achieved this effect not by trying to be funny, but by trying to tell the truth. No one really knew what the German Kaiser was like till Mark Twain dined with him. No one really *saw* the painted works of the old masters till Mark Twain took a look at them. The absurd multiplicity of the saints was never appreciated till Mark Twain counted them by the gross. The futility of making Egyptian mummies was never realized till he measured them by the cord as firewood. People who had tried in vain to rise to the dummy figures and the sentimental unreality of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* got set straight on chivalry and all its works when they read *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. "The boys went grailing," says the Yankee, in reference to the pursuit of the Holy Grail by the Knights of the Round Table. "The boys went grailing." Why not?

Readers who had tried in vain to feel impressed and reverent over Tennyson's impossible creations felt an infinite relief in seeing them reduced to this familiar footing. Thus in a score of books and in a thousand of anecdotes and phrases there was conveyed to the world something and somebody which it knew as Mark Twain.

All the rest of the man, the other aspects of his mind and personality, was left out of count. The flaming enthusiasms, the fierce elemental passion against tyranny, against monarchy, against hell, against the God of the Bible—all this was, and is, either unknown or forgotten. It has to be. The composite picture, filled in line by line, would leave a new person to be called Samuel L. Clemens. The "Mark Twain" of the legend would crumble into dust.

In any case, Mark Twain only half-expressed himself. Of the things nearest to his mind he spoke but low or spoke not at all. He would have liked to curse England for the Boer War, to curse America for the Philippine conquest, to curse the Roman Catholic Church for its past, and the Czar of Russia for his present. Instinct told him that had he done so, the Mark Twain legend that had filled the world would pass away. The kindly humorist, with a corn-cob pipe would also be a rebel, an atheist, an anti-clerical.

So it was that Mark Twain's nearest and dearest thoughts were spoken only in a murmur, and the world laughed, thinking this some new absurdity; or were left unspoken, and the world never knew; or were published after he was dead, when no one could catch him. The kindly conspiracy was played out to the end.

It is better that it should be so. It leaves the legendary Mark Twain and his work and his humour as one of the great things of nineteenth-century America.

American he certainly was. He had the advantage, or disadvantage, of being brought up

solely in his own country, remote from its coasts, with no contact with the outside world, in the days when America was still America. He lived, and died, before the motion picture had flickered the whole world with similarity, and before rapid transport had enabled every country to live on the tourists of all the others. His childhood was spent in an isolation from the outside world now beyond all conception. Nor was the isolation much relieved by mental contact. Like Shakespeare and Dickens, young Sam Clemens had little school and no college. He thus acquired that peculiar sharpness of mind which comes from not going to school, and that power of independent thought obtained by not entering college. It was this youthful setting which enabled him to become what he was.

Here are some of the essential facts about his early life which need to be mentioned even in a biography.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born on the thirtieth of November in 1835 in a frontier settlement which he himself called the "almost invisible village of Florida, Monroe County, Missouri." His father and mother were people as impoverished and as undistinguished as one could wish. Both came of plain pioneer stock, the father originally from Virginia, the mother from Kentucky. Mark Twain's father, John Clemens, seems to have been a kindly but shiftless person, succeeding at nothing, but dreaming always of a wonderful future. At intervals in an impoverished youth he had picked up an education and for a time attended a frontier law school. But he turned his hand to store-keeping, to house-building, to anything; and his mind to dreaming. He and his wife Jane went and settled in the mountain wilderness of East Tennessee. The older brothers and sisters of the family, "the first crop of children," were born there. Then John Clemens, with the restlessness of the frontiersman, moved from one habitat to another, and presently passed on to the new State of Missouri just beginning its existence. But he had meantime managed to raise four hundred dollars and with it to buy a vast tract of land, of about a hundred thousand acres. For the rest of his life the elder Clemens was inspired by visions of his Tennessee land and what it would mean for the future of his descendants. These dreams he passed on to his descendants as their chief legacy.

The Tennessee land contained great forests of yellow pine, beds of oil, deposits of coal and iron and copper, an El Dorado of wealth as we see it now. But in those days the timber was unsaleable for lack of transport, coal was unusable, and petroleum a mere curiosity of the marshes. Yet Clemens managed, with a wrench, to pay his five dollars a year in taxes, and dreamed of wealth to come. After his death the land was muddled away and parted with for next to nothing, till the last ten thousand acres were sold in 1894 for two hundred dollars. But the inspiration of the Tennessee land served as the background of *The Gilded Age* and helped to fashion the cheery optimism of Colonel Sellers; converted into literature and the drama it earned a fortune.

Side by side with the legend of the Tennessee land and the golden future still to come went another family legend, a very frequent one with impoverished families of unknown origin in America. This was the tradition of noble descent from a collateral branch of a great English family. Mark Twain's mother, being a Lampton of Kentucky, could be converted by the mere change of a letter into a Lambton of the noble family of the earldom of Durham. The Clemenses, with a similar twist, could descend from or ascend to Geoffrey Clement, the regicide judge of Oliver Cromwell's day. But there is no need to linger over the Clemenses' claim to noble birth. It is shared by all of us in North America who can give no exact account of our remote origin. At any rate it served, along with the Tennessee dream, as the basis of the story to be called *The American Claimant.*

The Clemens family left the log village of Florida when little Sam was not yet four years old (1839). But his connection with the locality did not end there. An uncle and aunt and cousins lived on a farm about four miles from Florida, and he spent some part of every year there till he was twelve years old. Many of his most vital impressions and many of his fondest recollections centred around this Missouri farm. Even in old age he could recall "the solemn twilight and mystery of the deep woods, the earthy smell, the faint odours of

the wild flowers, the sheen of rain-washed foliage, the rattling clatter of drops when the wind shook the trees, the far-off hammering of wood-peckers and the muffled drumming of wood pheasants in the remoteness of the forest." Beyond the woods again was "the prairie and its loneliness and peace with a vast hawk hanging motionless in the sky."

From the setting and surrounding of this farm of his uncle was drawn much of Mark Twain's literary inspiration. Here was "Uncle Daniel," a middle-aged Negro slave, converted later into "Nigger Jim" of *Huckleberry Finn.* Indeed the whole farm, as Mark Twain himself explains in his autobiography, was adopted into the story; his uncle, John Quarles, becomes "Silas Phelps," and the farm is moved, uncle, aunt and all, down to Arkansas. "It was all of six hundred miles," he tells us proudly, "but it was no trouble. It was not a very large farm—five hundred acres, perhaps —but I could have done it if it had been twice as large."

Note how typical of Mark Twain's humour, on its mechanical side, is this wilful confusion between the form of words and the facts conveyed.

But though the Missouri farm supplied many of his fondest recollections in later life, the real boyhood home of Sam Clemens was the little town of Hannibal on the Missouri side of the Mississippi River. It was a "steamboat town," half-asleep and half-awake, with slavery drudging in the sunlit streets, and manufacture trying to start into life, and with the great river and the river steamers as its glory.

Here John Clemens settled as a "merchant," that is, kept store, with a random pursuit of the law. His election (as in Florida) to be a local justice of the peace kept alive his title of "judge." But the circumstances of the family drifted and oscillated between a respectable competence and poverty, till the untimely death of the judge made poverty an anchorage.

Hannibal was a slave town in a slave state, with the daily sight and use and custom of slavery as a part and parcel of its life accepted and unquestioned. This was before the time when the soil was torn and riven with the Kansas-Nebraska quarrel, and before yet the ground trembled with the approaching conflict. The aspect of slavery was as familiar to that generation as the aspect of slums and pauperism to the generation that followed it. And it passed with as little protest. It was part of life as people knew it, and it drew its sanction, or at least its apology, from the fact that it was there.

It was scarcely possible for an unschooled boy of a Missouri village to surpass in outlook the people among whom he lived. Mark Twain himself has told later in his autobiography, in a chapter written in the middle 'nineties, how "natural" slavery had seemed fifty years before.

"In my school days," he writes, "I had no aversion to slavery. I was not aware that there was anything wrong about it. No one arraigned it in my hearing; the local papers said nothing against it; the local pulpit taught us that God approved it, that it was a holy thing, and that the doubter need only look in the Bible if he wished to settle his mind."

Yet he never liked slavery, never accepted it. It ran counter to the simple principles of right and wrong, of equality and fairness, on which his mentality was based. Mark Twain always tried to think in elementary terms, to reduce everything to a plain elementary form and to judge it so. By this process much of his humour was formed, and all of his philosophy. He knew nothing of relativity, of things right in one place and wrong in another, righteous in one day and wicked in another. Into such a code slavery could not be made to fit.

Not that Mark Twain ever came out as a champion or a protagonist against slavery. He never came out as a champion or protagonist against anything—or never for long. The mental fatigue of being a champion was contrary to the spirit of his genius. There are in his books none of the fierce diatribes of Charles Dickens against the "American institution." But he grew to dislike it, and then to hate even the memory of it, and the references to it in his books are all the more scathing from this matter-of-fact realism.

Readers of *Huckleberry Finn* will recall the passage where Huck is accounting for his turning up at the Arkansas farm.

*"It was the grounding of the steamer,"* he

explains to Aunt Sally, *"that kept us back. We blowed out a cylinder head."*

*"Good gracious, anybody hurt?"*

*"No'm. Killed a nigger."*

*"Well, it's lucky; because sometimes people do get hurt."*

Pages of argument and volumes of history could not say more than this.

But the real feature of the life of little Sam Clemens and his playmates and fellow-citizens in Hannibal was the Mississippi River. It flowed past the town in a majestic stream, a mile wide from Missouri to the Illinois shore, coming from the unknown wilderness of the North and moving on to the infinite distance of the Gulf of Mexico. What the sea is to the English children of the Channel coast, the Mississippi was to the children of the river towns of the Middle West.

These were the great days of the river. The railroad was still unknown in the West, the high-road non-existent, the motor-car and the aeroplane mere dreams of the scientist. Transport was all by water, and on the Mississippi and its great tributaries there was developed a system of passenger steamboat navigation, unique in all the world. Mark Twain himself has described in numberless passages in his *Life on the Mississippi* and in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* the glories of the Mississippi steamboat.

Till his father died, little Samuel Langhorne Clemens lived in Hannibal somewhere between affluence and poverty, unaware of either. He had his full share of the careless happiness of childhood, and the fine, free adventure of boyhood on the frontier. There was the river, and the islands, the forests beyond, and above all, the great cave under the river bluff below the town. Sam Clemens was Tom Sawyer, and the adventurous fun of his childhood has passed into the world's literature.

Of education he had but little. Till he was twelve years old he attended school in his native town. He learned to "read and write and cipher," as the phrase was, with a little elementary geography and history. Beyond that, nothing. High school he never saw; college he never knew. Nearly all that he acquired he picked up for himself. He seems to have carried in himself a native desire for information, in particular for facts and figures, which was perhaps increased and strengthened by the early cessation of his schooling. In the preface to one of his books (*Roughing It*), he tells us that "information stewed out of him naturally like the precious attar of roses from the otter." This may or may not have been true. But, at any rate, information all through his life "stewed *into* him." He was fond of facts and figures, guidebooks and statistics. He liked to calculate how many feet and inches there would be in a "light year," and such things as that.

There seem, indeed, to be two distinct means by which a man of native genius may succeed in life. The one is by receiving a sound and complete education; the other by not getting any at all. It is likely that if Mark Twain had attended college and learned to rehearse the wisdom of other men and to repeat the standardized judgments of the past, he would have been badly damaged by the process. It is the crowning triumph of his life that Oxford in his old age should have awarded him its honorary degree, doctor of literature. But if he had ever earned and received its B.A., it would probably have knocked all the "Mark Twain" out of him.

When John Clemens died, school ended for his son and work began. He had a brother, Orion Clemens, ten years older than himself, who had already taken up the trade of a printer. Sam followed his example, became a printer's apprentice "for his board and clothes," and for ten years—from 1847 till 1857—followed the trade. As far as the record goes, these seem to be the dreariest and least significant years of his life. He worked at first as an apprentice in his home town, then assisted his brother Orion (in 1850), in getting out a sheet called the *Hannibal Journal*. He even contributed two sketches to the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia; they were accepted without pay and never identified. In 1853 he set out to see the world, printing as he saw it; worked on the *Evening News* in St. Louis; then visited New York and Philadelphia, working in both places; and so after two years back to join his brother in Keokuk (Iowa), printing still.

There is but little surviving intimate account of this youthful period of Mark Twain's

life. A few letters sent to his family from New York and elsewhere have been preserved. They seem to differ in nothing from any other letters written by any young man who had come to New York from the Far West and describes to the home folk such marvels of the Latting Observatory, "height about 280 feet," and the Croton Aqueduct, "which could supply every family in New York with a hundred barrels of water a day." Among such touches of rustic wonder one looks in vain for the signs of emerging genius. Yet at least they reflect industrious days of hard work at the printer's case, and long evenings spent in devouring books from the free printers' library. Meantime he is saving up money so that he may take his mother for a trip to Kentucky next spring. "Tell ma," he writes, "that my promises are faithfully kept." The "promises" referred to a pledge which his mother had imposed, one might say inflicted, on him in the formula, "I do solemnly swear that I will not throw a card or drink a drop of liquor while I am gone."

Thus early in Mark Twain's life there entered a conflict between his natural ideas of conduct and belief and the pietistic code which he accepted from those he loved—his mother, his wife, his domestic circle. This conflict has been called by one of his most interesting critics the "ordeal" of his life. It never left him, and he carried it, so to speak, beyond the grave in the works that he wrote for publication when he should be dead. Mark Twain never really believed in the creed and the code of those who dictated to him. But he preferred, as it were, to accept it and then to rebel against it. His was that characteristic American attitude, at least for the America of his day, of alternating between prayer and profanity, emotional belief and iconoclastic denial, asceticism and a spree, hard work and a bust, cold water and raw rum—with nowhere a happy medium, an accepted path and way. Out of this national phase of development has sprung much of the legislation of the United States, and most of the worst of it. Mark Twain was in this, as in all else, a true American.

The sturdy and robust intelligence of young Sam Clemens need not have fortified itself with an oath against the temptations of a king on cardboard. On the other hand, the fact remains that young Sam Clemens the printer lived straight and worked hard, and kept adding every day to his knowledge of the Croton Aqueduct and the Latting Observatory. No doubt he was not very distinguishable from other young printers also not "throwing" a card. Jumping on and off the water waggon, getting religion and losing it, swearing off cards and swearing on again, are favourite American performances, unknown to older and duller civilizations.

But the printer's trade was not destined to claim young Sam Clemens as its own, nor the cities of the East to contain his spirit. There seems to have been in him a certain restlessness calling him afar. As nearly as the boy could interpret it, the call was for South America—at that time a vague, almost fabulous land of gold-mines and revolutions. To get to the Amazon—his proposed destination—he left his job at Cincinnati (whither he had wandered again from Keokuk) and took ship on the river steamer *Paul Jones,* which brought him as far as New Orleans. Beyond that, fortune showed no means of attaining the Amazon. But in return it threw in his way, as he wandered about the levee and the wharves of New Orleans, an opportunity that he had coveted in vain for years—the chance to become a pilot's apprentice on the great river. With that the first period of Mark Twain's career—his servitude as a printer—came to an end, and gave place to the open life of the river and the Far West that was to fashion his genius and inspire his thought.

## II. LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI, 1857-1861

When the youthful Sam Clemens turned his back on printing to follow his fortune on the river and in the West, he may be said, in a modern overworked phrase, to have "found himself." Put very simply, he turned into Mark Twain.

It was the West, the river and the prairie, the Nevada desert and the Rocky Mountains and the sunlit shores of the Pacific, and with it the new civilization of the West, raw but virile, that nurtured the genius that never could have blossomed in a New York boarding-house or a Philadelphia printing-room.

The West made Mark Twain. All that he wrote has its basis there. It supplies the point of view, the "eye of innocence," with which he was able later on to look upon Europe. His western life began on the Mississippi River. It resumed the play of childhood, broken ten years before.

Readers of the book that was published later as *Life on the Mississippi* do not need to be reminded of the romance, the interest and the humours of Mark Twain's pilot days. He has told the story so well that no one can follow him. The fascination of the river steamers, the pomp and luxury with which they seemed to glitter in an age of ox-waggons, mules, frame-houses and log churches, make the position of the pilot, seated sky-high in the pilot-house, almost one of majesty. Mark Twain, as a young man, had no higher ambition than to go on the river as a pilot. No doubt, in the dull hours of trying to set "10,000 ems of type a day," he often dreamed himself just such a sky-high pilot, the envy of mankind. In vain he had often sought an opening. And now by chance fate threw it in his way when he was stranded in New Orleans looking vainly towards South America. Chance threw him into the company of one Mr. Horace Bixby, a famous pilot of his day, and afterwards his lifelong friend. He agreed with the young man to "teach him the Mississippi River from New Orleans to St. Louis" for the sum of five hundred dollars chargeable against his future wages.

Mark Twain records how he "entered on the small enterprise of 'learning' twelve or thirteen hundred miles of the Mississippi River" with easy confidence, and records how he felt disillusioned, appalled and hopeless to find that he must know the river not only by day but in total darkness, not only upwards but downwards, not only at high water but at any water; must learn to follow all the shifts of sand-bars and snags, and that, too, at a day when the Mississippi bore neither buoys nor lights to indicate its tortuous channels. "If my ears hear aright," he reflected, in the course of his early instruction, "I have not only to get the names of all the towns and islands and bends, but I must get up a warm personal acquaintance with every old snag and one-limbed cotton-wood and obscure wood-pile that ornaments the banks of this river for twelve hundred miles!"

What is more, he did it. Within eighteen months he got his licence; before the job ended (with the Civil War) he was second to few on the river. His knowledge of the great river and his abiding feeling for it became part of his life and the inspiration, as in the pages of *Huckleberry Finn,* of the finest of his work.

From his Mississippi days Samuel Clemens also carried away his pen-name of Mark Twain, which presently nullified the work of his godfather's and godmother's.

The origin of the *nom de plume* runs thus: "Mark Twain" is the pilot's designation for two fathoms of water. Now it happened that there was in Sam Clemens's pilot days an ancient and experienced pilot, a Captain Sellers, who sometimes contributed to the New Orleans papers little bits of wisdom and forecast about the river, as crude in form as they were valuable in fact. These contributions to the press were signed "Mark Twain." Clemens, still something of a journalist at heart, wrote a little burlesque of his senior's prophecies which called forth a laugh that echoed up the Mississippi—and incidentally broke old Sellers's heart with its ridicule. Young Clemens learned for ever a lesson in the cruelty of "fun," and seldom sinned again. But later on, when Sellers was dead and beyond injury, he annexed the pen-name for himself.

Mark Twain's pilot days were ended by the outbreak of the Civil War and the blockade of the river. He succeeded in getting north from New Orleans to his own State on the last boat that got up the river (January 1861). The part he took at the opening of the war was unheroic if not inglorious. He enlisted, as a Confederate, in some sort of irregular band which professed to be cavalry. Their aim was to "liberate the soil of Missouri"—from what, it was not clearly understood.

But Mark Twain dropped out of the conflict almost at once and saw nothing of warfare. He himself has narrated the episode with that characteristic mixture of fact and exaggeration which baffles foreign readers in all his "western" books, in his sketch called *A Campaign That Failed.*

But the truth is that his heart was not in

the Civil War on either side. His common sense showed him that the war, in spite of the urgent denials of President Lincoln and the rest, had something to do with slavery. He could not fight to maintain *that*. But he was equally far from being a "Yankee." His brief sojourn as a youth at New York and Philadelphia was that of a stranger in a strange land. Of New England and its traditions of liberty, piety, intolerance and "culture" he as yet knew nothing at all; nor ever sympathized with it later. His heart was neither in the North nor the South, but in the new West.

Thither he decided to go. His older brother, Orion Clemens, had contrived to secure an appointment as secretary of the new territory of Nevada. Sam Clemens offered to go along with his brother as "private secretary to the secretary," an office which he himself describes as a "unique sinecure," there being "nothing to do and no salary." Indeed, it was Sam Clemens's savings as a pilot which financed the journey to the West, his brother Orion being invited by the United States, as was Mr. Pickwick by the Pickwick Club, to travel at his own expense.

These, of course, were the days of the rise of the American West, from a vast untraversed wilderness to an El Dorado of gold and silver. The gold discoveries in California had started the "forty-niners" on the trail. In the decade following, a flock of prospectors found their way into the mountains and disclosed the fabulous wealth of silver-bearing loads of the district of the Carson Valley, a part of the Mormon territory of Utah. It was the organization of this district as the territory of Nevada which gave to the two Clemens brothers the opportunity of taking part in the western movement. To get to Nevada they must go overland by the stage. There was as yet no railway across the continent, nor was there till some years after the Civil War. To reach California one might make the stormy voyage around Cape Horn; or choose the dangerous Isthmus route, by Panama or Nicaragua; or the stage route over the prairies and mountains. For Nevada the stage route—only seventeen hundred miles!—was the obvious choice.

Behold, then, the Clemens brothers mounting the coach at St. Jo, Missouri, climbing up on the mail-sacks to bid farewell to warfare in the East and seek peace among the savages.

### III. ROUGHING IT IN THE WEST, 1861-1866

Orion Clemens, secretary for the territory of Nevada, and his brother Sam, ex-pilot and retired Confederate soldier, set out from St. Jo for Carson City, Nevada, on the 26th of July 1861. Before them was seventeen hundred miles of prairie, mountain and desert, and nineteen days of glorious transit.

Mark Twain, in his book called *Roughing It,* has recalled in his own way his experience of the journey. There is no doubt of the exhilaration, the excitement, the thrill of it. But his account of it, like all his western books, is a standing perplexity to many of his British admirers. Where do the facts end and the lies begin? How much is statistical fact and how much is sheer exuberant exaggeration? For instance, is there, asks the reader, such an animal as the "Jackass Rabbit"? Is it true that such an animal sits and "thinks about its sins," and then moves off so fast that "long after he is out of sight you can hear him whizz"? Many British readers have felt that this is open to doubt.

Or take the account of the Mormon Settlement at Salt Lake. Is it really true that Brigham Young looked round to find one of his children and then gave up and said, "I thought I would have known the little cub again, but I don't"? Seems a little hard to believe, doesn't it? Or again, is the water in the Humbolt county so full of alkali that it is like lye? or the water in Lake Tahoe so clear that one can see through eighty feet of it? or is there a "washoe" wind which upsets stagecoaches and which blows so hard in Carson City as to account for the prevalence of so many bald-headed people, and which is described as a "soaring dust drift about the size of the United States"?

In this wonderland of marvel and adventure the American reader easily finds his way. He knows by instinct that Mark Twain did *not* hear the same story told about Horace Greeley four hundred and eighty-four times; and he knows, on the other hand, that the claims staked out on the Ophir mine *were* worth four thousand dollars a foot; and that

Mark and his friends *were* caught at night in a snowstorm and *did* actually give themselves up for lost and huddle to sleep in the snow, waking to find a hotel forty-five feet away. But he does not believe the story, told in another connection, of the group of congressmen snowbound on a western train, driven at last to cannibalism and making their choice of successive victims with the proper forms of legislative procedure. One is reminded of poor John Bright's perplexity over hearing Mark Twain's contemporary, Artemus Ward, lecture in London. "Many of the young man's statements," he said, "appear overdrawn and open to question." Mark Twain himself has humorously explained this western method of his narration. "I speak," he says in the *Innocents Abroad,* "of the north shore of Lake Tahoe, where one can count the scales on a trout at a depth of a hundred and eighty feet. I have tried to get this statement off at par here [he is writing from Europe], but with no success; so I have been obliged to negotiate it at fifty per cent discount. At this rate I find some takers; perhaps the reader will receive it on the same terms, ninety feet instead of a hundred and eighty." What is one to make of this? It seems to be giving the reader "what the traffic will bear."

But though overdrawn in the single statement, Mark Twain's western writings give in their entirety a wonderful and fascinating picture of the new land of hope. It has all passed away so long ago and the country changed so completely that perhaps the fascination is all the greater. "Where once the silent prairie saw the Indian and the scout, the Swede with alcoholic breath sets rows of cabbage out,"—so has a later songster chronicled the passing of frontier west.

Mark Twain's western life lasted in all some five and a half years. From his sinecure duties as secretary he turned to mining, caught for a time the fever of the day, and once only missed a fortune by quitting his washing-out of pay dirt a few bucketsful too soon. By a natural and easy transition he turned to journalism. These were the palmy days of the little local paper, favoured by isolation, springing up as easily as mushrooms and cultivated by hand. Such papers were the natural ground for local jests and squibs, and the practical jokes and hoaxes which passed for fun with the people of eighty years ago.

Sam Clemens, working as a surface miner, began contributing a little to a paper called the *Territorial Enterprise,* published by Joe Goodman at Virginia City. The editor—who was also the proprietor—was struck by the quality of the sketches, and sent to the writer a proposal to join in the editorship at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. Clemens dropped the pick and shovel, walked a hundred and thirty miles to take over the job, and with that stepped into a new life.

At the time when Sam Clemens abandoned mining and betook himself definitely to journalism (August 1862), he was twenty-six years old. He was a robust-looking young man with a mop of sandy hair turning to auburn and a blue eye filled with life and intelligence. In his infancy he had been a puny child, but the outdoor life of farm and bush and river had done its work and had presently endowed him with that deep-seated energy and vital power which is the birthright of the frontiersman.

As a young and rising pilot he had liked to make himself in point of dress a mirror of fashion. As a miner he did the exact opposite, outdoing his fellows in the careless roughness of his dress and the lazy slouch of his walk. He possessed, and accentuated by use, a slow and drawling speech. In short, he tried to make himself a "character," and succeeded to the full measure of his wish. A large part of his popularity and his local reputation in his Nevada days sprang from the attraction of this easy and careless manner and appearance. Second nature though it became, there was beneath it an eager and a restless mind, filled in his mining days with the fever of the search for gold, dreaming of fortune. At times even his robust health broke under the strain of the intensity of his pursuit of fortune.

But the outside world saw nothing of this. By nature easy and optimistic, on the surface at least, he enjoyed at this time all the careless exuberance of the morning of life, while his easy disposition and his peculiar cast of thought and drollery of speech endeared him to those about him. Many of the friends he made at this time he made for life, such as

Horace Bixby his pilot-master, Joe Goodman and Steve Gillis of the *Enterprise.*

By disposition Mark Twain was peaceful rather than belligerent. He lived in a rough world among rough men, with untamed Indians, desperadoes and outlaws as part of the environment of a western life. Under such circumstances no one could venture to be timorous, but Mark was at least not looking for a fight. He himself has described his feelings on finding himself in close contact with Slade, the most notorious "bad man" and "dead shot" of the West—afterwards to be hanged by the Vigilantes of Montana. Slade was at that time in charge of one of the eating-places of the Overland Company. "He was about to take some coffee," says the author of *Roughing It,* "when he saw that my cup was empty. He politely offered to fill it, but although I wanted it, I politely declined. I was afraid he had not killed anybody that morning and might be needing diversion."

Never was man more happily cast in his lot than young Sam Clemens when he joined the *Territorial Enterprise.* If he had become a reporter on the staff of an ordinary paper, he would have sickened rapidly at the drudgery of the task, the circumscribed round of duty, the necessity of carrying out the commands and ideas of other men. In fact, he did so sicken of it when later he held such a position as a reporter in San Francisco, and even as an editor and part-proprietor in Buffalo. But the *Enterprise* was an entirely different matter. The public of the roaring mining settlements cared nothing about foreign dispatches and world politics. Even the sound of the great war tearing the soil of the continent came faintly across the intervening two thousand miles. What the readers wanted was local stuff—news of robberies, scraps, lucky finds—and above all, such was the mood of the time and place, local "fun" about "local" characters, personal touches, practical jokes, lies, and interchange of sarcastic "cracks" between rival papers. For all this stuff "Mark Twain" and his fellows were given a free hand. They wrote what they felt like writing; they were not so much "reporters" as "minstrels." Looking back now on the surviving fragments of what Mark Twain wrote then, we can see emerging in it the outline of a clear and beautiful style, we can see already a striking power of phrase to convey the sights and sounds of nature. But we could hardly see all this except in the light of what happened after. In and of themselves Mark Twain's western sketches are of no account. Here, for example, is the *Petrified Man,* which set the camp in a roar because they appreciated it as the "crack" at the local coroner who was supposed to hold an inquest over a body turned to rock centuries ago. But the story got somehow into the eastern papers as a fact, and that to the western mind was funnier still. The people in the West at that time seemed to have been moved to Homeric laughter every time they told a huge lie and got someone to believe it. Here again is *My Bloody Massacre,* as entirely imaginary as the *Petrified Man,* but meant as a slap against a California mining company. The terrific joke lay in the fact that the "Massacre" was committed—in the story—at a place where it couldn't have happened. The eastern papers, not knowing the locality, copied the story as an item of crime, at which the West slapped Mark on the back and roared again.

Into such life and such work the character of Sam Clemens fitted as into a mould. His skits and "take-offs" and "write-ups" became the delight of the territory. When he presently went to Carson City to "write up" the legislature, he became about as important as the legislature itself and far more popular.

This may well have been the happiest time of Mark Twain's life. He and his fellow-minstrels led a roaring life, painting the town red, drinking imported champagne at the French restaurant, playing cards all night and practical jokes all day. Into their midst one day blew the young man Charles F. Browne (Artemus Ward), for whom the world still has a smile and a tear. He was of the same stamp and kind as Clemens, but his feet were already higher on the ladder of success. He was "lecturing" in his own droll way, about anything or nothing, making money, touching Heaven and raising Hell. He "caught on" instantly to Mark Twain, not as a local "cut-up," but as a real genius—urged him to strike out, to come East, to conquer the world.

There is something in the life of a new and roaring settlement—a mining town, a

boom town—cut off from the rest of the world, which intensifies local interest, local character, and local personality. All men seem giants. All character is exceptional. All jokes become a roar. All lives appear intense. All episodes become Homeric and historic. Read, if one will, the history of early San Francisco or talk with the surviving old-timers of the Manitoba boom.

Such was the setting supplied for Mark Twain by the environment of Virginia City. "Mark Twain" he was now by deliberate designation. The name was first signed to an *Enterprise* article of February 2, 1863. Henceforth he was Mark for the West.

The merry journalistic life at Virginia City was ended in a duel, the outcome of some particularly insulting jokes. How serious or how comic the duel was, Heaven only knows. The account given in *Roughing It* is at least, like all else in that great work, partly true. But the new Territory in a moral moment had passed a law against duelling, and Mark Twain had to "skip out." He skipped to San Francisco. There he got a real place as a real reporter on the *Call,* a job which soon put the iron into his soul. It was no part of his nature to work at a routine task in a routine way. The management of the *Call* soon found him listless and careless in his work and "let him go." But he stayed on in San Francisco for a while—according to his own account, a poor outcast mendicant on the fringe of want. But this is only a legend, the western lie reasserting itself. In reality he never lacked the means of support; he wrote daily "letters" for his old paper, the *Enterprise,* and did some "pieces" for the *Californian Magazine,* and did very well. More than that, he was thrown in with Bret Harte and the group of young men whose genius was ripening under the favouring isolation of the Pacific Coast.

But again his journalism got him into trouble. His letters to the Virginia City *Enterprise* denouncing municipal corruption in San Francisco hurt the feelings of the city police. They decided to make it hot for him. On which Mark Twain again skipped out, this time to the hills. Here he found refuge at the mining camp of Jim Gillis, the "truthful James" of Bret Harte, a brother of the Steve Gillis of Nevada. Here and in the near-by Calaveras County Mark Twain spent the rainy winter of 1864-65, scratching round for surface gold and listening to the endless yarns of the miners in the bar-room of Angel's Camp (see Bret Harte for *Abner Dean of Angel's*). Here was a solemn jackass who used to repeat to the point of weariness a solemn story about a frog—a jumping frog into which someone put shot to shut it out in what the Germans would call a frog-jump-money-bet-competition, and the English an "open frog jump." Mark Twain wrote up the story and sent it to New York for Artemus Ward's funny book. It missed the book, drifted into a newspaper, and became the famous *Jumping Frog* —vastly admired by those who haven't read it. But long before the *Jumping Frog* had found its way into print, its author had thrown down pick and shovel (missing a snug little fortune by one bucketful of dirt) and drifted back to San Francisco.

Here then was Mark Twain at the age of thirty, the period of his western life drawing to a close, his career of success about to begin. His biographers have greatly exaggerated the amount of his achievement at this period. His western success as a journalist and a wit was purely local. A few of his "pieces" had drifted into the eastern papers, but the world at large had never heard of him.

Indeed, nothing that he had written was of any real value. The *Jumping Frog* he himself declared to be "a villainous backwoods sketch," and he was just about right. We are told that when it appeared in the New York press it set all America in a roar. This is nonsense. Even the America of 1865 did not roar so easily as that. The legend rests on the phrase of a California correspondent in New York who sent home items to a home paper, and is merely the kind of legend that grows up round the life-story of a great man. The truth is that Mark Twain was practically unknown, and deserved to be.

But now things changed. A San Francisco newspaper offered the young man a job as a special correspondent to go forth and "write up" the Sandwich Islands, in those days (1865) an unknown paradise, lost in the Pacific. Mark Twain undertook the task and carried it out with wonderful success; saw, traversed, explored, and described the islands

as no one else could have done; and sent also to his paper, by a piece of journalistic good luck, the first news of a disaster at sea—a "scoop" of the first magnitude. His Sandwich Islands letters attracted great attention in California. They well deserved it. Apart from any incidental humour, they reveal that power of vivid description, that marvellous facility in conveying the sights and sounds in nature, which henceforth constitutes one of the distinctive charms of Mark Twain's work. He returned to San Francisco in a blaze of glory.

The blaze was rapidly turned to a conflagration. His friends persuaded him to give a lecture on his Sandwich Islands trip. This was new. Until now Mark had spoken a few times "for fun" and made a burlesque speech or two on Carson City politics. But to attempt to talk for *money*—for a dollar a seat in a big public place—to be *"funny"* on a platform at a set hour, was as new and exciting as it was terrifying. His friends shoved him to it and took the biggest theatre in town. Mark advertised that the *"doors open at seven o'clock. The trouble begins at eight o'clock,"* and in due course found himself thrust out before the lights, a huge manuscript in his hand, to receive a welcoming roar of applause that must be repaid in services. An hour or so later, when he ended his talk that had been carried along in billows of laughter, he left the platform with his head among the clouds, and on it a golden crown (October 2, 1866).

This was the beginning of his success as a lecturer, unrivalled except by that of his senior contemporary, Charles Dickens. The lecture on the Sandwich Islands was carried around the State of California and repeated in theatres, in halls, and on improvised platforms in mining camps, amid a continuous roar of laughter.

Mark Twain was now "started" in earnest. He dreamed of wider fields—of a trip around the world. Alexander the Great wanted to conquer the world, Mark Twain wanted to write it up. He determined to follow the rising star of his success, to reverse the advice of Horace Greeley to his contemporaries and to "go East." He made a rough-and-ready arrangement with the *Alta* newspaper for sending them letters from somewhere or anywhere, then set off on the steamship *America* on December 15, 1866, to reach the east of the Isthmus route, and landed in New York on January 11, 1867. The Innocent was abroad.

## IV. INNOCENTS ABROAD AND AT HOME, 1867-1870

When Mark Twain landed in New York in January of 1867, he had in his mind an idea of travelling round the world and writing letters about it. But he was still a little vague as to how to begin. He started writing "letters" from New York to the *Alta* of San Francisco, made a trip to the Mississippi to see his mother at St. Louis, visited his native town of Hannibal, made arrangements about publishing a book of sketches, and then opportunity came to him, just as it should, at the opportune moment.

He learned that the luxurious paddle-wheel steamer *Quaker City* would leave New York on an excursion trip across the Atlantic to the Mediterranean and the Holy Land. The ship would be "provided with every necessary comfort, including library and musical instruments"; it would carry "an experienced physician"; it would proceed—but it is unnecessary to give further details. All the world knows of the *Quaker City* and its cargo of Innocents Abroad.

Mark Twain leaped at the chance. He proposed to the proprietors of the *Alta* that he should go on the excursion. They accepted the offer, forwarded his passage money, and promised him twenty dollars a letter for his correspondence.

To the elation caused by this prospect there was added just before he sailed the satisfaction of another laurel in his new crown of success. His friend, "Governor Frank Fuller"—governor once of Utah and hence "Governor" for ever—was in New York. He insisted that Mark should lecture; prophesied fame and a fortune, took the Cooper Institute and advertised "a serio-humorous lecture concerning Kanakadom," by "Mark Twain" (there was no Mr. Clemens any more). At the last moment it began to seem clear, to the lecturer's horror, that nobody was coming. Mark Twain as yet was not worth fifty cents. A great flood of free tickets was sent to all the school teachers within range. The lecture was

given in a hall crowded to capacity, to an audience suffocated with laughter. Financially the lecture was a failure: it cost $500; the receipts were $300. The generous "Governor" made good the deficit. "It's all right, Mark," he said; "the fortune didn't come, but the fame has arrived."

And on June 8, 1867, in the glow of a new notoriety, Mark Twain sailed as one of the "lions" of the *Quaker City*.

The sea voyage, as judged by our pampered standards of today, was dingy and drab enough. The paddle-wheel steamer, luxurious in 1867, would seem cramped and dim today; the speed a crawl. The passenger list contained a high percentage of ministers of the Gospel, spinsters and teachers, whose moral worth is out of proportion to their value as fun. In these days when all the women are young enough to dance, and all the girls are old enough to drink, the "Innocents" seem a pretty dusty crowd. "Debates" in the evening in the saloon seem poor stuff in an age of jazz music and radio. But after all, they had with them the unregenerate American bar, that covered a multitude of sins, and was worth more than a floating palace, dry.

The excursionists "did" the Continent, from Paris to the Crimea, with Asia to the Holy Land and Africa to the pyramids. They got their money's worth. Without Mark Twain they would have been only a set of spectacled American tourists, thumbing their guidebooks, and trying to admire Giotto and remember when Vermicelli lived. Mark Twain waved over them the magic wand of inspired genius, and turned them into the merry group of Innocents Abroad, whose pilgrimage is part of history. The letters which he sent home to the *Alta* in California and to the *Tribune* in New York reached the public this time—east, west, and everywhere—and deserved to. When the boat returned to America (November 19, 1867), Mark Twain stepped off the *Quaker City* a celebrity. He had gone away a lamb—or at best a western mustang—he came back a lion.

Success greeted him on his return like a tidal wave. All of a sudden, it seemed, the American nation knew him and acclaimed him. His success was not as sudden, as sweeping and as phenomenal as that of Dickens after the *Pickwick Papers*. But it was second only to it. And it had in it the same ingredient of personal affection. The public took Mark to its heart, as England had taken young "Boz"; and with an added feeling of national pride unknown and unnecessary in the case of Dickens. Here was, at last, an *American* author. The Longfellows and the Hawthornes and the Fenimore Coopers had written English literature in America. Here at last was a man who wrote American literature, and wrote it in and on Europe. The publication of the *Innocents Abroad* was the first step in the Americanization of Europe now reaching its climax.

No wonder success came in a flood. A lecture bureau offered him a contract for eighteen nights at a hundred dollars a night. A western senator wanted him as literary secretary. The New York *Tribune* put him on their staff. All of the papers—the *Tribune*, the *Herald*, the San Francisco *Alta*, the Chicago press, the magazines, wanted letters and articles. And meanwhile his first book, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County and Other Sketches*, which had appeared (May 1, 1867) just before the *Quaker City* left, was on the market and selling.

Bigger things were to come.

In Hartford, Connecticut, was a sagacious and wide-minded publisher, Elisha Bliss of the American Publishing Company. He saw at once the mine of humour, and of gold, in Mark Twain's work. He proposed to bring out the *Quaker City* letters as a book of travel. It was Mark Twain's visits to Hartford to consult with Bliss that made his first connection with that town—presently to be his home—and his friendship with the Reverend "Joe" Twitchell, henceforth his closest associate. The book arrangements, generous enough, were soon made.

Then came a hitch. The *Alta* people, having paid for the *Quaker City* trip and paid for the letters that described it, had got the idea in their heads that the literary material was theirs, and proposed to publish it. Hearing this, Mark Twain was consumed with fury at "the *Alta* thieves." It is unfortunate how often in his literary life Mark Twain felt that he was being cheated by a pack of rogues, and how many were the associations and

friendships shattered thereby. Like most geniuses, he alternated in his view of his work between utter despair and absolute conceit. He was thus inclined to be first grateful to people for helping him, then angry with them for cheating him.

In the case of the *Alta,* he did an amazing but a wise thing. Letters and telegraphs could serve no purpose. He decided to "see the thieves face to face," set off for California (1868)—by sea, via Aspinwall. Once on the spot he easily persuaded the *Alta* people—noble fellows now and not thieves—to let go their claims. He only stayed long enough in San Francisco to deliver a lecture on the *Quaker City* trip—a pandemonium of success. Then on July 2, 1868, he made, at a dinner, a speech of farewell to the wonderland of the West, which he never saw again.

Back in New York (July 28, 1868), he picked up again the golden thread of success. The ensuing season was spent in getting his new book ready and in a triumphant lecture tour of the cities of the East. His lecture was called "A Vandal Abroad." He floated from place to place on a rising tide of national admiration. Money rolled in a flood. The season, his first on the platform, netted him $8000 in some sixty nights. Mr. Paine, his matchless biographer, quotes for us a contemporary journalist's impression at the time.

"Mark Twain is a man of medium height, about five feet ten, sparsely built, with dark reddish-brown hair and moustache. His features are fair, his eyes keen and twinkling. He dresses in scrupulous evening attire. In lecturing he hangs about the desk, leaning on it, or flirting around the corners of it, then marching or counter-marching in the rear of it. He seldom casts a glance at his manuscript."

Strangely enough, at this period, even with the exceptional success that had crowned his lecturing and the literary reputation, if not fame, that his writing had brought, Mark Twain did not yet think of himself as an author, or contemplate writing as his profession. He looked on himself as a journalist, a newspaperman, and his mind still ran rather in terms of a flow of "funny pieces" than the creation of a masterpiece. Indeed, up to this time, America took him still as a "funny man," not an author, and he followed, as we all do, the estimate of his fellows. He therefore looked about for a newspaper opening, bought with his accumulated surplus (one won't say "savings"; he never saved) a share in the Buffalo *Express,* and sat down at the editorial desk (August 14, 1869). He proposed evidently to use the desk in the old Nevada fashion, for he announced to his readers, "I shall not often meddle with politics because we have a political editor who is already excellent and only needs to serve a term or two in the penitentiary to be perfect. I shall not write any poetry unless I conceive a spite against the subscribers."

This cheerful form of editing, combined with lecturing and writing sketches for the *Galaxy* magazine in New York, kept him at work for the year 1869.

But meantime a new inspiration to effort and a greater happiness than fame had come into Mark Twain's life. He had met the girl who was to be his wife, he had entered on that lifelong devotion which only ended at the grave. Among the pilgrims of the *Quaker City* had been a young man from Elmira, New York, by name Charlie Langdon. One day (it was in the Bay of Smyrna) Langdon showed to his friend Clemens a beautiful little miniature of his beloved sister Olivia Langdon. As with David Copperfield and Dora, it was all over. Mark Twain fell so deeply in love that he never again came to the surface.

A month or so after the return of the pilgrims, the Langdons were in New York and young Charlie invited his celebrated friend to dine with them at the old St. Nicholas Hotel. There Mark Twain saw and loved at sight the girl of his day-dreams. After dinner they went to Steinway Hall to hear a lecture by the world-famous Charles Dickens, now on his second American tour (the first was twenty-six years before) and carrying all before him—including the remnants of his own strength and life—in the tumult of his success. It is strange to think of Mark Twain, seated beside his frail little sweetheart—she was that to his mind already—listening to Dickens's impassioned rendering of the storm scene in *David Copperfield.*

The dinner party was followed by a call,

and a little later by an invitation to visit the family at Elmira; also by Mark Twain "dropping in" during a lecture tour. In fact, it was soon clear that this impetuous young man was "courting Livy." Knowing a celebrity is one thing; letting him "court Livy" is another.

For Olivia Langdon was in complete contrast to her dynamic lover. She was as delicate as he was robust, as devout as he was sceptical, as orthodox as he was unconventional. For years, in consequence of a fall, she had been an invalid. Then she had been healed, through a sort of miracle, by a faith-healer. It left her with a deep sense of religious faith, that any doubt or irreverence wounded to the heart. But marriages are made in heaven—or were, in that Victorian age. To obtain the hand of Livy Langdon young Mr. Clemens, after the fashion of the time, must obtain the consent of her father and the approval of all her family. Now the Langdons were well-to-do people of the merchant class, orthodox, conventional, devout. To them, Mark Twain, arriving in a queer suit of clothes, with a shock of red hair, a piercing eye, an intensity of intelligence masked with a drawling speech, was an arresting personality. He appeared as an uncouth genius, an uncut diamond, a dynamo. About him was the aureole of celebrity, somewhat dazzling to plain people. But it is one thing to feel flattered in having an uncut diamond or a dynamo in the parlour. It is another thing to give to it your fragile, innocent daughter. The more so as young Charlie Langdon must have known that the dynamo had a profane tongue, or worse, and a mind sceptical to the verge of sin.

Hence the courtship met, if not with opposition from the family, at least with a certain inertia. But love, as Mr. Robert Benchley has said, conquers all. Mr. Jarvis Langdon, shrewd after his degree, forgave the young lover and gave the family consent to an engagement that was announced on February 4, 1869. Nor did he do things by halves. Without the knowledge of his prospective son-in-law he bought and furnished a house in Buffalo (472 Delaware Avenue) and turned it over as a fairy gift for the wedding day (February 2, 1870).

Behold then Samuel L. Clemens—now become for everybody Mark Twain, the great American humorist—the rough days of his western life put behind him, settled down at number 472 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, trying hard to be respectable. Here he lives the model life of a family man, joins in morning prayer and listens as best he can to the daily reading of the Scriptures. More than that, he even makes desperate efforts to give up smoking.

He has his wife at his side, his desk at his elbow, and the world at his feet. After all, what does tobacco matter? Let's have another chapter of Deuteronomy.

## V. THE FLOOD-TIDE OF SUCCESS, 1870-1877

On Mark Twain's wedding day his publishers handed him a cheque for $4000, as his royalty for three months' sale of the *Innocents Abroad.* The book was a success from the start; over 30,000 copies (at three dollars and a half) were sold in five months. The sales never stopped. We are told by those who know, that the *Innocents Abroad* is still the most widely sold travel book there is. The money received was the beginning of the phenomenal returns of Mark Twain's writings and plays and lectures. They should have made him a rich man. They never did. All his life he moved with a dark shadow of debt just behind him; always about to emerge into the sunshine of unbounded wealth, and never reaching it. In the end the shadow covered all the horizon; but as yet it was only a small dark cloud in a clear sky.

The book, *The Innocents Abroad, or the New Pilgrims' Progress,* deserves all its success. It could not be written again. The time has passed. Travel is too common, the world too completely unified, to leave room for Innocents. Everybody has been everywhere—at least through the magic door of the moving-picture house. But in those days world-travel was still new. The book was read for its wonderful pictures of foreign scenery and foreign cities and queer foreign people; it was read for the intense light in which it revealed the past—the monuments, the art, the catacombs, the history of Europe. It was read by Americans for its intense scorn of the bygone tyranny of the old world. But more than for all these reasons put together (and multiplied), it was read because it was "funny."

The first day out at sea, with the sea-sick old gentleman murmuring "Oh my!"—the Italian guide being rebuked in the matter of Christopher Columbus—the sheer burlesque thrown in to "modernize" the gladiatorial fights of Rome—these things remain in the mind of readers for a lifetime. It is an amazing book, that seldom flags and never stops, undisfigured as yet by the prolixity that grew into Mark Twain's later writing—the garrulousness of self-assured old age.

It is the point of view that appeals. The book represents Europe as seen from the Rocky Mountains, Rome as interpreted from Carson City. Mark Twain in all his life and work saw only two things, Western America and Europe. Of the East (meaning the Eastern States) he was unaware. He lived in it, worked in it, and died in it, but he never saw it. The East was just his audience. A good actor never sees them.

The success of the *Innocents Abroad* not only reached over America but spread to England. Indeed it was in England that Mark Twain was first recognized as an "author," as a man of literary genius, by people of taste and cultivation. In America he was the delight of the uncultivated West; to the "culture" of New England he was still regarded as an amusing western "cut-up," not to be classed, of course, with the solemn Emersons and the dignified Longfellows. Thus ever does enthroned dullness guard its sovereignty.

Seated thus in his new chair in Buffalo, Mark Twain planned all sorts of literary projects. It is amazing, from now on, how much he planned and never started; how much he started and never finished; how much he finished and threw away. He projected a six-hundred-page book on the cruise of Noah's Ark—presumably a monumental piece of funny irreverence. All through his life he never realized that people who read the Bible don't want it made fun of, and people who don't read the Bible don't see any fun to make of it.

He planned and executed a cheerful article on *God, Ancient and Modern.* "The sole solicitude of the God of the Bible," so he wrote, "was about a handful of truculent nomads. He worried and fretted over them in a peculiarly and distractingly human way. One day he coaxed and petted them beyond their due, the next he harried and lashed them beyond their deserts. He sulked, he cursed, he raged, he grieved, according to his mood and the circumstances . . . when the fury was on him, he was blind to all reason—he not only slaughtered the offender, but even his harmless little children and his cattle."

This is the real Mark Twain—elemental, defiant.

His wife would not let him publish the article. It was suppressed as one of the first victims of the new "censorship." Mark Twain's biographers are fond of telling us that after his marriage his wife became censor and the editor of his work. He himself says so, with affectionate gratitude, in the preface to his *Joan of Arc* twenty-five years later. For all that he wrote henceforth Olivia Clemens, "Livy," became his critic and his censor, cutting away what was wrong, and schooling him into culture. Nothing must be printed unless "Livy" gave it her approval.

Put very simply, this means that what he wrote must fit into the frame of what was thought "nice" in Elmira, N. Y., in 1870; that he mustn't write awful words like God damn! —though he may write d—n (with a stroke), provided that it is in a half-playful way and put into the mouth of a churchgoing character. He mustn't write about nasty things except in a nice way. Crime must be lighted up into melodrama—as Mr. Dickens did it. Love must sigh and languish—but keep its clothes on (Mark would have said, keep its pants on). Death itself may be as melodramatic as the drunkard's fate, as poignant as the death of little Paul, but it must be "respectable"—and never wander out of sight of the loving pastor, the kindly old clergyman, or the "stern minister" to whose business it belongs. Thus the whole of literature must be "stewed" in respectability before being served.

These were the fetters and this was the editing imposed upon Mark Twain. His marriage with Livy Langdon was from the first day such a beautiful romance, her love for him so tender and so cherishing, and his for her so instant and so undying, that the voice of the critic must be subdued. To those who love Mark Twain's work the memory of his sweet wife is sacred. Yet one cannot but wonder

and question at her influence on her husband's work and the history of American letters.

To her influence was presently added that of the Reverend Joe Twitchell of Hartford—henceforth "Joe" to Mark, a muscular Christian of Mark's own age, a veteran chaplain of the Civil War—and an all-round good fellow. Mark Twain loved him with the love of the sceptic for the man who can believe something, the love of the brilliant man for the slow, of the erratic for the immovable. From now on, "Joe," in the intervals of preaching and expounding the Bible, undertook to help "Livy" to show Mark Twain what nice people ought to write and what not. When presently there was added the influence of Mr. Howells of the *Atlantic Monthly,* Mark Twain enjoyed such all-round support that the wonder is that he ever wrote at all.

Yet let it be noticed that all the basis and background of his work was and remained the Mississippi and the West, and Europe as seen therefrom; from his setting in Elmira, nothing; from his life and surrounding in Buffalo, nothing; from Hartford, nothing. There was as much to see on Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, as on Main Street in Carson City, Nevada; as much of light and shadow in Hartford as in Angel's Camp. But he had no eyes to see. To get vision he must shut his eyes and look across the prairies and the mountains to the sunset over the Golden Gate. Such was the genesis of *Tom Sawyer* and *Roughing It* and *Huckleberry Finn* and *Life on the Mississippi* and all the splendid work that he wrote in the years that followed his return from Europe. That the love of his wife and the happiness of his home helped him to work is beyond doubt. But to think that she and Joe Twitchell schooled him to write is childish. Mark Twain taught himself to write, just as he had taught himself everything since he was twelve years old.

But if Mark Twain, as a creative genius, wore fetters, it is only fair to remember that they were those of his day and age. This "Victorian" period of the late nineteenth century, for all its splendid courage in the field, its industrial force and its unsurpassed literature, was, in art and morals, a namby-pamby age. Nothing must be said or drawn or written that was not "respectable." Books, journals and pictures must be suited to a Kensington drawing-room or a Boston boarding-house. "Damn" was a wicked word, and a "leg" was called a "limb." Characters in books who swore must say, "by Heaven!" or "by the Foul Fiend!" but not "Jesus Christ!" Consider the little clergyman, Lewis Carroll, blinking in the daylight when he emerged from Wonderland into society, and thinking "damn" terribly wicked and Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pinafore* hopelessly coarse. After all, if "Livy" and "Joe" and Mr. Howells put fetters on Mark Twain's hand, it was only a chain which most of his contemporaries wore as they worked. Some felt it, but others scarcely knew it was there. Dickens was never bothered by it, for he himself was eminently respectable. What he wanted to denounce and to satirize was the Court of Chancery, the Guardians of the Poor, and the Circumlocution Offices of the British Government. And that is respectable. But he had no wish to satirize God Almighty, to question whether Hell is just and the Bible "bunk." The things that Mark Twain wanted to write would have horrified Charles Dickens. As the editor of *Household Words* he could have found no place for them. Hence it was that Mark Twain, as his literary work passed from mere diversion to a great reality, found himself in a dilemma. He wanted to write of things which his loving "censors" told him he mustn't talk about; and he wanted to use words and phrases which his loving censors told him "nice" people didn't use. And his faith in their views was as naïve and as touching as the respect of Nigger Jim for white people. In reality he was a giant who towered over their heads. He should have brushed aside their censorship with a kiss and a laugh. The tradition that Howells and the Rev. Twitchell and Mrs. Clemens "made" Mark Twain is sheer nonsense. They did their loving best to ruin his work—and failed; that's all. By good luck *Huckleberry Finn,* afterwards excluded from more than one puritanical library, got past the censors, or nearly so. The manuscript was read aloud in the family circle, and the merry laughter of the children disarmed the censorship. In any case, neither Mrs. Clemens nor the other associates seemed to have realized the scope and reach of the book; nor apparently did Mark Twain

himself. Even at that, many things were cut out or altered.

As a sample of how the language of the natural Huckleberry Finn was "improved" by Mrs. Clemens, take a passage from the concluding chapter of *Tom Sawyer*. Mark Twain made Huck say (in speaking of his benefactress, the widow Douglas): "She makes me git up at the same time every morning, she makes me wash . . . *they comb me all to hell.*" Mrs. Clemens changed this to: "*They comb me all to thunder.*" In other words, she changed what Huck would have said and must have said, which is exquisite, to a stupid phrase which neither Huck nor anyone else would have said. "She guarded his work sacredly," said his biographer. She did indeed.

Apart from his studies on Noah's Ark and God, Mark Twain, in his Buffalo days (1870), brought out a comic autobiography of himself—so funny, or so silly, that he presently bought in and destroyed the plates. This is not the fragmentary "Autobiography" of later years.

The Buffalo life lasted less than two years. Apart from the raptures of honeymoon days, it was not altogether a success. Mark Twain sat uneasily in the luxurious editorial chair that proved more rigid than a stool in Nevada. He sold out his share in the paper, at a loss; henceforth he began to dream of publishing, not editing.

Moreover, the Clemenses took no root in Buffalo, caring little for social life; and the shadow of death fell as on their family when Livy's father died in August of 1871. The death of a dear friend of his wife in their house itself, the premature arrival of a feeble little son (Langdon Clemens, November 7, 1870), whose days seemed numbered before they were begun, somehow turned the sunlight of the fairy house into gloom.

Mark Twain moved away to Hartford, attracted by the charm of an old-world town, the culture of the environment and companionship of his new friend Joe Twitchell. The cloud of debt that fringed the sunlight of his opulence followed him from Buffalo. To drive it away he took to lecturing, a thing he had already learned to hate. "I am not going to lecture any more for ever," he had written from Buffalo to Redpath, his manager. "Count me out." But it was to be a quarter-century yet before he could count himself out of it. Life at Hartford seems to have been, from the beginning, as pleasant and natural as that in Buffalo was gloomy and ill-set. Mark Twain enjoyed the sense of being admitted—even if somewhat reluctantly—to the cultivated life of New England; he enjoyed his association with Twitchell, their endless walks and one-sided conversations. More than all, he appreciated the friendship and sympathy of W. D. Howells, for whose *Atlantic Monthly* he now became a contributor. His first offering was the article called *A True Story* (November 1874), to be followed by the papers on *Old Times on the Mississippi* (January to July 1875), which later became a book, and by many other sketches in the ensuing five years. Mark Twain, wisely or foolishly, took Howells for his mentor; and him at least he never cast aside.

In August of 1872 he made a journey to England, as sudden as the California trip to the *Alta* "thieves." This was inspired by the idea of getting after a new pack of thieves—the copyright pirates. For most of his life Mark Twain, like Charles Dickens, was obsessed with the copyright question, for which the present volume has neither space nor interest to spare. For both of them it was like King Charles's head to Mr. Dick in *David Copperfield*—it wouldn't keep out of things. But it worked differently. Dickens came out to America to be entertained like a prince and made a row about copyright. Mark Twain went over to England to make a row about copyright and was entertained like a prince—and forgot about it.

His reception was indeed overwhelming. Here, at last, he was treated at his true worth—as a real author, not as a western "cut-up." Authors vied to meet him. Dickens, alas! was gone (June 1870), but Tom Hood, Charles Reade, Charles Kingsley and a hundred others vied in doing him reverence. His visit was a series of dinners and entertainments. He had no time to get mad over copyright; no time to write anything or do anything. He did indeed plan a book on England (the Innocents, one recalls, had not visited it), designed to put it in its place. But nothing happened. In November he was back in America, a bigger

figure than ever. "When I yell again for less than five hundred dollars," he had written to Redpath, "I'll be pretty hungry." Being hungry presently, he lectured twice in New York at six hundred and fifty dollars a night—a great sum in those days.

His life was too busy and too full to be bothered with lecturing. His new book, *Roughing It,* that he had begun at Buffalo, had come out (1872). He had invented—or rather recalled—a boy called Tom Sawyer, whose adventures he was trying to shape. He was busy with a book called *The Gilded Age,* done in collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner, which appeared in 1873, as imperfect as all collaborations are. But it contains the priceless character of Colonel Sellers, whose impecunious life was illuminated by a rainbow and bounded by a mirage.

More than all was his increasing interest in his home and his family circle. The little boy had faded out of life (June 2, 1872), but the place he might have filled was taken by a garland of little girls who grew up to be the idols of their father's heart. Susie Clemens, of marvellous and tragic memory, came first (March 1872); then Clara, renamed "Bay" for family purposes, and as the third, Jean (Jane Lampton), born in July 1880. It was as if fate decided to throw to Mark Twain's lot all that can be given—success, fame, affluence, a loving wife, and a babbling nursery. To frame such happiness, homes must be provided. He acquired two—always since connected with his life and memory. The one was the house at Hartford (on Farmington Avenue), largely designed by himself. Its special feature was the famous billiard-room on the top floor, henceforth its owner's sanctum. The game of billiards was an abiding passion with Mark Twain, as with so many successful men from the West. The crooked cues and the bounding cushions of the mining camp and the saloon had got in their deadly work. No recovery was possible.

The home at Hartford alternated with a summer home at Quarry Farm, a beautiful hillside country house just outside of Elmira. Mrs. Crane, Livy's sister, who owned the place, built for Mark a quaint little study with eight sides to it, looking far away in all directions. Mr. Paine compares it to a Mississippi pilot-house—an added attraction for its occupant. Such were the gifts which fortune showered upon Mark Twain—to remove them one by one: for affluence, poverty; for the warmth of love and affection nothing but the cold dignity of despair that knows no consolation that may conquer death.

But as yet all that was far away. Mark Twain was busy and happy beyond the common lot—on the verge (he knew it) of princely opulence—millions; and in his mind a book, a real book, not letters and scraps of journalism, but a book about a boy whom he remembered (better than all the world) called Tom Sawyer. On this boy he pondered like Gibbon over ancient Rome.

Around this boy he had already (in 1872) attempted to construct a play. But in Mark Twain's crowded, busy, happy and talkative life, with lectures to give, billiards to play, children arriving, and visitors coming and going, it took time to finish things. In fact, another triumphal progress in England intervened before "Tom" came to light. This time Mrs. Clemens accompanied her illustrious husband and could measure for herself the estimate they made of him abroad. From London they went on to Scotland, where a friendship was formed with John Brown (of *Rab and his Friends*) which was kept warm till that good old man's death. Most important of all, Mark Twain lectured in London (October 13, 1873). The announcement of the lecture is typically British, very unlike the San Francisco "trouble will begin at eight." "Mr. George Dolby," it declared, "begs to announce that Mr. Mark Twain will deliver a lecture of a humorous character on Monday evening next and *repeat it in the same place on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.*" There is something brutally matter-of-fact in the promise of "repeating it in the same place."

But the lecture and all its repetitions were the wildest of successes. The London press was washed from its moorings in the flood of admiration. Mark Twain became a hero—a legend—a glory. Strange how mankind loves to create heroes—something greater than our poor mean selves—and of the heroes a legend. Such became Mark Twain.

The Clemenses were back in America in January of 1874. Mark Twain got *Tom Sawyer*

finished, and it came out in December of 1876. Its success was immediate, complete and continuous. For such people as remained who had never heard of Mark Twain he was now "the man who wrote *Tom Sawyer*."

*Tom Sawyer* is a world-famous book, and the boy Tom a world celebrity. The book did not make Mark Twain's reputation. That had been done by the *Innocents Abroad*. But it clinched it. The publication of the *Adventures of Tom Sawyer* definitely established the position and reputation of Mark Twain as the great American humorist; so much so that few people realized that the book is on a lower plane altogether than the later *Huckleberry Finn*, which grew out of it. Indeed, *Tom Sawyer* owes some of its success to its very simplicity. It makes no great demand upon the intellect; anybody can read it. The famous story of how Tom Sawyer was set to whitewash the fence as a punishment, and by pretending that it was a treat got the other boys to pay for the privilege of whitewashing, is as simple and as wide in its appeal as any folklore. It is like the mediaeval stories of the "smartness" of Reynard the Fox. It strikes the familiar note of the clever hero who outwits stupidity and defeats brute force. Tom Sawyer was a "smart" boy. Indeed, by a sort of general consensus he is supposed to be *the* boy, the typical boy, and parents who put the strap to their own Tom Sawyers chuckle with indulgent laughter over the escapades of the imaginary Tom.

But there is more in the book than all that. Its background of the vast moving river and the wilderness, the romance of the steamboat, the gloomy terror of the great cave, though but lightly sketched in the book *Tom Sawyer*, contains the same appeal—the appealing majesty of nature—which was to become an outstanding feature of the book *Huckleberry Finn*. Threaded through it is a really exciting story, painted in crude elemental colours. Tom Sawyer and his friend Huckleberry Finn, out on a night exploit, witness the robbing of a corpse from a grave by a young doctor and two hired body-snatchers. The crude details are all there—the graveyard, midnight, moonlight, terror. Of the body-snatchers, one is "Indian Joe," murderer and "bad man," the other the village drunkard. There is a quarrel at the graveside. Indian Joe stabs the young doctor dead, and Tom and Huck, having seen more than enough, flee in terror. The murder is fastened on the town drunkard, whose knife is found beside the dead body. Tom and Huck, in deadly fear of Indian Joe, keep an agonized silence. Then at last they speak out in a melodramatic scene at the murder trial of the drunkard. Indian Joe leaps through the courtroom window and escapes, a fugitive from the law. He hides in the great cave in the river bluff. Weeks later Tom and a little girl companion Becky, lost in the cave and almost expiring, see the flickering light of a candle and the form of Indian Joe, groping in the darkness. The children are rescued. Only weeks later do they learn that the rescuers have barred and sealed the entrance to the cavern. Tom Sawyer's exclamation to Becky's father, *"Oh, judge, Indian Joe's in the cave!"* remains in the memory of thousands of readers as one of the sensations of literature.

Yet, all in all, the book is far below *Huckleberry Finn*. Mark Twain, in writing *Tom Sawyer*, was unconsciously groping his way towards the broader canvas and the fuller meaning of the later book. *Tom Sawyer* as a book is full of obvious faults. The stage effects are too elementary, too obvious; they belong to the class of the melodrama and the stock villain and the heroine who requested to be "unhanded"—in other words, the regular working apparatus of nineteenth-century popular literature. Tom Sawyer himself may be a "smart boy," but he runs dangerously close to being a "smart Aleck." Yet with all its faults the book went round the world and carried the name of Mark Twain into all the languages of civilization.

### VI. MARK TWAIN AS A NATIONAL ASSET, 1877-1894

The period between the publication of *Tom Sawyer* and the time when he was overwhelmed by financial disaster shows Mark Twain at the height of his success, his literary reputation, his affluence, his domestic happiness. His name had become a household word in America. He had grown to be a sort of national asset. Men quoted his stories, his latest sayings, and much that he never said. His lecture trips were a triumphant progress;

his books flooded the country in sales that widened like ripples over a pond. His pictured face, with the shock of hair that turned from red to grey and from grey to white, with the Missouri corn-cob pipe to give it character, was as familiar to the public as those of Washington and Lincoln and Grant. Most of all, he had earned, as he had deserved, the affection of his fellowmen.

Nor was his fame confined within national limits. Mark Twain had become a citizen of the world, and his time in these ensuing years of affluence and achievement was divided between two continents. His reputation in England, his London lectures, his London dinner speeches, the wide sales of his books in Great Britain, may be said to have helped much in renewing the national sympathy of nations that had drifted apart in the ominous days of the Civil War. English people realized that, after all, America was the place that Mark Twain came from; it couldn't be so rotten.

In explaining the activities of Mark Twain's life during his prime, let it be remembered that he was perpetually busy, not only with things that came to completion, but with things that never did, or proved to be failures and were abandoned. A good deal of his time after *Tom Sawyer* was put into a play called *Ah Sin,* done in collaboration with his old friend Bret Harte. It was played in the National Theatre at Washington (May 7, 1877), tried out in New York and died of inanition. The only tangible result of the enterprise was to end the friendship of two old friends.

Following that came a trip to Bermuda with Twitchell largely done *incognito,* Mark now falling back on a privilege confined to royalty and the criminal class.

All the next summer (1877) he was busy with the idea of a story in which a little child of the people changes places with a king's son —but the story had to wait three years for its completion as *The Prince and the Pauper.* There was another idea of the same period which he started and threw aside as of no great value—a sort of wandering tale about Huckleberry Finn, who had already appeared as the satellite of Tom Sawyer. This, the greatest idea that he ever had, Mark Twain seems to have valued little. "I like it only tolerably well," he said, "and I may burn the manuscript when it is done." For years the "Huck" book lay around as neglected as Huck himself. But let the curious compare the author's fulsome praise of his *Joan of Arc.*

But Huckleberry Finn and much else had to wait while Mark Twain and his family sailed away on a sort of grand tour of Europe. They left in April of 1878, visited Germany, passed down to Italy, where they visited in especial Venice and Florence and Rome; then back to Germany to winter in Munich; then came Paris, England (in August of 1879), and home to America (September 3, 1879). It was in the earlier part of the tour that Mark Twain took his walking tour in Germany and Switzerland with Twitchell, immortalized as *A Tramp Abroad,* in which Twitchell is cast for the part of "Harris." It goes without saying that the book is not as good as the *Innocents.* No one can be born twice. But the book is the real thing, and parts of it are inimitable: the vividness of the word-pictures, the tourists, the waiters, the Alpine climbing, the incidents of history, the excursions into facts and, above all, the play of an interesting mind that illuminates everything that it touches. Mark Twain could do this kind of thing as no one else.

Here begins also his inexhaustible interest in the German language, a source of mingled wonder, fascination and annoyance. The family set themselves to learn German. Having had no schooling, linguistic study was a novelty to Mark Twain. He could take as much fun out of the interminable German nouns and the inverted sentences as a schoolboy out of a parody of Latin. Later on, in his *King Arthur* book, when he wants words to use as magic spells he finds them in such glorious compounds as *Constantinopolitanischerdudelsackmachersgesellschaft,* a much more imposing compound than the humble English—Bagpipe Manufacturers Company of Constantinople.

It would be as tedious as it would be purposeless to follow all the comings and goings of Mark Twain and his family in the years that followed their return from Europe. Among the more notable peregrinations was a trip to the Mississippi, down the river from St. Louis to New Orleans and up again to

St. Paul. Mark renewed his experiences as a pilot, fraternized again with Horace Bixby, dropped in at Hannibal for three days to see the boys and girls—in short, the return of the hero, enjoyed as much as it was earned.

The trip helped him to prepare, from his *Atlantic* articles, his work *Life on the Mississippi*—his pilot life already recounted—which appeared in 1883. It was published partly at his own expense and risk—the beginning of the new finance that was to ruin him. But he had got into his head that the previous publishers had been cheating him—like the *Alta* thieves and the copyright pirates. As literature, the book ranks high; as a commercial venture, low. "It cost me fifty thousand dollars to make," so its author said. He was dealing in big sums now.

Other episodes of the period were Mark Twain's brief pilgrimages to Canada. They were made to "acquire copyright," a sort of purification necessary under the existing law, but they turned into social and public triumphs. There was a great dinner at Montreal (1880), and on the next trip (1883) an invitation to stay at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, where resided the Marquis of Lorne and his wife, the Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria. Mr. Paine, the biographer, writes of this: "It is a good deal like a fairy tale . . . the bare-footed boy of Hannibal who had become a printer, a pilot, a rough-handed miner, being summoned by royalty as one of America's foremost men of letters."

It takes an American democrat to see these things in their proper light.

Meantime *The Prince and the Pauper* had already appeared (1880), meeting with a reception in which approval mingled with disappointment. It is told that a certain great classical scholar of the eighteenth century said to Alexander Pope, when his *Iliad and Odyssey* appeared, "It's a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but it is not Homer." Many readers felt this way about *The Prince and the Pauper;* it was a very pretty story, but *it wasn't Mark Twain;* at least not the Mark Twain who made frogs jump and conducted innocents abroad. In other words, *it wasn't funny* (except in lapses). Its author could have answered the indictment by saying that it wasn't meant to be, and could have drawn attention to the beauty of description of old London and its bridges.

Human nature being as discontented as it is, "funny" writers are never content with their cap and bells. They would like to write sermons. From this time on Mark Twain showed a desire to redeem himself from the charge of being "funny." As a result we have *The Prince and the Pauper* and, later on, *Joan of Arc,* which—whatever they may be—are not Mark Twain. There are books that he wrote in which he tried to be Mark Twain and failed; such as *Tom Sawyer Abroad or Pudd'nhead Wilson,* a Mississippi story of 1892, at best an attempt to recapture a tune also sung. But in the historical books he is trying to do something else altogether.

For serious historical writing he was not fitted. His view of the present is like a photograph; his view of the past is made of fierce lights and shadows thrown by firelight on a dark wall. His history is too elemental: for King read tyrant; for priest read bigot; for justice read torture; and for anything called Louis read putrefaction. Mark Twain was too much impressed by the cruelty, the bigotry and the tyranny of the past to see it in its true light. Strange that a man writing in the days of the Homestead strikes and the Haymarket riots, with hideous lynchings in the South, murder walking the streets in Chicago, and on the horizon the tyranny of the prohibitionist, the gangster, the hi-jacker and the racketeer, could see so little to regret in the vanished past.

But when Mark Twain turned from the Thames of 1550 to the Mississippi of 1850, that was another story. The appearance in print of the *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* marks the highest reach of his achievement.

All the world has read the story of the ragged little outcast, Huckleberry Finn, floating down the Mississippi on a raft, his companion the runaway Nigger Jim. Every reader has felt the wonderful charm of the scenery and setting—the broad flood of the river, the islands tangled with wild vines, the sand-bars and the current swirling past the sunken snags: the stillness of the night with voices coming from the lumber rafts far over the water: the fascination of the passing steamboat, its lighted windows and its trail sparks breaking the black night; and then the dawn

and the sun clearing the mist from the waters.

The writer seems to have groped his way into the book like a treasure-seeker. It opens to a wrong start—Tom Sawyer and his boy-chums and pirate games—that would never have gone far. Then it drifts to Huck Finn and his drunken, dissolute, unkempt father, "pap" ("His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you could see his eyes shining through like he was behind vines"); Huck a prisoner in a hut in the hands of the drunkard; his escape; the raft; the finding of Nigger Jim, and with that we float away on the bosom of the river. There are tragic episodes of the river, the feud, the murder, the false claim of the inheritance, the bag of money in the coffin. The story pushes hard against burlesque here and there, as when the raft is invaded by the down-and-out bummers, the "King" and the "Duke." Artistically it almost breaks here—yet oddly enough this is the very part that readers who care nothing for art like best—the sheer roaring fun of it. The Duke getting ready a performance to be given in passing a town and furbishing up his recollections of Shakespeare in the form of—*"To be or not to be; that is the bare bodkin,"* is as typically and triumphantly Mark Twain as anything he ever wrote.

In the end the raft floats to Arkansas; Huck is cast up at Silas Phelps's farm and Tom Sawyer gets back into the book—and spoils it. As soon as he comes all the depth of meaning, all the breadth of the picture is lost. It is just backyard stuff—the kind of thing they make "comic strips" of.

But the bulk of the book is marvellous. The vision of American institutions—above all, of slavery—as seen through the unsullied mind of little Huck; the pathos and charm of the Negro race shining through the soul of Nigger Jim—the western scene, the frontier people—it is the epic of a vanished America.

Strange that anyone could imagine that such a book as *Joan of Arc*—conventional, imitative, unnatural—could compare with this. Yet Mark Twain supposed it far superior, and the pundits and stodges, belly-heavy with culture, all agreed. Yet there are those, there must be, who considered the *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* the greatest book ever written in America.

An outstanding feature of the book is that it is American literature. Whatever the works of Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper and Longfellow were, there is no doubt about *Huckleberry Finn.* Every now and then the dispute breaks out in the colleges and spills over into the press as to what *American* literature was and is, and when it began. Like all controversies, the dispute is bottomless and involves a hopeless number of definitions of terms. But by American literature in the proper sense we ought to mean literature written in an American way, with an American turn of language and an American cast of thought. The test is that it couldn't have been written anywhere else. When we read the books of O. Henry we know that they were not written in England; they couldn't have been. Longfellow may have written about America, but the form of his language and his thought was the same as that of his English contemporaries. He shared in their heritage, and added to the common stock. Judged in this sense—in order to make the point clear and rob it of all venom—there is as yet no Canadian literature, though many books have been written in Canada, including some very bad ones.

But *Huckleberry Finn* was triumphantly obvious and undeniably American.

But the writing of books and of incidental sketches for the *Atlantic,* and presently for the *Century, Harper's,* and other magazines, was only the chief part and by no means the whole of Mark Twain's activity during these busy years. There were dinners and banquets and reunions to attend, with speeches to make. There was, alas, an increasing interest in the business of publishing. His earlier books were published by canvass and subscription, with a royalty to the author, who took no risk. The cost of sale under this system is high, the royalty low (five to seven per cent was fair enough), but Mark Twain felt that he could improve on this. He first took half the risk and half the profits, then presently launched into the publishing business itself. It seems that many authors feel a desire to be publishers, just as an English butler wants to run a public house and an American bar-tender aspires—or used to, when he existed—to "keep hotel." The results are usually unfortunate.

So it was to be in this instance. But for the time all was optimism and rosy calculation worthy of Colonel Sellers.

Another feature of this period was lecturing, including a notable tour in the season of 1884-1885 managed by the admirable Major J. B. Pond, of worthy and illustrious memory, and carried out with George W. Cable as partner on the platform.

The lectures were a huge success for all except Mark Twain, to whom they were a mere labour of necessity.

The truth is that Mark Twain never liked lecturing. Indeed, apart from the initial joys of triumph, he grew to abominate it. Nearly all lecturers hate lecturing, whether from nervousness of appearing in public, on account of need of working up a fixed emotion at a fixed hour, or because of the fatigues of travel or the effort demanded by social entertainment. No one likes lecturing except those who can't do it. A dull lecturer enjoys his own performance immensely.

Mark Twain hated lecturing for all the above reasons—even nervousness, in the sense of nervous intensity. And he added a special reason of his own, that he felt as if lecturing to make people laugh turned him into a buffoon. This, of course, was sheer ingratitude. But he wanted to be a man of letters, a philosopher, a character—he didn't want to be a comic man. "Oh, Cable!" he moaned to his lecture-mate one night, "I am demeaning myself. I am allowing myself to be a mere buffoon. It's ghastly. I can't endure it any longer." No doubt he was contrasting himself with the solemn little Cable, who didn't smoke, drank water, read the Bible in the hotel bedroom, and drew tears from the audience.

In other words, Mark Twain wanted it both ways, coming and going. He wanted to have the world laugh when he said the "reports of his death had been grossly exaggerated," he wanted to write a comic account of Noah's Ark and a comic life of Adam, he wanted to set King Arthur's knights to playing baseball —but he didn't want to take the consequences and have people think him "funny"; or rather, he wanted them to understand that he was also—as he was—a man of intense and passionate ideals, capable of righteous indignation against iniquity. About this the mass of the public cared nothing at all. Mark Twain to them was Mark Twain. That was all. When he said that he was a Chinese "Boxer"—meaning that the Chinese nationalists were right—they laughed. "Have you heard Mark Twain's latest?" they said.

Even more successful than his public lectures, if that were possible, were Mark Twain's after-dinner speeches. Here, of course, he was entirely himself. Here he could exploit to the full the natural drollery of his speech, the peculiar drawl, the assumption of innocence—all those arts and artifices which swept his auditors away on billows of tumultuous laughter. After-dinner speaking in those unredeemed days was an easier art in America than now. Indeed, the contrast of those days with the gloomy "banquet" of today is pathetic. Today the auditors sit in silence, their surreptitious cocktail, of three hours before, dead within them, chewing fiercely at celery and listening to an hour's talk on such a thing as the Chicago Drainage Canal. But in those evil days a banquet was a real banquet. The audience came from the bar to the banquet, and gravitated from the banquet to the bar. Swimming in champagne in a haze of blue smoke they wanted fun, not information. And Mark Twain could give it to them as no one else could.

These years were the great years of Mark Twain's public lecturing, in which he easily eclipsed all those who preceded and followed him. The only exception was Charles Dickens, whose crowded houses and breathless audiences at least equalled those of the great American humorist. But Dickens was different; his towering fame was the background; he "read," not lectured, though with intense dramatic effect and magnetic personal contact. What the audience saw was not Dickens but his characters—the death-bed of the dying child, the fury of the murderer Sykes, and the Homeric courtroom of Bardell *versus* Pickwick. What Mark Twain's audience saw was Mark Twain; what the audience heard was Mark Twain—not Tom Sawyer, nor Huck Finn, but Mark Twain. His thought and feeling, by the magic of his method, carried across.

Which was the higher art and which the lower, it is needless to enquire.

Many of the dinner speeches, such as that at the great Army dinner at Chicago (1879), became historic. For the rest of their lives those present recalled and magnified the wonder of Mark Twain. Once, once only, the magic failed utterly and dismally. One may recall, as an irony of personal history, Mark Twain's greatest after-dinner success (done with a third-rate joke at the end of a speech of no merit), and his great and ignominious failure with a prepared speech that was as funny as it was subtle, accidentally derailed in transit. The great success was the dinner given in honour of General Grant by the Army of the Tennessee at Chicago on November 13, 1879. Grant was there, and Sherman and Sheridan and a galaxy of great soldiers. Colonel Robert Ingersoll carried the audience away in a real speech of patriotic oratory; and there was the usual tiresome speaker (still unhanged among us) who began for a minute and spoke for an hour. Mark Twain rose at 2 A.M. to talk not on the Ladies, as invited, but on the Babies. "We haven't all the good fortune to be ladies," he said in opening, "we haven't all been generals or poets or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies—*we stand on common ground.*" We are told that the speaker "had to stop to let the tornado roar of laughter go by." The concluding paragraph of the speech is the most quoted part of all Mark Twain's oratory. It runs:

*"And now in his cradle somewhere under the flag the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeur and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth, an achievement to which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of the evening also turned his attention some fifty-six years ago—"*

Here Mark Twain paused. What followed is thus related by his incomparable biographer Mr. Paine:

"The vast crowd had a chill of fear. After all, he seemed likely to overdo it, to spoil it with a cheap joke at the end. He waited long enough to let the silence become absolute, until the tension was painful, and then . . . *'and if the child is but the father of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded.'*

"The house came down with a crash."

Now let us admit that a joke cannot be fully appreciated without the voice, the mood, the occasion; let us admit also that it is historically interesting to think of such a distinguished audience swept away on a gale of laughter. But after all, what does the joke amount to? Nothing much, and they had to wait for it. But the reader may judge for himself.

The other occasion is equally historic—memorable in its utter and awful failure. For the time it crushed Mark Twain with a dead weight of despair. The scene was the dinner given on December 17, 1877, by the staff of the *Atlantic* to the aged poet Whittier on his seventieth birthday. Present were Whittier himself, and Longfellow and Emerson and Holmes and all the great literary lights of Boston, the Magi of the East, refulgent with their own genius and consuming their own smoke. Mark Twain shouldn't have given a damn for them, but he did. Longfellow was there and old Emerson—too deaf to hear—and others too stuffed to listen. But Mark Twain was afraid of them. In their eyes and in his own he was not in their class. They were "authors," real ones; he was just a rough, cheap westerner. So he prepared a speech line by line and word by word. It was a delightful piece of burlesque—picturing three old "bummers" arriving at a western mining camp and spouting poetry. One "bum" impersonated Longfellow, one Holmes, and one Emerson—the parody of their work was to show that. But the speech went wrong. The audience caught on to the "bums," but not to the parody—old men are slow in such things. There was a frozen silence. The speaker's "inferiority complex" (though he never lived to hear of it) seized him. His own face turned to misery. The speech ended. The old men shuffled into their coats. It was all over.

Next day Mark Twain wrote agonized letters of apology. He wanted to resign everything, to quit everything, to give up everything—not to be Mark Twain any more. His despair was as fierce as his hopes had been eager. Years after, he read the speech again, and again sank into a pit of despair. Years

after that, he read it again, and the light broke in and he felt that it was glorious. So it was. If he had given that speech to the students of Yale and Harvard instead of the stuffy old men in Boston, it would have taken the roof off.

The mention of General Grant and the famous Grant dinner at Chicago recalls one of the outstanding episodes of Mark Twain's life in the hey-day of his success—his marvellous rescue of Grant and his family from ruin.

A grateful nation had made the hero of Appomattox its president. It has a way of doing so. It is said that the Chinese, in the days of the Empire, used to select by examination their highest scholars and make them generals. The Americans select their highest generals and make them presidents. Of Grant's presidency there is no need to speak here. After his time expired he was induced to go into Wall Street business, or rather to lend his name as a cover for business of which he understood absolutely nothing. The colossal success of the fraudulent Ward was followed by catastrophic failure and the imprisonment of Ward, and carried down with it the fortune, and worse still the reputation, of General Grant. There he was—ruined—saved only from legal prosecution by national sympathy and by the fact that he was already stricken with a disease destined to prove fatal.

In his adversity he turned to the idea of living by his pen—of fighting over again with ink and compasses the battles won by the sword. A leading magazine offered him what they thought a handsome sum for articles on his campaigns; a publishing firm were willing to bring out a book of memoirs of his life. But the whole plan, in scope and in prospective return, was on a modest scale. At this point Mark Twain "butted in." He saw the idea of Grant's memoirs with the eyes of Colonel Sellers! What! Offer the General a mere five hundred dollars for an article on the battle of Shiloh! What! Talk of ten thousand copies of a book from such a hand! "General" (the words are actual), "a book telling the story of your life and battles should sell not less than a quarter of a million, perhaps twice that!" And a little later, in a further discussion of the subject, "General, I have my cheque-book with me. I will draw you now a cheque for twenty-five thousand dollars as an advance royalty!"

And just for once the Colonel Sellers vision was absolutely correct.

Mark Twain had had a certain connection already, one might say friendship, with General Grant. Once, long before, he had visited him when President, and had relieved the awkwardness of the meeting by saying, "Mr. President, I am embarrassed, are you?" Grant treasured the remark as a man without humour keeps an old joke. Afterwards came the famous dinner and other casual meetings.

Mark Twain did not "butt in" in any offensive sense to steal the business of other publishers. He offered them a field they wouldn't take, and when it was clear, occupied it himself for his own publishing firm, Webster and Company. He set the General to work dictating his memoirs, watched over him, encouraged, cheered him to it. Grant, stricken as he was, worked stubbornly on. All the best in the man shone on in his stubborn fight against approaching death. When the cancer in his throat reached the point where dictation was impossible, he took a pencil and wrote on, firmly, stubbornly, as if his pencil were an iron point against paper. He won out. There came a day when he laid aside the pencil; the *Personal Memoirs of General Grant* were ended. Three days later (July 23, 1885) the world learned that General Grant was dead.

Grant had written with the plain simplicity of one not looking for style or effect, but setting down what he had to say for its own sake, without a wasted word. So wrote Xenophon and Julius Caesar.

But the vast success of the *Memoirs* was not solely due to the national interest in the narration, the national appeal of the circumstances, or the plain soldierly writing of the General. It owed much to the energy and boldness of Mark Twain, the fearless disregard of expense with which the enterprise was launched, the skill with which it was carried through.

Before Grant died he had the satisfaction of knowing that his name and his family were saved. After he was dead the royalties paid to his widow ran to nearly four hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

After the great Grant episode comes as a landmark the publication of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.* It appeared in December 1889, but it had been long in thought and preparation. Ever since he had first visited England, Mark Twain had wanted to write a book about English institutions. The plan was originally killed by kindness, but refused to stay dead. It revived in his mind. He carried it about with him, and by 1866, in his new Hartford home, he began the felicitous book with the happy title in which his England was encompassed. The writing was interrupted by the composition of sketches and articles, by dinners and speeches, and by the receipt of honorary degrees (such as the Yale Master of Arts in 1888), but it never stopped till it culminated in the issue of the book by Webster and Company, the author's own publishing house.

To many of us who are old enough to remember most of Mark Twain's works from the time of their appearance, there is a certain list which seemed then and seem now the real Mark Twain. The rest don't matter. The list includes *Roughing It, Life on the Mississippi, The Innocents Abroad, Tom Sawyer* (a little grudgingly), *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* and, most certainly and beyond controversy, *A Connecticut Yankee.* We don't need to care what the critics say; we can recall the sheer unadulterated joy of that first perusal.

The story is based thus:

A Connecticut Yankee, a factory boss, skilled in all mechanical arts, is "put to sleep" by a crack on the head with a crowbar from an employee. He wakes up to find himself—not forward in time as most Utopians are, but backward. He is lying on a grassy bank in the woodland country of King Arthur's England. To him approaches a knight in "old time iron armour from head to heel."

*"Fair sir, will ye joust?"* asks the knight.

*"Will I which?"* says the Yankee.

And with that the tale is on. The Yankee, about to be put to death, recalls the fact that an eclipse happened that very year and day, and "puts out" the sun. This beats out Merlin and makes the Yankee a magician. He rules King Arthur's England; introduces machinery, fights the superstitions of the church, the cruelty of the law, the brutality of the strong —only to meet disaster at the end.

It is a strange and wonderful tale, and carries with it not only a story but a meaning. By and through his Yankee Mark Twain is denouncing all the things that he hated—hereditary power, the church, aristocracy, privilege, superstition. He is able, under the guise of humour, to give vent to the fierce elemental ideas of justice and right and equality, hatred of oppression and religious persecution, by which he was inspired. In other books this could only be incidental—a word, a phrase, a quoted speech. Here it was the whole book.

It was no wonder that such a book called forth plenty of criticism, even of denunciation; no wonder that many of Mark Twain's English admirers turned their backs on him. The book seemed to challenge this. In the first place, from the point of view of the historian, if taken seriously, it is contemptible. The date of the story is fixed by a solar eclipse which is part of its machinery as the year 528 A.D. The time is that of King Arthur. But the author has lumped into it in an indistinguishable mass the manners and customs of ten centuries, all the tyrannies of all the countries he ever heard of (except America)—the Dark Ages, the Middle Ages, the Old Régime in France; all the aristocracies of Europe, with especial reference to the English, past and present; with this, and running all through it, is a denunciation, by name, of the Roman Catholic Church.

Witness, for example, the following typical quotations:

*"It was pitiful for a person born in a wholesome free atmosphere to listen to their humble and hearty outpourings of loyalty towards their king and church and nobility; as if they had any more occasion to love and honour king and church and noble than a slave has to love and honour the lash. . . ."*

*"Before the day of the church's supremacy in the world, men were men and held their heads up."*

*"Any established church is an established crime, an established slave pen."*

*"A privileged class, an aristocracy, is but a band of slave-holders under another name."*

Now of course it is not really the fictitious Yankee speaking here, but the author himself. The voice is Yankee but the hand is from Missouri.

Such criticism of England, past and present, from a citizen of the American Republic, was a little too much like a child of light reproving the children of darkness. Against the tyranny of aristocracy could be set the rising tyranny of the trust; the criminals and bandits of King Arthur's time (whenever it was) were soon to be overmatched by the gangsters of the United States; against the power of the church stood the social tyranny of Puritanical America; denunciations of slavery came ill from a writer brought up in a slave-holding family in the greatest slave state the world ever saw, and the rack and stake of the Middle Ages could be paralleled in the hell-fires of the southern lynchers.

At best it was Satan rebuking sin, the pot calling the kettle black. Underneath was the insult that Mark Twain really thought America a far superior place to England, a fact of which the next generation were not so assured. But the delusion of American freedom died hard.

Yet real lovers of Mark Twain's work, those who understand it, will "wipe all that out." When the *Yankee* book appeared, it was read by thousands with sheer unadulterated joy from cover to cover; by thousands who didn't care a rush for historical accuracy, and were as willing to fuse all the centuries together as the author was. To such readers the burlesque of chivalry was a delight; it was glorious to think of King Arthur's knights set to play baseball and to ride round with advertising boards instead of hunting the Holy Grail. The reader threw off the dead weight of literary reverence and roared at the fun of it. And the denunciation of cruelty and tyranny, and the triumph of machine-power, the revolver against the knight on horseback—all that was equally thrilling. It didn't matter where the tyranny was or when it was; the reader had a notion that the institutions of dark ages were dark indeed, and exulted in their overthrow.

These readers were right. The *Yankee* is the most "artistic" of all Mark Twain's works; the burlesque the most unbroken, the theme the most continuous and consistent. The book *Huckleberry Finn* is imperfect as art when it breaks or nearly breaks into burlesque; in other books the burlesque is imperfect when it breaks into sentiment. The *Yankee* is a complete artistic conception, carried unbroken to a finish. Such faults as it has, in the technique of humour, lie elsewhere. Mark Twain never could convey the idea of prolixity except by getting prolix; to convey the idea of an interminable speech, he makes one; as witness the talk of Alisande in the tale and many of his characters elsewhere. Art should do better than that.

One may pass over with but little comment the other writings and the other achievements of Mark Twain, from the time between the appearance of the *Yankee* and his financial disasters of four years later. All through this period, and long before it, he had been reading intermittently about Joan of Arc, and presently working on a book about her. There was a family trip to Europe again in 1891-92 (France, Germany, Switzerland). To the family themselves the trip was chiefly memorable for its happiness. But to students of Mark Twain's work and life it is memorable for his famous dinner with the Kaiser and what he thought of that exalted potentate.

During that winter in Berlin, Mark Twain and his family saw more of "high society" than at any time of their lives. They were entertained as leading celebrities of the day in diplomatic and aristocratic circles at a time when European nobility enjoyed its last and its brightest lustre. Highest of all honours for Mark Twain was an invitation to dine at the royal table of the "young" German Emperor.

It is difficult for us, even for those of us whose memory carries back to it, to reconstruct the setting and surrounding of the past before the downfall of Europe: the pomp and majesty of kingship; the resplendent glory of unbroken militarism; the ancestral pride of nobility, the authority and dignity of the church and the stability of established society. The gap between all that and bankrupt nations, labour democracies, red revolutions, and the threatened collapse of our civilization, is as great as that between the majestic

vassal of God, William the Second, and an old man with a half-withered arm sawing wood at Doorn. Anyone *now* can see the real figure of the Kaiser; Mark Twain could see it then.

He dined as one of a large company as a guest of the Kaiser on February 20, 1892. Afterwards he wrote down (for himself) his impressions of the Emperor and his entourage, the silent dinner, the monologue conversations, the rigid questions and the rigid answers, the utter suppression of everyone except the sovereign himself. He recorded how he alone in all that obeisant company had the hardihood to venture a few original observations, with the result of universal consternation and discomfort. Years later, he related the incidents, from his notes, to his biographer for publication after his death.

Very different was a meeting a little later (in the following summer), at Nauheim, with the Prince of Wales (Edward VII.). This was as jovial and informal as the "Kaiser-contakt" had been rigid and conventional. The two walked up and down arm in arm, the Prince joking with Mark about a reference he had made to His Highness in one of his books. The "royal memory," whether coached or not, worked its usual charm.

Meantime publishing went on in America. There was the book, *The American Claimant,* with a play made out of it, that brought in a lot of money. Then there was a new Tom Sawyer story published in *St. Nicholas* in 1893-1894, and later as a book. It was called *Tom Sawyer Abroad,* and is interesting only as illustrating the failures of genius. In this story Tom and Huck and Nigger Jim start off in a (highly) dirigible balloon, cross the Atlantic, and "fool around" the Sahara Desert. The whole setting is about as unconvincing and pointless as if we had a sequel story in which, let us say, Sherlock Holmes becomes a country clergyman, or Mr. Pickwick joins the army and heads a cavalry charge in the Crimean War. Another sequel, *Tom Sawyer, Detective,* is a little happier, the scene at any rate being laid where it belongs.

And all this time, though he didn't realize it, Mark Twain's fortunes were moving towards disaster, like swift-flowing water moving silently towards a cataract.

One pauses a moment before contemplating the shipwreck of a happiness that was never again restored, to dwell upon the completeness of it. It was not only in the world's goods and in the world's applause that Mark Twain was blessed. There was added to it the felicity of his private life. His abiding love for his sweet wife was only a part of the happy domestic and family relations with which his life was blessed throughout. His father, indeed, was little more than a memory, albeit a cherished one. For his mother, Jane Clemens,—the "Aunt Polly" of Tom Sawyer—he bore a constant affection and a deep respect, even after he ceased to obey her precepts and "touched" liquor and "threw" cards. He sent her money as soon and as often as he had any to send.

After he left home he seldom saw his mother, though in his pilot days he once took her for a trip down the river to New Orleans.

Later on, after her son's marriage and his rise to eminence, Jane Clemens came east with her daughter Pamela (Mrs. Moffatt), and lived for a while in Fredonia (N. Y.), but she moved west again to make her home with her oldest son Orion at Keokuk. There Mark Twain and his wife and children visited her in the summer of 1886. There she died in her eighty-eighth year in the summer of 1890, while her son was at the height of his success. All her later life was filled with pride over his achievements.

Orion Clemens, older than Sam by ten years and in his later life supported by his brother's bounty, was, in a way, nearer to Mark Twain, more sympathetic, than anyone else in the world. Orion was a sort of queer double of Sam, with the one quality of success left out. He was a printer who failed at printing (he hated to charge money for it), a writer who couldn't write, an inventor who didn't invent and a promoter who couldn't promote anything. But he felt himself always on the threshold of success and on the brink of fortune. After his return from the West, he lived, in the earthly sense, chiefly in Keokuk, Iowa, but in the real sense in a world of dreams. He wrote, at his brother's suggestion, a vast autobiography, pathetic in its record of failure. In his old age he was found one morning seated in the kitchen, his head upon the table—dead. Beside him were pens and paper; no doubt

he had thought of something wonderful to write.

Mark Twain has paid a full tribute to his brother Orion in his autobiography. Among other things he says:

"Innumerable were Orion's projects for paying off his debts to me. These projects extended straight through the succeeding thirty years, but in every case they failed. During all those thirty years Orion's well-established honesty kept him in offices of trust where other people's money had to be taken care of, but where no salary was paid. He was treasurer of all the benevolent institutions; he took care of the money and other property of widows and orphans; he never lost a cent for anybody, and never made one for himself.

"Every time he changed his religion the church of his new faith was glad to get him; made him treasurer at once, and at once he stopped the graft and the leaks in that church.

"He exhibited a faculty of changing his political complexion that was a marvel to the whole community. One morning he was a Republican, and upon invitation he agreed to make a campaign speech at the Republican mass meeting that night. He prepared the speech. After luncheon he became a Democrat, and agreed to write a score of exciting mottoes to be painted upon the transparencies which the Democrats would carry in their torchlight procession that night. He wrote these shouting Democratic mottoes during the afternoon, and they occupied so much of his time that it was night before he had a chance to change his politics again; so he actually made a rousing Republican campaign speech in the open air while his Democratic transparencies passed by in front of him, to the joy of every witness present."

May the earth lie lightly on such a man.

In addition to Orion, his sister Pamela meant much in Mark Twain's life. Her little boy was christened after him as "Samuel." But it was when his own marriage was blessed with children that Mark Twain's domestic happiness received its final crown. His first child, it is true (Langdon Clemens, born November 7, 1870), was a delicate child and passed like an early flower (June 2, 1872). But the little girls who followed (Susie, 1872, Clara, 1874, and Jean, 1880) became the delight of their parents' life. Mrs. Clemens was a model mother—giving the children her time, her care, her teaching, her love, and Mark was an ideal father, romping with the children, playing games with them, acting with them, and spoiling them all he could—a proper division of parental labour. The little Susie, in especial, was a child of exception, destined, it would have seemed, for great things. She wrote a part of a "biography" of her father as quaint and interesting as her father's own work.

"Papa," she writes, "doesn't like to go to church at all, why, I never understood, until just now. He told us the other day that he couldn't bear to hear anyone talk but himself, but that he could listen to himself talk for hours without getting tired; of course he said this in joke, but no doubt it was founded on truth."

For the intense happiness of such affections Mark Twain was destined later on to pay the full price. For him each break in the circle must come as a cruel blow, beyond consolation, without hope, cruel, final.

Such a time was approaching.

### VII. DISASTER, 1894-1900

It might have been thought that throughout the years of literary success Mark Twain was moving up from poverty to a competence, from a competence to wealth, from wealth to affluence. So indeed he thought himself. Books, plays and lectures were bringing in a stream of money, that at times ran in a flood. The colossal success of the Grant *Memoirs* seemed to open a boundless horizon. Shrewd investment, as the investor saw it, would multiply every dollar that was saved. There was no limit but the sky.

Of course, there was a stream of money going out in the other direction. The beautiful house in Hartford sopped up money as beautiful houses do. When its owner bought some adjacent land from his neighbour, his neighbour "stung" him as adjacent neighbours do. Then there was the cost of entertainment. Mark Twain never wanted to go to other people's houses, but he wanted everybody to come to his. This is an expensive taste. The dinners, the visits, the company went on without end.

Still, an income that runs to a hundred thousand dollars a year will stand a lot of strain. And Mark Twain carried with him the comfortable feeling that after spending a lot of money—say, twenty or thirty thousand a year—in keeping things going he was still able every year to "salt away" great sums of money that would guarantee the future against disaster. He felt this all the more because he knew that he had a progressive and inventive turn of mind, and was a man who could forecast the money that was going to be made of new inventions, new ideas. For instance, a large slice of his earlier savings went into a "steam generator." This was a marvellous mechanism calculated to save ninety per cent of the fuel, if it had ever generated anything. It never did. Thirty-two thousand dollars went into a "steam pulley" that didn't pull, and was followed by twenty-five invested under the sea in a marine telegraph. It never came up. Then there was the "Kaola-type"—a new process of engraving by means of which fifty thousand dollars was placed on a smooth sheet of steel coated with China clay and left there. At times Mark Twain showed what he thought to be his hard-headed business caution. A young man called Graham Bell offered him what he describes as "a whole hatful" of shares in a new ingenious sort of toy called a "telephone." But he was not to be caught with *that*.

Meantime ordinary profits had grown to look too small, ordinary gains too paltry. A hundred dollars was only fit to light a cigar with, a thousand too small to save. What was needed was something with "millions in it." In other words, Mark Twain having invented, or drawn, the character of Colonel Sellers, had turned into Sellers himself; brought up on the "Tennessee land" and the lost earldom of Durham and the Esmeralda mine, he ran true to form and became Colonel Sellers, James Lampton and the Earl of Durham all in one. It was as if a Greek Fate, a Destiny of Necessity, had doomed him for disaster.

All this ran along for years.

But the chief agent in his undoing was a wonderful invention, a "machine" calculated to revolutionize all the trade of printing, publishing and book-making. This was no less than a machine that would set type, would replace the laborious toil of the compositor by the dexterous and unerring work of mechanical power. Mark Twain had been a printer. He saw what this would mean. He realized that the dreamy young inventor James Paige had got hold of something that would turn the world upside down. All that was needed was to link up with Paige a man of keen business sense, a man with practical experience, a man commanding capital and bold enough to use it, in other words himself.

The calculations made were staggering, were super-Sellers. Such a machine (when Paige had it absolutely complete; it takes time to get a big thing like that just right) would be an indispensable necessity for all the newspapers in all the languages in all the world, and for all the magazines and book-printing of all nations everywhere. Multiply these by the circulation of the papers and the sales of the books, and remember that even in its earliest form the machine could work against four men—millions in it? no, billions.

Mark Twain had heard of the machine about 1880, had put in three thousand dollars just for luck; then later more; then determined to limit his stake in it to thirty thousand dollars; then plunged in on a neck-or-nothing contract that could eat up money as fast as he could save it. All through the years of his great success—the days of Huck Finn and General Grant and the Yankee—Paige was tinkering at the machine, perfecting it, and Clemens pouring money down an endless pipe. He never realized that other machines might "get there" first; he saw, as a printer, what a revolution a "linotype" would make; he didn't see that other revolutionists might step in ahead.

And with that went in these same years the publishing business. Mark Twain by this time was a publisher, the firm of Webster and Company being virtually owned by him, and managed by "Charlie" Webster, a man as visionary as himself and united to his family by marriage with a niece. Any optimism that Mark Twain lacked, Webster supplied. The resounding success of the Grant *Memoirs* had given the firm a universal éclat. Other war memoirs followed, a whole *Library of Humour* was planned. As the greatest undertaking of all, the firm brought out, by subscrip-

tion sale, a magnificent *Life of Pope Leo the Thirteenth*. Here was an enterprise indeed! As Clemens saw it, this would make the 300,000 copies of the *Personal Memoirs of General Grant* look like a mere handful. This would be read by every living Roman Catholic; put the number of these at, say, 250,000,000, translate the book into every language, sell it on the average of, say, three dollars, and what do you get? Something pretty substantial! These are not Mark Twain's words, but they represent his state of mind. Charlie Webster took a run over to Italy and had a talk with the aged Leo. He carried with him a copy of the Grant book—bound in gold it was to be, but Mark Twain's friends dissuaded him; Webster talked in millions! The poor old pontiff was swept away. He gave his blessing to the work and begged Father O'Reilly, who was to write him up, somewhat pathetically, just to "tell the truth, tell the truth." As from a pope to a priest these are strong words. "We in Italy cannot comprehend such things," said Leo to Charlie. Neither they could in America, so it presently seemed. In short, "Mark" and "Charlie" had overlooked the fact that millions and millions of Roman Catholics couldn't read, and if they did, they wouldn't read the life of the pope, and that a pope doesn't have a "life" anyway, and they haven't got three dollars if he had.

So presently the magnificent *Life of Pope Leo* dragged along, beside the war memoirs and the humour library, with the increasing deficit of Webster and Company. Then came the hard times, the attempt to raise money in a falling market, the machine, the machine! that never could get down—and then right ahead in plain sight the prospect of disaster, ruin, bankruptcy, like breakers under the bow of a ship.

During these years, 1892, 1893 and 1894, Mark Twain rushed back and forward from Europe to America. He dashed across in June 1892; Paige and Webster recharged him with optimism, and in two weeks he was off again for Europe. *Pudd'nhead Wilson* was ready to be issued, and *The American Claimant* was already published; the hard times hit the sales (and in any case the book was not the real thing), but the house kept going. By April of 1893 Mark Twain was back in America, rushing to Chicago to see Paige, then in May, reassured, but devoured with anxiety, off to Genoa. That summer he was back again. The end was getting near.

One friend he found on the brink of his disaster—Henry H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company. The name of that corporation in those days had an evil sound, but to Mark Twain, H. H. Rogers was and remained one of the noblest men in the world. All his life Rogers had read and admired Mark Twain's works. He met him now and played for him the part that Mark Twain had played for General Grant. He gathered in his firm hands the tangled threads of the humorist's enterprises and unravelled the disorder; marked with the eye of business genius the assets that lay in the skein, ready to be rewoven. Then with his back against the wall he faced the creditors, who stood, some reluctant and some ravenous, ready to spring. But even Rogers could not prevent the inevitable. Mark Twain, back in France (May 1894), where his wife remained, returned to America.

Then came the crash. Charles L. Webster and Company went bankrupt on April 18, 1894. Rogers, acting for Mark Twain, got a settlement with the creditors at fifty cents on the dollar for the hundred thousand dollars of debt that carried the firm down. Mark Twain was ruined.

One needs to reflect for a moment to realize the extent of disaster. Mark Twain was almost sixty years old. He must begin all over again. He had thought himself affluent beyond the common lot. He had now nothing; less than nothing. He had supposed that henceforth he could use his pen as he would wish to, writing for writing's sake—about such things, for example, as the life of Joan of Arc, about which he had dreamed for years. He had thought himself done and finished for ever with lecturing; he must pick up that weary task where he had left it off. Old and tired and wearying already of the world, he must assume the mantle of youth, the mask of merriment. He must pretend to be Mark Twain.

Nothing in his life became him better than the way he faced his adversity. He would have nothing to do with the fifty cents on the

dollar; give him time, he would pay it all. When the news of his ruin reached the world there was at once talk of a national subscription to pay his debts. He would not hear of it; not while he could work; to people brought up to rough it on the frontier in the West, public charity was too much like the county poorhouse.

But the public sympathy counted for much. Letters and telegrams flowed in, cheques which he refused to take, but which touched his heart, and letters from some of the creditors waiving their claims indefinitely till he was ready to pay them. Most of all, from his wife, still in France, there came messages of love and encouragement; he wrote back with undaunted courage: "A burden has been lifted from me and I am blithe inside . . . except when I think of you, dear heart . . . for I seem to see you grieving and ashamed. There is temporary defeat, but no dishonour; we will march again."

Oddly enough, in one corner of his mind was one sunlit spot filled with hope. The machine! For even now Rogers, who knew everything, still thought it might work, and Paige was still perfecting it.

So within a few weeks Mark Twain was over again in France with his family, settled down at Étretat on the Normandy coast, filled with new hopes and busy at what he felt was the real work of his life, a presentation of the career of Joan of Arc. At Étretat and at Paris, while his business affairs were being straightened out, Paige continuing his perfecting, and the enthusiastic Major Pond organizing a world lecture tour, he completed his *Joan*—for which, perhaps, as a child of adversity, he had a greater affection than for any other of his books.

Authors are notoriously perverse creatures. They are apt to repudiate their noblest offspring; Conan Doyle hated to be always thought of as the author of *Sherlock Holmes;* he felt himself to be a historical novelist, and grew to hate Sherlock. Lord Macaulay thought himself a poet, and Sir Isaac Newton, very probably, imagined himself a humorist. So did Mark Twain turn from the roaring fun of *Roughing It* and the *Innocents* to cherish the sorrows of the martyred Joan.

*Joan of Arc* was finished in Paris in January 1895 (before the lecture tour started), and published as a serial in *Harper's* that year. The writer withheld his name, for fear that the signature of "Mark Twain" would give a false turn to the reader. The *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* were published as if a translation from an actual memoir written by the Sieur de Conte, a supposed contemporary and companion of the Maid of Orleans. But this thin pretence broke down. Such a literary secret could perhaps be kept in Shakespeare's time, but not in ours; and in any case the Sieur de Conte, when he philosophizes, talks rather like Nigger Jim. The leading critics and biographers have joined in ranking the book high. In its author's own opinion, expressed deliberately in writing, it is counted as his greatest work. When it came out as a book he dedicated it proudly to his wife "in grateful recognition of her twenty-five years of valued service as my literary adviser and editor." It seems presumption to express a contrary opinion. The actual story of Joan of Arc is of course a tragedy of the ages; no imaginable picture can surpass that of a beautiful and inspired girl, saving her country in arms, and dying in the flames of martyrdom. But because Joan is great it doesn't follow that Mark Twain's book about Joan is great. One very simple test of a book is whether people read it and whether they read it for its own sake; because they want to read it, or for some other reason, such as the vainglory of culture, the author's reputation, or by the attraction of the subject which the title professes to treat. Another excellent test of a book is whether the reader finishes it. It may be doubted by the sceptical whether the book *Joan of Arc* passes these tests. How many have said of it, "a sweet thing," "a beautiful thing," and left the beautiful thing unfinished. We recall how Mr. Pickwick listened to a story read out loud at Dingley Dell with his eyes closed as in an ecstasy of appreciation. No doubt he woke up at the end and said, "a sweet thing."

Those of us old enough to recall the appearance of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* and the *Yankee* and such, and the sheer joy of reading them without knowing or caring about critical judgment, cultural value and literary conversation, will remember that

there was no such thing with the *Joan of Arc* book. The comment of the plain reader was, "Hell! it isn't funny!" What he meant was, it isn't Mark Twain; of course, it wasn't meant to be. But unfortunately it is Mark Twain whenever it gets prosy. Mark Twain, in *Is Shakespeare Dead?*", has scoffed at those who try to write in the words and technique of a trade and calling which they do not know. He shows that Captain Marryat and Richard Dana could write like sailors because they *were* sailors, and Shakespeare couldn't because he wasn't. Mark Twain gets intense fun out of Shakespeare's *Tempest* storm, where the captain says, *"Fall to it, yarely, or we run ourselves to ground; bestir; bestir!"* And the boatswain answers, *"Heigh! my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare!"* "That will do for the present," says Mark, in comment, "let us yare a little now, for a change." But compare the author himself as the Sieur de Conte, when he says of the fighting outside of Orleans: *"We had a long tough piece of work before us, but we carried it through before night, Joan keeping us hard at it. . . . Everybody was tired out with this long day's hard work."* Picturesque, isn't it? But is this mediaeval hand-to-hand fighting or setting ten thousand ems of type? Pretty exhausting, evidently, this mediaeval combat. A man deserves his supper after it.

Shakespeare on the deck of a ship "has nothing on this."

What is more, all the Sieur de Conte's knights and squires seem somehow to come from Missouri or Illinois. He says that Catherine Boucher belonged to Orleans, France, yet somehow she seemed to suggest Keokuk, Iowa. Even Joan and her enemies and her judges sound like a book of quotations. In fine, Mark Twain should have been content to remain Mark Twain, if he could face the ignominy of being a "funny" writer and live it down.

He was under the impression that he had "spent twelve years of preparation on this book." But as the years from 1883 to 1895 saw also the writing of *Huckleberry Finn, A Connecticut Yankee, The American Claimant, Tom Sawyer Abroad, Pudd'nhead Wilson,* a great quantity of sketches published and otherwise, a vast series of lectures all over the map, two or three trips to Europe, social life in floods of hospitality, billiards night and day, and company without end—the researches into the Middle Ages could not have been so very exacting. Mark Twain, who had never been to college, had no notion of the long slow labour of a Gibbon, or the devoted hours of a college historian buried in book-dust, invisible for years. In flat contradiction of real authorities, let it be stated here that *Joan of Arc,* apart from the elevated subject, is about as good or as bad as dozens of historical romances written at the time, but never could have made a great reputation, nor sustained it. Mark Twain's *Joan* floats down the stream of time held up by the humble arms of *Huckleberry Finn* and *A Connecticut Yankee.*

But meantime, while *Joan* was running in *Harper's,* Mark Twain had sailed back to America, where Major Pond had already arranged his round-the-world lecture tour. It was to cover a western trip across America, then Australia, India, South Africa, and thence to England and home. Anyone who realizes how tired Mark Twain was of lecturing, of posing as a celebrity, of forcing new sayings and old jokes, may imagine with what weariness of soul he looked towards this prospect.

Yet he went at it bravely enough. He wrote to his young friend and admirer, Rudyard Kipling, to meet him in India, where he would arrive "riding on his Ayah," and then, like the man in the ballad, set his face towards the West. The chain of lectures was delivered in midsummer heat from Cleveland out to Vancouver. There he took ship (August 1895) for Australia, busy on board with his notes for the book that should recall the world trip. In Australia, lectures, receptions, honours; in India the same; in South Africa the same. Political opinions, nationalities, conflicts made no difference; for all the world he was Mark Twain; all the world knew and appreciated the nobility of his present purpose. He travelled the length and breadth of India; was entertained everywhere by officials, by rajahs, by society. He was in South Africa and saw Johannesburg and Pretoria just after the Jameson Raid, with the Uitlanders still in jail and the world still humming with speculation. Then back to England in July of

1896. There he expected to greet again his daughter Susie, who had stayed behind at college in America. But fate was not done with Mark Twain yet. Instead of the rapturous meeting there came the ominous news of illness, and then of his child's death (August 18, 1896).

The blow fell with cruel force. Beside this the financial disaster seemed as nothing. From this, and the successive bereavements that followed, Mark Twain never recovered.

But his work he bravely carried to completion. His world tour presently appeared as a book (1897) under the happy title, *Following the Equator*. There is no need to discuss its literary merit; of course it is not the *Innocents Abroad*. But the marvel is that under such circumstances the book was done so well. Such as it is, no one else could have done it. There is as ever the same instinct in finding what is interesting, and the same queer "innocence" of the eye that by looking at things crooked gets them straight. In the case of South Africa, the book is of still greater interest. Its comments, written as between the Jameson Raid of New Year 1895-96 and the War of October 1899, and written without a knowledge of the sequel of the things described, show an unusual insight. Take the calculation—Mark Twain, one recalls, was great on calculation—made as a sort of comic statistics—that at the usual rate of casualties as between Boers and Britons at Majuba and elsewhere, Dr. Jameson would have needed 240,000 men for his raid! This was meant to be as funny as the calculations of the saints and the mummies in the *Innocents Abroad*. In the light of the Boer War it is just a ghastly prophecy.

Mark Twain did not return to America with his book. He lingered on in Europe. He spent the first winter in London (1896-97); then moved about, spending a summer in Switzerland and two winters in Vienna (1897-98, 1898-99), with an Austrian country summer in between. In Austria he seems to have found a new fatherland, a second country—or, counting England, a third. In the Austrian capital especially he enjoyed a peculiar prestige. Mr. Paine tells us that his rooms at the Metropole Hotel were something like a court. Even on the street the people knew his striking figure and loved to honour him. "Herr Mark Twain" was one of the celebrities of Vienna. Better still, money was coming in again fast. His new industry did not flag. There were articles in *Harper's*, the *Cosmopolitan* and the *Century*. *Pudd'nhead Wilson* had been published in 1894 by his first publisher, the American Publishing Company. It was accompanied by *Tom Sawyer Abroad* and followed by *Tom Sawyer, Detective*. The cloud of debt was lifting. The horizon was clearing again. The "machine," indeed, had finally gone on the scrap-heap, but financially the turn of the tide had come.

But the days were saddened by new bereavements. To Vienna came the news of Orion's death (December 11, 1897). It was as if a part of Mark Twain's own life had gone. Then came the death of his old coloured butler George, a part of his Hartford home, whose loss added to the increasing loneliness. Worst of all, his little girl Jean, who had accompanied her father and mother on their wanderings, was developing an epileptic illness that struck fear into her parents' hearts.

The family left Vienna and went to London for special treatment for Jean, and from there, on the same quest, to Sweden for the summer. It was partly Jean's illness, and partly ailments of his own, that turned Mark Twain's mind to thoughts of medicine, to osteopathy, to mental treatment by Christian Science and to the bypaths and mysteries of the healing art. For a time he took a terrific interest in a new food—some sort of harmless mess of concentrated milk which he wished to see the whole world adopt. For anyone brought up in the West, the patent medicine habit dies hard. The last days of the European sojourn were spent in London, and the last summer at a charming country house (Dollis Hill House) in the suburbs. The English had long since ceased to harbour any resentment for *A Connecticut Yankee*. The life in London was one continual offer of honours and entertainments. But he longed for home. Then at last, the exile ended, he could set his feet on the home trail. With his daughter's health improved, if not restored, with the burden of debt cleared and paid, dollar for dollar, Mark Twain in the autumn of 1900 said farewell to the tumults and tyrannies of be-

knighted Europe and stepped again into the free atmosphere of America (in a New York Customs House) on October 15, 1900.

He was back home. His work was done.

His "career" was ended.

## VIII. THE EVENING OF A LONG DAY, 1900-1910

Mark Twain's return to America in the autumn of 1900, with the cloud of debt lifted and ease and affluence assured, may be said to mark the end of his active career. His work was done. There was no further need for him to seek celebrity; the national reception which greeted him on his return, the affection which surrounded him, the legend which had grown about his personality, these things could be brought to no higher point. Moreover, he was sixty-five years old. His literary work was done. The rest of his life—for he lived for nearly ten years more—was only an epilogue. It was a long evening after the day's work.

Even now he did not settle down to a single place and home. He established himself first in a furnished house (14 West Tenth Street) in New York. But in the last ten years of his life, as between the ages of sixty-five and seventy-four, Mark Twain moved about more and lived in more homes than most people do in their whole lifetime. The migratory habit had become a part of his existence. The mere enumeration of his continued change of place is staggering to sedentary people of a fixed abode. In the summer after his return (that of 1901) he and his family occupied a "cabin" on Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, with a trip to Elmira and a yachting cruise from New England to Nova Scotia with Henry Rogers. There followed a winter (1901-2) in a new home at Riverdale, a Hudson River suburb of New York. In the summer following there came a trip to the West to pick up a degree at Missouri, with five days at Hannibal, and then a summer residence at York Harbor, Maine. There was a second winter at Riverdale (1902-3), and then a summer, the last one, at Elmira. The Hartford house had been sold; that home and its associations were gone for ever. The next winter there was a new European tour for the sake of Mrs. Clemens's failing health. It was spent at Florence, and there on the fifth of June 1904 the deepest of all shadows fell over Mark Twain's life, with the loss of his first and last love.

Henceforth, he still had his daughters, Jean almost to the end, and Clara, alone of the family to survive him. After the homecoming to America they lived out the summer in a cottage at Tyrringham, and the winter following in New York City, at 21 Fifth Avenue. The next summer was spent in the village of Dublin in New Hampshire, and again a winter in New York, with a second summer (1906) at Dublin. But the winter following saw a trip to Bermuda, and the summer after that—contrary to all Mark Twain's own expectations—a new voyage across the Atlantic. He had thought that nothing could again induce him to cross the sea. But the award of the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature by the University of Oxford could not be refused. With the degree went entertainment and honours in London—the final and crowning proof of England's admiration and affection for the great American.

After his return home there came another trip to Bermuda, and then, in June 1908, the entry into a new and specially built home at Redding—a beautiful country place for which Mark Twain had given general directions—especially for billiards—but which he never saw until he moved in. The place presently acquired the name of "Stormfield," after his latest character in fiction. The next winter saw another visit to Bermuda, from which he returned in April of the ensuing year to Stormfield, where he died on April 21, 1910.

It would be without purpose to indicate in detail all the varied happenings of these last ten years. There were occasions of special honour, such as the granting of degrees from Yale and from Missouri, the great dinner in New York in 1902, for Mark Twain's sixty-seventh birthday, and the famous banquet given by the Lotos Club in 1908 after his return from the crowning honours of Oxford. One such special occasion was the final and farewell lecture given in Carnegie Hall, New York, April 6, 1906, for a public charity, a *nunc dimittis* after a long servitude.

Nor is it of much use to deal at full length with all the varied and random writing of the last ten years, a part of it reserved for publication till after the writer's death. The truth

is that what Mark Twain wrote after 1900 is chiefly interesting because Mark Twain wrote it. Yet even to this there are brilliant exceptions.

Students of Mark Twain's work will be inclined to agree that it can be divided into various categories. There is a part of it which represents The Great Humorist, drawing our spontaneous laughter from the contrasts, the follies, and the incongruity of life. Here the casts of thought and the form of the words vie in excellence. The form of thought consists in bringing to bear an absolutely open and "innocent" point of view on things already valued and prejudged and showing them as they are. The form of words consists in making terms and phrases take on a new and sudden meaning, obvious when found, but findable only by the same process of "innocent" application. For both these things—the power of vision and the innocence of expression—Mark Twain has never been surpassed. The works that bear this stamp fully indented and fall into this class are preeminently the ones indicated in an earlier chapter—*Life on the Mississippi, Roughing It, The Innocents Abroad, Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn,* and the *Yankee.* This is all that Mark Twain ever need have written.

Alongside of these are works intended to be in the same strain, but failing in their aim—such as *Pudd'nhead Wilson, The American Claimant, Tom Sawyer Abroad. The Gilded Age* is a mixed product, to place where one will. Close to these are the vast gargantuan burlesques planned but not finished, such as the huge *Noah's Ark* that was to have been, and a lot of fragmentary sketches. It was always possible with Mark Twain for prolixity to destroy excellence, for exaggerations to reach the point of being meaningless.

Quite different are the stories in which Mark Twain laid aside the cap and bells of the humorist to assume, in whole or in part, the character of the romantic novelist. These are *The Prince and the Pauper* and, more than anything, *Joan of Arc. De gustibus non est disputandum,* but it may be humbly suggested that the praise awarded by the cultured to these books was not accompanied by the enjoyment of the uncultured public.

But quite different from all such work was what Mark Twain wrote not as humour but as invective, not as amusement but as denunciation, not for writing's sake but for the sake of a public cause, a public idea, for liberty, for humanity. Here he only used his matchless power of phrase, his matchless touch of humour—as a weapon to destroy, a hammer to drive home a blow.

Such illumination as was shed from his old age was exactly in this field: the denunciation of war and conquest, of England in South Africa, of Europe in China, of his own republic in the Philippines; the discussion, pointed and controversial, but not altogether hostile, of the power and meaning of Christian Science; the discussion, brilliant in spite of prolixity, of who was Shakespeare; and, most of all, the discussion of heaven and hell, of God and the devil, of man and immortality, in terms not known in the Sunday School at Hannibal, Missouri, in 1850.

In such work as this, after humour for its own sake was gone, and romance had simmered into sentimentality, Mark Twain was still a master.

One pauses a moment to consider some of it.

On Shakespeare one must not linger. The ashes of controversy fan too soon into a flame. But in the opinion of many unqualified people Mark Twain's *Is Shakespeare Dead?* is the best piece of Shakespearian criticism ever attempted. He proves conclusively that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare.

But his writings on peace and war, conquest and imperialism, merit a longer mention.

It was just in this closing period of Mark Twain's life, just at the turn of the century, that the "imperialism" of the white race, gathering for a generation, reached its culmination. These were the days of the "white man's burden," of the partition of Africa, the "opening-up" of China, and the "strangling" of Persia. There was the South African War, the European armed force in China; there was "red rubber" on the Amazon and on the Congo, and there was the American occupation of the Philippine Islands. It is impossible here to discuss the good and bad of this movement. Some of the best people in the world were in favour of it; and some of the best against it. Perhaps it was destiny, perhaps

it wasn't. In any case, it is long since replaced by vast upheavals of nations and of classes that have destroyed the world in which it stood. The white man has burdens of his own now.

But at the time, to many of the outgoing generation, especially in America, the whole thing seemed, as it did to Mark Twain, a reversion to barbarism, the substitution of brute force for justice, of slavery for liberty.

There was the Boer War. Mark Twain himself had written (in *Following the Equator*) of rights and wrongs in South Africa, and had stated with great emphasis the case of the Uitlanders against the Kruger government. But the spectacle of the two little republics being overwhelmed by the sheer brute power of an associated Empire, fighting overmatched but without surrender, was more than he could stand. He could not, he the Mark Twain of the legend and the corn-cob pipe, speak out. Yet it was hard for him to be silent. He told his friends that he was writing bitter articles "in his head" about it. He did write at least one article, meaning to publish it, unsigned, in the London *Times*. But he withdrew it. He could not face the storm of obloquy and denunciation that would have replaced the affection of a nation. He tried to persuade himself. "Even if wrong—and she is wrong—England must be upheld." So he wrote to Howells, "he is an enemy of the human race who shall speak against her now." This is bunk, and he knew it.

His feelings were similar towards the Philippines conquest. Mark Twain was an American of the older covenant for whom the Monroe Doctrine worked both ways. "Apparently," so he wrote, but not for publication, "we are not proposing to set the Filipinos free and give their islands to them; and apparently we are not proposing to hang the priests and confiscate their property. If these things are so, the war out there has no interest for me."

Of China and the Boxers and the missionaries and so forth, Mark Twain could speak more freely. He had nothing but admiration for the labours of the real missionary, facing poverty, hardship, exile and barbarous death to extend God's Kingdom on earth. But for the other kind of missionary, living in comfort, accompanied by gunboats and protected by punitive expeditions—the advance guard of European rapacity—he had nothing but horror and contempt. Those who share his feelings may read with joy and comfort the fierce invective of the article *To the Person Sitting in Darkness,* published by the *North American* in February 1901, and since included in his book.

As with the missionaries, so—and much more so—with King Leopold and the Congo. See the pamphlet, *King Leopold's Soliloquy,* written by Mark Twain and circulated by the Congo Reform Association. Official Belgium now undertakes the augean task of whitewashing the former king. We may therefore be content with quoting, without comment, what Mark Twain wrote as a proposed epitaph for the King of the Belgians. "Here under this gilded tomb lies rotting the body of one the smell of whose name may still offend the nostrils of men ages upon ages after all the Caesars and Washingtons and Napoleons shall have ceased to be praised or blamed and been forgotten—Leopold of Belgium."

It is a sweet thought, nicely expressed.

For the present purpose bygone sins and dead-and-gone issues do not count. But the point is that in reading these invectives against injustice one is in contact with Mark Twain as vitally as in reading the smiling pages of the *Innocents Abroad.*

An interesting side-issue is found in Mark Twain's queer obsession with Christian Science. On this he wrote various articles (in the *Cosmopolitan* and the *North American,* 1899-1903), and ended by wasting a whole book on it. He had taken it into his head that Christian Science was about to envelop the world; that it was going to get all the money and all the world there is—over-ride all political parties, churches, corporations and governments, and dominate mankind.

Quite evidently Mark Twain didn't know what he himself thought about Christian Science. He was fascinated with its mental healing, with its dismissal of pain. But he denounced Mrs. Eddy as a liar and a humbug, who didn't write her own books because she couldn't. Mark Twain's whole attitude was a sort of obsession. He could not see that

Christian Science would come and go, like all other cults and creeds—lose its first hard outline, its combative enthusiasm, and become—respectable; in other words, just a way of "going to church," which is for many people an instinct and a necessity. "Christian Scientists" who call in doctors become like Methodists who dance and Presbyterians who don't go to hell. Mark Twain needn't have worried. His book, *Christian Science* (1907), sounds now like attacking a grass-bird with a cannon.

But chief in interest in all of these later writings are the ones that are meant to deal with fundamental issues of God and man, heaven and hell, the Bible and the sinner. Here, for example, is *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven.* It relates, on a vast cosmic scale, of size and space and number, how Captain Stormfield—a sea-captain character lifted out of one of Mark Twain's California voyages—was taken up to heaven and what he saw. It is meant to show that people couldn't *really* play the harp all day. They'd get sick of it. They couldn't really sit and wear golden crowns all day. They'd get bored with it. Such a book from the point of view of the Hannibal Sunday School class of 1850 would be bold and wicked beyond words, fascinating indeed, but apt to land the reader in hell. To the ordinary reader of today it is as pointless as it is prosy. Perhaps a divinity student might find it an amusing skit.

In other words, Mark Twain was like Don Quixote tilting against windmills. He had been brought up amongst simple frontier people, slaves, western desperadoes and bad men. None of these people ever question the Scripture. All are willing to admit that the world was made in six days, or less, that Joshua stopped the sun, and that the proof of the existence of miracles is that one happened last year in Wyoming.

In *Captain Stormfield* and *What Is Man?* (1906) and in *The Mysterious Stranger,* published after his death, Mark Twain is attacking forms of literalism long since passed away among people of any enlightenment. Mark Twain could never forgive the "God of the Bible" for his cruelty to man, his eternal sentence to hell, his creation of pain and sorrow that man might suffer.

But if no such God ever existed, why worry about him?

Such thoughts and such angers Mark Twain carried in his intimate mind all his life. He wrote them into notes, into scraps, into odd fancies in his books. When Huck Finn says, "All right, I'll *go to hell,*" that is Mark Twain defying God. Some of this writing was published in his lifetime, some printed privately (like *What Is Man?*), and some had to wait till the loving censorship that held it back was gone. And some of it he laid aside to be published after his death, when no one could "get after" him.

That time was approaching.

Mark Twain had gone to Bermuda in the autumn of 1909, but, with characteristic restlessness, sailed home again to spend the Christmas holidays with Jean, who had stayed home at Stormfield. Clara, the other daughter, whose voice and whose musical talent were the delight of her father, had married, had become Mrs. Gabrilowitch, and was abroad. There was only Jean.

On the day before Christmas, in the midst of her busy and loving preparation of the Christmas tree, Jean was suddenly stricken dead. On Christmas night her body was carried away to be buried beside her mother at Elmira. "From my windows," wrote her father, "I saw the hearse and the carriages wind along the road and gradually grow vague and spectral in the falling snow, and presently disappear. Jean had gone out of my life and would not come back any more."

Next day there was a great storm of driving snow. He looked out on it. "They are burying her now at Elmira," he said. "Jean always loved to see a storm like this." For Mark Twain this was the end.

He had not long to wait. In January of 1910 he went back to Bermuda, writing home cheerfully enough to Howells and the Mr. Paine who had for years past been preparing his biography, and to his daughter Clara. But he was a stricken man. There was trouble with his heart and he had lost the will to live. Each of us, it seems, lives, as apart from accidents, as long as we want to, but the time comes when we don't want to. So it was with Mark Twain. When the time came to leave Ber-

muda he was failing rapidly. They carried him on board the ship and so, two days later, to the shore, and then on by train and carriage to Stormfield. He gathered strength to step from the carriage across the threshold, and from there Paine and others carried him upstairs to his bed. This was on April 14. Meantime his daughter Clara was hurrying home, arriving a day or so after they brought her father there. The end came, just with the sunset, on the evening of April 21, 1910. His last words were, "Good-bye," and then, "if we meet—" and then silence. Mark Twain was gone.

His body was buried at Elmira beside the graves of his wife and daughter.

## *Dixon Wecter*

# OLD HICKORY

*Dixon Wecter (1906-1950), professor, editor, and writer, was born in Houston, Texas. He attended Baylor University, Yale, and Oxford, and went on to teach English and history in several American colleges. At the time of his death he was Margaret Byrne Professor of History at the University of California at Los Angeles and the literary executor of the Mark Twain estate. He is the author of* The Saga of American Society, *1937;* Edmund Burke and His Kinsmen, *1939;* The Hero in America, *1941;* When Johnny Comes Marching Home, *1944;* Report from Paradise, *1949; and* The Love Letters of Mark Twain, *1950.*

*Mr. Wecter has done much to popularize American history by his authoritative yet informal manner of writing and by the illuminating detail with which he enlivens his historical sketches. In* The Hero in America, *from which "Old Hickory" is taken, he has written of the great personalities who have become American heroes. Old Hickory is among those American stalwarts "who," according to Wecter, "stand somehow for the essence of our faith, whose birthplace and graves we make into shrines, and whose faces we carve upon mountains as our American way of writing epic poetry."*

"It is very difficult to electioneer successfully against Genl Jackson—his character and his services are of the kind which *alone* the people can appreciate and feel—one cup of generous whiskey produces more military ardor than can be allayed in a month of reflection and sober reason."—John Owen to Bartlett Yancy, 21 July 1824, North Carolina Historical Society MS.

Andrew Jackson is probably the only President of the United States who did not believe that the earth is round.[1] Fastidious men winced at the spectacle of this raw-boned Southwesterner in the White House, who admitted stable-boys, laborers in shirt-sleeves, and Negroes to his levees. Fortunately, they said, his wife who smoked a corncob pipe had been translated to a better world before she could become First Lady of the Land. But a man with his horse-racing, cock-fighting, pistol-dueling antecedents could not help attracting all the riffraff of the country. Emerson once remarked that if he ever found himself loving life unduly he would attend a caucus of Jackson men: "I doubt not the unmixed malignity, the withering selfishness, the impudent vulgarity, that mark those meetings would speedily cure me of my appetite for longevity." [2] To Philip Hone, silk-stocking mayor of New York, he was "this terrible old man." Yet no President of the United States, from George Washington to Franklin D. Roosevelt, has inspired while in office the intense personal popularity of Andrew Jackson or seen that acclaim swell so vastly while he was in power. In 1824 Jackson obtained the highest popular vote for President, although he failed to secure office when the electors fell to bargaining. Four years later he was swept into the White House—after a great cry of "Shall Congress or the People elect our President?" had rebuked the caucus system—by a vote four times as great as that of 1824.[3] And in 1832 his majority was even larger—so overwhelming that the editor of the anti-Jackson *Vermont Journal* confessed he had "no heart to publish election returns." [4] One of his opponents, William Wirt, wrote disconsolately: "My opinion is that he may be President for life if he chooses." [5]

[1] The footnote for this reference and for the others in this selection appear on pp. 278-279.

OLD HICKORY: Reprinted from *The Hero in America* by Dixon Wecter; copyright, 1941, by Charles Scribner's Sons; used by permission of the publishers.

Jackson was widely known, as no other President has been, by the simple title of "the Hero." The reasons for his glory are equally simple. Better than Washington or Jefferson, this battered old soldier—with his blazing blue eyes, sunken cheeks, and shock of white mane, his courage and his stubbornness, his rages and his tenderness—was the essence of Americanism. He was the kind of man whom the majority of Americans in his day imagined themselves to be—the magnification of a type which could not fancy itself, in its most expansive moods, as a Washington or a Jefferson. He never left the continent of North America; he never set foot on foreign soil except to conquer it, as in the Seminole episode in Spanish Florida.

Whether, in 1767, he was born in South or in North Carolina, is an old and bitter feud. His birthplace was somewhere in the Waxhaws, on the border of those two states—before their governors met to run the clearer dividing-line and to occasion the legendary remark, "It's a long time between drinks." Less amenity has entered into their rival claims over Jackson. In 1910 the North Carolina D.A.R. erected a stone monument in Union County, about three quarters of a mile from the state line, to mark the historic spot, and placed a sign-board on the highway: "Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States: Birthplace three hundred yards east of this place." A traveller who follows this road into South Carolina will come upon another marker: "Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States: Birthplace one hundred yards west of this place." These signs have been torn down by stealth, and replaced with tenacity, by partisans in recent years.[6] All through the controversy Tennessee newspapers have observed, with calm detachment, that of course Jackson really belongs to the state of his choice.[7]

Jackson, as a boy of fifteen, captured in a round-up of local militia, refused to black the boots of a British dragoon and was gashed with the officer's sword. The story admits no dispute. It is told in all the campaign biographies of Jackson's day, and in most schoolbooks of later times. When in 1834 a Congressman branded the story as false, Jackson roared "The damned infernal scoundrel," and demanded that any skeptic feel the scar on his forehead.[8] Anti-Jacksonians who grew tired of hearing about the episode could only point out, as one pamphleteer did, that any American boy would have done the same![9] Writers perhaps more sentimental than reliable have given us vignettes of young Andrew at his mother's death-bed, reporting how long afterwards, following the Battle of New Orleans, he said that all that he was he owed to her.[10] Other legends—which at least comport with the later Jackson—tell us that he "was the most roaring, rollicking, game-cocking, horse-racing, card-playing, mischievous fellow that ever lived in Salisbury." A few speak of mulatto mistresses, and of his inviting the only two white prostitutes in town to a Christmas ball, by way of fun.[11] In later years "the youthful indiscretions of General Jackson between the ages of sixteen and sixty" were often dished up to the public, but to the surprise of some New England Whigs it was found that the South and West admired him for them. (In appraising heroes, the North looked first to their morals and religion; the South to their financial honor and freedom from self-interest.)

After a casual apprenticeship to the law young Jackson packed his saddle-bags and set out for the new land of Tennessee—arriving, according to tradition, with two fine horses, gun, pistol, and fox-hounds. It became his standard equipment. Neither books nor wardrobe ever meant much in Jackson's life; of scholarship or dandyism he was never accused. But, eager to acquire status as a frontier gentleman, he fought his first duel not with fists but with pistols. In Nashville he courted the daughter of his landlady Mrs. Donelson, a family whose social rank helped him in getting on. However, nobody could deny that he married Rachel for aught save love. The passing years, none too kind to Rachel's dumpy figure, left her undimmed in Jackson's romantic eyes. The public knew little of Jackson's stiff buckram chivalry or his unexpected vein of tenderness. But it sensed that he loved children—adopting eleven, after his marriage proved childless, and in the White House once postponing a council of state until a grandniece in his arms finished her nap—and that he was a family man. This was just as it

should be. The public also knew that Jackson was ready to fight any man, anywhere, for "the sacred name of a lady." Through a misunderstanding of technicalities, he had married Rachel two years before her legal divorce from her first unhappy union, with one Captain Lewis Robards. When Robards professed to be aggrieved, Jackson threatened to cut off his ears and ran his thumb judiciously along the blade of his hunting-knife. In 1803, when Jackson's political foe "Nolichucky Jack" Sevier taunted him with "taking a trip to Natchez with another man's wife," Jackson stiffened with flashing eyes. "Great God! Do you mention *her* sacred name?" and he lunged at Sevier with his walking-stick. When friends parted them, Jackson sent him a blistering challenge. The duel ended with Governor Sevier hiding behind a tree to escape Jackson's bullet.[12] Three years later, in a duel which every Tennessee schoolboy still knows, Jackson killed a fellow-lawyer, Charles Dickinson, for a similar insult. After Jackson became a national figure, Whig pamphleteers and editors never tired of allusions to "a convicted adulteress and her paramour husband." Jackson's friends assured him that a prospective President could afford to fight no more duels, or add to the two bullets which he then carried in his gaunt physique. "How hard it is to keep the cowhide from these villains!" he boiled.[13] To voters at large the cry of "bigamy" did Jackson little harm. The motive was felt to be political cowardice and spite. A manuscript letter in the Massachusetts Historical Society, from Edward Everett to C. Foote of Charlestown, June 4, 1836, comments, in the old milieu of Puritanism:

> I will not undertake to say that public sentiment is so corrupt that *no* exposure of private immorality will ever hurt a candidate, but the case must be rare & peculiar. Gen[l] Jackson was benefitted not injured by the exposure of the abduction of his wife & his connection with her before marriage. Such men as Gen[l] Hayne having wives & children got up in public meetings & pronounced eulogiums on Mrs. Jackson. The business of Mrs. Eaton injured neither Gen[l] Jackson nor Mr. Van Buren but it crushed Calhoun &c who tried to make it the instrument of subverting the administration.

The Eaton episode—centering about the less worthy wife of a Cabinet officer, whose snubbing, as a scarlet woman, by the respectability of Washington caused Jackson to espouse her cause, and insist in Cabinet meeting "She is chaste as a virgin!"—caused an instant projection of Jackson's sympathy. He saw in her a second Rachel. To this rough border captain, all womanhood—outside the bordellos which he had long forgotten—was sacred. Many ladies thought that he had gone too far in championing voluptuous Peggy Eaton. But they had not yet been given the ballot. Hence their social taboo was politically unimportant.

Jackson's rise to fame and power came along the frontier. He gained judicial and military offices in a land where men of ability, and even modest education, were few. His business ethics were rough and ready. His "extremely equivocal" land speculations led even to an investigation before the United States Senate.[14] But that circumstance was largely overlooked, in later years, by the searchers after discreditable facts who eagerly seized upon his voting, as a fledgling Congressman in December, 1796, against a tribute of thanks to retiring President Washington. Jackson evidently thought Washington rather too pro-British, and too highfalutin' by frontier standards; but "this expression of his dislike to the father of his country" was never forgotten by Federalist propaganda.[15] In 1797 Jackson served briefly in the Senate, and then quitted Federal politics for many a year. In 1802 he was elected major-general of the Tennessee militia, by the narrow margin of one vote. Four years later he seemed to fraternize with Aaron Burr—another mistake of which his later foes made great capital—but when the "treason" became clear, hastily denounced it.

II

Jackson probably would never have become a national hero, or presidential timber, without the War of 1812. But in March of that memorable year he issued a call for 50,000 volunteers: "The period of youth is the season for martial exploits . . . how pleasing the prospect . . . to . . . promenade into a distant country. . . . To view the stupendous works of nature . . . Niagra [*sic*] . . . Mont-

morenci . . . carrying the republican standard to the heights of abraham." [16] He was a stern soldier, whom the perils of Indian warfare, wretched food, and dysentery did not daunt. Upon privations he throve, and with pride his men began to say that he was "tough as hickory." Shortly he came to be known as "Old Hickory." [17] After his victories over the Indians—made more glorious by the inefficient mediocrity with which the war at large was being waged—Jackson's good friend Judge Overton wrote to him: "I can but imperfectly communicate to you the feeling of the people. Your standing . . . is as high as any man in America." [18] But this was chiefly the judgment of Tennessee and of Nashville, where crowds lined the road to welcome the returning hero, and at a banquet gave him the first of many ceremonial swords which still deck the walls of the Hermitage. Jackson did not become America's idol, clearly and indisputably, until after he had whipped Pakenham and the red-coats at New Orleans on January 8, 1815. To military strategists this victory seems comparatively easy; all the advantage of terrain, and the knowledge thereof, belonged to Jackson; but his masterful leadership, in moulding an army out of wild frontiersmen, rowdy adventurers, lately converted pirates led by Lafitte, was the greater triumph. Some say the Battle of New Orleans was "unnecessary" because, unknown to Jackson and Pakenham, the Treaty of Ghent had already been signed to end the war. New England never liked the War of 1812, and the Massachusetts Legislature, piously thanking the Lord for its successful termination at New Orleans, made no mention of General Jackson. Hence, when the textbooks came to be written, the glory of Jackson's achievement was often belittled. After generations of chafing under this prejudice the Legislature of Tennessee in 1927 appointed a "Commission of Research as to the True Value of the Victory at New Orleans." Such stout Jacksonians as Reau E. Folk and Claude G. Bowers undertook to do right by Old Hickory. At length, in Nashville in 1935, they published *The Battle of New Orleans: Its Real Meaning. Exposure of Untruth Being Taught Young America.* It was there asserted that without Jackson's brilliant victory the British, upon capturing the city, would have laid permanent claim to it under their old refusal to admit the validity of the Louisiana Purchase. "The thin red line" which Jackson shattered might therefore have strangled the queen city of the Mississippi, and nullified the Treaty of Ghent, which was yet lacking ratification. This, then, is the true gospel in Tennessee—a state where orthodoxy is still an important touchstone of truth.

The populace of New Orleans then and later accepted Jackson in his full glory. On January 22, following the victory, he was crowned with laurel before the Cathedral door —while little girls in white, silver stars on their foreheads, strewed flowers in his path, and the great organ within thundered the "Te Deum." [19] A song honoring Jackson, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," mingled with the stately liturgy. Rachel came down from Nashville to share the triumph, to dine upon "a gold ham" and dance with her haggard husband—among the kindly Creole aristocracy—"to the wild melody of *Possum up de Gum Tree.*" Only Judge Dominick Hall, sour and unpopular, fined Jackson $1000 for his highhanded dealings under martial law. The crowd subscribed a purse to pay the fine, but Jackson waved it aside. The only solace they had was that of unhitching Jackson's horses and dragging his carriage amid lusty cheers from the court to the Exchange Coffee House —where Jackson made a short speech favoring "obedience to the laws, even when we think them unjustly applied." [20] Many years later the fine was remitted, when the capital plus interest proved a godsend to an impoverished ex-President. But his arbitrary behavior, in the days following the great victory, rose up in later years when politicians tried to convince the electorate he was a cruel tyrant. In 1828 the famous "Coffin Handbill" showed the six black coffins of the militiamen whom, in January, 1815, Jackson had ordered shot for desertion. It was said that one poor fellow did not suffer instant death from the fusillade of the firing-squad, but writhed in agony upon the coffin where he had knelt. Another broadside, published in James City County, Virginia, in 1828, called Jackson "a man who is guilty of ADULTERY, ASSASSINATION, and MURDER." Impartial people admitted that

Jackson was the sternest commander whom American irregulars had had since the days of Steuben, but hardly the ogre of the Whigs. Jacksonites attempted to laugh it off by Taliaferro's "Supplement to the Coffin Handbill," which informed "the gentle reader that this monster, this more than cannibal, Gen. Jackson, eat the whole Six Militia-men at one meal!!! Yes, my shuddering countrymen, he swallowed them whole, coffins and all, without the slightest attempt at mastication." Years later, Harriet Martineau told of a New England Sunday-school teacher who had asked the name of the slayer of Abel. "General Jackson," said a pupil.[21]

Congress voted Jackson a gold medal upon hearing the tidings of New Orleans. But so little was he known to the country at large, that the War Department had to write for a portrait before it could proceed with the design.[22] The epoch when Ralph Earl, an itinerant painter, was to settle at the Hermitage and at the White House for seventeen years—doing almost nothing save portraits of the General, to meet popular demand—was yet to come. Now the nation asked, who was Andrew Jackson? One Kentuckian wagered "a considerable sum" he was an Irishman; an Eastern newspaper informed its readers that he was a native of Devonshire.[23] A correspondent named Andrew Barratt wrote to ask if Old Hickory were not a relative of his, because his father's half-sister had "married a Mr. Jackson." He would like to claim kinship with such "a brave man" and "a hughmain [*sic*] man." [24] Apparently he was not daunted by the six coffins. In the autumn of 1815 various friends of the General wrote him that in Ohio, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and Virginia "many . . . are solicitous that you should become a candidate for the next President." [25] The greatest general of the Revolution had been honored with that office; to some it seemed that the chief hero of the War of 1812 should follow in his steps. But Jackson himself, an admirer of James Monroe and grateful for Monroe's support at New Orleans, had no wish to press his claims at this season. As late as 1821 Jackson thrust aside a New York editorial, hinting at the still premature boom: "Do they think I am such a damned fool! No sir; I know what I am fit for. I can command a body of men in a rough way; but I am not fit to be President." [26] His reluctance, though said with uncommon bluntness, was in the approved American tradition. But he became riled by talk—begun by Henry Clay in 1819 after Jackson's hot-blooded conduct of the Seminole War, and amplified through the next five years by Clay men—that Old Hickory was purely a "military chieftain" itching for dictatorship. Jackson was finally driven to want the Presidency to show that he could fill it, and confute his enemies. The dilemma was not unlike that of Jefferson at bay before the Federalists. That opposition made these men into Presidents one cannot doubt.

Yet Jackson, for all his homespun qualities, had to make an about-face before he could become the people's candidate. In Tennessee he was a landowner and a "hard money" man, who in earlier days had represented the nabobs of the frontier against the leather-shirts of John Sevier. As early as 1815 he had held a few shares in the Nashville branch of the United States Bank. Up to about 1824 he tended to favor that bank as a bulwark against wildcat financing and printing-press currency, for which debtors and ne'er-do-wells were clamoring. But the proletarian movement, and growing hard times, converted Jackson in spite of himself. With apparent sincerity he began to hate the moneyed interests of the East, and soon his geographical loyalties inspired economic ones. He decided that democracy was a higher desideratum than "sound money." The spirit of the masses had captured Jackson and made him its mouthpiece. In April, 1824, for the first time, Jackson began to talk about "a moneyed aristocracy dangerous to the liberties of the country." [27] It was foregone that the West should become the new home of democracy, rather than the settled and urban East. As William Graham Sumner once observed, "When the earth is under-populated and there is an economic demand for men, democracy is inevitable." [28]

Soon it was forgotten that Jackson's attitude upon economic issues had ever been ultraconservative, and his boom as the people's candidate grew apace. All loyal Tennesseans, who best knew his change of front, were glad to cheer for a local son; those outside the state

recalled only that for many years he had been known as a picturesque Indian fighter, frontiersman, and great general. With almost no censure for inconsistency, from a border conservative he thus evolved into a national liberal—reversing, as has been remarked, the career of Patrick Henry as youthful firebrand and later reactionary.[29] Needless to say, Jackson's was the course which endeared a man to the people.

A few churchmen were disturbed because Jackson swore copiously "By the Eternal." [30] Others had passing qualms over his horse-racing and cock-fighting and duelling. Jacksonians replied that his duelling days were over, and as for racing, Old Hickory himself was "the war-horse who . . . has won many a glorious purse for his country, and is not to be driven from the course by the shouts of defeat from the jockies in Washington." [31] A few hostile editors criticized Jackson in the late fall of 1824, as senator-elect, for setting out with his family for Washington in a morocco-lined carriage behind four blooded horses. Friends retorted that this equipage was taken for the sake of Mrs. Jackson's comfort, and not to put on airs.[32] Enemies regretted that the great military fervor created by the visit of Lafayette in 1824 "inflamed militia companies" and added to the applause for America's greatest living martial hero, the victor of New Orleans.[33] It was reported that Pennsylvania militiamen in the winter of 1825 talked of laying siege to the city of Washington if their beloved idol were done out of the Presidency by politicians.[34] Everybody knew that Lafayette, calling at the Hermitage, had recognized a pair of pistols he had given General Washington and said he rejoiced that they were still in worthy hands.[35] These military men understood each other.

Jackson did not cheapen himself with campaigning. In March, 1824, he wrote to a friend: "I have no doubt if I was to travel to Boston where I have been invited that would insure my election. But this I cannot do. I would feel degraded the balance of my life." [36] Not even to woo cold New England would this Democrat bestir himself. It was not unlike Thomas Jefferson's attitude two decades before. Jackson gallantly accepted his defeat by the Adams-Clay coalition in the winter of 1825, although, as the bargaining nature of the transaction dawned upon him, he and thousands of Jacksonians seethed with suppressed rage. Jackson quietly returned home, advised by John Henry Eaton to "say nothing and plant cotton." "Having lost many of my teeth" to the damage of his articulation, Jackson declined even to address a Bible society; adding that he might be charged with electioneering "under the sacred garb of religion." [37] For the time being he remained quiescent. He knew that no election bonfires blazed for John Quincy Adams, and that only the rainy weather had kept Jacksonians in Washington from burning Mr. Adams in effigy. Adams, with his sterling ability and a core of stubborn integrity—despite his "corrupt" election—would never be a hero. He had never fought either battle or duel, and as a British traveller complained, "Mr. Adams seems to have no reserve or mystery." [38] As a token of John Quincy Adams, one thinks of the time when as President of the United States he went swimming in the Potomac, and some rude boys "amused themselves with laughing at his bald head as it poppled up and down in the water, and, as they drew nearer, threatened to crack open his round pate if he came nigh them"—until the President had to "seek a more retired bathing-place." [39] If the bather had been Old Hickory, instinct no doubt might have warned the scamps that they would be thrashed within an inch of their lives.

Some truly felt that Jackson was too much the military tyrant for a nation's head. John Quincy Adams himself had suggested the old soldier for Vice-President, "a station in which the General could hang no one." [40] After Jefferson's death in 1826 it was reported that the master of Monticello had looked upon Jackson with misgivings. Daniel Webster said Jefferson had told him: "I feel much alarmed at the prospect of seeing General Jackson President. He is one of the most unfit men I know of for such a place. He has had very little respect for laws or constitutions and is, in fact, an able military chieftain. His passions are terrible." [41] Jefferson never liked soldiers, and to a man of Webster's known opinions, in the privacy of Monticello over a social glass,

Jefferson had spoken his mind with perhaps a touch of over-emphasis. A pro-Jackson pamphlet of 1828 resented a garbled version of this opinion:

> Scarcely had the venerated remains of Jefferson been consigned to the tomb, ere the coalition thought of the expedient of fabricating calumnies and charging them to the departed patriot. He was made to say, "you might as well make a sailor of a cook, or a soldier of a goose, as a president of Andrew Jackson." Such language and such a simile from President Jefferson, author of the *Notes on Virginia!* The very thought is sacrilege. Let us read what he has left on record, and mark the contrast. "Gen. Jackson," said Mr. Jefferson, "is a clear headed, sound minded man, and has more of the Roman in him than many now living." [42]

But Jefferson never said, or apparently thought, that this unvarnished old soldier was the man to carry on "Jeffersonian democracy" in the White House. Jefferson's models —the philosopher, the scholar, the liberal-minded planter—were not the ideals of Old Hickory, who in 1822 had written to his nephew: "I have always thought that sir William Wallauce [*sic*] . . . was the best model for a young man. In him we find a stubborn virtue, . . . too pure for corruption, . . . allways ready to brave any danger for the relief of his country or his friend." [43] The heroes of heroes are always a significant key. Courage, and loyalty to nation and friends (generally welded together in Jackson's mind), were his ruling passions. Over the retrospect of years Vachel Lindsay wrote—

> Andrew Jackson was eight feet tall.
> His arm was a hickory limb and a maul.
> His sword was so long he dragged it on the ground.
> Every friend was an equal. Every foe was a hound.

Yet even as the man on horseback, Jackson differed from the earlier pattern, that of Washington. With his shock of unruly hair and unkempt boots that swayed about his bony knees—"an ugly old Kaintuck flat-boatman" as a sophisticated Creole hostess marked him down, with some disapproval—Jackson anticipated the sloppiness of Ulysses S. Grant. Albert Gallatin found him a "lanky uncouth-looking personage," his "manners those of a rough backwoodsman." Even in the field his tactics were those of the tenacious guerilla fighter or bushwhacker. By the standards of Robert E. Lee, as well as those of Mount Vernon's master upon whom Lee had shaped his own life, Jackson would never have passed a dress-parade. By their lights it took a gentleman, in the stricter sense, to make war gracefully. But that he represented the culture of the 1830s—with his preference for corncob and red clay pipes, for steel knives over silver, even his pampered "stomach trouble" and biliousness and his addiction to patent medicines—could not be gainsaid. He was the epitome of a sickly yet vigorous generation, of pioneers beset with fevers and agues. The mother of President Garfield remembered, "We was sick every fall regular." Mrs. Trollope and other snobbish British visitors saw in Jackson the symbol of disintegrating social standards; that he represented also the intellectual and aesthetic back-sliding of an epoch might have been a more serious charge. For in certain respects his age was as inferior to its antecedents as a portrait by Ralph Earl was to a Gilbert Stuart.

Meanwhile, Jackson was the man of the hour. The final burst of enthusiasm which carried him into the White House began in January, 1828, at a mammoth celebration of the thirteenth anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. Jackson's trip to that city turned into a royal progress. "Jackson Clubs" in the North and East sent representatives; the entire jubilee was keyed to a presidential note. Jackson's private papers, now in the Library of Congress, show that for the first time he began to receive great quantities of fan mail —more than immediately after the battle itself. Acrostic poems, dedications of books, requests for help from old campaigners of 1815, reports of his immense popularity, flooded his desk. "The Jefferson Association of Baltimore" wrote in August, 1828, to inform him that it was one of four young men's clubs organized in that city to glorify the heroes of America—the remaining three being Washington, Franklin, and Jackson. Its favorite toast is "the Farmer of Tennessee—the army's boast—the senate's pride—the people's choice." Jackson replied: "I heartily approve of the plan of its orgonesation, as a means of cherishing a lively sentiment of national pride." [44]

(Jackson's spelling was ever shaky; an ancient American tradition states that "o.k." originated from his attempt to abbreviate "all correct.") A citizen of Newtown, Kentucky, on August 30, 1828, invited Jackson to a great barbecue, "where we intend to give the Greatest diner that Ever was known in this State" and spike the guns of Henry Clay. The writer reports that he has a newborn son—

> and he is named Andrew Jackson. I want you to present me with a Sword for him for as soon as he is able to understand Who he is named after I intend to Learn him the Military Deception and tutor him to follow the steps of his farther Ma. Gen. Andrew Jackson.

Through the following months a frenzy hitherto unparalleled raged about Old Hickory, who "has slain the Indians & flogged the British & therefore is the wisest & greatest man in the nation." [45] The methods of local frontier elections were for the first time tried upon a national scale. Militia companies drilled and paraded, orators thundered at fish fries and barbecues, whiskey flowed like water. Zeal for white-washing led to solemn assertion by Jackson's friends that "Gen. Jackson does not at any time play cards. Neither does General Jackson swear," while the enemy camp went so far as to report that Jackson's father had been a mulatto and his mother a prostitute.[46] But his success this time could not be denied. He received 178 electoral votes to Adams's 83.

A band of Jacksonians in Berkeley County, Virginia, wrote on November 29 to congratulate him upon

> the richest reward which has ever been conferred on the most fortunate, beloved and illusterous personage in ancient or modern times for meritorious deeds.—The idea of being chosen by millions of intelligent freemen to be the master pilot of this grand Republic is superlatively delightful and fascinating.

A score of letters from different states invite him to attend Jackson Balls, to review parades of Jackson Guards, or merely to stop for a visit on his way to Washington. A typical fan letter, from the postmaster of Fultonham, Ohio, December 9, 1828, begins: "Please excuse the liberty I have taken, which I presume you will, being the peoples president and myself being one of the people." Yet in this same month the sweetness of Jackson's personal triumph ceased, with the death of his faithful wife "Aunt Rachel"—caused in part by the late revival of the old cruel charges against her. His mail during these weeks reminds him that "Jesus Christ was persecuted & crucified for saving the world," warns him against assassination, offers the regards of "humble individuals" who "obtrude themselves on your notice," and presents clumsy condolence upon his loss ("a man or woman is hardly born, comparetively speaking, untill they are dead"). A hustling tombstone-maker in Kentucky, five days after Mrs. Jackson's death, says he has heard the news, and "I therefore tender you my servises in that line of biseness." [47]

III

With a heart of ashes Jackson set out for his Inaugural. But among his followers the chant of victory arose clear and strident. The capital was crowded with old soldiers, woodsmen in leather shirts, Irish immigrants, adventurers and office-seekers, newspapermen. "I never saw anything like it before," wrote Daniel Webster, a touch of derision in his ruffle-shirted bosom. "They really seem to think the country is rescued from some dreadful danger." [48] Lodging-house keepers stowed five in a bed and spread pallets on floors and billiard-tables. Barbers advertised "haircutting in the Jackson style," while haberdashers offered "Jackson stocks." Hickory canes were in evidence everywhere. On Inauguration Day eager thousands stormed the Capitol to see their idol, erect, white-haired, sallow-faced, coming on foot from Gadsby's boarding-house. "It is beautiful, it is sublime!" exclaimed Francis Scott Key.[49] Few cared that Jackson's address was mediocre; hostile critics, in the main, had already decamped from Washington. As the old chieftain rode down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House, a great crowd followed him. They made his reception a never-to-be-forgotten saturnalia—of chairs ruined by muddy boots in frantic efforts to see the hero, of broken china and bloody noses. Windows were shattered to allow needed ventilation, as white and black, frontiersman and farmer and day laborer, thronged the halls which they had never seen before. Even Jefferson, as an

earlier "People's President," had been for them, but not of them—and an incursion such as this was unthinkable in his day.

Among Jackson's papers one finds a poem, dated February 16, 1829, to which "the writer is emboldened to add *confidentially* the name of Emily C. Stras." It begins:

He comes the sacred oath to swear;
Then seated in that awful chair,
Higher than thrones—with Washington
An equal fame and fate he's won.

Our Jackson is coming, oh, ho! oh, ho!
Our Jackson is coming, oh, ho! oh, ho!
Our Jackson is coming, the far echoes swelling,
Resound that he's coming, oh, ho! oh, ho!

Eight more stanzas follow, endorsed on the back in Jackson's hand: "Mrs. Emily C. Stras —'The Campbells are coming': a tribute of respect." Jackson's mail during the following eight years reveals not only tributes of poetry, and invitations to visit admirers or stop at hotels named for him, but also an unprecedented avalanche of presents. Many of them are offered with a devotion more impeccable than the spelling or grammar. There are barrels of scuppernong wine, hickory poles, carved pipes (Jackson still preferring his corn cob, "the sweetest and best pipe," as he told General Sam Dale), hats, canes, cheeses, and near the end of his regime a phaeton made from the timbers of the frigate *Constitution*. One donor calls him the man who "bestowed the Blessings of Government upon the Poor as well as on the Rich." [50] One J. B. Rose, an exile, "the only French Piano Maker in New York," begs him to accept a piano, in November, 1832; Jackson, with none of Jefferson's fastidious reticence about gifts, accepts with hearty alacrity. During the same month, a typical pamphlet sent to the President, reprinting a speech at the Salem, New Jersey, Hickory Club, declares: "Since the days of George Washington, no man has enjoyed what may be called a personal popularity with the American people, save Andrew Jackson." This was on the eve of the "Nullification Crisis," when Jackson's firm stand against secessionist talk in South Carolina, his ringing declaration at a Jefferson birthday dinner, "Our Union—it must be preserved," plus a threat of military force, gained him more favor than he lost. He tested that popularity early the next summer by visiting Philadelphia, where his reception lasted four days, and New York, where he bowed to more than two hundred thousand cheering people upon arrival. Mounted upon a "white charger," he was hailed as "the savior of the Union." In Rhode Island his appearance set off so many cannon booming that "the State provided new glass for nearly every householder who asked for it." [51] Upon Boston Common he received salvoes of cheers, although Beacon Street was cold and it was said that only one little girl waved a handkerchief for him from an upstairs window.[52] Harvard College made him a doctor of laws, although John Quincy Adams protested "this insult to learning" in honoring a man who could "hardly spell his own name." "As the people have twice decided that this man knows law enough to be their ruler," replied President Quincy, "it is not for Harvard College to maintain that they are mistaken." [53] Later folklore, taking a hint from the humorist "Major Jack Downing," said that Jackson had replied to the ripple of academic applause in pure Ciceronian: "E pluribus unum; sine qua non." It was also reported that soon after this honor a New England spinster had sent him a proposal of marriage.[54]

Jackson's assault upon the Bank of the United States, and his routing of its archdragon Nicholas Biddle, was perhaps the most popular act of his Administration. In part it may have been inspired by the wily Van Buren —representing New York's ancient feud with Philadelphia—but fundamentally it sprang from Jackson's intuition of the people's will. It made him for all time the hero of the masses, the successor of Jefferson in the battle against privilege. A youthful liberal like Walt Whitman began to think of Jackson as a "noble yet simple-souled old man," a "massive, yet most sweet and plain character." In later years Whitman clung to the illusion that he had seen Jackson not once but many times, and "often talked with him." [55] The Good Gray Poet forgot, as his biographer notes, the flaws in Jackson the Democrat—how he had manipulated electoral machinery even to the point of dictating Van Buren as his successor, how he had exploited patronage and frankly avowed the spoils system, how he helped to

plunder the public domain and played into the hands of crooks and wildcat bankers, how he remained deaf to the claims of city workers under the new industrialism and hounded the Cherokees and approved the extension of slavery. Whitman's hero-worship was eclectic, as it seemed—like that of many thousands in Jackson's day, casting its eyes chiefly upon the homespun President himself and his overthrow of the Bank. The inconsistencies of Jackson, and his vestigial traces of the buckskin aristocrat, were pared away by the legend-makers. His lack of the deeper democratic logic which sustained Thomas Jefferson was seldom noticed, in approval of the roughly successful deeds of "King Andrew's Reign."

Jackson throve upon opposition. A valiant fighter and a good hater, he appeared at his best when courage was required—not only against the redcoats and Indians, the Bank and the Nullifiers, but in more casual combat. He enjoyed threats of assassination, and in the midst of his battle with Nicholas Biddle allowed the favored journalist of the Jackson press, Francis Blair, to publish some of them. Few remarked the dubious taste of this act, in applauding the President's valor. As early as 1828 he had received a letter, now in the Jackson Papers, signed "One of the People":

> You are now the only hope of the nation. . . . I pray you take care of yourself, & guard against poison and the dagger. Be always prepared to give yourself a vomit. The most speedy is 15 grains of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc) or 15 grains of blue vitriol (sulphate of copper). Remember that Henry 4th of France and William of Nassau founder of the Republic of Holland were assassinated.

When in May, 1833, in ailing health, Jackson started his tour of the United States, at Alexandria a discharged lieutenant in the Navy shook his fist violently in the President's face and began to threaten violence. He then fled, but Old Hickory's rage in trying to break down a door which barred him from his sudden adversary "seem'd to have put his blood in motion," as an onlooker reported.[56] The effect was salutary. On January 30, 1835, while Jackson was attending the funeral of a congressman, a crazed assailant named Richard Lawrence sprang in front of him and drew two pistols, but both misfired; Jackson lunged at him with a walking-stick, though a young army officer seized the man before the President could cane him. An expert on small-arms found both pistols in excellent condition, and calculated the chance of two misfires as one in 125,000. This appears to have been the first gesture of assassination toward a Chief Executive in America. Jackson's very callousness and lack of imagination heightened his courage. Sudden death and disaster were as foreign to his reckoning as the concept of failure. George Washington Parke Custis liked to tell how he had once sailed with Jackson down Chesapeake Bay, and under the threat of a storm which might have capsized the boat, Jackson—in words which Custis fondly supposed the President was garbling from Julius Caesar—had said calmly, "My good friend, you never travelled with me."[57] Neither humility nor prudence played a part in the Jackson fable. In such respects he was in tune with his times.

When his "Reign" was over and Jackson bade a long farewell to Washington, a great crowd gathered at the Baltimore & Ohio station to see him off. His white hair streamed in the wind, and standing upon the rear platform—that rostrum of American idols from his day to the present—Jackson bowed stiffly as the train pulled out. When the smoke died away, one observer felt "as if a bright star had gone out of the sky."[58] During the last few years of life, among the quiet meadows of the Hermitage, Old Hickory was not forgotten. Up to the last he was swamped with requests for mementoes. Even in his White House days he had learned to save all the clippings whenever he had a hair-cut, in order to satisfy as far as possible the great demand for locks of hair.[59] At the inauguration of James K. Polk ("Young Hickory"), Commodore Elliott had his pocket picked of all his cash and a lock of General Jackson's hair. In the spring of 1845, when the old warrior was reliably reported to be dying, requests for hair and for autographs grew more importunate—some correspondents not troubling to conceal their apprehension that this was the last chance. And even as he lay mortally ill, Jackson remained a powerful symbol of American imperialism. At a Jackson Day dinner in Washington, one of his old campaigners, Auguste

Davézac, lamented the cowardice of politicians while the annexation of Texas hung in the balance:

> They forget that Jackson still lives! Even if the hero were dead, go to the Hermitage, ye men of little faith; Go! ask for that *old cocked hat;* it is still there; take it; raise it on the top of a long hickory pole! One hundred thousand American horsemen, rallying around that standard, will tread down Europe's or Mexico's mercenaries like the grass of the Texan prairies.[60]

It was one of the minor moments of historical drama that Jackson's protégé the greatest Texan, Sam Houston, arrived at breakneck speed after many a weary mile—just after the head of his old captain sank in death.

IV

After Jackson, the military ideal became a tool for political manipulation. In 1840 the People had turned against Jackson's heir, the sedentary Van Buren, in favor of the first synthetic publicity hero, William Henry Harrison. The aged Jackson, forgetting that he had set the pattern for Harrison's campaign, called him "the Mock Hero," and groaned in disbelief that the voters "can be led by hard cider, coons, log cabins, and demagogues. I have a higher opinion of the intelligence of the American people than this." In this same campaign William Cullen Bryant was remarking that the new military favorite, Harrison, has "animal courage . . . a very common and not a very exalted kind of merit," when unaccompanied by "moral courage." Emerson noted in his *Journal:* "Can one nowadays see a soldier without a slight feeling—the slightest possible—of the ridiculous?" [61] A few years later Abraham Lincoln in Congress would taunt the Democrats who had nominated Lewis Cass: "Like a horde of hungry ticks you have stuck to the tail of the Hermitage lion to the end of his life, and you are still sticking to it." [62] Yet Lincoln's own candidate was General Zachary Taylor.

The soldier as hero suffered a check with the defeats for President of Winfield Scott and Frémont, two of the politicians' least happy choices, but he returned with Grant and Garfield, men of marked personal mediocrity. Old Hickory, for all his faults, was the one successful soldier President of the nineteenth century. Behind the election of all these men lay a simple mass psychology. Aside from the wish to do honor to a public benefactor in uniform lay the American assumption of versatility—that a man of achievement upon the field of battle would succeed equally well in the councils of state. The other side of this coin is seen in the proposal of *The Chicago Tribune* in 1863, and of many Unionists impatient with the blunders of McClellan and Burnside, that President Lincoln take personal command of the Army in battle. Presidents and generals were somehow thought to to be interchangeable. From heroes of the Spanish-American War, public opinion soon rejected the first sailor to stir widespread Presidential talk, Admiral Dewey, but favored Theodore Roosevelt, a fighting man but in no sense a professional soldier. Since that day the soldier President has vanished from the American scene. It would be rash to suggest that he is gone forever. Today, however, his type suggests to many American minds the dictator. Moreover the growing complexity of American government seems to have turned us further and further away from the qualities which made Old Hickory successful in his simpler milieu. Without another great war and its altered conditions, as well as its new crop of heroes, it is extremely unlikely that a military man will become a future President. He will never be picked from the routine ranks of West Point and the War College.

The tenure of Jackson's fame is more secure than that of a mere military man. He remains as a personality and symbol whose importance is but slowly declining. At the end of his public life his glory appeared very bright. The just verdict of William Cullen Bryant, "precisely the man for the period in which he well and nobly discharged the duties demanded of him by the times," [63] seemed lukewarm to the ardent Jacksonian. Jackson's old adversary who had now made his peace, Thomas Hart Benton, reported that when the chieftain descended the Capitol steps for the last time, a great shout rang out, homage such as "power never commanded, nor man in power received . . . the acclaim of posterity breaking from the bosoms of contemporaries." [64] An unnamed senator in Washington told Francis

Grund that "General Jackson understood the people of the United States better, perhaps, than any President before him," and that they believed in him "as the Turks in their prophet." [65] Upon Jackson's death his partisans are found asserting that "Washington & Jackson will always be linked together as the two greatest men & patriots of America." [66] Jackson, "an almost uneducated orphan boy of the wilderness" as one of his funeral eulogists called him, blended some of Washington's military glory with the self-made attributes of Franklin. The three were not infrequently bracketed together.[67] Under the shower of panegyric and public tears, few paused to analyze the reasons for Jackson's greatness. One of the few was Justice John Catron of the Supreme Court, who visited the dying General in April, 1845, and went home to think on the qualities which had made Jackson the leading American of his generation. His leadership, which came in part from magnetism and commanding appearance, and expressed itself in quick decision and prompt action, was the essence of Jackson's popularity. The people felt that he was working, and working effectively, for their sakes. "If he had fallen from the clouds into a city on fire," wrote Justice Catron, "he would have been at the head of the extinguishing hosts in an hour. He would have blown up a palace to stop the fire with as little misgiving as another would have torn down a board shed. In a moment he would have willed it proper, and in ten minutes the thing would have been done. . . . He cared not a rush for anything behind: he looked ahead." It was a little ironic that Catron should have addressed these lines, on June 11, 1845, to a future President of the United States whose lack of this promptitude and force made him perhaps the least heroic man ever to fill that office. His name was James Buchanan.

Within two decades, Jackson began to be examined more critically by his partisans. His first notable biographer, James Parton, in writing three volumes in praise of Jackson's rude manhood and courage, concluded in 1860 that Jackson "was a fighting man, and little more than a fighting man." Parton's attitude was divided; in a single chapter he pronounced the General's election to the Presidency "a mistake," and then like a good democrat was compelled to eat his own words. With mingled idealism and shrewdness he wrote:

> The instinctive preferences of the people must be right. That is to say, the man preferred by the people must have more in him of what the people most want than any other of his generation. . . .
>
> The calamity of the United States has been this: the educated classes have not been able to accept the truths of the democratic creed. . . . Hence, in this country, until very recently, the men of books have had little influence upon public affairs.[68]

The retreat of aristocracy from American public life was to a large degree the work of Jackson and the spoils system. It was unfortunate that the statesmanly training and inner cultivation which that aristocracy represented should be lost to American politics, that its best endeavors should thenceforth be turned to the making of money and the attempted recapture of government through "big business." But that the people, lacking a second Jefferson, should have exalted Jackson, was natural enough. That Jackson was followed by a line of superannuated soldiers who lacked his moral courage and of hack politicians who lacked his integrity, was a greater tragedy. Not until the rise of Lincoln did Old Hickory find a worthy successor—a successor so great, in fact, that he has absorbed the best part of the Jackson tradition, its homespun honesty, and left the General as a slowly waning symbol. Yet, it is humorously said, a few old Tennessee counties are "still voting for Andrew Jackson."

Although "The Old Hickory Division" in the Great War—recruited from Tennessee and the Carolinas—did valiant service, and was officially credited with having broken the Hindenburg Line in September, 1918, the cult of Jackson the soldier has long been fading. The spate of congressional oratory released in 1929, by the placing of Jackson's statue in the Hall of Statuary of the National Capitol, praised him as the scourge of privilege, and said almost nothing about New Orleans and the Indian wars. "Jackson's victory in the economic field to my mind far outranks his victories on the field of battle," declared Senator Brookhart, while colleagues like Fess, Bruce, Tyson, Heflin, and McKellar followed

the same vein—some calling for a new Jackson to arise and chasten Wall Street.[69] Under the New Deal, Jackson Day Dinners evoked even more outspoken sentiments against "America's Sixty Families." Few even recalled that "Jackson Day" was the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. On that occasion in 1936, for example, President Roosevelt compared his own achievements to those of the seventh President, and added:

> Our frontiers of today are economic, not geographic. Our enemies of today are the forces of privilege and greed within our own borders. May a double portion of Old Hickory's heroic spirit be upon us tonight. May we be inspired by the power and the glory and the justice of his rugged and fearless life.

In his third "Fireside Chat" Mr. Roosevelt sought to stiffen the resolution of America under adversity by telling the story of the small boy who, when asked if Jackson "would go to Heaven," answered, "He will if he wants to." Seventy-seven years before, Abraham Lincoln had told this story for a similar purpose—save that Lincoln quoted the reply in somewhat homelier words, "He'd get there if he had a mind to." [70] But Jackson, as an emblem of American tenacity, remained the same.

The Hermitage, visited by some ten thousand people every month during the summer season, remains a popular shrine. Since 1899 it has been under the care of The Ladies' Hermitage Association, composed largely of members from old Nashville families—Donelsons, Overtons, Caldwells—who have their private stock of Jackson anecdotes, manuscripts, and mementoes, even to a fan or piece of jewelry worn by some belle who danced with the General or his guest Lafayette. Here is the cradle of the Jackson cult. The Hermitage has known its vicissitudes: the advent of the Civil War cancelled a plan to make it a branch of the Military Academy at West Point, and in that War—despite the Nullification sentiments of his namesake—Colonel Andrew Jackson III fought in the ranks of gray and returned to the Hermitage as a paroled prisoner. In 1894 "a professional body-snatcher" from New York visited the Hermitage one day, showed special interest in the tomb, went away in the afternoon to borrow a spade from the Donelson home at Tulip Grove, worked apparently all night to exhume the body but was stopped by the stone foundations of the monument. Months later he confessed the attempt upon his death-bed, but made no explanation of his purpose.[71] Two Presidents of the United States, since the Civil War, have visited the Hermitage and broken bread there. The first was Theodore Roosevelt, a staunch Jacksonian who years before had written, "With the exception of Washington and Lincoln, no man has left a deeper mark on American history," [72] and whose next annual message to Congress drew forth a $5000 appropriation to restore the Hermitage. The second was Franklin D. Roosevelt, in 1934, who placed a wreath upon Jackson's tomb. But no President can forget his predecessor from Tennessee—for Clark Mills's masterpiece of 1853, the first equestrian statue ever made in the United States, is the most arresting object in Lafayette Square, facing the White House. Cast from cannon which Jackson captured at New Orleans, by a man who had seen neither Jackson nor an equestrian statue, it shows a frantically rearing horse—a veritable Bucephalus—upon whose back sits a cool figure of Old Hickory tranquilly lifting his cocked hat to the cheering multitude. The critical are reminded of an equilibrist in the circus, but this statue has always been immensely popular—and has helped set the style for heroes on horseback, who, at strategic points, still complicate the traffic of our greatest cities.

Jackson remains, in fact, the equestrian warrior—a bold, hardy, uncompromising man of steel. His "courage never to submit or yield" was the fiber of the Jackson legend even in Civil War times—when those distrustful of Lincoln's early diffidence grew fond of contrasting Jackson's crisp decisiveness.[73] But he has never been absorbed very deeply into the blood of American mythology. He is too simple; he lacks the spacious qualities which serve to make Washington the eighteenth-century gentleman an enigma to the public today, and the baffling lights and shadows of Lincoln play no part in his cult. For generations the literary men and textbook writers—in the East as well as in the Deep South, Massachusetts and Virginia alike—have regarded Old Hickory as an American worthy

who was nevertheless a quarrelsome roughneck, tinged with the demagogue. Only in Tennessee does he have the folklore reality of the Bell Witch (whom by report he once encountered) and the vigor of a great political loyalty. And there, the local D.A.R. and The Ladies' Hermitage Association have helped to disembowel his legend by insisting that he was not "rough and uncultured," but a ripe scholar of the Monticello stamp. Textbooks which reveal that his spelling and grammar were faulty are frowned upon, and a movie like "The Gorgeous Hussy"—with Aunt Rachel and her pipe—are protested. If one removes the homespun fibers in Jackson's character, there is a great risk that nothing will be left save an abstraction of hardihood.

## *FOOTNOTES*

1. James Parton, *Life of Andrew Jackson* (1860), III, 699.
2. Q. by Stuart P. Sherman, *Essays and Poems of Emerson* (1921), p. xxxii.
3. Edward Stanwood, *History of the Presidency*, I, 136 and 148.
4. Q. in Washington *Globe*, 24 Nov. 1832.
5. J. P. Kennedy, *Life of William Wirt* (1849), II, 331.
6. *New York Times Magazine*, 16 Aug. 1925, "Both Carolinas Claim Andrew Jackson."
7. Cf. John Trotwood Moore's article in *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, 8 April 1928, and other clippings on this subject in the Tennessee State Library, Nashville.
8. Parton, III, 554.
9. *A Brief and Impartial History of . . . Andrew Jackson.* By a *Free Man* (Boston, 1831), p. 7.
10. See Marquis James, *The Life of Andrew Jackson* (one-vol. ed., 1938), pp. 28-29 and 799; he casts some doubt upon the "last words" as reported by Thomas Butler, quoted in Augustus C. Buell's *History of Andrew Jackson* (1904), I, 56. The custodian of the Hermitage has for sale a leaflet called "Advice to Andrew Jackson by His Mother," following this more sentimental legend.
11. Parton, I, 104 and 107; James, p. 35.
12. Parton, I, 164; James, p. 94.
13. Charles Hammond, *A View of General Jackson's Domestic Relations* (1828).
14. T. P. Abernethy, *From Frontier to Plantation in Tennessee* (1932), pp. 262-276.
15. *A Brief and Impartial History*, p. 13.
16. *Correspondence of Andrew Jackson*, ed. J. S. Bassett (1926), I, 220.
17. Parton, I, 382.
18. Letter of 8 May 1814, *Correspondence*, II, 1.
19. Major A. L. Latour, *Historical Memoir of the War in the West* (1816), p. 199.
20. C. E. Gayarré, *History of Louisiana* (1866), IV, 625.
21. *Society in America* (1837), III, 166.
22. *Correspondence*, II, 213.
23. James, p. 266.
24. Jackson Papers, Library of Congress, A. Barratt to Jackson, 24 Feb. 1815.
25. Q. in James, p. 270.
26. Parton, II, 354.
27. To Dr. L. H. Coleman, 26 April 1824; see Parton, III, 35, and T. P. Abernethy, "Andrew Jackson and the Rise of Southwestern Democracy," *Amer. Histor. Review*, Oct. 1927, pp. 67-68.
28. *Folkways* (1906), p. 194.
29. Cf. James, p. 721.
30. *The Chronicles of Andrew* (Hamilton, Ohio, 1822), p. 103. A century later, John Trotwood Moore, ardent Jacksonian and Tennessee historian, wrote a poem glorifying Old Hickory's characteristic oath.
31. Q. from a contemporary newspaper in "Who Is the Real Jackson?" a manuscript essay by Mary French Caldwell, Tennessee State Library.
32. Parton, III, 51.
33. Washington *National Intelligencer*, 4 Aug. 1827.
34. A. Levasseur, *Lafayette in America* (1829), II, 24.
35. James, p. 449.
36. To W. B. Lewis, 31 March 1824.
37. *Correspondence*, III, 315.
38. John Finch, *Travels in the United States* (London, 1833), p. 141.
39. Emerson's *Journal*, 19 May 1828.
40. Charles Francis Adams, *Memoirs of J. Q. Adams* (1876), VI, 333.
41. *Writings of Daniel Webster* (National Edition), XVII, 371.
42. *An Address to the Citizens of Portage County, Ohio, by Disinterested Men* (1828).
43. Jackson to Andrew J. Donelson, 21 March 1822.
44. Jackson to Jefferson Club of Baltimore, 12 Sept. 1829 (MS., Library of Congress).
45. Cf. James, p. 404, for epithets of the previous campaign; in quotation here ellipses are omitted.
46. *Ibid.*, p. 469.
47. MSS., Library of Congress: Bledsoe to Jackson, 22 Sept. 1828; E. Patchell to Jackson, 30 Sept. 1828; R. Fenner to Jackson, 18 Dec. 1828; Capt. W. Alexander, 26 Dec. 1828; S. Hay to Jackson, 27 Dec. 1828.
48. *Private Corr. of Daniel Webster*, ed. F. Webster (1856), I, 473.
49. J. S. Bassett, *Life of Andrew Jackson* (1925), p. 422.
50. W. Peck to Jackson, 27 Feb. 1837 (MS., Library of Congress).
51. James, p. 639.
52. Josiah Quincy, *Figures of the Past* (1883), pp. 361-63.
53. *Ibid.*, p. 361.
54. It is doubtful whether this letter was genuine or a political jest; cf. James, p. 876, n. 57.
55. N. Arvin, *Whitman*, p. 15.
56. John Campbell of the Treasury, in a letter of 12 May 1833.

57. *Correspondence,* VI, 175.

58. Q. from *Harper's Magazine,* Jan. 1855, by James, p. 724.

59. *Correspondence,* V, 27.

60. Q. by James, pp. 779-780, from a clipping in the Tennessee State Library.

61. See Parton, III, 637; James, 741; Emerson's *Journal,* 30 Oct. 1841; *New York Evening Post,* 11 Sept. 1840.

62. *Works of Abraham Lincoln* (1905), II, 59-88, for this Congressional speech.

63. *New York Evening Post,* 3 Dec. 1836.

64. T. H. Benton, *Thirty Years' View* (1854), I, 735.

65. F. J. Grund, *Aristocracy in America* (1839), II, 241-43.

66. This sentiment, echoed in various public eulogies, is quoted from an unpublished letter in the Tennessee State Library, from the Rev. W. A. Scott, pastor of the Hermitage Church, to Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Jr., 30 July 1845.

67. See for example P. Merrick, *Eulogy on General Andrew Jackson* (Boston, 1845), p. 31.

68. Parton, III, 694-96 and 699.

69. House Document No. 430 of the 70th Congress, 2nd Session.

70. See Chicago *Daily Democratic Press,* 11 Dec. 1856, and *Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt,* II, 302.

71. Stanley F. Horn, *The Hermitage* (Richmond, 1938), pp. 86-87.

72. Theodore Roosevelt, "Andrew Jackson," *The Chautauquan,* Jan. 1891, p. 480.

73. Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years* (1939), II, 240, and cf. 590-91.

## *Mary Ellen Chase*

# THE LORD'S DAY IN THE NINETIES

*Mary Ellen Chase (1887- ), writer and teacher, was born in Blue Hill, Maine, of a family descended from seamen, boatbuilders, and fishermen. She holds academic degrees from the universities of Maine and Minnesota and honorary degrees from Maine, Bowdoin, and Colby. Since 1926 she has been professor of English at Smith College.*

*Although she has written noteworthy short stories, Miss Chase's major achievement is her regional novels, which depict bygone ways of living in New England and which have a socio-historical as well as a literary interest. Her writings, however, are not confined to novels and short stories. Among her nonfiction works are* A Goodly Heritage, *1932, and* The Bible and the Common Reader, *1944. In the latter, she discusses the Bible as a great literary monument; in the former, she writes with realistic charm a variety of sketches about her early life in New England and about New England people and places. One small glimpse of this life is to be gained from "The Lord's Day in the Nineties."*

To all Protestant communities in rural New England during the nineties (and in the State of Maine there was almost no distinctly rural community which was not wholly Protestant) Sunday was unmistakably the Lord's Day. That we were glad and rejoiced therein cannot be claimed with the same degree of certainty. Foretaste, perhaps even foreboding, of Sunday began with our Saturday dinner, which was invariable. It consisted of salt fish boiled in a cloth bag and in a pot well filled with potatoes. This sustenance, commonly known in New England as "Cape Cod turkey," was served with a generous supply of hot pork scraps floating in a bowl of equally hot grease. Strangers to Maine ways who came to our table often had to be shown how to shred the fish on their plates, how to mash their potatoes, how to pour upon the mixture the pork gravy. Under my mother's cooking the result was not only palatable but delicious. This meal had originated many years before because it made possible the Sunday dinner without undue labour on that day. In the afternoon the large remainder was made into fish-balls and set in a cool place to await the morrow.

Another foretaste of Sunday came, in our large family, immediately after dinner was cleared away. By two o'clock the weekly bathing began. Before the turn of the century no house in Blue Hill possessed a bath-room. Ours, the first in town, was installed when I was seventeen, and its exciting installation followed a law-suit of several years' standing in which we became involved because of our inordinate desire for a water supply of our own. There was no town water supply; indeed, there is not to this day; and one paid dearly both financially and emotionally for any rebellion against wells, cisterns, or pasture springs.

The weekly bath, therefore, was fraught with inconvenience and difficulty; nevertheless, in all well-regulated families, the omission of it was inconceivable. Although in warmest weather the sea proved helpful, a salt water bath by tacit consent of all the "best people" was looked upon with suspicion as not fulfilling the requirements either of cleanliness or of moral and religious duty. Custom and time alike had prescribed a wash-tub by the kitchen stove; and time and custom in the nineties were not lightly set aside.

THE LORD'S DAY IN THE NINETIES: From *A Goodly Heritage* by Mary Ellen Chase. Copyright, 1932, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Used by permission of the publishers.

One by one we scrubbed ourselves or were scrubbed, the odour of the warm soap-suds mingling with the smell of the beans in the oven. One by one we arrayed ourselves or were arrayed in clean underwear and fresh, well-mended stockings. If we finished early, we were encouraged to play at temperate games, to spend an hour at a neighbour's house, or to read quietly in our corners of the library. Riotousness on late Saturday afternoons was frowned upon; it was too much like jocularity after the performance of a sacred rite. On Saturday evenings it was with a sense of corporate decency and order that we gathered around the supper table—a sense which modern plumbing with all its comforts cannot produce.

Sundays in all seasons dawned soberly. Toys of all kinds had been put away in closed drawers or in the corners of the stable. To allow a sled or a cart in the driveway was unthinkable. After a somewhat later breakfast of warmed-over beans and brown bread, we prepared for church and Sunday school, warned of such necessity by the nine o'clock bells which pealed alternately from the two white steeples on opposite hills. In our earlier years my mother, for the sake of family integrity, forsook her Baptist heritage and accompanied her husband, mother-in-law, and children to the Congregational church.

Our family left the house shortly after 10:15 as we must be ascending the church steps by the time the sombre tolling of the last bell began just before the half hour. My father always walked a bit ahead of the rest of us. In all seasonable weather he wore a top hat and a black frock coat, and he carried a gold-headed cane. My mother, often flurried a bit by her morning's undertakings, always had very pink cheeks as she brought up the rear. The appearance of us children varied only with the change from fall and winter to late spring and summer. We each had one best costume and we wore it. My father having a passion for blue serge, which he bought by the bolt, our winter dresses were often fashioned from this material, my mother cleverly disguising one frock from another by bands, braids, pipings, and divergence in pattern. In the summer we wore white or sprigged muslins and wide leghorn hats. The blue serge of my brothers did not change with any season although occasionally it was alleviated by trousers of white duck. We went silently down the country road, skirting a wide field on the right filled with violets, or daisies, or goldenrod, and climbed the hill to the church. At the door we met my grandmother, whose sedate and solitary progress had been accomplished earlier since she liked to confer with her friend, the sexton, over the morning lesson assigned to the minister's Bible class.

Our pew was taxed to its capacity to hold us in the nineties, and as years elapsed we spilled over into another. We had certain rules which we followed in regard to occupation and behaviour during the long morning service. Children up to the age of six were encouraged to sit on crickets throughout the sermon and draw or look at pictures; from six to ten years they might read their Sunday-school books; from ten on they must sit quietly and at least pretend attention. During the hymns, the responsive reading, and the long prayer all of whatever age must listen and participate in so far as each was able. My father not infrequently annoyed my mother after the sermon had gone on for three-quarters of an hour by turning in his corner seat at the outside of our pew to look at the great circular clock which hung below the choir gallery; but if we perchance followed his bad example, we were admonished by a shake of her head or, for that matter, of his own.

Although church provided in the nineties no such dramatic possibilities as it had promised in the days of the Reverend Jonathan Fisher, it was not entirely bereft of excitement. Once my brother Edward, deep in his Sunday-school book, and forgetful of his surroundings, laughed aloud in the midst of the sermon. This act, however, which my father singularly enough allowed to go unreproved, was as nothing compared to the consternation and embarrassment which he caused us all on one memorable day. Seized by a spirit of defiance and of rebellion unknown among us, he had on the morning in question purposely hitched himself in his white duck trousers around on the grass of the lawn until their seat was a sight to behold. Our hearts stood still as my father, issuing from the house, beheld this proof of insurrection. But

instead of the swift retribution which we expected, my brother was forced to walk to church and to stand, during the Doxology and the hymns, on the highest cricket, his pants in full view of the congregation. The mortification which we as a family experienced on that devastating occasion can never be minimized or forgotten! Surely one cannot pay singly for his own transgressions!

My grandmother also afforded drama, now amusing to recollect but then embarrassing to undergo. As she grew older and the deafness which crept early upon her became more acute, a certain practice of hers was a source of no little confusion. Since she contributed fifty dollars yearly to the support of the minister, an amount almost unheard of in those days and equalled only by a certain well-to-do parishioner, Mrs. Harriet Morton by name, she made it an unchangeable rule to place no offering at all in the contribution plate. Her generosity and her habit alike being well and favourably known to the entire community, she was upheld by public sentiment. Imagine then her distress when her rival in good works developed suddenly and without fair warning the custom of giving also some coin as the plate was passed. Not to be outdone, my grandmother prepared with reluctance but with commendable spirit to do the same; her refusal, however, to give one jot or tittle more than her neighbour was destined sorely to test the ingenuity and the peace of mind of the grandchild who sat next her.

Mrs. Morton sat across the aisle and one pew ahead of our own. The task of the child next my grandmother was to ascertain the amount of the coin which she drew from her black reticule and placed upon the plate and to communicate its size to my grandmother before the arrival of the deacon who collected the alms on our side of the church. This information was not so difficult to procure as it might have been in view of the fact that our respective pews were at the extreme front; but the conveying of it required no little ingenuity. It was usually given by signs, one finger signifying a nickel, two a dime, the full hand (a gesture very rarely displayed!) a quarter. But as my grandmother grew older and more hard of hearing, the nervousness engendered by this trying situation increased until, forgetting her deafness, she would say in a voice perfectly audible to the entire congregation, though unheard by herself, "How much did Hattie Morton give *this* morning?" I regret to say, moreover, that neither her voice nor her intonation was strictly in keeping with the ideal atmosphere of a Christian edifice.

After all, the most unalloyed, if less exciting, drama occurred every Sunday morning when my father made his contribution. This was a never failing source of pride to us; for as coins were drawn from pockets and from purses, my father invariably procured from one small pocket at the bottom of his waistcoat a new one-dollar bill and laid it upon the plate. The amount and the occasion alike were too momentous to allow comment at any time. We should have liked to know how he obtained always a new note, how he managed to afford such a prodigious offering. But we never asked, only remained secure in the social and financial distinction which his weekly act conferred upon us.

I do not know that the church service itself engendered much religion within us. The sermons were long and abstruse, and, even as I grew older, I do not recall any which meant much to me. But the solemnity of the occasion, the observance together of a custom, the sense of well-being and of well-doing—memories of these I would not be without. Details, too, impressed themselves on my mind and in my imagination to bring later their longer, richer consequences: the black shadows of birds passing and repassing behind the coloured glass of a memorial window; the sunlight lying in bright, precise figures across the pulpit steps; the order and beauty of the white panelled pews with their polished, mahogany railings; the words and the imagery of old hymns. Most of all I remember verses of the Bible as they were read by the singularly beautiful voice of the old pastor whom I knew throughout my childhood. Sometimes the sonorous quality of the words themselves quite apart from their sense stayed long with me:

"Wherefore, seeing we also are encompassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses . . ."

"The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus. . . ."

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Once when I was hardly ten I was startled, aroused from my wandering thoughts, by the awful discovery, the stupendous announcement, that someone had actually *seen* the Lord. This was the prophet Isaiah in the year that King Uzziah died; but for the moment, so convincing was his voice, I felt sure it was our minister himself—that in his black coat and white linen necktie he, the Reverend Ebenezer Bean, had been before that great throne, high and lifted up, in that train which filled the temple. As he read, I felt a tingling sensation down my back, the tiny hairs rising in my excitement. In one of those inexplicable feats of memory, the words were stamped henceforth indelibly upon my mind.

"Above it stood the seraphim; each had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet; and with twain he did fly.

"And one cried to another saying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of hosts. The whole earth is full of His glory.' "

After Sunday-school, which followed hard upon church, we came home either to change our dresses or to cover them with large aprons and to await the Sunday dinner. There was no possible surprise engendered by this anticipation, for we knew precisely what we were to have. Fishballs browned in a spider formed the dinner proper. They came on the table garnished with parsley and interspaced with hard-boiled eggs cut in white and yellow circles. With them were served raw onions in vinegar and large plates of beautifully browned and buttered toast, each plate being covered ceremoniously with a spotless white napkin. For dessert there were always preserves of some sort and cake. This dinner had been for many years a custom in the family, since its preparation was so slight as to make no one miss church on account of it and since its actual cooking could be accomplished on Saturday.

Unlike many other children, even as late as the nineties we were not forbidden to read anything we liked on Sundays; indeed, we were encouraged to spend many a Sunday afternoon with our books. Often, too, during the six months she spent yearly with us, my grandmother told us sea stories. This occupation, because of her own dramatic personality, partook of the nature of a rite rather than of a pastime. It was performed on summer days in the apple orchard, my grandmother sitting in a low red chair beneath a black silk parasol. Other children of the neighbourhood stood about with us, like attendant acolytes in an entranced circle while her voice rose and fell, now in tales of shipwreck, now in many-hued pictures of Cadiz by moonlight, of the strangely-coloured birds of the South Seas, of fish flying through green waves touched with sunset. Quite different and far less appealing was the Junior Christian Endeavor meeting which in my childhood was held in the vestry of the church at three o'clock. This we always attended, reciting Bible verses memorized for the occasion. We were also encouraged to make "testimonies," not of our religious experience, for excepting in rare cases of early conversion we were not supposed to have "experienced" religion, but of our childish aspirations toward that state of Grace. Before or after this meeting, depending upon the season, we often went on our family drive. If that entertainment for some reason or other were lacking, we walked, occasionally with reliable friends of our own age. The favourite place of these Sunday rambles was the cemetery. Whether the day had actually engendered within us a kind of pensive melancholy which was satisfied by such a retreat, I do not know. Perhaps the beautiful location of the spot above the bay with the Mount Desert hills tumbling to the southward had quite as much to do with our choice. But that we chose to walk there often I have undeniable proof in that the dead of my native village, after many years' absence, are more familiar to me than are the living!

On rainy or snowy Sundays there was always the Bible game, the answer to every green card of which by the time I was thirteen I knew by heart. There was also the spelling match designed especially for Sabbath enjoyment. My mother occasionally on stormy Sundays made candy for us while my father took an afternoon nap. More frequently she popped corn, allowing us our share in this delightful operation, so that when my father returned to Creasy or the *Iliad* by the library

table he might find a yellow bowl of well-salted puffed kernels at his elbow. In the evening as we grew older we might attend the seven o'clock prayer meeting with my grandmother, although this finish to the day was never insisted upon by our parents.

But the one unalterable rule of the household was that we were to do no manner of week-day work other than that absolutely necessary. My mother could not have brought herself to touch her great sewing-basket even to sew on buttons or to mend a sudden rip. Clothes were carefully inspected on Saturday to forestall any such trying emergencies. Indeed, there seemed to exist in those days an especial Nemesis which brooded over the performance of any sort of handiwork on Sunday. Perhaps an incident which occurred when I was twelve and which made a lasting impression upon me will serve as an adequate illustration of this sinister viewpoint.

The measles, rampant in the village, smote at once all of us children, then numbering five. It being winter time, the question of caring for us in rooms decently warm for sickness engaged my anxious mother, who finally decided to move all her patients downstairs and to convert the parlour and the library into a hospital. The nature of the epidemic was severe, and the convalescence correspondingly slow. What to do with five fractious children, all peeling and itching at the same time, constituted a major problem. We could not read, and even although my mother could set aside household cares long enough to read to us, it was not easy to entertain all by means of the same book. We were forbidden to get out of bed because of drafts or to keep our arms sufficiently from under our bed-clothes to cut paper-dolls or to play games. In the midst of these manifold perplexities my father returned on Saturday from some days at holding court in the county seat, bearing with him my mother's salvation in the shape of five knitting-machines and a quantity of yarns in safe and soothing colours.

To all middle-aged readers of these pages such knitting-machines will bring familiar remembrance. They were small circular objects, a little more than an inch in height and an inch and a half in diameter, painted blue, red, or green. A round hole in the centre was surrounded at equal intervals by curved steel uprights like imbedded wire hairpins. Two strands of yarn were wound about these, and the knitting began by means of a hairpin, the lower strand being lifted over the higher to the inside edge of the uprights. In due course of time there formed within the hole and was drawn below it a small circular tubing of yarn, which after much knitting might form horse-reins or a cord for one's mittens. The use of these machines was very popular in my childhood, although in late years I have hunted for them in vain.

When my father entered our well-populated sick rooms on that late Saturday afternoon and displayed his timely gifts, we were jubilant. Here at last was something to do. Propped on pillows and still extremely well covered, we could, with safety, ply our knitting and thus occupy many tedious hours. My mother also was visibly relieved. Busy hands could not scratch, and busy minds would not be so likely to engender the desire to scratch and to merit thereby the necessary reproofs.

But even with pleasure so near at hand anxiety seized us all. With the lamps already lighted, knitting that evening was out of the question. Could knitting-machines be used with safety and decorum on the Lord's Day? Simultaneously, the question sprang to the lips of all of us. My father, often inadvertent in his replies and quick decisions, answered immediately in the affirmative in spite of the obvious hesitation of my mother. Alas! He was forced to eat his words! My mother might, in view of the fortnight she had endured, have been won over to his point of view; in fact, she was visibly yielding when my grandmother appeared upon the scene.

Now my grandmother was, as has been said, an eclectic in religious matters. Her theology, if, indeed, she possessed anything so crudite, neither deterred nor frightened, neither solaced nor confirmed her. But even in her delightful and volatile mind there existed certain deeply-rooted convictions, just as in her soul there burned with a steady glow certain invincible aspirations, fed daily by the inexhaustible fuel of custom, tradition and practice. Knitting on Sunday, even as a prescription against ill-health and peevish dispositions, had never for one moment been con-

doned within the precincts of her home; and she was morally and emotionally unable to sanction it.

The five knitting-machines stood in a row on the library mantel all through an interminable Sunday. That much she was willing to allow. Credit should also be given for her generous attempts to amuse us. She read for hours and, after we tired of books, told us innumerable sea stories, rehearsing the familiar ones with expert embroidering and from her abundant and rampant imagination inventing new ones, which doubtless had small basis in literal truth. And on Monday she was ardent in her promotion of our knitting, winding the skeins of yarn into balls for us after she had placed each on the back of an appropriate chair.

It is difficult, indeed, today when tenseness of thought and of action has almost annihilated intensity of conviction, to find in my grandmother's unequivocal stand anything except amusement. In Mr. Samuel Eliot Morison's satisfying book, *Builders of the Bay Colony,* he praises the Puritans not for the nature of their religious beliefs and principles, but for the ruthless fervour with which they held to them. Perhaps, indeed, my zealous, fruitless search for ten-cent knitting-machines as gifts to my nephews and nieces can be easily explained. Surely in these days of electric trains and aeronautic inventions of every sort most children would scorn so sedative a pleasure as knitting even on their emancipated Sundays. Is not, therefore, the reason for my continued quest only that I may rediscover from my whimsical and humorous contemplation of such a symbol something of the moral force behind my grandmother's ultimatum in the year 1898?

# The Short Story

## INTRODUCTION

THE art of story telling is doubtlessly older than the records of civilization. Even the modern short story, which was the latest of the major literary types to evolve, has an ancient lineage. Perhaps the oldest and most direct ancestor of the short story is the *anecdote*—an illustrative story, straight to the point, introduced by some such remark as "That reminds me of a story about a country preacher who . . ." The ancient *parable* and *fable,* starkly brief narratives used to enforce some moral or spiritual truth, anticipate the severe brevity and unity of the short stories written today. With the Middle Ages came such types as the *exemplum,* a brief story used to support the text of a sermon, and the *ballad,* folk verse centered about a dramatic episode. During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries numerous forerunners of the short story appeared, such as the *novella,* the *sketch,* and the *tale*—loosely constructed prose narratives, not so compact, intense, and comprehensive as the short story. Though these early narratives sometimes bear close resemblance to the modern short story, few, if any, of them exemplify its specialized artistry.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SHORT STORY. The short story as it is known today began with Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edgar Allan Poe. The first typical story of each of these writers was published in 1835—Poe's "Berenice" and Hawthorne's "The Ambitious Guest." Though it now seems naïve, Poe's horror story did demonstrate its author's mastery of a new type of narrative. Poe's characters may be strange, the action of his plots far removed from ordinary experience, and his scenes fantastic, but everything in his stories is subordinate to narrative suspense and emotional effect.

Hawthorne's stories are as closely knit and unified as Poe's. But Hawthorne, in striking contrast, is primarily a moralist, and his constant grip on a moral problem—selfishness, pride, ambition—is usually the force that unifies his story. It was this quality in his work that caused Poe, when reviewing the *Twice-Told Tales* in 1842, to observe:

"A skillful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect.

If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design."

This celebrated passage is now generally considered the first significant definition of the type. And, along with an earlier passage in the same essay—a story must not be so long that it "cannot be read at one sitting"—Poe's phrase "a certain unique or single effect" remains, with remarkable accuracy, the hallmark of the short story even today. By 1842, then, Hawthorne and Poe had isolated and defined the essential characteristics of the short story—brevity, unity, intensity. Forty years later an American critic, Brander Matthews, rephrased Poe's definition and supplied a label: the short story, which focuses on "a single character, a single event, a single emotion," ought to be called the "Short-story" (spelled with a hyphen) "to emphasize the distinction between the Short-story and the story which is merely short." In the meantime, two other American writers had made significant contributions to this literary form: Bret Harte, with his stories of early life in California, started a vogue of local color stories, and Henry James produced the first of his long series of peculiarly modern psychological investigations of the human mind and heart. Thus we might perhaps say, without simplifying matters too much, that by 1882 no one had had so much to do with discovering the short story as Hawthorne, defining it as Poe, broadening it as Harte, deepening it as James, and naming it as Matthews.

Later developments of the short story remain for the most part within the limits set by these writers and critics. One must not, however, overlook the far-reaching effect on the American short story of two foreign writers, Guy de Maupassant and Anton Chekhov. Maupassant showed remarkable ingenuity in inventing means to gain dramatic compression and considerable boldness in relentlessly subordinating everything to an indicated end. The structural neatness of countless "plotted" stories owe, ultimately, something to Maupassant's technique. Chekhov's practice of presenting a segment of life, objective and seemingly plotless yet highly suggestive and penetrating, has been another influence on the short story—perhaps second to none in recent years. Many writers agree with Chekhov that life poses questions but that life has no answers for them. The artist, they believe, is therefore obliged only to give a unified impression of some part of life.

The major development in recent decades, in fact, has been the work of a group of writers sometimes called the Impressionistic School. The great masters from which this group descended are, in addition to Chekhov and James, Gustave Flaubert, Stephen Crane, and James Joyce. Some of the best known of the more recent members of the group are Katherine Mansfield, D. H. Lawrence, and Seán O'Faoláin in Great Britain and Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, and William Faulkner in the United States. All of these writers seem to think (in James's phrase) that fiction should present "a direct impression of life."

The flowering of the short story is one of the principal literary events of the first half of the twentieth century, especially in the United States, where the rapid growth of periodicals and the tempo and pressure of American life have provided special inducements. Scores of writers have been able to distill from their experiences meaningful impressions of life. They have discovered dynamic materials in the isolated communities and forgotten backwoods, the humdrum towns, the congested cities; they have presented the lost generation, the gangster, the neglected artist, the immigrant, the lingering pioneer; they have written about Harlem, Chicago, Winesburg, the Prairies, the Appalachian Mountains, the Deep South.

This great proliferation produced an infinite variety of short stories, hundreds of which have been preserved in collections and anthologies. Writers too numerous to mention have published collections of their own stories under such attractive titles as Willa Cather's *Obscure Destinies* and Somerset Maugham's *The Mixture as Before.* And anthologies of every possible sort, it seems, have been made—from *A World of Great Stories* to *The Shooting Man's Bedside Book of Short Stories.* Two series of short story collections are published annually—*Best American Short Stories* (since 1914) and the *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories* (since 1919).

THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY. An awareness of the essential characteristics already pointed out—brevity, unity, intensity—increases the reader's understanding and enjoyment of a short story. In addition, some knowledge of the specialized techniques by which these qualities are produced makes communication between writer and reader more complete.

*Scene.* In all forms of fiction, from the longest novel to the shortest short story, the basic elements are the same: scene, character, and action. The least important is scene, which in most instances merely "sets the stage" and, because of the premium on space in the short story, is handled as quickly as possible. Yet the importance of scene must not be underestimated; it is still one of the basic elements of the short story, and many of the most eminent authors (Chekhov and Faulkner, for example) use scene to contribute—by suggestion, by implication, by appearing as an ever-compelling force—to the intensity of the story. Notice, for instance, how summarily Hemingway treats scene in "A Clean, Well-lighted Place," and yet how central that element is to the whole story.

*Character.* The primary concern of most authors is character: "Take care of character," Galsworthy said; "action and dialogue will take care of themselves." Theme and meaning evolve from the interrelation between a character and the circumstances of his life. Yet there is in the short story neither time nor space to show development or disintegration; this is the province of the novel. Furthermore, the focus is usually on one character; other characters are portrayed only in complementary detail. In the Hemingway story, for instance, the main character is the older waiter. The other characters serve only to emphasize his personality and predicament. In most stories the main character is easily discovered. If the reader identifies the main character early in the

story, he will more accurately understand the intricate relationships among the characters and consequently gain a fuller appreciation of what they do and say.

*Action.* For many readers action is the most important element of fiction. The success of a story, they think, depends primarily on an ingenious plot. Yet many of the best short story writers today often minimize action, lest it destroy that delicate balance of all the elements on which their total achievement depends. Still, everyone agrees that some plot is indispensable. But the action by which plot is developed must, in the short story, be limited—a critical moment in the life of the chief character. His whole life history cannot be told; that again is the province of the novel. In the short story action must concentrate on the climactic phase; this only does the author present in any detail. The essential of plot is conflict; it alone causes tension and creates suspense. The conflict may be of various kinds: an inner conflict (as in "The Fur Coat"), a conflict between two persons (as in "The Catbird Seat"), a conflict between a character and his surroundings (as in "Gusev"). Ordinarily the action follows a definite pattern. It begins with the "incentive moment" (first point of conflict), develops through a series of entanglements ("complication"), reaches a peak of intensity ("climax"), and becomes disentangled in the "resolution." Though it would hardly be wise to graph the action of a story, fixing precisely the incentive moment, the climax, and the moment of last suspense, it is helpful, even in casual reading, to note the beginning of the conflict, to follow the increasing tension to the highest point of interest, and to watch the suspense subside and come to rest.

Scene, character, and plot are combined into a continuum of existence, an illusion of reality, so that the reader willingly suspends disbelief and enters into the experience of the story. In working the elements into a pattern of continuous experience, the writer makes use chiefly of two techniques—summary and drama (sometimes referred to as the "long view" and the "short view"). If he decides to hurry over a certain part of the story, he simply describes or summarizes what happens. But those parts which are crucial he presents in vivid detail. It is then that the characters usually break into dialogue. Thus by using the long view the author can economize, and by using the short view, he can gain intensity and that single effect that marks the short story.

Though the elements of scene, character, and plot may be discovered by analyzing a story, they are in reality inseparable; and the art of the short story, because of its essential characteristics, in no small degree depends on the skill of the writer to make all of them illuminate the theme of the story. In "The Fur Coat" the setting (bearing marks of former hardships), the characters (frugal to the core), and the action (centering around the struggle of Molly Maguire and her husband to decide whether to indulge in a fur coat) reinforce one another and make the story stimulating and convincing. Furthermore, the action of the story itself must be related to the life that existed before the story began and will continue to exist after the story ends. It is the relation between the specific action of the story and this enveloping action that affords the shock of discovery in the resolution and gives the story meaning. In "The Fur Coat," for ex-

ample, the enveloping action, stated as a theme, might be: "Experience forces character into a pattern that cannot be changed." In the story itself, this principle is being tested by Molly Maguire. Throughout the story the reader wonders whether or not she can overcome the results of early poverty and hardship and dress herself up in a fur coat. She cannot. When she finally realizes this, the tension between the action of the story and the enveloping action subsides, and the reader has an increased measure of delight and wisdom.

Though the major devices which constitute the art of the short story concern the handling of the basic elements of scene, character, and action, there are a few special techniques which are of particular importance to the reader.

*Beginning and Ending.* Since the short story presents only a fragment of experience, the writer employs a special technique, in handling the beginning and ending of his story, in order to give the reader a feeling that the story is a part of continuous life. Often he begins and ends his story with a sentence or phrase that will refer to the enveloping action. In "The Dry Rock," for instance, the background of the story is the strenuous life in a modern city, in which there is no time for "principle." The story begins with the remark, "We're late." The story ends immediately after describing Tarloff, the mistreated cab driver, whose efforts to defend his personal dignity are stranded on "the dry rock of principle," as he disappears in the noise and confusion of the city traffic. Sometimes a story may begin by referring to something that symbolizes the theme, as in "Boy in the Summer Sun." Or end with a description of something that symbolizes the central question of the story, as in "Gusev." The author may merge the story into a larger question of principle at the beginning, as in "Cocks Must Crow," or at the end, as in "The Freshest Boy." Of course, these are only a few devices for beginning and ending stories, but the purpose of them all is to avoid a sense of disjunction and to give the story greater significance. Therefore the reader may often find a clue to the meaning of the story by noting with care the first and last paragraphs.

*Point of View.* In writing or in reading a short story, an important consideration is point of view; that is, through whose eyes is the story seen. There are five rather widely used points of view: the *omniscient* point of view (as in "The Freshest Boy"), in which the author knows everything, even the minds of his characters, and can see the action from every angle; the *first person* point of view (as in "Cocks Must Crow"), in which the author speaks as one of the characters (usually as the protagonist); the *third person* point of view (as in "Birthday Party"), in which someone outside the story is the narrator; the *central intelligence* (as in "The Dry Rock"), in which the story is presented as seen through the eyes of one of the characters though related as by an omniscient narrator; and the *scenic* (as in "A Clean, Well-lighted Place"), in which the narrator is effaced and the story is presented almost entirely through dialogue, as in a play. These narrative methods vary chiefly in two respects—the amount of freedom they allow and the degree of directness they permit. When one is writing, point of view is of utmost importance, for the author, if he is to realize the full value of his materials, must choose

a convenient point of view. When one is reading, point of view is hardly less important, for once the reader has discovered through whose eyes he is to see what happens, the story unfolds more easily and the complex interrelations of the forces displayed can be more readily interpreted.

*Details and Circumstances.* If the reading of a story is to be satisfying and significant, and if the writer's authority is to be unquestioned, the details and circumstances must be sufficiently concrete to give the impression of first-hand experience and to bring the world of the story before the reader. The author must set the scene with well-chosen and accurate details, make the action plausible, and create characters who, within the bounds of artistic reality, are convincing in every respect—appearance, speech, behavior. Perhaps the stories of no recent author have a higher degree of plausibility than Ernest Hemingway's. His sparse, well-chosen details vividly reveal the life of his stories and support his themes. In "A Clean, Well-lighted Place" he describes a cool, quiet cafe courtyard just before closing time, differentiates the characters, and, through a casual discussion between them, advances the plot with such ease and verisimilitude that the reader accepts the probability of the action and the universality of the theme it supports. Different types of stories, of course, have different standards of credibility. Exaggeration, for instance, does not seem out of place in a tall tale, improbable action in a ghost story, highly elevated emotion in a romance, since these types do not pretend to be literal transcripts of life. The reader, therefore, must judge the circumstantial details of a story more by consistency and appropriateness than by fidelity to actual life.

*Language.* In the modern short story, language is a critical component—hardly less decisive than in poetry. Since a story is based on an experience that is isolated and particular, the language in which it is set down must suggest the quality of that experience: the language must be incisive, suggestive, and alert. In a well-written story, one need not read beyond the first few sentences to find words that are extraordinarily revealing of its unique quality. For example, the first sentence of "Boy in the Summer Sun"—"Unalloyed, summer had lingered miraculously into late September without a suggestion that autumn was at hand"—makes the reader immediately aware of the tension of the story. In this description of an early autumn day, which symbolizes the state of young lovers, the words *unalloyed, lingered,* and *miraculously* are highly incisive. Since so much of a short story is presented dramatically, the language of dialogue is of particular importance. Perhaps no modern writer excels William Faulkner in writing dialogue full of meaningful cadence and rhythm. In "Spotted Horses," for example, when Mrs. Armstid sees that her husband is about to buy a worthless horse from the Texas stranger and the swindler Flem Snopes, she says, "He hain't no more despair than to buy one of them things. And us not five dollars ahead of the pore house, he hain't no more despair." In context, which includes some vivid descriptive detail, this remark reveals, with poetic accuracy, the character and role of Mrs. Armstid, which is a significant part of the essential experience of the story.

*Spontaneity.* High among the qualities of the short story is spontaneity. If the action of a story seems to be propelled by some external force, by a series of coincidences or forced situations, the reader will likely lay the story by. The action of a good story moves of itself. In "Cocks Must Crow" the initial situation and the personalities of the main characters create a tension that motivates the entire story. From the time that Quincey Dover suspects her husband of infidelity until she discovers the real cause of his suspicious behavior, the action seem inevitable. Superficially such spontaneity may seem to derive from the plot, but a closer view usually shows that this quality is the product of a skillful handling of everything in the story. Primarily it grows out of the central situation—the relation between the characters and the circumstances of the story. If the characters are psychologically true and if the action involves a dynamic conflict, the story will move forward freely.

*Ethical Insight.* To many readers the highest test of fiction is ethical insight into the world of universal and ideal truth. Modern stories may still depend on adventure, but it is not necessarily the adventure of action in strange and dangerous places. It is an adventure of understanding human nature and personality—complex and contradictory, amusing and surprising, comic and tragic. As we have said, theme is developed by showing how the limited action of the story is related to the enveloping action of its background in life. It is the struggle between these two forces that constitutes the main tension, the resolution of which makes the point of the story. The character involved in the restricted action of the story is in conflict with some principle established in our culture. There are several possible outcomes. The character himself may change. If he does, the story will end happily and the reader will rejoice. But the character may be overwhelmed; and then his defeat will renew the reader's tragic sense of life and stir in him a compassion for this person and for all other persons caught in such unfortunate conditions. Or, if the character simply endures in a spirit of noble pessimism the unsurmountable difficulties which he finds, the reader, in consequence, may be less disturbed by some of his own limitations, or less depressed by the shortcomings of the lot in which his life is cast.

In order for a writer to attain the intense unity required of a successful short story, his attitude and feeling towards scene, character, action, and theme must be consistent. Since a short story is usually read at one sitting, and since the focus is so narrow, a writer must be extraordinarily skillful in utilizing every potential of his materials. It was, indeed, this central point of the art of the short story with which Poe was concerned when he observed that a "skillful literary artist" conceives "with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out."

## *Irwin Shaw*

# THE DRY ROCK

*Irwin Shaw (1913- ) lives in New York City, where he was born and educated. His various experiences—as tutor, typist, library helper, clerk, factory worker, truck driver, writer of radio scripts and screen plays, semi-professional football player, and soldier—have given him an abundance of firsthand material for his plays and stories. Among his best-known works are the play* Bury the Dead, *1936, a short story collection,* Welcome to the City, *1942, and* The Young Lions, *1948, by some considered one of the finest novels to come out of World War II. Shaw has been represented in nearly every volume of the* Best American Short Stories *since 1939, and in 1944 he received the O. Henry Memorial Award for his story "Walking Wounded." Another collection of his stories was published in 1950 under the title* Mixed Company.

*Few stories are easier to read and interpret than "The Dry Rock." The setting is familiar, the characters are distinctly drawn and set in opposition, and the theme is explicit. Yet Mr. Shaw has clothed the framework with such life-like details—images, action, speech—that his story is remarkably convincing and effective.*

"We're late," Helen said, as the cab stopped at a light. "We're twenty minutes late." She looked at her husband accusingly.

"All right," Fitzsimmons said. "I couldn't help it. The work was on the desk and it had to . . ."

"This is the one dinner party of the year I didn't want to be late for," Helen said. "So naturally . . ."

The cab started and was halfway across the street when the Ford sedan roared into it, twisting, with a crashing and scraping of metal, a high mournful scream of brakes, the tinkling of glass. The cab shook a little, then subsided.

The cabby, a little gray man, turned and looked back, worriedly. "Everybody is all right?" he asked nervously.

"Everybody is fine," Helen said bitterly, pulling at her cape to get it straight again after the jolting.

"No damage done," said Fitzsimmons, smiling reassuringly at the cabby, who looked very frightened.

THE DRY ROCK: Reprinted from *Welcome to the City* by permission of Random House, Inc. Copyright, 1941, by Irwin Shaw. Published originally in *The New Yorker.*

"I am happy to hear that," the cabby said. He got out of his car and stood looking sadly at his fender, now thoroughly crumpled, and his headlight, now without a lens. The door of the Ford opened and its driver sprang out. He was a large young man with a light gray hat. He glanced hurriedly at the cab.

"Why don't yuh watch where the hell yer goin'?" he asked harshly.

"The light was in my favor," said the cabby. He was a small man of fifty, in a cap and a ragged coat, and he spoke with a heavy accent. "It turned green and I started across. I would like your license, Mister."

"What for?" the man in the gray hat shouted. "Yer load's all right. Get on yer way. No harm done." He started back to his car.

The cabby gently put his hand on the young man's arm. "Excuse me, friend," he said. "It is a five-dollar job, at least. I would like to see your license."

The young man pulled his arm away, glared at the cabby. "Aaah," he said and swung. His fist made a loud surprising noise against the cabby's nose. The old man sat down slowly on the running board of his cab, holding his

head wearily in his hands. The young man in the gray hat stood over him, bent over, fists still clenched. "Didn't I tell yuh no harm was done?" he shouted. "Why didn't yuh lissen t'me? I got a good mind to . . ."

"Now, see here," Fitzsimmons said, opening the rear door and stepping out.

"What d'*you* want?" The young man turned and snarled at Fitzsimmons, his fists held higher. "Who asked for *you?*"

"I saw the whole thing," Fitzsimmons began, "and I don't think you . . ."

"Aaah," snarled the young man. "Dry up."

"Claude," Helen called. "Claude, keep out of this."

"Claude," the young man repeated balefully. "Dry up, Claude."

"Are you all right?" Fitzsimmons asked, bending over the cabby, who still sat reflectively on the running board, his head down, his old and swollen cap hiding his face, blood trickling down his clothes.

"I'm all right," the cabby said wearily. He stood up, looked wonderingly at the young man. "Now, my friend, you force me to make trouble. Police!" he called, loudly. *"Police!"*

"Say, lissen," the man in the gray hat shouted. "What the hell do yuh need to call the cops for? Hey, cut it out!"

*"Police!"* the old cabby shouted calmly, but with fervor deep in his voice. "Police!"

"I ought to give it to yuh good." The young man shook his fist under the cabby's nose. He jumped around nervously. "This is a small matter," he shouted, "nobody needs the cops!"

"Police!" called the cabby.

"Claude." Helen put her head out the window. "Let's get out of here and let the two gentlemen settle this any way they please."

"I apologize!" The young man held the cabby by his lapels with both large hands, shook him, to emphasize his apology. "Excuse me. I'm sorry. Stop yelling police, for God's sake!"

"I'm going to have you locked up," the cabby said. He stood there, slowly drying the blood off his shabby coat with his cap. His hair was gray, but long and full, like a musician's. He had a big head for his little shoulders, and a sad, lined little face and he looked older than fifty, to Fitzsimmons, and very poor, neglected, badly nourished. "You have committed a crime," the cabby said, "and there is a punishment for it."

"Will yuh talk to him?" The young man turned savagely to Fitzsimmons. "Will yuh tell him I'm sorry?"

"It's entirely up to him," Fitzsimmons said.

"We're a half hour late," Helen announced bitterly. "The perfect dinner guest."

"It's not enough to be sorry," said the cab driver. *"Police . . ."*

"Say, lissen, Bud," the young man said, his voice quick and confidential, "what's yer name?"

"Leopold Tarloff," the cabby said. "I have been driving a cab on the streets of New York for twenty years and everybody thinks just because you're a cab driver they can do whatever they want to you."

"Lissen, Leopold." The young man pushed his light gray hat far back on his head. "Let's be sensible. I hit yer cab. All right. I hit you. All right."

"What's all right about it?" Tarloff asked.

"What I mean is, I admit it, I confess I did it, that's what I mean. All right." The young man grabbed Tarloff's short ragged arms as he spoke, intensely. "Why the fuss? It happens every day. Police are unnecessary. I'll tell yuh what I'll do with yuh, Leopold. Five dollars, yuh say, for the fender. All right. And for the bloody nose, another pound. What do yuh say? Everybody is satisfied. Yuh've made yerself a fiver on the transaction; these good people go to their party without no more delay."

Tarloff shook his arms free from the huge hands of the man in the gray hat. He put his head back and ran his fingers through his thick hair and spoke coldly. "I don't want to hear another word. I have never been so insulted in my whole life."

The young man stepped back, his arms wide, palms up wonderingly. "I insult him!" He turned to Fitzsimmons. "Did you hear me insult this party?" he asked.

"Claude!" Helen called. "Are we going to sit here all night?"

"A man steps up and hits me in the nose," Tarloff said. "He thinks he makes everything all right with five dollars. He is mistaken. Not with five hundred dollars."

"How much d'yuh think a clap in the puss

is worth?" the young man growled. "Who d'yuh think y'are—Joe Louis?"

"Not ten thousand dollars," Tarloff said, on the surface calm, but quivering underneath. "Not for twenty thousand dollars. My dignity."

"His dignity!" the young man whispered. "For Christ's sake!"

"What do you want to do?" Fitzsimmons asked, conscious of Helen glooming in the rear seat of the cab.

"I would like to take him to the station house and make a complaint," Tarloff said. "You would have to come with me, if you'd be so kind. What is your opinion on the matter?"

"Will yuh tell him the cops are not a necessity!" the young man said hoarsely. "Will yuh tell the bastidd?"

"Claude!" called Helen.

"It's up to you," Fitzsimmons said, looking with what he hoped was an impartial, judicious expression at Tarloff, hoping he wouldn't have to waste any more time. "You do what you think you ought to do."

Tarloff smiled, showing three yellow teeth in the front of his small and childlike mouth, curved and red and surprising in the lined and weatherbeaten old hackie's face. "Thank you very much," he said. "I am glad to see you agree with me."

Fitzsimmons sighed.

"Yer drivin' me crazy!" the young man shouted at Tarloff. "Yer makin' life impossible!"

"To you," Tarloff said with dignity, "I talk from now on only in a court of law. That's my last word."

The young man stood there, breathing heavily, his fists clenching and unclenching, his pale gray hat shining in the light of a street lamp. A policeman turned the corner, walking in a leisurely and abstracted manner, his eyes on the legs of a girl across the street.

Fitzsimmons went over to him. "Officer," he said, "there's a little job for you over here." The policeman regretfully took his eyes off the girl's legs and sighed and walked slowly over to where the two cars were still nestling against each other.

"What are yuh?" the young man was asking Tarloff, when Fitzsimmons came up with the policeman. "Yuh don't act like an American citizen. What are yuh?"

"I'm a Russian," Tarloff said. "But I'm in the country twenty-five years now, I know what the rights of an individual are."

"Yeah," said the young man hopelessly. "Yeah . . ."

The Fitzsimmonses drove silently to the police station in the cab, with Tarloff driving slowly and carefully, though with hands that shook on the wheel. The policeman drove with the young man in the young man's Ford. Fitzsimmons saw the Ford stop at a cigar store and the young man jump out and go into the store, into a telephone booth.

"For three months," Helen said, as they drove, "I've been trying to get Adele Lowrie to invite us to dinner. Now we've finally managed it. Perhaps we ought to call her and invite the whole party down to night court."

"It isn't night court," Fitzsimmons said patiently. "It's a police station. And I think you might take it a little better. After all, the poor old man has no one else to speak up for him."

"Leopold Tarloff," Helen said. "It sounds impossible. Leopold Tarloff. Leopold Tarloff."

They sat in silence until Tarloff stopped the cab in front of the police station and opened the door for them. The Ford with the policeman and the young man drove up right behind them and they all went in together.

There were some people up in front of the desk lieutenant, a dejected-looking man with long mustaches and a loud, blonde woman who kept saying that the man had threatened her with a baseball bat three times that evening. Two Negroes with bloody bandages around their heads were waiting, too.

"It will take some time," said the policeman. "There are two cases ahead of you. My name is Kraus."

"Oh, my," said Helen.

"You'd better call Adele," Fitzsimmons said. "Tell her not to hold dinner for us."

Helen held her hand out gloomily for nickels.

"I'm sorry," Tarloff said anxiously, "to interrupt your plans for the evening."

"Perfectly all right," Fitzsimmons said, trying to screen his wife's face from Tarloff by bending over to search for the nickels in his pocket.

Helen went off, disdainfully holding her long formal skirt up with her hand, as she walked down the spit- and butt-marked corridor of the police station toward a pay telephone. Fitzsimmons reflectively watched her elegant back retreat down the hallway.

"I am tired," Tarloff said. "I think I will have to sit down, if you will excuse me." He sat on the floor, looking up with a frail apologetic smile on his red face worn by wind and rain and traffic-policemen. Fitzsimmons suddenly felt like crying, watching the old man sitting there among the spit and cigarette butts, on the floor against the wall, with his cap off and his great bush of musician's gray hair giving the lie to the tired, weathered face below it.

Four men threw open the outside doors and walked into the police station with certainty and authority. They all wore the same light-gray hats with the huge flat brims. The young man who had hit Tarloff greeted them guardedly. "I'm glad you're here, Pidgear," he said to the man who, by some subtle mixture of stance and clothing, of lift of eyebrow and droop of mouth, announced himself as leader.

They talked swiftly and quietly in a corner.

"A Russian!" Pidgear's voice rang out angrily. "There are 10,000 cab drivers in the metropolitan area, you have to pick a Russian to punch in the nose!"

"I'm excitable!" the young man yelled. "Can I help it if I'm excitable? My father was the same way; it's a family characteristic."

"Go tell that to the Russian," Pidgear said. He went over to one of the three men who had come in with him, a large man who needed a shave and whose collar was open at the throat, as though no collar could be bought large enough to go all the way around that neck. The large man nodded, went over to Tarloff, still sitting patiently against the wall.

"You speak Russian?" the man with the open collar said to Tarloff.

"Yes, sir," Tarloff said.

The large man sat down slowly beside him, gripped Tarloff's knee confidentially in his tremendous hairy hand, spoke excitedly, winningly, in Russian.

Pidgear and the young man who had hit Tarloff came over to Fitzsimmons, leaving the two other men in the gray hats, small, dark men with shining eyes, who just stood at the door and looked hotly on.

"My name is Pidgear," the man said to Fitzsimmons, who by now was impressed with the beautiful efficiency of the system that had been put into motion by the young driver of the Ford—an obviously legal mind like Pidgear, a man who spoke Russian, and two intense men with gray hats standing on call just to see justice done, and all collected in the space of fifteen minutes. "Alton Pidgear," the man said, smiling professionally at Fitzsimmons. "I represent Mr. Rusk."

"Yeah," said the young man.

"My name is Fitzsimmons."

"Frankly, Mr. Fitzsimmons," Pidgear said, "I would like to see you get Mr. Tarloff to call this whole thing off. It's an embarrassing affair for all concerned; nobody stands to gain anything by pressing it."

Helen came back and Fitzsimmons saw by the expression on her face that she wasn't happy. "They're at the soup by now," she said loudly to Fitzsimmons. "Adele said for us to take all the time we want, they're getting along fine."

"Mr. Rusk is willing to make a handsome offer," Pidgear said. "Five dollars for the car, five dollars for the nose . . ."

"Go out to dinner with your husband," Helen muttered, "and you wind up in a telephone booth in a police station. 'Excuse me for being late, darling, but I'm calling from the 8th precinct, this is our night for street-fighting.' "

"Sssh, Helen, please," Fitzsimmons said. He hadn't eaten since nine that morning and his stomach was growling with hunger.

"It was all a mistake," Pidgear said smoothly. "A natural mistake. Why should the man be stubborn? He is being reimbursed for everything, isn't he? I wish you would talk to him, Mr. Fitzsimmons; we don't want to keep you from your social engagements. Undoubtedly," Pidgear said, eyeing their evening clothes respectfully, "you and the madam were going to an important dinner party. It would be too bad to spoil an important dinner party for a little thing like this. Why, this whole affair is niggling," he said, waving his

hand in front of Fitzsimmons' face. "Absolutely niggling."

Fitzsimmons looked over to where Tarloff and the other Russian were sitting on the floor. From Tarloff's face and gestures, even though he was talking in deepest Russian, Fitzsimmons could tell Tarloff was still as firm as ever. Fitzsimmons looked closely at Rusk, who was standing looking at Tarloff through narrow, baleful eyes.

"Why're you so anxious?" Fitzsimmons asked.

Rusk's eyes clouded over and his throat throbbed against his collar with rage. "I don't want to appear in court!" he yelled. "I don't want the whole goddamn business to start all over again, investigation, lawyers, fingerprints . . ."

Pidgear punched him savagely in the ribs, his fist going a short distance, but with great violence.

"Why don't you buy time on the National Broadcasting System?" Pidgear asked. "Make an address, coast to coast!"

Rusk glared murderously for a moment at Pidgear, then leaned over toward Fitzsimmons, pointing a large blunt finger at him. "Do I have to put my finger in your mouth?" he whispered hoarsely.

"What does he mean by that?" Helen asked loudly. "Put his finger in your mouth? Why should he put his finger in your mouth?"

Rusk looked at her with complete hatred, turned, too full for words, and stalked away, with Pidgear after him. The two little men in the gray hats watched the room without moving.

"Claude?" Helen began.

"Obviously," Fitzsimmons said, his voice low, "Mr. Rusk isn't anxious for anyone to look at his fingerprints. He's happier this way."

"You picked a fine night!" Helen shook her head sadly. "Why can't we just pick up and get out of here?"

Rusk, with Pidgear at his side, strode back. He stopped in front of the Fitzsimmonses. "I'm a family man," he said, trying to sound like one. "I ask yuh as a favor. Talk to the Russian."

"I had to go to Bergdorf Goodman," Helen said, too deep in her own troubles to bother with Rusk, "to get a gown to spend the evening in a police station. 'Mrs. Claude Fitzsimmons was lovely last night in blue velvet and silver fox at Officer Kraus's reception at the 8th Precinct. Other guests were the well-known Leopold Tarloff, and the Messrs. Pidgear and Rusk, in gray hats. Other guests included the Russian Ambassador and two leading Italian artillerymen, also in gray hats.'"

Pidgear laughed politely. "Your wife is a very witty woman," he said.

"Yes," said Fitzsimmons, wondering why he'd married her.

"Will yuh for Christ's sake *ask?*" Rusk demanded. "Can it hurt yuh?"

"We're willing to do our part," Pidgear said. "We even brought down a Russian to talk to him and clear up any little points in his own language. No effort is too great."

Fitzsimmons' stomach growled loudly. "Haven't eaten all day," he said, embarrassed.

"That's what happens," Pidgear said. "Naturally."

"Yeah," said Rusk.

"Perhaps I should go out and get you a malted milk," Helen suggested coldly.

Fitzsimmons went over to where Tarloff was sitting with the other Russian. The others followed him.

"Are you sure, Mr. Tarloff," Fitzsimmons said, "that you still want to prosecute?"

"Yes," Tarloff said promptly.

"Ten dollars," Rusk said. "I offer yuh ten dollars. Can a man do more?"

"Money is not the object." With his cap Tarloff patted his nose which was still bleeding slowly and had swelled enormously, making Tarloff look lopsided and monstrous.

"What's the object?" Rusk asked.

"The object, Mr. Rusk, is principle."

"*You* talk to him," Rusk said to Fitzsimmons.

"All right," Officer Kraus said, "you can go up there now."

They all filed up in front of the lieutenant sitting high at his desk.

Tarloff told his story, the accident, the wanton punch in the nose.

"It's true," Pidgear said, "that there was an accident, that there was a slight scuffle after by mistake. But the man isn't hurt. A little

swelling in the region of the nose. No more." He pointed dramatically to Tarloff.

"Physically," Tarloff said, clutching his cap, talking with difficulty because his nose was clogged, "physically that's true. I am not badly hurt. But in a mental sense . . ." He shrugged. "I have suffered an injury."

"Mr. Rusk is offering the amount of ten dollars," Pidgear said. "Also, he apologizes; he's sorry."

The lieutenant looked wearily down at Rusk. "Are you sorry?" he asked.

"I'm sorry," said Rusk, raising his right hand. "On the Bible, I swear I'm sorry."

"Mr. Tarloff," the lieutenant said, "if you wish to press charges, there are certain steps you will have to take. A deposition will have to be taken. Have you got witnesses?"

"Here," Tarloff said with a shy smile at the Fitzsimmonses.

"They will have to be present," the lieutenant said sleepily.

"Oh, God," Helen said.

"A warrant will have to be sworn out, there must be a hearing, at which the witnesses must also be present . . ."

"Oh, God," Helen said.

"Then the trial," said the lieutenant.

"Oh, God!" Helen said loudly.

"The question is, Mr. Tarloff," said the lieutenant, yawning, "are you willing to go through all that trouble?"

"The fact is," Tarloff said unhappily, "he hit me in the head without provocation. He is guilty of a crime on my person. He insulted me. He did me an injustice. The law exists for such things. One individual is not to be hit by another individual in the streets of the city without legal punishment." Tarloff was using his hands to try to get everyone, the Fitzsimmonses, the lieutenant, Pidgear, to understand. "There is a principle. The dignity of the human body. Justice. For a bad act a man suffers. It's an important thing . . ."

"I'm excitable," Rusk shouted. "If yuh want, yuh can hit me in the head."

"That is not the idea," Tarloff said.

"The man is sorry," the lieutenant said, wiping his eyes, "he is offering you the sum of ten dollars; it will be a long, hard job to bring this man to trial; it will cost a lot of the taxpayers' money; you are bothering these good people here who have other things to do. What is the sense in it, Mr. Tarloff?"

Tarloff scraped his feet slowly on the dirty floor, looked sadly, hopefully, at Fitzsimmons. Fitzsimmons looked at his wife, who was glaring at Tarloff, tapping her foot sharply again and again. Fitzsimmons looked back at Tarloff, standing there, before the high desk, small, in his ragged coat and wild gray hair, his little worn face twisted and grotesque with the swollen nose, his eyes lost and appealing. Fitzsimmons shrugged sadly. Tarloff drooped inside his old coat, shook his head wearily, shrugged, deserted once and for all before the lieutenant's desk, on the dry rock of principle.

"O.K.," he said.

"Here." Rusk brought the ten-dollar bill out with magical speed.

Tarloff pushed it away. "Get out of here," he said, without looking up.

No one talked all the way to Adele Lowrie's house. Tarloff opened the door and sat, looking straight ahead, while they got out. Helen went to the door of the house and rang. Silently, Fitzsimmons offered Tarloff the fare. Tarloff shook his head. "You have been very good," he said. "Forget it."

Fitzsimmons put the money away slowly.

"Claude!" Helen called. "The door's open."

Fitzsimmons hated his wife, suddenly, without turning to look at her. He put out his hand and Tarloff shook it wearily.

"I'm awfully sorry," Fitzsimmons said. "I wish I . . ."

Tarloff shrugged. "That's all right," he said. "I understand." His face, in the shabby light of the cab, worn and old and battered by the streets of the city, was a deep well of sorrow. "There is no time. Principle." He laughed, shrugged. "Today there is no time for anything."

He shifted gears and the taxi moved slowly off, its motor grinding noisily.

"Claude!" Helen called.

"Oh, shut up!" Fitzsimmons said as he turned and walked into Adele Lowrie's house.

## *James Thurber*

# THE CATBIRD SEAT

*James Thurber (1894- ) is a humorist of first rank, both in his writings and in his cartoons. An Ohioan by birth and education (Ohio State University), he began his literary career in newspaper work. From 1926 to 1933, he was managing editor of the* New Yorker, *to which he still frequently contributes drawings and stories. Some of his best-known books are* Is Sex Necessary? *(in collaboration with E. B. White), 1929, a parody of books on sex education;* My Life and Hard Times, *1933, an "autobiography";* The Thurber Carnival, *1945, a collection of his best work to date. In 1940 he collaborated with Elliott Nugent, who had been a fellow student at Ohio State, on* The Male Animal, *a comedy about university life. Thurber has also written a number of whimsical fairy tales for children and adults which contain acute comments on present-day life.*

*The psychological and moral commentaries in Thurber's drawings and stories and the originality of his plots have made him one of the leading American humorists and satirists. In "The Catbird Seat" one will recognize two Thurber types—the assertive, demoniac female and the meek, downtrodden male, who also appears in* The Male Animal.

Mr. Martin bought the pack of Camels on Monday night in the most crowded cigar store on Broadway. It was theatre time and seven or eight men were buying cigarettes. The clerk didn't even glance at Mr. Martin, who put the pack in his overcoat pocket and went out. If any of the staff at F & S had seen him buy the cigarettes, they would have been astonished, for it was generally known that Mr. Martin did not smoke, and never had. No one saw him.

It was just a week to the day since Mr. Martin had decided to rub out Mrs. Ulgine Barrows. The term "rub out" pleased him because it suggested nothing more than the correction of an error—in this case an error of Mr. Fitweiler. Mr. Martin had spent each night of the past week working out his plan and examining it. As he walked home now he went over it again. For the hundredth time he resented the element of imprecision, the margin of guesswork that entered into the business. The project as he had worked it out was casual and bold, the risks were considerable. Something might go wrong anywhere along the line. And therein lay the cunning of his scheme. No one would ever see in it the cautious, painstaking hand of Erwin Martin, head of the filing department at F & S, of whom Mr. Fitweiler had once said, "Man is fallible but Martin isn't." No one would see his hand, that is, unless it were caught in the act.

Sitting in his apartment, drinking a glass of milk, Mr. Martin reviewed his case against Mrs. Ulgine Barrows, as he had every night for seven nights. He began at the beginning. Her quacking voice and braying laugh had first profaned the halls of F & S on March 7, 1941 (Mr. Martin had a head for dates). Old Roberts, the personnel chief, had introduced her as the newly appointed special adviser to the president of the firm, Mr. Fitweiler. The woman had appalled Mr. Martin instantly, but he hadn't shown it. He had given her his dry hand, a look of studious concentration,

THE CATBIRD SEAT: By permission. Copyright, 1942, James Thurber. Originally published in *The New Yorker.*

and a faint smile. "Well," she had said, looking at the papers on his desk, "are you lifting the oxcart out of the ditch?" As Mr. Martin recalled that moment, over his milk, he squirmed slightly. He must keep his mind on her crimes as special adviser, not on her peccadillos as a personality. This he found difficult to do, in spite of entering an objection and sustaining it. The faults of the woman as a woman kept chattering on in his mind like an unruly witness. She had, for almost two years now, baited him. In the halls, in the elevator, even in his own office, into which she romped now and then like a circus horse, she was constantly shouting these silly questions at him. "Are you lifting the oxcart out of the ditch? Are you tearing up the pea patch? Are you hollering down the rain barrel? Are you scraping around the bottom of the pickle barrel? Are you sitting in the catbird seat?"

It was Joey Hart, one of Mr. Martin's two assistants, who had explained what the gibberish meant. "She must be a Dodger fan," he had said. "Red Barber announces the Dodger games over the radio and he uses those expressions—picked 'em up down South." Joey had gone on to explain one or two. "Tearing up the pea patch" meant going on a rampage; "sitting in the catbird seat" meant sitting pretty, like a batter with three balls and no strikes on him. Mr. Martin dismissed all this with an effort. It had been annoying, it had driven him near to distraction, but he was too solid a man to be moved to murder by anything so childish. It was fortunate, he reflected as he passed on to the important charges against Mrs. Barrows, that he had stood up under it so well. He had maintained always an outward appearance of polite tolerance. "Why, I even believe you like the woman," Miss Paird, his other assistant, had once said to him. He had simply smiled.

A gavel rapped in Mr. Martin's mind and the case proper was resumed. Mrs. Ulgine Barrows stood charged with willful, blatant, and persistent attempts to destroy the efficiency and system of F & S. It was competent, material, and relevant to review her advent and rise to power. Mr. Martin had got the story from Miss Paird, who seemed always able to find things out. According to her, Mrs. Barrows had met Mr. Fitweiler at a party, where she had rescued him from the embraces of a powerfully built drunken man who had mistaken the president of F & S for a famous retired Middle Western football coach. She had led him to a sofa and somehow worked upon him a monstrous magic. The aging gentleman had jumped to the conclusion there and then that this was a woman of singular attainments, equipped to bring out the best in him and in the firm. A week later he had introduced her into F & S as his special adviser. On that day confusion got its foot in the door. After Miss Tyson, Mr. Brundage, and Mr. Bartlett had been fired and Mr. Munson had taken his hat and stalked out, mailing in his resignation later, old Roberts had been emboldened to speak to Mr. Fitweiler. He mentioned that Mr. Munson's department had been "a little disrupted" and hadn't they perhaps better resume the old system there? Mr. Fitweiler had said certainly not. He had the greatest faith in Mrs. Barrows' ideas. "They require a little seasoning, a little seasoning, is all," he had added. Mr. Roberts had given it up. Mr. Martin reviewed in detail all the changes wrought by Mrs. Barrows. She had begun chipping at the cornices of the firm's edifice and now she was swinging at the foundation stones with a pickaxe.

Mr. Martin came now, in his summing up, to the afternoon of Monday, November 2, 1942—just one week ago. On that day, at 3 P.M., Mrs. Barrows had bounced into his office. "Boo!" she had yelled. "Are you scraping around the bottom of the pickle barrel?" Mr. Martin had looked at her from under his green eyeshade, saying nothing. She had begun to wander about the office, taking it in with her great, popping eyes. "Do you really need *all* these filing cabinets?" she had demanded suddenly. Mr. Martin's heart had jumped. "Each of these files," he had said, keeping his voice even, "plays an indispensable part in the system of F & S." She had brayed at him, "Well, don't tear up the pea patch!" and gone to the door. From there she had bawled, "But you sure have got a lot of fine scrap in here!" Mr. Martin could no longer doubt that the finger was on his beloved department. Her pickaxe was on the

upswing, poised for the first blow. It had not come yet; he had received no blue memo from the enchanted Mr. Fitweiler bearing nonsensical instructions deriving from the obscene woman. But there was no doubt in Mr. Martin's mind that one would be forthcoming. He must act quickly. Already a precious week had gone by. Mr. Martin stood up in his living room, still holding his milk glass. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said to himself, "I demand the death penalty for this horrible person."

The next day Mr. Martin followed his routine, as usual. He polished his glasses more often and once sharpened an already sharp pencil, but not even Miss Paird noticed. Only once did he catch sight of his victim; she swept past him in the hall with a patronizing "Hi!" At five-thirty he walked home, as usual, and had a glass of milk, as usual. He had never drunk anything stronger in his life—unless you could count ginger ale. The late Sam Schlosser, the S of F & S, had praised Mr. Martin at a staff meeting several years before for his temperate habits. "Our most efficient worker neither drinks nor smokes," he had said. "The results speak for themselves." Mr. Fitweiler had sat by, nodding approval.

Mr. Martin was still thinking about that red-letter day as he walked over to the Schrafft's on Fifth Avenue near Forty-Sixth Street. He got there, as he always did, at eight o'clock. He finished his dinner and the financial page of the *Sun* at a quarter to nine, as he always did. It was his custom after dinner to take a walk. This time he walked down Fifth Avenue at a casual pace. His gloved hands felt moist and warm, his forehead cold. He transferred the Camels from his overcoat to a jacket pocket. He wondered, as he did so, if they did not represent an unnecessary note of strain. Mrs. Barrows smoked only Luckies. It was his idea to puff a few puffs on a Camel (after the rubbing-out), stub it out in the ashtray holding her lipstick-stained Luckies, and thus drag a small red herring across the trail. Perhaps it was not a good idea. It would take time. He might even choke, too loudly.

Mr. Martin had never seen the house on West Twelfth Street where Mrs. Barrows lived, but he had a clear enough picture of it. Fortunately, she had bragged to everybody about her ducky first-floor apartment in the perfectly darling three-story red brick. There would be no doorman or other attendants; just the tenants of the second and third floors. As he walked along, Mr. Martin realized that he would get there before nine-thirty. He had considered walking north on Fifth Avenue from Schrafft's to a point from which it would take him until ten o'clock to reach the house. At that hour people were less likely to be coming in or going out. But the procedure would have made an awkward loop in the straight thread of his casualness, and he had abandoned it. It was impossible to figure when people would be entering or leaving the house, anyway. There was a great risk at any hour. If he ran into anybody, he would simply have to place the rubbing-out of Ulgine Barrows in the inactive file forever. The same thing would hold true if there were someone in her apartment. In that case he would just say that he had been passing by, recognized her charming house, and thought to drop in.

It was eighteen minutes after nine when Mr. Martin turned into Twelfth Street. A man passed him, and a man and a woman, talking. There was no one within fifty paces when he came to the house, halfway down the block. He was up the steps and in the small vestibule in no time, pressing the bell under the card that said "Mrs. Ulgine Barrows." When the clicking in the lock started, he jumped forward against the door. He got inside fast, closing the door behind him. A bulb in a lantern hung from the hall ceiling on a chain seemed to give a monstrously bright light. There was nobody on the stair, which went up ahead of him along the left wall. A door opened down the hall in the wall on the right. He went toward it swiftly, on tiptoe.

"Well, for God's sake, look who's here!" bawled Mrs. Barrows, and her braying laugh rang out like the report of a shotgun. He rushed past her like a football tackle, bumping her. "Hey, quit shoving!" she said, closing the door behind them. They were in her living room, which seemed to Mr. Martin to be lighted by a hundred lamps. "What's after you?" she said. "You're as jumpy as a goat."

He found he was unable to speak. His heart was wheezing in his throat. "I—yes," he finally brought out. She was jabbering and laughing as she started to help him off with his coat. "No, no," he said. "I'll put it here." He took it off and put it on a chair near the door. "Your hat and gloves, too," she said. "You're in a lady's house." He put his hat on top of the coat. Mrs. Barrows seemed larger than he had thought. He kept his gloves on. "I was passing by," he said. "I recognized— Is there anyone here?" She laughed louder than ever. "No," she said, "we're all alone. You're as white as a sheet, you funny man. Whatever *has* come over you? I'll mix you a toddy." She started toward a door across the room. "Scotch-and-soda be all right? But say, you don't drink, do you?" She turned and gave him her amused look. Mr. Martin pulled himself together. "Scotch-and-soda will be all right," he heard himself say. He could hear her laughing in the kitchen.

Mr. Martin looked quickly around the living room for the weapon. He had counted on finding one there. There were andirons and a poker and something in a corner that looked like an Indian club. None of them would do. It couldn't be that way. He began to pace around. He came to a desk. On it lay a metal paper knife with an ornate handle. Would it be sharp enough? He reached for it and knocked over a small brass jar. Stamps spilled out of it and it fell to the floor with a clatter. "Hey," Mrs. Barrows yelled from the kitchen, "are you tearing up the pea patch?" Mr. Martin gave a strange laugh. Picking up the knife, he tried its point against his left wrist. It was blunt. It wouldn't do.

When Mrs. Barrows reappeared, carrying two highballs, Mr. Martin, standing there with his gloves on, became acutely conscious of the fantasy he had wrought. Cigarettes in his pocket, a drink prepared for him—it was all too grossly improbable. It was more than that; it was impossible. Somewhere in the back of his mind a vague idea stirred, sprouted. "For heaven's sake, take off those gloves," said Mrs. Barrows. "I always wear them in the house," said Mr. Martin. The idea began to bloom, strange and wonderful. She put the glasses on a coffee table in front of a sofa and sat on the sofa. "Come over here, you odd little man," she said. Mr. Martin went over and sat beside her. It was difficult getting a cigarette out of the pack of Camels, but he managed it. She held a match for him, laughing. "Well," she said, handing him his drink, "this is perfectly marvellous. You with a drink and a cigarette."

Mr. Martin puffed, not too awkwardly, and took a gulp of the highball. "I drink and smoke all the time," he said. He clinked his glass against hers. "Here's nuts to that old windbag, Fitweiler," he said, and gulped again. The stuff tasted awful, but he made no grimace. "Really, Mr. Martin," she said, her voice and posture changing, "you are insulting our employer." Mrs. Barrows was now all special adviser to the president. "I am preparing a bomb," said Mr. Martin, "which will blow the old goat higher than hell." He had only had a little of the drink, which was not strong. It couldn't be that. "Do you take dope or something?" Mrs. Barrows asked coldly. "Heroin," said Mr. Martin. "I'll be coked to the gills when I bump that old buzzard off." "Mr. Martin!" she shouted, getting to her feet. "That will be all of that. You must go at once." Mr. Martin took another swallow of his drink. He tapped his cigarette out in the ashtray and put the pack of Camels on the coffee table. Then he got up. She stood glaring at him. He walked over and put on his hat and coat. "Not a word about this," he said, and laid an index finger against his lips. All Mrs. Barrows could bring out was "Really!" Mr. Martin put his hand on the doorknob. "I'm sitting in the catbird seat," he said. He stuck his tongue out at her and left. Nobody saw him go.

Mr. Martin got to his apartment, walking, well before eleven. No one saw him go in. He had two glasses of milk after brushing his teeth, and he felt elated. It wasn't tipsiness, because he hadn't been tipsy. Anyway, the walk had worn off all effects of the whiskey. He got in bed and read a magazine for a while. He was asleep before midnight.

Mr. Martin got to the office at eight-thirty the next morning, as usual. At a quarter to nine, Ulgine Barrows, who had never before arrived at work before ten, swept into his office. "I'm reporting to Mr. Fitweiler now!" she shouted. "If he turns you over to the po-

lice, it's no more than you deserve!" Mr. Martin gave her a look of shocked surprise. "I beg your pardon?" he said. Mrs. Barrows snorted and bounced out of the room, leaving Miss Paird and Joey Hart staring after her. "What's the matter with that old devil now?" asked Miss Paird. "I have no idea," said Mr. Martin, resuming his work. The other two looked at him and then at each other. Miss Paird got up and went out. She walked slowly past the closed door of Mr. Fitweiler's office. Mrs. Barrows was yelling inside, but she was not braying. Miss Paird could not hear what the woman was saying. She went back to her desk.

Forty-five minutes later, Mrs. Barrows left the president's office and went into her own, shutting the door. It wasn't until half an hour later that Mr. Fitweiler sent for Mr. Martin. The head of the filing department, neat, quiet, attentive, stood in front of the old man's desk. Mr. Fitweiler was pale and nervous. He took his glasses off and twiddled them. He made a small, bruffing sound in his throat. "Martin," he said, "you have been with us more than twenty years." "Twenty-two, sir," said Mr. Martin. "In that time," pursued the president, "your work and your—uh—manner have been exemplary." "I trust so, sir," said Mr. Martin. "I have understood, Martin," said Mr. Fitweiler, "that you have never taken a drink or smoked." "That is correct, sir," said Mr. Martin. "Ah, yes." Mr. Fitweiler polished his glasses. "You may describe what you did after leaving the office yesterday, Martin," he said. Mr. Martin allowed less than a second for his bewildered pause. "Certainly, sir," he said. "I walked home. Then I went to Schrafft's for dinner. Afterward I walked home again. I went to bed early, sir, and read a magazine for a while. I was asleep before eleven." "Ah, yes," said Mr. Fitweiler again. He was silent for a moment, searching for the proper words to say to the head of the filing department. "Mrs. Barrows," he said finally, "Mrs. Barrows has worked hard, Martin, very hard. It grieves me to report that she has suffered a severe breakdown. It has taken the form of a persecution complex accompanied by distressing hallucinations." "I am very sorry, sir," said Mr. Martin. "Mrs. Barrows is under the delusion," continued Mr. Fitweiler, "that you visited her last evening and behaved yourself in an—uh—unseemly manner." He raised his hand to silence Mr. Martin's little pained outcry. "It is the nature of these psychological diseases," Mr. Fitweiler said, "to fix upon the least likely and most innocent party as the—uh—source of persecution. These matters are not for the lay mind to grasp, Martin. I've just had my psychiatrist, Doctor Fitch, on the phone. He would not, of course, commit himself, but he made enough generalizations to substantiate my suspicions. I suggested to Mrs. Barrows, when she had completed her—uh—story to me this morning, that she visit Doctor Fitch, for I suspected a condition at once. She flew, I regret to say, into a rage, and demanded—uh—requested that I call you on the carpet. You may not know, Martin, but Mrs. Barrows had planned a reorganization of your department—subject to my approval, of course, subject to my approval. This brought you, rather than anyone else, to her mind—but again that is a phenomenon for Doctor Fitch and not for us. So, Martin, I am afraid Mrs. Barrows' usefulness here is at an end." "I am dreadfully sorry, sir," said Mr. Martin.

It was at this point that the door to the office blew open with the suddenness of a gas-main explosion and Mrs. Barrows catapulted through it. "Is the little rat denying it?" she screamed. "He can't get away with that!" Mr. Martin got up and moved discreetly to a point beside Mr. Fitweiler's chair. "You drank and smoked at my apartment," she bawled at Mr. Martin, "and you know it! You called Mr. Fitweiler an old windbag and said you were going to blow him up when you got coked to the gills on your heroin!" She stopped yelling to catch her breath and a new glint came into her popping eyes. "If you weren't such a drab, ordinary little man," she said, "I'd think you'd planned it all. Sticking your tongue out, saying you were sitting in the catbird seat, because you thought no one would believe me when I told it! My God, it's really too perfect!" She brayed loudly and hysterically, and the fury was on her again. She glared at Mr. Fitweiler. "Can't you see how he has tricked us, you old fool? Can't you see his little game?" But Mr. Fitweiler

had been surreptitiously pressing all the buttons under the top of his desk and employees of F & S began pouring into the room. "Stockton," said Mr. Fitweiler, "you and Fishbein will take Mrs. Barrows to her home. Mrs. Powell, you will go with them." Stockton, who had played a little football in high school, blocked Mrs. Barrows as she made for Mr. Martin. It took him and Fishbein together to force her out of the door into the hall, crowded with stenographers and office boys. She was still screaming imprecations at Mr. Martin, tangled and contradictory imprecations. The hubbub finally died out down the corridor.

"I regret that this has happened," said Mr. Fitweiler. "I shall ask you to dismiss it from your mind, Martin." "Yes, sir," said Mr. Martin, anticipating his chief's "That will be all" by moving to the door. "I will dismiss it." He went out and shut the door, and his step was light and quick in the hall. When he entered his department he had slowed down to his customary gait, and he walked quietly across the room to the W20 file, wearing a look of studious concentration.

## *Mark Schorer*

# BOY IN THE SUMMER SUN

*Mark Schorer (1908- ), like many contemporary authors, combines writing with teaching. He was born in Sauk City, Wisconsin. After studying at the University of Wisconsin and at Harvard University, he taught at Dartmouth and at Harvard and, more recently, at the University of California. Best known of his scholarly works is* William Blake: The Politics of Vision, *1946. Among his novels are* A House Too Old, *1935,* and The Hermit Place, *1941.* The State of Mind, *a collection of his short stories, was published in 1947. His thorough knowledge of the history and the technique of the short story is demonstrated in his textbook,* The Story: A Critical Anthology, *published in 1950.*

*"Boy in the Summer Sun" is a "growing-up" story. The theme of "innocence and experience" is lovingly handled as the author reveals the inevitable, although unforeseen, ending of idyllic love and all the golden days that go with it, and the realization of the advent of workaday reality.*

Unalloyed, summer had lingered miraculously into late September without a suggestion that autumn was at hand. Leaves and grass were green still, smoke had not yet come into the air, and the lake was calm, almost sapphire blue. Mid-mornings were hot, like mornings in July. So they walked where the woods were thickest, where the air was always slightly damp and the cool of night never quite gone. They did not speak much but went silently along the path, almost shoulder to shoulder, their hands touching, or their arms, as they moved. Now and then the girl spoke, quietly, briefly pointed out a bird, a flower, once a green snake gliding through the grass, and the boy answered with a nod or a monosyllable, his face touched with abstraction and a slight worry. After they came to a place in the wood where they stretched out now with their arms about each other lightly as if the place and this gesture were habitual, they did not speak at all until at last the girl, Rachel, asked suddenly, "Why are you so quiet? Is it Max? Are you angry because he's coming, Will?"

BOY IN THE SUMMER SUN: Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *The State of Mind,* Houghton Mifflin Co., 1947.

The boy started and looked into her face. "Angry? No, I'm not angry . . . I was just thinking about that lousy job. When I'm out here it's hard to believe that a job like that can be waiting for me when I get back."

The girl looked away into the depth of the wood. "Is it, Will?" she asked. "Or is it just that in college we never learn that for most people life finally comes down to work?"

"Maybe that's it."

"Or is it foul, Will? Is it worse than most jobs in the city, in summer?"

"Maybe not. But it's still foul."

They were quiet again, and it seemed a long time later, to him, when Rachel said, "Anyway, I'm glad it isn't Max."

His arms tightened around her shoulders. Then he sat up, his eyes narrowed in the shade, and he asked, "Why should it be?"

She said, "It shouldn't."

He lay down beside her again. He stared up into the lacework of green leaves arched above them, and at the rare patches of blue sky that the leaves did not cover. Why should it be Max? Or why should she think it might be?

He had been awakened that morning by the ringing telephone, and lay sleepily in bed listening to Rachel's voice talking to someone in a way that did disturb him vaguely then, although now it seemed only mildly irritating that this week-end should be intruded upon. "But darling!" her voice had cried over the telephone. "What are you doing here? Come over at once! Mind? Of course not! We'll love it! In two hours? Good!"

When he came to breakfast, she smiled brightly and cried, "Guess who's coming, Will! Max Garey! He got bored and started out early this morning, and just now called from the village. Isn't it grand? Mother's so fond of him—she'll take care of him."

"Does your mother know him? I didn't know she did."

"Oh, yes! I must have told you."

"No, you didn't," he said. And now he wondered why she had not told him.

Then Mrs. Harley came out on the porch. "Good morning, Will," she said brightly as she patted her white hair. "Isn't it *nice* that Mr. Garey can come! I'm so fond of Mr. Garey!"

"Yes, isn't it?" Will said into his coffee, and looked across the table into Rachel's eyes, which, shining with pleasure, were heedless of the question in his.

"Did you have any work with Mr. Garey, Will? Rachel thought him such a splendid teacher."

"No, I didn't," Will said. "His classes were always filled with girls."

Rachel looked at him quickly. "Now you're being unfair, Will. Everybody thinks he's a good teacher."

"I'm sorry," he said, and felt suddenly lonely in the bright morning with Rachel only across the table from him.

He was feeling that loneliness again now. "Maybe it is more than the job," he said. "Everything's different since June. I don't know why."

"What do you mean, Will?"

"Just a feeling that everything's breaking up."

They were quiet then until Rachel said, "I know. I'm different, too. Something's changed in me. There's something sad, some ache. . . ."

Will knew that something had changed in her. She was older than she had been in June. There was something about her now that bewildered him, the feeling that she lived without him, an aloofness and self-sufficiency which was new. She was like a woman, sometimes, putting up with a boy. He had felt it almost every week-end, and this and the more general sadness of the summer had darkened otherwise bright hours. Yet her kisses, her sweet arms around him, her yielding body, all denied his feeling. With him, there still came from her throat a little moan of pain and passion which he knew no one else had ever heard. And yet, now in the deep cool wood as she lay in his arms, he felt that she had forgotten him beside her.

She spoke at last as with an effort, as if recalling herself from a dream. "You know, Will, after you left college, in that week I stayed on, I saw Max rather often. Then mother met him. She invited him to come up. He was here earlier in the summer. Didn't I tell you?"

"No," he said, his throat contracting. "You must have forgotten."

His sadness knotted in his throat intensely,

and he remembered then very clearly, almost as if she were saying it again now, something she had said before he left her in June. "Sometimes I wonder if this can last. We know each other as I think people almost never do. Now it begins to seem a little unreal, perhaps because it's been too lovely, part of this unreal life we're leaving. I wonder if that sometimes happens, Will."

Then he had laughed; but now, as he remembered, his arms tightened around her suddenly, as if from fright, and he leaned down and kissed her. Her lips were quiet, without response. He saw that her eyes were fixed on some remote object in the arch of trees or beyond, some dream, something far from him. He stood up and moved away. "Let's go back," he said, and without waiting for her started quickly up the path, toward the house.

All the afternoon they lay on the raft, Rachel between them. Max talked, his voice reflective and lazy, mixing with the sun of that afternoon and the endless laziness in the sounds that insects made in the woods and in the long grass along the shore, his voice spinning itself out, pausing now and then to listen to itself, and going on again, with Rachel lying quiet between them, her eyes closed and the oil gleaming on her brown skin. Will's head was turned toward her, his eyes wandering back and forth from her parted lips and her gleaming lashes to the swell of her breasts under her white swimming suit, to her long browned legs and her crossed feet at the end of the raft.

All the time Max's voice went on, the lazy, professor's voice. Will could tell as he heard it that it was a voice that always talked and that always had listeners, and yet, now, it did not irritate him. He was almost content to lie in the sun with the sensation of burning on his skin, the soft warm glow of skin absorbing bright sun enough in the afternoon to allay for the moment the morning's inarticulate fears, even though it was Max who was lying stretched out beyond Rachel, who was talking, pausing, talking, sometimes falling silent and no word coming from Rachel or himself, and then starting up again, the voice spinning itself out softly in the afternoon sun, with all the laziness of the afternoon in his slow words.

". . . and so in Donne the central factor is death . . . death, of course . . . he, more than any of the poets, built what he wrote upon what may be called a metaphysic of death . . . death as the great leveler on the one hand, the great destroyer of everything, beauty, love . . . and death as the figure at the gate of Heaven . . . these two, this one . . . the central factor, always present . . ."

His voice was slow, modulated, a little affected, quite soft, and in it, Will knew as he looked at Rachel's face, there was some magic of wisdom and experience that enthralled her.

Rachel's voice began, slow and soft as if infected by Max's voice, as warm as the sun, and speaking lines that Max first spoke to her, perhaps—only perhaps—in the classroom:

"When I died last, and, Dear, I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago,
And Lovers hours be full eternity,
I can remember yet, that I
Something did say, and something did
bestow. . . ."

Max laughed. "But darling," he said, "that's still another kind of death, not so serious."

Rachel said nothing. And the sun wove around them its bright and golden web, and the whole world then as they lay there had slipped away and left the three of them stranded together in an unreality of sunlight on burning skin and closed eyelids, and nothing more. And Will, too, felt out of the world of fact, was empty of feeling, as if pure sensation had replaced it. And only slowly did a faint jangling come into his mind, the jangle of Max's word *darling*, like something shaken in a metal box, some harsh sound, or a feeling perhaps, shaking him abruptly from the web. He stirred. He turned. And in turning the web was broken, and he was free of it again, his hand plunged in the cold blue water of the lake and left to dangle there, his eyes turned from Rachel and Max for the moment but seeing nothing in the indeterminable depths of the blue water that gently lapped his hand.

"Not nearly so serious," Max said. "Only a metaphor, a way of speaking . . ."

Will turned toward them again and he saw

in Rachel's face how serious it was, for she looked suddenly ill for all the glow of her skin, her face turned away from him and her lips fallen apart, and every line in her face and body taut suddenly, yearning, aching suddenly with sharp longing, sharp pain, she quite sick for love. Will's hands closed at his sides and opened again, turned empty to the sun.

"Poetry is full of such conventions, formalized short cuts to express familiar sentiments," Max was saying. "In Donne, of course, there's enough fire, usually, to vitalize them, but in others . . . mere metaphors . . ."

Something in Will's mind snapped, then seemed to shout, *Who cares? For God's sake, who cares?* He was enraged beyond endurance by the man's pompous classroom manner, his easy presence, his way of excluding Will, as if he were alone with Rachel and no one else existed. He hated him, and the very presence of Rachel there made his throat ache with something like the pressure of tears coming. The sun had lost its spell. The buzz of insects on the shore seemed for a moment unbearably loud, and the sun no longer warm, but hot, searing, parching his throat and mouth, blinding him. For now he hated Max, and he knew as he remembered Rachel's voice speaking those lines, that she was lost to him, that he had nothing more for her, that Max had all. And there Max lay, as if he belonged there, had every right to be there, talking and priding himself in his talk, delighting to hear his own words, lecturing as though he were in the classroom and Rachel in the front row looking up at him with wide eyes, lecturing as though Rachel and he were alone in the room and Will did not exist.

Will's eyes clouded in anger as he stared down into the water disturbed by his hand. He tried not to hear what their low voices said, and only when they were silent did he turn again suddenly on the raft to see how their bodies had moved together, so that their legs touched, and Max's hand lay quite near Rachel's hair. He stood abruptly, stirring the raft in the water, and then dived deep, swam quickly out and away from them, his arms beating the water in his anger, in a frantic effort to forget the hurt which came from Rachel's willing reception of the man's intolerable arrogance.

He struck out into the lake. The water was cold on his skin, and as he swam his anger cooled. But when his anger was gone, he felt sad and futile again, swam more slowly, felt helpless and wounded, felt almost weak in the water, so that he grew angry with himself instead and wished that he could hold that other anger. When he turned back and swam slowly toward the shore, only the hurt remained, and he did not go to the raft. There Max's words would still be spinning themselves out in the sunlight, catching Rachel's mind in their spell, catching her heart firmly and her whole mind and life, and holding them there, as if the words were really magic.

He walked up the beach and stretched out on the sand. He lay on his back and looked up into the blue sky, and as he lay there he felt suddenly that this was the last time in his life that he would be doing quite this. All summer he had been coming from the sweltering, grimy city, and in seeing Rachel in the country, in living in her mother's friendly house, in swimming and dancing and drinking and finding cool spots in the woods where the moss was thick and only the trees and birds made sound—in all of this it had seemed that nothing had changed or was ending. And this in spite of the fact that when they parted in June, when they walked for the last time along familiar walks between familiar buildings, they had vaguely felt that an end had come to a period, that a new life was waiting for both of them and that (Rachel felt) somehow they were therefore ending for one another. But then Max was nothing to him, only a professor whom she liked; so for him nothing really ended.

Now the golden day was unbearable. He turned over on his stomach and put his face in his arms. Almost at once he could feel the sun burning his neck, his back. But it alleviated nothing. There was the dull ache in his chest and throat, the constant feeling that at any moment he would cry out like a child in sobs. It was a pressure in his body that he could not put into thoughts, only the feeling that something was ending, inevitably ending. He thought of his past and it was all gold, all brightness and gold, all magic land-

scape, all love, all an idyl, all a bright day, and all ending.

He thought he must cry. All his youth was gathered into a knot of pain that choked him, that, dull and heavy, pressed against his heart. He thought of going back to the city, to the hot office, to stupid work sweating over accounts, of the years he had ahead of him in which to slave there. And he knew as he lay in the sand, really *knew* for the first time, that all of that was no mere interlude.

He felt a touch on his shoulder, turned, and looked up. It was Rachel, brown in the sun, saying, "Darling, don't be rude."

He sat up. "Am I being rude?"

"Does he bore you?"

"Yes. I don't like him much."

"Well, I'm sorry he came, Will, but I couldn't help it. Come back and try to bear him. He's not bad, you know."

"No?" Will asked as he got up.

She looked at him swiftly, then smiled. "Don't be silly, darling."

"No, *darling*."

"Good."

Then they went up the shore, back to the raft where Max still lay in the lessening glare of the sun.

Then finally he could put up with him no longer. The whole thing, suddenly, was impossible, too much for him. He sat at the table for a minute more and fought against the impulse to leave. But Mrs. Harley, cooing in a voice that almost made him ill ("But how *interesting*, Mr. Garey. *Do* go on! Do you *really* believe that?") and Max, toying with his fork and smiling with what Will supposed was great "charm" before continuing his monologue, decided him. He looked quickly at Rachel. She sat at the end of the table, opposite her mother. She looked very cool in a white dress, brown throat and arms cool and lovely, her lips slightly parted, her eyes fixed—lost to him.

Then he rose quickly to his feet. "Excuse me, please," he said, and went to the porch, and then outside, down the steps, stumbled down toward the shore under the pines. He sat down in the grass. His fingers fumbled for a cigarette and a match in his pocket. Then he stared out at the water and the new moon hanging close over the opposite shore. In the reeds the frogs sang. From above came the ring of silver on china. He bit hard into his lower lip when he knew suddenly that the salt he tasted was of tears.

Then everything broke, collapsed in him like a sail when the wind dies. He wept as he had not wept since he was a small boy; and there, for a time in the night, he felt that he was a small boy still, alone in the dark and empty night. He lay on the grass and sobbed, and there was a violence in his weeping as of a body tortured. He smothered the sound in the grass.

But he could not smother the pain in his chest. It was like a live thing in his heart, heavy and pressing, torturing, not relieved by sobs. It came over him in waves of torment, and now it was no longer anything of the mind, but of the body alone, a physical pressure, wracking and violent, eruptive and convulsive, as if his very life, well-loved, were ending in the torment.

He did not feel Rachel's hand on his shoulder. It was her voice that recalled him: "Will —darling—please!"

Even then he could not prevent his sobs from coming. It was as if they were something separate from him, separate from his will, as if they had their own life, must come to their own slow end. He felt no shame before her, had no feelings at all, no thoughts, was given over entirely to what seemed wholly a physical act. Then slowly, at last, his shoulders grew quieter. Slowly his breathing quieted. Slowly his eyes dried. And it was over at last. He felt empty, weak, desolate as he turned slowly over on his back to look at her.

The moon was almost in the water. He could see it, touching the opposite shore. The sky was dark, sprinkled with cold stars. These too he saw, blurred and faint, unsteady in the darkness. Beside him knelt Rachel, her white dress a vague lightness, her face above him a blur. She spoke again; "Darling, what is it, what's *wrong*?"

He swallowed hard but could not speak. He lay on his back and looked at the blur of her face. His hand reached out and seized hers, held it tightly. Then she lay down beside him suddenly, put her arms around him, and her cheek to his mouth. He smelled the familiar perfume of her hair and moved away from her

a little. Now he could see the stars more clearly; their light was brighter, harder, they were steadier in the sky, fixed and remote. Then, although Rachel's arms were around him and her face so close that he could feel her warm breath sweet on his face, he was alone, desolate, empty, alone on the shore under the stars. He did not say this then, nor did he even quite feel it, but he knew it, his body, empty and quiet, knew it—the cold loneliness of the stars even on a summer night. He lay still and looked up. Something momentous had happened.

"I felt sick," he said at last, though Rachel had not spoken again.

She said nothing for a while, then whispered, "I'm sorry."

"It's all right now."

As if startled by the deadly quiet of his voice, she sat up and looked closely into his face. "*Are* you all right now, Will?"

"Yes, it's all right now." He said it clearly.

"What was it, though?" she asked.

"You know."

"No."

"Yes, you do."

"Not *Max,* Will?"

"What else?"

"Oh, but *darling*—"

"It doesn't matter, Rachel."

"What do you mean—doesn't matter? Do you think—"

"I know, Rachel. I knew it this morning. But only tonight, suddenly, at the table, when I saw your face while he was talking—it took that long until I really could believe it. But it doesn't matter now."

"You think I love him?"

"You do love him."

Then she did not answer.

"Yesterday I wouldn't have believed that things like this happen. For over a year . . ." He paused. Then, "Nothing will ever be the same again—love, or anything."

"Please, Will. Nothing's happened."

"Everything's happened. Now it's over."

She looked at him closely. Then she said, "I've never heard you talk like that. You're different. Your voice—it's—"

"What?"

"You're different. Your voice frightens me. It's so quiet and cold and far away, so different—" She spoke jerkily. "So dead!"

He sat up, leaned back on his elbows. The moon was gone, sunk under the water. The sky was darker, and the stars seemed brighter still, separate, and farther away. Then he lay down again and she beside him. They were both very quiet. Finally she said, "Do you hate me?"

He turned to her. "No," he answered. He watched her face. He saw her eyes sparkling with tears. He said, "What are you crying for?"

"I can't tell you why, I can't say, I don't know. I'm afraid. I do love you, Will. Only now I'm afraid, because I do love someone else—more. I don't want to. But I do. It frightens me!"

Now she was no longer older than he. She was a girl again, her woman's poise, given her briefly by this new love, taken from her again by that same love because, in the face of it, she was afraid. She was afraid of its swiftness, of what it might hold, of her own heart, turning. Now he felt older than she, felt that he could tell her something. He said, "I know what it is. It isn't just that we've been in love. We've had such a fine time. I don't know if I can say this, but it's something like this anyway—you weren't just yourself for me, and I wasn't just myself for you. We were both in love with much more than each other. You were all of that life for me, and maybe I was that for you, too. We were that whole life for each other, and we didn't want to lose it, but we couldn't help ourselves, we couldn't keep it any longer."

She was crying. She put her face on his shoulder and he felt her tears on his neck. Then he put his arms around her and held her close. But he felt no less alone. And he thought then that this aloneness would never entirely leave him again, but that when he got back to the city next day, after he had been there awhile, working in the office, after a week or two or perhaps a whole year, finally anyway, it would have left him somewhat less empty, less deadly calm. Then this day and this summer and all the golden days would have become the dream; and the other life would be real.

"How did your poem go, Rachel? 'When I last died, and, dear, I die whenever you go from me' . . . ?"

"Please—don't," she said.

He began to stroke her hair. She was quiet now, no longer crying, held close in his arms. He said, "Maybe it's always like this. Maybe the end of every love is a kind of little death, when you have to put behind more than just the love itself, but all the life, too, in which the love was wrapped. Maybe living is really a lot of little dyings."

For a moment more they sat together and then she said, "We must go back. They'll wonder . . ."

"All right," he said.

Then, clinging together like children still under the stars, helping each other up the slope, they went back to the house, where the lights were and the sounds of voices.

## *Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings*

# COCKS MUST CROW

*Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings (1896- ) was born in Washington, D. C., and began writing and selling stories at the age of eleven. She is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, where she studied under William Ellery Leonard. In 1928 she bought a seventy-two-acre orange grove at Cross Creek, a small out-of-the-way village in central Florida, and in the next few years became well acquainted with Florida people and their customs. Her attachment to this part of the country was shown by the warmth and fidelity with which she portrayed the Florida scene in her first novel,* South Moon Under, *1933.*

The Yearling, *1938, introduced one of the most appealing boy characters in fiction since Huckleberry Finn. It won for Marjorie Rawlings the Pulitzer Prize for fiction and was a Book of the Month Club choice. In recognition of the understanding with which she had recorded the life of the "Florida cracker," Rollins College in 1939 awarded her the honorary degree of LL.D. More recent books by Miss Rawlings include* Cross Creek, *1942, an autobiographical account of her experiences in her Florida home, and* When the Whippoorwill, *1940, a collection of short stories. "Cocks Must Crow" is one of three stories from that volume which center around Quincey Dover, a fat, talkative Florida "cracker."*

I got nothing particular against time. Time's a natural thing. Folks is a kind of accident on the face of the earth, but time was here before us. And when we've done finished messing ourselves up, and when the last man turns over to die, saying, "Now how come us to make such a loblolly of living?"—why, time'll rock right on.

It's pure impudence to complain about much of ary thing, excusing human nature, and we all got a just complaint against that. Seems like we could of got borned without so much meanness in us. But just as sure as cooters crawls before a rain, why, we got no right to holler about such things as getting old and dying.

But now what I do hold against time is this: Time be so all-fired slick. It's slick as a otter slide. And how come me to object to that, don't be on account of you slip down it so fast, but you slip down without noticing what time's a-doing to you. That's what I ob-

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ject to. If time's fixing to change you, why it can't be holpen. But the road's greasy as a darky's cook pot, and what does a feller do? He goes kiyoodling along it, and him changing, like a man getting drunk and not knowing it. And here comes a turn in the road, or a ditch you ain't looking for. And what do you do? You think you got all your senses, and you ain't, and you do the wrong thing and maybe knock your brains out. And if you only had some sign, something to tell you you was drunk instead of sober, something to tell you you was changed, why, you might make it.

Now that happened to me with my Will. I come so clost to losing the only man a woman like me could ever hope to get a-holt of, and a good man to boot, that I can still feel the danger whistling past me like a rattlesnake striking and just missing. And that's it. Time ain't got the decency of a rattlesnake. A rattler most times'll give warning. I almost lost my Will, and me a big fat somebody no man'd look at twicet lessen he was used to me. I almost lost him on account of I had changed and didn't know it, and time never give me the first sign to warn me. Merciful jay bird! No, sir, time's a low-down, sneaking, cottonmouth moccasin, drops its fangs without you knowing it's even in the grass, and was there ary thing I could do about it, I'd do it. Excusing that, I got nothing against time.

My Will married me—some say I married him—when I was a big feather-bolster kind of a gal, pink-cheeked and laughing and easy-going and heavy-eating. I will say, I always did have a tongue in my head, and loved to use it, just like a man with a keen knife loves to keep it sharp. But I used it fair and open. Some said I was lucky to get Will Dover, and some said he was lucky to get me. Will and me was both satisfied. I'd had men was more to look at, come courting me out at Pa's place in the flatwoods, and I'd had men come was nothing but breath and breeches. Will had a gold tooth in the front of his mouth, and I always was a fool for a gold tooth. I takened to the little feller first time I seed him. I was a heap bigger'n him even then.

Third time he come out of a Sunday evening, Pa tipped back in his chair on the porch and said to Will, "Better look out, young feller, Quincey don't take you for a play-dolly."

Will looked him square in the eye.

"You ever tried to hold a hawk in your bare hand?" Will said.

"Why, no," Pa said, "I'd know better."

"Well, a hawk's a heap littler'n you, ain't he? But 'tain't his size or your size makes you leave him be. It's his nature. Now the gal ain't growed so big in these flatwoods, could take me for a play-dolly. I ain't got the size to hold Quincey, here, on my lap. But she shore as hell ain't going to hold me on hers."

Pa laughed and slapped hisself.

"Will Dover," he said, "if you want her and she don't take you, I'll lick her with my own hands."

"Ain't nobody going to lick Quincey but me," Will said, "and I aim just to reason with her."

"Ain't he something?" Pa said to me. "Quincey, I've always told you, you can't judge no man by the length of his suspenders. You got to judge him by the spirit in him."

And I done so. I takened Will first time he offered. The business he was in was just a mite in his favor. He run a livery stable in Oak Bluff, and he come courting in a light trap with a pair of black horses drove tandem. It kind of melted me. I hadn't never see a pair of horses drove tandem.

Me and Will hit it off fine right from the start. He was little and he acted gentle, but couldn't nobody press him no farther than he was o' mind to be pressed. And that was one thing I disremembered as the years went by.

When we was fresh-married I said to him, "You're soft-acting, Will Dover, but you got a will as hard as a gopher shell."

"You ain't fooling me none, neither," he said. "You got a tongue as sharp as a new cane knife, but your heart's as big as your behind, and soft as summer butter." He looked at me with his head on one side, and them blue eyes as bright and quick as a mockingbird's. "And that's why I love you, Quincey Dover," he said.

Ary woman could get along with a man like that. I know now I don't deserve too much credit for us living so nice and friendly. But in them days I takened a mort of

credit, on account of I was full of idees about handling men. They was good idees. I still got them. They was mostly this: Man-nature is man-nature, and a woman's a fool to interfere. A man worth his salt can't be helt to heel like a bird dog. Give him his head. Leave him run. If he knows he ain't running under a checkrein, the devil hisself can't get him to run more'n about so far away from his regular rations. Men is the most regular creatures on earth. All they need is to know they can run if they want to. That satisfies them. And that's what I had to go and forget.

Some things about me didn't never change. My tongue didn't never change and, truth to tell, I'd not want it to, for the times I need it I want to know I can count on it. What Will called my big heart, I don't believe didn't never change; for I can't help being tormented when ary living thing, man, woman or dog, be hungry. I can't help feeling all tore up when another grieves. And when a old tabby cat has got no place to birth her kittens, or some poor soul in the woods is fool enough to be bringing another young'un into the world, and not a piece of cloth to wrap it in, and a blessing if it was stillborn, why, I got to light in and fix a bed for that tabby cat or that fool woman.

What did change about me was my size. I had a mighty good start, and seems like a piece of corn bread with a slab of white bacon on top of it has a sweeter taste in my mouth than it do to one of them puny little old scrawny women. And seems like ary piece of rations I've ever ate has just wrapped itself around my middle and stayed there. The last time I weighed myself was a ways back on the scales in the express office, and it balanced two hundred and twenty, and I quit weighing.

"Don't let it fret you," Will said. "You was a big gal when I got you, and I'd purely hate to turn you back to your Maker without I had added something to the good thing was give me."

My Will has been a heap of comfort. Can ary one figure how I could be mean to a man like that? Seems to me, times, like growing into the biggest woman in the county had something to do with it. I growed so big, I reckon I got biggety too. Here was my Will, little and gentle, and here was me, big as Timmons' pond, and used to all Oak Bluff saying, "Go ask Quincey. See what Quincey think."

I can't no-ways recollect when the change in me begun. First time I remember cold-out bearing down on Will was about two years ago. I remember that.

He said to me one evening after supper, "The boys is having a cockfight down to the garage. Reckon I'll ease on down and watch it."

I said, "You'll do no such of a thing. Cockfighting is a low-down nasty business. Men that's got nothing better to do than watch a pair of roosters kill theirselves, isn't fitten company."

Will looked at me slantwise and he said, "Don't you reckon I can judge my company, Quincey?"

I said, "Judge all you please, but you'll go to no cockfight."

He filled up his pipe and he tamped the tobacco down and he lit it and he said, "Since when you been telling me where I could go?"

I said, "You heered me the first time."

Now I felt mighty righteous about it. That's the trouble with changing, you still feel right about it. I'd never seed a cockfight, but I'd heered tell they was cruel and bloody, and besides, it's agin the law.

Will rocked a while and he smoked a while and he said, "Nothing ain't worth quarreling about. I'll just go on down to the station and wait-see do them automobile parts come in on Number Three."

I said, "All right, but don't you go near no cockfight."

He give me a look I hadn't never seed before, and he said, "No, ma'am," in a funny way, and he went on off.

Now I got to put this together the best way I can. I ain't like them story writers can make a tale come out as even as a first-prize patchwork quilt. Life ain't slick like a story, no-ways. I got to remember this, and remember that, and when I'm done it'll make sense. The Widow Tippett moving to Oak Bluff don't seem to have a thing to do with me and time mixing it. When she come, I sure as all get-out didn't figure she'd make no marks on my piecrust. But move to Oak Bluff she did, and get messed up in my and Will's business, she

done so. And that was about a year and a half ago.

First thing I knowed, I heered a strange widow had bought the old Archer farm at the edge of town. I give her time to get nested down, and one afternoon I went out to welcome her. I takened a basket of my guava preserves and my sour-orange marmalade, and a bundle of cuttings from my porch plants. Minute she come to the door to greet me, I seed she had a chip on her shoulder. She was a quiet kind of a looking woman, right pretty if you like skimmed-milk eyes and sand-colored hair with a permanent wave put to it, and a tippy-tippy way of walking.

"Mis' Tippett?" I said. "I'm Mis' Will Dover. Quincey Dover. I come to welcome you."

"Pleased to meet you," she said. "I figured that was who 'twas."

I takened a quick look around. I never seed a place kept so careless. The front room looked as if a truck had just backed up to the door and dumped everything out together, and she hadn't never straightened it out and didn't aim to. She hadn't washed her dishes and a big old tomcat was asleep in the dishpan. There was cats and kittens and dogs and puppies strowed all over the house and yard. A Dominick hen was on the table, pecking at the butter.

"Set down," she said. "I hear tell Oak Bluff just couldn't make out without you."

There was something about her voice I mistrusted right off.

"When I see my duty, I do it," I said.

"That works good when ever'one sees it the same," she said. "You're the lady don't let her husband go to no cockfight, ain't you?"

"You mighty right," I said.

"Ain't it nice to have a man does just like you tell him?" she said.

I looked at her quick to read her mind, for there was pure sandspurs under that easy voice.

"I find it so," I said. "You're a widow, they tell me. Sod?"

"Water. Water and whisky."

"I never heered tell of a water widow."

"He was drunk as ten coots and fell in the water and never did come up. A lake's as good a burying place as any."

"I'm mighty sorry about your loss."

"Don't mention it. I didn't lose much."

I said, "That's a right hard way to speak of the dead."

"So it be," she said, "and the dead was about as hard as they come."

I knowed from then on I didn't like the Widow Tippett and didn't mean to have no truck with her. I got up to go and I gave her the preserves and the cuttings. She didn't offer me my basket back.

I said, "Pleased to of met you. Call on me if a need come," and I walked down the path. I turned at the gate.

"I hope you ain't fixing to farm this land," I said. "It's plumb wore out."

"I thank you," she said. "Just to keep folks from fretting theirselves to death, you can tell Oak Bluff I got steady insurance and aim to raise chickens."

I said to myself, "I'll tell Oak Bluff you're the biggetiest woman I know, to look like a curly-headed mouse."

What she thought of me, she told me when the time come.

Now if I'd of taken to her, I'd of give her settings of my eggs. I have game chickens, on account of they near about feed theirselves, ranging. They lays good, and they grows to fryer size the quickest of ary chicken. The breed is the Roundhead, and the roosters is some kind of handsome bronze and red, and now and again a long white feather mixed in with the shiny green tail. I have to eat them before they get much size to them, for I can't bear to kill them oncet they show up that reddy-bronze and grow them long tail feathers. 'Tain't everybody wants game chickens, on account of the hens'll steal their nests. Could be, I figured, the Widow Tippett'd not crave to raise Roundheads. I felt a mite mean, just the same, not offering. Then I put it out of my mind.

The next thing I can put my finger on was Will asking me for a couple of my frying-size roosters. A year ago past spring I hatched me an early batch of biddies. They growed off big and fine.

"Quincey," Will said, "can I have a couple of them young roosters to give to a friend?"

"I raised them chickens to put in our own bellies," I said. "Anybody you want to invite

to set down and eat fried chicken with us, that's another thing."

"I want to give them away," he said.

"Go catch a mess of fish to give away, if you want to feed the county," I said.

A day-two later he said, "Quincey, can I have a setting of them Roundhead eggs to give away?"

I said, "Now who in tarnation are you so fretted about them having chicken to eat?"

"A customer come to the garage."

"No," I said.

"I do pay for the chicken feed, Quincey."

"No."

"Nothing ain't worth quarreling about," he said.

A week later one morning there wasn't an egg in the nests, and two of them frying-size roosters never come up for their feed. I like to had a fit.

"A varmint likely went with them," Will said. "You'd of done better to of give them to me."

"Will," I said, "you reckon that varmint could of had two legs instead of four?" and I looked him in the eye.

He laid a dollar on the table. "Things has come to a pretty pass when a man has to buy eggs and chickens off his own wife," he said.

"Who's this friend you'd steal for?"

"Just a poor soul that don't have much pleasure in life."

"Well, you rob my nests and roosts one more time, and you'll get the living daylights displeasured outen you."

"Yes, ma'am," and he give me that funny look.

A year rocked on. Twice he give me a quarter for a setting of eggs and fifty cents for two more roosters. I knowed there was a preacher he kind of looked out for when times was hard, and I figured it was him he was feeding. Then late this spring, the truth come out. The truth was a red chicken feather in a basket, and ary one thinks a chicken feather in a basket can't boil up hell in a woman, just don't know hell nor women.

I went out to the chicken house on a bright June morning to gather the eggs. I can't see the ground right under my stomach, and my foot catched in something. I backed off so's I could see, and it was a basket. I hadn't left no basket in the chicken house. I looked at it, and I picked it up and I turned it over. It was my basket. It was the basket I'd taken preserves in, and cuttings, to the Widow Tippett. She hadn't never come near me nor returned it. The first thing come to me was, she'd got ashamed of herself for not carrying it back to me, and she'd come and slipped it in my chicken house. But I hadn't seed no woman's tracks in the yard, and me raised in the woods, why, there ain't a polecat, animal or human, can make tracks in the sand of my yard and me not notice it. I looked at the basket again, and there was a bronzy-red chicken feather stuck to the inside of it. It was a tail feather off a Roundhead rooster.

I seed it plain. That slow-speaking, permanent-headed, buttermilk-faced widow with cats in her dishpan had done tolled my Will into her clutches. He'd done stole eggs and chickens from me, his loving and faithful wife, to take and put in her wicked hands. I set right down on the ground of the chicken house, and when I set down on the ground it's serious, for it near about takes a yoke of oxen to get me up again. I didn't even study about getting up again, for it seemed to me life had done gone so black I just as lief lay there and die and be shut of it. It's an awful thing when a woman has done builded her life on a man and she finds his legs is made of sand.

I thought about all the years me and Will had stuck it out together, him losing money on the livery stable, and cars coming in instead of horses, and finally him building the garage on credit, and learning a new trade, and me making a sack of grits last a fortnight. That were the only time in my life I come speaking-close to getting thin. Then things got good, and we prospered, and I fleshened up again, and seemed to me like man and wife couldn't of got along better together lessen they was a pair of angels, and if what they say about heaven be true, married angels couldn't of had near the nice time we had. My Will was always mighty good company.

I set on the ground of the chicken house and I studied. What had I done to deserve such as this? I'd been faithful. 'Course, there'd be them to say a woman as big as me had no choice but being faithful. But I'd been faith-

ful in my mind, and 'tain't every woman goes to the movies can say the same. I'd worked, and I'd saved, and Will Dover hadn't never oncet come in from the garage, no matter how late, and the fruit trucks keeping him busy way into the night, but I had hot rations on the stove. I reckon a woman can put too much store by hot rations. A warm heart'll freshen a man a heap quicker'n hot rations, but all the hot rations in the world can't warm up a cold female tongue.

I set there. I boiled up inside like a sirup kettle filled too full. I boiled up hotter and higher than the fire in a sinners' hell, and I purely boiled over. That cooled the fire a mite, and I panted and fanned myself with my apron and I commenced to study. I laid me a trap for Will. I decided to watch-see when he done ary thing was different from what he generally done, and when I caught him at it I aimed to follow him. I got a-holt of a wall beam for a lever and I finally got myself up off the ground. If Will had of come home then, I like as not wouldn't of held my tongue. When he come in that evening, I was quieted down and I set myself to watching, like an alligator watching for a shote he knows comes to water.

Now the things a suspicioning woman can imagine different about a man would make a new man of him. That evening Will didn't stir from his rocker, just set and smoked. I thought, "Uh-huh, you know I'm watching you." The next evening he put on a clean shirt when he come in from the garage. I thought, "Uh-huh, dressing up for the widow." He didn't have much to say, and it come to me he hadn't been saying much to me for quite some time. I thought, "Uh-huh, saving up them cute things you used to say, for the widow." After supper he eased on out of the house, and I thought, "Uh-huh, I got you now." I followed along a half hour behind him and, bless Katy, there he was setting on the bench in front of the grocery store, visiting with Doc and Uncle Benny.

I said, "I forgot I was out of shortening," and I got me a pound of lard at the store.

Will said, "I'll go on home with you. I come down to hear the fight on the radio, but it's put off."

I thought, "Uh-huh, I just come too soon."

Sunday morning he takened me by surprise. He didn't shave, and he put on the same shirt he'd wore the day before. But he did get out of bed extra early and he acted like he had ants in his pants. I didn't think a thing about it, for he do that, times, of a Sunday. He's a man is restless when he ain't at his work. I never studied on a thing, until I seed him slip off to the fireplace and pull out the loose brick and take out all the money we keep there. Banks is all right, and we got a account in Tray City, but there's nothing feels as safe as a pile of dollar bills under a loose brick in the fireplace. I seed him stuff them in his pocket and look around as sly as a 'possum.

He come to me and he said, "I'm going on down to town. Don't look for me back to dinner."

My heart lept like a mullet jumping. I thought, "Merciful jay bird, now's the time."

I said, "You're missing some mighty good black-eyed peas," and he went on off.

I give him about forty minutes' start and I lit out. I walked the two miles to the Widow Tippett's like a road-runner snake on its way home. I was puffing and blowing when I got to her gate, and I was just as blowed up inside as out.

I thought, "In a minute now I'll see Will Dover setting beside her and holding her hand, and he ain't held mine since spring."

I stopped to figure what I'd do; would I just crack their heads together, or would I say, proud and stiff, "So! This be the end."

While I was panting and studying, the Widow Tippett come out with her hat on.

She said, "Why, Mis' Dover! You look powerful warm."

I said, "I be warm. Tell me the truth, or you'll figure you never knowed what heat was. My Will here?"

"No," she said, "he ain't here."

I looked down in the sand by the gate, and there was his tracks.

"He been here?"

She looked me up and down like a woman trying to make up her mind to step on a cockroach. She throwed back her head.

"Yes," she said. "He's been here."

Now folks talk about seeing red when they're mad. 'Tain't so. Nobody on earth

couldn't of been madder'n I was, and what I seed wasn't red. It was white. I seed a white light like looking into the sun, and it was whirling around, and in the middle of it was the Widow Tippett. I closed my eyes against the light.

I said to myself, "O Lord, give my tongue a long reach."

I looked at her. I takened my tongue and I flicked it, like a man flicking a fishing rod. I takened it like a casting line and I laid it down right where I wanted it.

I said, "You figure I aim to leave a man-snatcher like you stay in Oak Bluff? You figure I aim to leave you go from home to home stealing husbands, like a stripety polecat going from nest to nest, stealing eggs? You takened my husband and never returned my preserve basket, and that's how come me to catch up with you, on account of a red chicken feather in that preserve basket. And what I aim to do to Will Dover is my business and not yours, but I ain't aiming to let you clean Oak Bluff out of husbands, for could be they's one or two of them worth keeping."

She tipped back her head and begun to laugh.

I takened my tongue and I drawed it back and I laid it down again. I said, "Devils laughs. Devils with buttermilk faces is the ones laughs. They laughs right on through damnation and brimstone, and that's what'll be your portion."

She said, "You should of been a lady preacher."

I takened my tongue and I purely throwed it.

I said, "I comes to you with a basket of preserves and a bundle of cuttings, and what do you do? You don't even send back a empty basket. Not you. What you sends back is a empty husband. You figure I aim to leave the sun go down on you in Oak Bluff one more time? The sun ain't rose, will set on you in Oak Bluff."

She quit laughing. She licked her lips. I could see her drawing back her tongue like I'd done mine. And when she let it loose, seemed to me like I'd been casting mine full of backlashes, and not coming within ten yards of putting it where I aimed to. For she takened her tongue and she laid it down so accurate I had to stand and admire a expert.

"You was likely a good woman oncet," she said. "You know what you are now? You're nothing but a big old fat hoot-nanny."

I like to of crumpled in the sand. She stepped down off her porch and she walked up to me, and there was nothing between her and me but the gate, and nothing between our souls at all.

She said, "I aim to give you credit for what you was oncet. I come to Oak Bluff, hearing the first day I come that you was a woman wouldn't leave her husband go to no cockfight. I thought, a husband leaves his wife tell him what to do and what not to do, ain't a man no-ways. And then folks begun telling me about you. They told me you was a woman with a tongue sharp enough to slice soft bacon, and a heart like gold. They told me all the good things you done. And they told me you was always a great one for leaving a man go his man's way, and seemed like you bearing down on yours was something had slipped up on you."

I said, "Go on."

She said, "Who be I, a stranger, to tell you to give a man his freedom? Who be I to tell you a man that has his freedom is the man don't particular want it? And the man drove with a short rein, do he be a man, is the one just ain't going to be drove?"

I said, "Tell me."

She said, "I'll tell you this. I got a man of my own. We're marrying soon as he sells out the stock in his store and crates up his fighting chickens and moves down here. I don't want your man nor no other woman's man. Now you quit your hassling and pull up your petticoat that's showing in the back, and I'll carry you where you can see just what your husband's been a-doing behind your big fat back."

She stalked out the gate and I followed her.

"Where you carrying me?" I said.

"To the cockfight."

Now if ary one had ever of said, "I seed Quincey Dover going to the cockfight on a Sunday morning," I'd of figured what they seed come out of the bottle. And if ary one had ever of told me I'd be walking along

humble behind another woman, feeling scairt and as mixed up inside as a Brunswick stew, I'd of figured they was cold-out headed for the insane asylum.

But that's what I was doing. The Widow Tippett was purely stepping it off. It was all I could do to keep up with her.

I said to her back, "I ain't of no mind to follow you, without you tell me what to expect."

She never answered.

I puffed and I blowed and I said, "You could tell me how far we got to go."

She kept right on going. The sun beat down and I begun to sweat. The Widow Tippett was about ten yards ahead of me.

I called out after her, "If you aim to carry me to the cockfight, you got to wait a minute, else I'll be toted in as dead as one of them poor roosters."

She stopped then and we set down under a live-oak tree to rest.

I said, "I be blessed if I see how I can go to no cockfight. I've stood out against them things all my life. I can't go setting up to one of them now."

She said, "Can you climb a tree?"

I said, "Can a elephant fly?"

She said, "Then you'll have to let folks see you there," and she got up and give me a boost to get me up and she set off again.

The place where she takened me was out in Wilson's Woods. We come up on it from the south, and here was a clearing in the woods, and a cockpit in the sand, with a wooden ring around it. On the north side was some men standing, and the trees was between us and them.

The Widow Tippett said to me, "Now how come me to ask you could you climb a tree, is on account of that big camphor tree has a flat bough leans right out over the cockpit, and could you oncet make that first crotch, you could get you a ringside seat and watch the show, and nobody ever know you was near if you set quiet. I aim for you to see the show. Then oncet you've seed it, what you do is your business, for I'm done with you."

I said, "If you was to push me a mite, could be I'd make the crotch."

She said, "You ain't asking much, be you?" but she put her shoulder under me and pushed with a will, and I got myself up into the camphor tree. Like she said, it was easy going oncet I was off the ground, and I pulled up a ways and found me a fine seat partways out the bough, with another bough right over me to hang onto.

"Now keep your big mouth shut," she said, "and with that green dress you got on, nobody won't no more notice you than if you was a owl. A mighty big owl," and she went on over to where the men was standing.

I hadn't no more than made it, for directly men begun coming in from all over. Most of them had gamecocks tucked under their arms. Some was Roundheads, like mine, and some was White Hackles and Irish Grays, and some was Carolina Blues. They had their combs trimmed and their spurs was cut off to a nub about a half-inch long. Their tail feathers was shaved off till the poor things' butts was naked.

I thought, "Merciful jay bird, them fine roosters throwed to the slaughter."

After I'd looked at the cocks, I begun craning my neck careful to look at the men. Heap of them was strange to me, men had come in from other counties to fight their chickens. And after I'd watched their faces it come to me there was two kinds of men there. One kind had the fighting mark on them. They was men with cold hard eyes and I knowed they'd fight theirselves or their chickens merciless. They had a easy kind of way of moving, a gambler's way. I knowed this kind of man would move slow and talk quiet, and fight until he couldn't get up. And he'd bet his last dollar and his last farm, did the notion take him. He was a kind of man loved to give a licking and could take one, and it was a hard kind of a man, but you had to give him your respect.

Then there was another kind of man there. This kind of man was little, and his eyes was gentle. And I thought to myself, "Now what's that kind of man doing at a cockfight?"

I inched around on my limb so I got a better peephole through the branches. The men milled around, not talking much, just cutting their eyes sideways at t'other feller's chickens. I seed money change hands. The men that was getting their cocks ready was as nervous as brides sewing on their wedding

clothes. I could see one man good. He was wrapping little thin strips of leather around the nubs of his rooster's spurs. Then he takened a pair of sharp shiny pointed steel things I knowed must be the gaffs, and he fastened them on, and wrapped them like they was a baby's bandage.

I thought, "Why, them things ain't as cruel as the natural spurs."

I could see they'd go in quick and clean, and if they didn't reach no vital spot they'd not be much more'n a pin prick. It was like a boxer's gloves; they look terrible, but they don't do the harm of a knuckled fist.

A gray-looking feller with his hat on the back of his head stepped into the pit. He drawed three lines acrost the sand with his foot.

He said, "Let's go."

Two men come ambling into the pit with their chickens. They turned their backs one on t'other. Each man on his side of the pit set his cock down on the sand, keeping holt of its wings, and let it run up and down. The cocks lifted their legs high. Their eyes was bright. They was raring to go.

The referee said, "Bill your cocks."

Seemed like electricity goed through all the men. All the easygoing limpness was done gone. They was all stiff and sharp and that high-charged to where you could of lit a match on ary one of them. The two handlers goed up to each other with the cocks cradled in their arms. They poked the cocks' bills together and one cock made him a pass at t'other.

Somebody hollered, "Two to one on the Blue!"

The cocks pecked at each other. Their hackles rose.

The referee said, "Pit your cocks."

The handlers set the birds down, each one on his own line.

The referee said, "Pit!"

The cocks flew at each other. They met in the air. When they come down, one just naturally didn't get up again. The men all relaxed, like a starched napkin had got wet. The handlers picked up the birds and went out. Money passed here and yon.

I thought, "Now nobody much got their money's worth outen that."

The next fight were a dandy. Right off, I picked a big Carolina Blue to win. I never did see such a fight. I'd seed men box and I'd seed men wrestle. I'd seed dogfights and catfights. I'd seed a pair of old male 'coons having it. I thought I'd seed fighting. But them game roosters was the fightingest things I ever laid eyes on. They knowed what they was doing. One'd lay quiet for t'other, and he'd flick up his feet, and whip his wings, and pass a lick with them gaffs.

I thought, "Now them fool roosters is following their nature. They're having them some kind of a good time."

I begun to get uneasy about the Blue I'd picked. Seemed to me he was dodging. He lay still oncet when he had him a fine chancet to hit a lick, and I almost hollered, "Get him now!" Then he kind of shuffled around, and next thing I knowed he laid out the enemy plumb cold. I come near shouting, I was so proud I'd picked the winner. There was three more fights and I picked two of them. I was breathing hard. I leaned back a mite on the camphor bough.

I said to myself, "Quincey Dover, take shame. You're purely enjoying yourself."

'Twas way too late to feel shame. I couldn't scarcely wait for the next fight to begin. I didn't even mind the camphor bough cutting into me. But there was a delay. I could see men look at their watches.

I heered one say, "He knowed he was to fight the Main."

The Widow Tippett called out, "Yonder he comes."

And who come walking in to the cockfight? Who come walking in with a big red Roundhead rooster tucked under his arm? My Will come in, that's who come.

Now I can't say I was plumb surprised to see him. I'd figured, the way the Widow Tippett talked, I could look to see him here. I'd a'ready figured that's what she meant about what-all he'd been a-doing behind my back. But I sure didn't look to see him walk in with no fighting cock. I cut my eye at that chicken. And I recognized it. It was one of my prime young roosters, growed up into the biggest, finest, proudest gamecock I ever did see, and the marks of battle was on him. Seemed to me if a rooster had the choice, he'd a heap

rather grow up to fight than perish in the cook pot.

Right off I knowed two things. I knowed the Widow Tippett hadn't done a thing but leave Will raise his chickens, and train them, at that sloppy, easygoing place of hers. And I knowed another thing. I knowed my Will was one of them second kind of men come to the cockfight; the little gentle fellers I couldn't make out why they was there. Well, you'd of thought 'twas the Lord of the Jay Birds had come in to the cockfight, 'stead of Will Dover. The men parted a way for him to go into the pit. They closed in after him, talking and joking and asking questions about his rooster.

Will called out, "I got a hundred dollars says this is my day."

I like to shook the camphor tree to pieces. I near about climbed down to say, "Will Dover, don't you go betting that money from under the fireplace on no cockfight." But I didn't dast give myself away. And truth to tell, I kind of hankered to see could that chicken fight.

Didn't take long to know. The fight was the big fight of the day. Seemed like Will's rooster was a old winner, and the men figured it were his turn to take a licking. Odds was mostly two to one against him. T'other cock was a Carolina Blue, and directly I seed him my heart sank.

"Bill your cocks," said the referee, and Will and t'other feller billed their cocks. They like to of fought right then and there.

"Pit!"

Nobody didn't have to give his rooster no shove. That pair was mixing it time they hit the ground. Will's Roundhead got hung in the Blue.

"Handle!"

The Blue's owner got him a-loose. "Anyways," I thought, "our chicken got in the first lick." Then they was at it again. Now if I hadn't of seed them other fights first, I'd not of appreciated this one. It was a pair of champions, and they both knowed it. They was both shufflers, and it was as neat as a pair of boxers that knowed their footwork. Didn't neither one waste no energy, but when the moment come one seed him a chancet, he was whipping his wings and striking. Now and again they'd both fly up off the ground and pass their licks a foot in the air.

"Handle!"

I wanted to holler so bad I had to put my hand over my mouth. If our Roundhead takened a licking, that Blue was going to wear me out doing it. Both chickens was breathing hard. Will picked his up and run his mouth down along his feathers, from the top of his head on down his back, cooling him and soothing him. He blowed on him and he dipped his bill in a pan of water.

"Pit!"

I mean, anybody that ain't seed a champion cockfight ain't seed a thing.

All of a sudden the Blue begun to take the fight. He got in a lick to the head and while the Roundhead lay hurt and dazed, the Blue followed through with another.

"Time!"

I takened my first breath in about two minutes. I'd of popped directly.

"Pit!"

This time it looked like it was all over. The Blue come in like a whirlwind and he done a heap of damage. He got hung in the Roundhead's back.

"Handle!"

This time when Will turned him a-loose he talked to him. He made queer little sounds, and one of them sounded like a hen a-clucking, like as if he knowed the cock'd fight better if he figured a faithful wife was encouraging him.

"Pit!"

He set him down, and the light of battle was in the Roundhead's eyes. He fought hard and game, but next thing I knowed the Blue had him out cold, with one wing broke. "He's dead," I said, for he lay on his side just scarcely breathing. I could of cried. Seemed like a thing that noble and that fearless had ought to live to be husband to a hundred hens and daddy to a thousand biddies. The referee begun to count. The Blue give the Roundhead an extra lick as he laid there, and everybody figured that finished him. The men that had bet against the Blue reached in their pockets for their money. I begun to sniffle. I didn't someway even mind Will losing the money. I just couldn't bear to see that Roundhead take a licking. Well, I reckon he figured

the same. He opened his eyes and he drawed a breath and where he lay he reached up and he put them gaffs in that big Blue standing over him, and the Blue dropped like he'd been shot.

A grunt come outen the men like as if it was them had been hit. And you know that Roundhead wavered up to his feet, dragging that broke wing, and he climbed up on that Blue, and his head wobbled, and he lifted it up, and he flopped his one good wing, and he crowed! He'd won, and he knowed it, and he crowed.

My Will picked him up and stroked him, and wiped the sweat off his own forehead. He kind of lifted up his face and I could see the look on it. And that look made me feel the funniest I've near about ever felt. It was a deep kind of a male satisfaction. And I knowed that without that look a man just ain't a man. And with it, why, he's cock of the walk, no matter how little and runty and put-upon he be. And I knowed why Will loved a cock-fight, and I knowed why all them other little gentle-looking fellers loved it. They was men didn't have no other way to be men.

A shame come over me. Times, it's life'll do that to a man. Mostly, it's his woman. And I'd done that to my Will. I'd tried to take his manhood from him, so he didn't have no way to strut but fighting a rooster. Now he'd won, and he was a man again. And I knowed that cocks must crow.

And about that time you know what happened? I reckon I'd been doing a heap of jiggling around in that camphor tree, and a camphor tree's right limber, but there's a limit to what it can stand.

I heered a creak and then I heered a crack, and the limb I was setting on busted off as neat as if you'd put a ax to it, and I slid down it, and I catched holt of the limb below, and I slid down that, and I plunked off down outen the camphor tree right smack in the middle of the cockpit.

I reckon everybody thought it was the end of the world. Nobody couldn't do nothing but gape at me.

"Well, get me up off the ground," I said. "You sure can't fight no chickens with me in the middle of the pit."

Will run to me then, and two-three others, and they hoisted me up. I brushed off my skirt and the Widow Tippett tidied me up. I looked her in the eye.

"I'd be proud to call you my friend," I said to her.

"All you got to do is call it," she said.

I turned to my Will. His face was in knots. The Lord Hisself couldn't of told what he was thinking.

"Well, Will," I said, "we sure got us some kind of a fighting rooster. Now I'd like a mite softer seat for the next fight."

He drawed a long slow breath.

"We ain't staying for the next," he said. "You're like to be hurt. I'm carrying you home."

The men that had lost to him paid him off. He crammed the bills in his pocket and he tucked up the Roundhead under his arm and he led me off to the car. He cranked up and headed out.

The Roundhead kind of nested down on the seat between us. Directly Will reached in his pocket and he hauled out the money and he dropped it in my lap. I counted out the hundred he'd started with and I put it back in his pocket. Then I divided the rest in two piles, and I put one down inside my blouse and put the other in his pocket. He didn't say the first word.

"Will," I said, "I figured you'd been onfaithful to me with the Widow Tippett."

He shook his head.

"I should of knowed better. You ain't that kind of a man. But something in you had drawed off from me."

He nodded.

"I know why you drawed off," I said. "I'd done drove you to it. And I knowed better than to treat a man the way I'd got to treating you."

He never answered.

"Will," I said, "I hope it's in your heart to forgive me. I didn't use to be thataway. Time changed me, Will, and I didn't never notice it. I'd be proud if you'd blame time for it, and spare me."

He kind of blinked his eyes, like he was fixing to cry.

"Will," I said, "you ain't got to go raising no chickens behind my back. I'll raise them for you."

"No, Quincey," he said, slowlike. "No. I reckon I'll quit cockfighting. It's a foolish business, for a man can lose his shirt at it. And you didn't happen to see one of them long, bloody, ugly fights, makes a man sick to watch it. No, Quincey, I'm done." He looked at me. "Seems like something inside me is satisfied."

Well, I busted out crying. The excitement and the camphor limb cracking, and finding I hadn't plumb lost him, and all, I couldn't stand it. I blubbered like a baby.

"Oh, Will," I said, "I wisht I was young again. An awful thing has done happened to me. You know what I be? I be nothing but a big old fat hoot-nanny."

"Why, Quincey," he said. "Why, Quincey. Don't you dast say such as that. You're my good, sweet Quincey, and I love every hundred pounds of you."

And we busted out laughing.

"Quincey," he said, "you remember when I come courting you and I told you I aimed to fatten you up, for a man couldn't have too much of a good thing?"

I blowed my nose and he put his arm around me.

"Will," I said, "we're on a public highway."

"It's a free road," he said, and he kissed me.

"Will," I said, "home's the place for such as that."

"Ain't I headed for home fast as I can go?" he said, and we laughed like a pair of young'uns.

My Will ain't much to look at, but he's mighty good company.

## *Katharine Brush*

# BIRTHDAY PARTY

*Katharine Brush (1902- ) spent most of her childhood in Washington, D. C., and Newbury, Connecticut. After graduating from Centenary Collegiate Institute, she worked for a Boston newspaper. In 1927 she had her first success with the short story "Night Club." She has written many popular novels and short stories, especially for* The American Magazine *and* Cosmopolitan. *Margaret Culkin Banning has remarked about Katharine Brush that she is "one of the people . . . who proved that popular prose need not be sloppy and sentimental or untrue to life."*

*"Birthday Party" is one of the shortest of the short short stories, yet character and conflict are set into the enveloping action with such sureness of purpose as to give depth to the story and meaning to the theme.*

They were a couple in their late thirties, and they looked unmistakably married. They sat on the banquette opposite us in a little narrow restaurant, having dinner. The man had a round, self-satisfied face, with glasses on it; the woman was fadingly pretty, in a big hat. There was nothing conspicuous about them, nothing particularly noticeable, until the end of their meal, when it suddenly became obvious that this was an Occasion—in fact, the husband's birthday, and the wife had planned a little surprise for him.

It arrived, in the form of a small but glossy birthday cake, with one pink candle burning in the center. The headwaiter brought it in and placed it before the husband, and meanwhile the violin-and-piano orchestra played "Happy Birthday to You" and the wife beamed with shy pride over her little surprise,

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and such few people as there were in the restaurant tried to help out with a pattering of applause. It became clear at once that help was needed, because the husband was not pleased. Instead he was hotly embarrassed, and indignant at his wife for embarrassing him.

You looked at him and you saw this and you thought, "Oh, now, don't *be* like that!" But he was like that, and as soon as the little cake had been deposited on the table, and the orchestra had finished the birthday piece, and the general attention had shifted from the man and the woman, I saw him say something to her under his breath—some punishing thing, quick and curt and unkind. I couldn't bear to look at the woman then, so I stared at my plate and waited for quite a long time. Not long enough, though. She was still crying when I finally glanced over there again. Crying quietly and heartbrokenly and hopelessly, all to herself, under the gay big brim of her best hat.

## *Saki (H. H. Munro)*

# THE OPEN WINDOW

*Hector Hugh Munro (1870-1916) is generally known as "Saki," a pseudonym which he took from the name of the cup-bearer in the* Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. *He was born in Burma, where his father was stationed in the British service. After his schooling in England, he traveled widely in Europe. In 1896 he started to write professionally for London periodicals. From 1902 until 1907 he was in Europe as a correspondent for the London* Morning Post. *When the war broke out in 1914, he enlisted immediately; two years later he was killed in action. His four volumes of stories appeared between 1904 and 1914. A complete collection,* The Short Stories of Saki, *was published in 1930. "Saki" is generally ranked with the most eminent short-story writers. E. V. Lucas has described a perfect hostess as one who puts by the guestroom bed "a volume either of O. Henry or 'Saki' or both."*

*As with most "Saki" stories, the chief merit and delight of "The Open Window" derive from the ambiguity and irony of the incident on which the story is based.*

"My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; "in the meantime you must try and put up with me."

Framton Nuttel endeavoured to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

THE OPEN WINDOW: Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *The Short Stories of Saki*, Viking Press, Copyright, 1946.

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to his rural retreat; "you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton; "but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favorite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it." Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing, 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window—"

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" she said.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; "my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes today, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic; he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

"The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who laboured under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. "On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement," he continued.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention—but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill

shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window; they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall-door, the gravel-drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid imminent collision.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window; "fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton; "could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of goodbye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly; "he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make any one lose their nerve."

Romance at short notice was her specialty.

## *Mary Webb*

# IN AFFECTION AND ESTEEM

*Mary Meredith Webb (1881-1927) was born in Leighton, Shropshire, England. She received most of her education at home, her father being a schoolmaster. As a child she began writing stories and poetry. In 1912 she married a schoolmaster, who gave up teaching to become a commercial gardener. This profession gave Mary Webb an intimate acquaintanceship with the English countryside, which is revealed in her accurate descriptions of nature. The plots of her stories and novels are somber, reflecting her consciousness of the cruelties of human life.* Precious Bane, *1924, is her best-known novel.*

Miss Myrtle Brown had never, since she unwillingly began her earthly course, received the gift of a box or a bouquet of flowers. She used to think, as she trudged away to the underground station every day, to go and stitch buttonholes in a big London shop, that it would have been nice if, on one of her late returns, she had found a bunch of roses—red, with thick, lustrous petals, deeply sweet, or white, with their rare fragrance—awaiting her on her table. It was, of course, an impossible dream. She ought to be glad enough to have a table at all, and a loaf to put on it. She ought to be grateful to those above for letting her have a roof over her head.

"You might," she apostrophized herself, as she lit her gas-ring and put on the kettle, "not *have* a penny for this slot. You might, Myrtle Brown, not *have* a spoonful of tea to put in this pot. Be thankful!"

And she was thankful to Providence, to her landlady, to her employer, who sweated his workers, to the baker for bringing her loaf, to the milkman for leaving her half a pint of

IN AFFECTION AND ESTEEM: From *Armour Wherein He Trusted,* by Mary Webb, published and copyrighted, 1929, by E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., New York.

milk on Sundays, to the landlady's cat for refraining from drinking it.

To all these, in her anxious and sincere heart, she gave thanks. She had enough to keep body and soul together. How dared she, then, desire anything so inordinate as a bouquet?

"You might," she remarked, holding up the teapot to get the last drop, "be sleeping on the Embankment. Others as good as you, as industrious as you, sleep there every night, poor souls."

Yet she could not help thinking, when she put out her light and lay down, of the wonderful moment if she ever *did* receive a bouquet.

Think of unpacking the box! Think of seeing on the outside, "Cut Flowers Immediate," undoing the string, taking off the paper, lifting the lid!

What then? Ah, violets, perhaps, or roses; lilies of the valley, whiter than belief in their startling bright leaves; lilac or pale pink peonies or mimosa with its benignant warm sweetness.

The little room would be like a greenhouse —like one of the beautiful greenhouses at Kew—with the passionate purity of tall lilies; with pansies, softly creased; with cowslips in tight bunches, and primroses edged with dark leaves, and daffodils with immense frail cups. She would borrow jampots from the landlady, and it would take all evening to arrange them. And the room would be wonderful—like heaven. The flowers would pour out incense, defeating the mustiness of the house and the permanent faint scent of cabbage.

To wake, slowly and luxuriously, on a Sunday morning, into that company—what bliss!

Red roses at the bed's head, white roses at the foot. On the table, pinks. Not a *few* flowers; not just a small box. Many, many flowers—all the sweetness the world owed her.

She dimly felt that it owed her something. All those buttonholes! Yes. There was a debt of much colour and perfume, golden petals, veined mauve chalices, velvet purples, passion flower, flower of the orange. She was its creditor for small daisies and immense sunflowers; for pink water-lilies acquainted with liquid deeps; for nameless blooms, rich, streaked with strange fantastic hues, plucked in Elfland; for starred branches dripping with the honeys of Paradise.

"Dr. to Myrtle Brown, the World. Item, love and beauty. Item, leisure. Item, sunlight, laughter and the heart's desire."

She might, of course, out of her weekly wage, buy a bunch of flowers. She did occasionally. But that was not quite the perfect thing, not quite what she desired. The centre of all the wonder was to be the little bit of pasteboard with her name on it, and the sender's name, and perhaps a few words of greeting. She had heard that this was the custom in sending a bouquet to anyone—a great actress or prima donna. And on birthdays it was customary, and at funerals.

Birthdays! Suppose, now, she received such a parcel on her birthday. She had had so many birthdays, and they had all been so very much alike. A tomato with her tea, perhaps, and a cinema afterwards. Once it had been a pantomime, the landlady having been given a ticket, and having passed it on in consideration of some help with needlework.

Miss Brown liked the Transformation Scene. She liked the easy way in which the ladies who had been reclining on sharp, green peaks of ice in a snowbound country were suddenly, at the ringing of a bell, changed into languid, rosy summer nymphs with as many blossoms about them as even she could desire. She supposed they were only paper flowers and trees of cardboard, but still it would be pleasant to recline in a warm rosy light and see rows and rows of pleased faces. Yes. If she had been younger, she might have become a transformation fairy. She mentioned this when thanking the landlady for a pleasant evening.

"What? Go as one of those brazen girls? Dear me, Miss Brown, what next?"

"They only just lie there in a nice dress to be looked at," said Miss Brown, with spirit.

"There's some," replied the landlady darkly, "as do more harm, just lying still to be looked at, than respectable people would do in a thousand miles."

"I'm not young enough, anyway."

"No. You don't get any younger. Time soon passes."

She minced the meat for the first-floor din-

ers as if Time and Death were on the chopping-board.

Myrtle Brown was depressed at the idea of Time and Death marching upon her. She realized that there would come a time when she could not make any more buttonholes. She knew she ought to be saving every penny against the rainy day which, once it came, would go on. Even a bunch of snowdrops would not do.

"There'll come a day," she said, as she washed her cup and saucer after a frugal tea, "when you'll *want* a penny, when a penny may be life or death. Save, and be thankful!"

Yet always in her heart was the longing for some great pageant, some splendid gift of radiance. How she could enjoy it! With what zest she would tell over every smallest bit of it! Nothing that they could give her would go unnoticed. Every petal, every leaf would be told over like a rosary.

But nobody seemed anxious to inaugurate any pageant. Nobody wanted to light a candle at Miss Brown's shrine. And at last, on a bleak winter day when everything had gone wrong and she had been quite unable to be grateful to anybody, she made a reckless decision. She would provide a pageant for herself. Before she began to save up for the rainy day, she would save up for the pageant.

"After that," she remarked, carefully putting crumbs on the window-sill for the birds, "you'll be quiet. You'll be truly thankful, Myrtle Brown."

She began to scrimp and save. Week by week the little hoard increased. A halfpenny here and a penny there—it was wonderful how soon she amassed a shilling. So great was her determination that, before her next birthday, she had got together two pounds.

"It's a wild and wicked thing to spend two pounds on what neither feeds nor clothes," she said. She knew it would be impossible to tell the landlady. She would never hear the last of it. No! It must be a dead secret. Nobody must know where those flowers came from. What was the word people used when you were not to know the name?

"Anon"—something. Yes. The flowers must be "anon." There was a little shop at Covent Garden where they would sell retail. Tube-roses, they sometimes had. Wonderful things were heaped in hampers. She would go there on the day before her birthday.

"You ought," she said, as she drank her cup of cocoa at five o'clock on a winter morning, "to be downright ashamed of what you're going to do this morning. Spending forty shillings on the lust of the eye!"

But this rather enhanced the enjoyment, and she was radiant as she surveyed early London from the bus.

Tomorrow morning, not much later than this, it would arrive—the alabaster box of precious nard.

She descended at Covent Garden, walking through the piled crates of greenstuff, the casks of fruit, the bursting sacks of potatoes, the large flat frails of early narcissi, exhaling fragrance. She came to her Mecca.

The shopkeeper was busy. He saw a shabby little woman with an expression of mingled rapture and anxiety.

"Well, ma'am, what is it?" he asked. "Cabbage?"

Cabbage! And she had come for the stored wealth of a hundred flower-gardens!

"No, sir!" she replied with some asperity. "I want some flowers. Good flowers. They are to be packed and sent to a lady I know, tonight."

"Vi'lets?"

"Yes. Vi'lets and tuberoses and lilies and pheasant-eye, and maidenhair and mimosa and a few dozen roses, and some of those early polyanthus and gilly-flowers."

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute! I suppose you know they'll cost a pretty penny?"

"I can pay for what I order," said Miss Brown with hauteur. "Write down what I say, add it up as you go on, put down box and postage, and I'll pay."

The shopkeeper did as he was told.

Miss Brown went from flower to flower, like a sad-coloured butterfly, softly touching a petal, softly sniffing a rose. She was bliss incarnate. The shopkeeper, realizing that something unusual was afoot, gave generous measure. At last the order was complete, the address given, the money—all two pounds—paid.

"Any card enclosed?" queried the shopman.

Triumphantly Miss Brown produced one.

"In affection and esteem."

"A good friend, likely?" queried the shopman.

"Almost my only friend," replied Miss Brown.

Through Covent Garden's peculiarly glutinous mud she went in a beatitude, worked in a beatitude, went home in a dream.

She slept brokenly, as children do on Christmas Eve, and woke early, listening for the postman's ring.

Hark! Yes! A ring.

But the landlady did not come up. It must have been only the milkman. Another wait. Another ring. No footsteps. The baker, she surmised.

Where was the postman? He was very late. If he only knew, how quick he would have been!

Another pause. An hour. Nothing. It was long past his time. She went down.

"Postman?" said the landlady, "why, the postman's been gone above an hour! Parcel? No, nothing for you. There did a parcel come for Miss Brown, but it was a great expensive box with "Cut Flowers" on it, so I knew it wasn't for you and I sent it on straight to Miss Elvira Brown the actress, who was used to lodge here. *She* was always getting stacks of flowers, so I knew it was for her."

## *Frances Gray Patton*

# ELINOR AND THE NORMAL LIFE

*Frances Gray Patton (1906- ) was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, of a long line of North Carolinians. She was educated at Trinity College, now Duke University, and at the University of North Carolina. While at the University, she became active in the newly organized Carolina Playmakers and wrote the play which was given at the opening of the Playmakers' Theater in 1925. Mrs. Patton did not publish her first story until 1945. Since then, however, she has become a favorite writer for* The New Yorker, *in which have appeared almost a score of her stories. These were collected and published in 1951 under the title* The Finer Things of Life.

*Her husband, Lewis Patton, is Professor of English at Duke University. The Pattons have one son and twin daughters. In "Elinor and the Normal Life," one may well surmise that Mrs. Patton has drawn on her own experiences for her authentic and sensitive observations of teen-agers and of academic life.*

Natives of the academic close are likely to enjoy an illusion of permanence, or at least of a steady undulation of event. Except for Sunday, the very days of the week lose precise identity and become Mon.-Wed.-Fri. or Tues.-Thurs.-Sat. Ideas that at first flurry seem troublesome and fresh are presently discovered to be mere scraps blowing from the past; bound into volumes, catalogued, and shelved in the library stacks, they soon absorb the nice, musty smell of their neighbors. The faces and habits of one's friends never really change; they only weather and, like idiom or the contours of the land, gain or lose, slowly and almost imperceptibly, from time and usage. But the rule is subject to proof by exception, and an unorthodox thing did happen in the bosom of Professor Potter's family. When the Professor's daughter, Elinor, who had always been a pleasant, ordinary child, was fourteen,

ELINOR AND THE NORMAL LIFE: By permission. Copyright, 1949, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

she shucked the braces off her front teeth and turned out to be unusually pretty. This alteration in Elinor was not, actually, so sudden as it appeared. It had been going on for some time, in a desultory way, and Mrs. Potter had had several uneasy glimpses of its progress. But, being without precedent, it had gone generally unremarked, and when at last her prettiness shone, as it were, unveiled, it dazzled the naked eye.

The Potters could have served an investigator of mores as an example of the family unit in harmony with its environment, for the seclusion that circumstances imposed upon their lives—the microcosmic tranquillity that might conceivably have been called dull in some quarters—seemed proper to them, like the climate of home. Professor Potter was an amiable, reflective man, somewhat below middle height, who didn't feel natural without an open book in his hands. Mrs. Potter wasn't a bad-looking woman, but she had the faraway expression, faintly reminiscent of a wandering sheep's, that so often marks the contented faculty wife. She was fond of gardening, of cooking, and of listening to men talk. "Happy" is a strong adjective, but the Professor and his lady were almost that.

The three Potter children seemed to reflect their parents' quiet satisfaction with life. The two boys, now in boarding school, were bumpy-browed youths whose course was plain. Like those eels, hatched in the deeps off Bermuda, that make their slippery, undeviating way along the Gulf Stream and up the same continental creeks their fathers travelled before them, these boys swam toward their destiny. They were both headed, obviously, for the Ph.D. Their younger sibling, Elinor, was much like her mother—an unassuming girl with no special talent beyond a readiness to be pleased.

Elinor's distinction in the academic milieu —if, indeed, she had any—rested in her lack of singularity. She had been a tractable baby, fitting easily into the schedules that pediatricians arrange for the rank and file of infancy; she had developed no allergies, no neuroses, and no indications of genius. At three or so, when many faculty tots are babbling caustic comment upon the foibles of society, Elinor's acutest observation had been "The little birds say 'Tweet, tweet.'" (She had uttered this truism with an innocent air of discovery that had enchanted her parents and even her brothers, but it wasn't quite the sort of bon mot her father could quote in the faculty Men's Room.) When, at the remarkably regular age of six, she had entered the first grade, she became the proof of the pedagogical pudding; all the plummy inducements to learning—the reading cards, the gold stars for good behavior, the make-believe grocery stores—that the typical academic small fry gag upon with contempt Elinor chewed with passion. Step by step, grade by grade, she had kept her chronological place. She had been, in turn, the wistful child at the candy counter, the floppy creature in jeans brooding over a picture of Lana Turner, the spindly girl sitting, pigeon-toed, at dancing school, trying to look nonchalant instead of neglected. Frequently, her own mother had had difficulty picking her out of a crowd. Now, when anyone would have granted her the usual year of unreliable complexion, Elinor proceeded to blossom into what could be called by no lower name than Beauty. It was the only precocious thing she'd ever done.

The elder Potters got their first clear view of Elinor's metamorphosis one late afternoon in early October as they were gossiping over highballs in the study. They were feeling very peaceful. The morning's mail had brought them notification of substantial cash awards their sons had received at school in recognition of their scholarship; later, signing his name with a flourish, Professor Potter had written a check that paid off Elinor's orthodontist, finally and in full. All in all, the day had been one to inspire a mood of mild complacency. Mrs. Potter was leaning back in the swivel desk chair while her husband, who wanted a change after sitting over quiz papers all afternoon, stood near the window and entertained her with a tale concerning the fatuous behavior of a certain dean. He hesitated for an instant, seeking a phrase adequate to convey the pomposity of his hero. As he did, he glanced outdoors and saw a girl coming into the yard through a gap in the cedar hedge. A second elapsed before he knew her for his daughter.

"Come here," he said, crooking a finger at

Mrs. Potter. "I'm damned if Elinor doesn't look pretty!"

Mrs. Potter winced, as if a grumbling tooth had begun to ache in earnest. She left her glass on the desk and went to the window.

Darkness hadn't quite fallen outside. A reflection of an Indian-summer sunset welled over the horizon, casting a bloom upon half the stained-glass blue of the sky and all the air, and through this golden light Elinor advanced, walking slowly over the lawn. She had been playing touch football in the neighborhood, and she was dressed in clumsy clothes outgrown by her brothers—an old gray sweatshirt, bunchy riding pants, hobnailed shoes that gaped at the ankles—but they didn't make Elinor look clumsy. She moved with the grace of a solitary maiden in a poem. Everything about her seemed to have undergone a curious change. Her straw-colored hair, her skinny legs, her birdlike habit of cocking her head a little to one side—all that had been feckless or weedy or funny—had become, in that moment, delicate. Her face wore a look of abstracted gravity, and she carried her football tenderly in the crook of her arm, like a sheaf of flowers.

"Whew!" said Mrs. Potter.

Elinor noticed her parents at the window. She grinned and waved in her old urchinish manner. "I'm muddy," she called. "I'm going to leave my shoes in the basement." She jogged off around the house, her football under her arm. Mrs. Potter returned thoughtfully to her drink.

"The effect is charming, but rather irregular," Professor Potter said. "How do you explain it?"

"Don't ask me," Mrs. Potter said. "She didn't get it from my side."

The Professor drained his glass. "It was probably a kind of optical illusion," he said. "A trick of light and shadow. Passing, anyhow."

"Sure," Mrs. Potter said with a note of forced optimism in her voice. "We simply aren't used to her without all that wire scaffolding in her mouth."

"I daresay no one else will notice it," said Professor Potter.

But later, when Elinor joined them at dinner, they saw that it—whatever it was—hadn't gone away. The Elinor who dug into a baked potato wasn't quite the airy vision of the twilit autumn garden but she was still very fetching. Over one exquisitely modelled cheekbone was a plum-colored bruise, which aroused a strangely poignant feeling of solicitude in Professor Potter. "How'd you hurt your face?" he asked.

"Teentsie Bynum sat on it," Elinor replied without rancor. "She and Randy Adams got in a fuss over a blocked kick, and he shoved her on my face."

Mrs. Potter shuddered. "I wonder it isn't crushed. Teentsie looks like a mountain," she said.

"Well, she's a good tackle," Elinor said. She passed her plate for more gravy. The telephone rang. "May I?" she asked, darting for the door into the hall before anyone could answer her.

"If it's Teentsie, tell her you're at dinner and hang up," said Mrs. Potter.

"Yes, Mother," Elinor said. She went out, closing the door firmly behind her. When she returned to the table, she was giggling. "It wasn't Teentsie," she said. "It was Randy. Guess what he wanted! To apologize for swearing in my presence!"

"Does Randy use bad language?" Mrs. Potter said conversationally. "What a pity."

"He told Teentsie to go to hell," Elinor said.

"Then why didn't he apologize to Teentsie?" Professor Potter inquired. "Why interrupt *your* dinner?"

"I don't know," Elinor said. "Dumb, I guess—like most boys."

The phone rang again. "I'm positive it's Teentsie this time!" Elinor cried. She hurried from the room in a consequential way, like a person whose gossip is ginger on the tongue. This time, also, she closed the door.

"I think Randy must have noticed it," Mrs. Potter said to her husband.

After a prolonged interval, Elinor came back looking dazed. She sat down and took a sip of ice water. "It was Bucky Weathers," she said.

"Who's he?" her father asked.

"He's this real ambitious boy at school," Elinor said. "An Eagle Scout."

"I think he's one of the headache Weath-

erses," said Mrs. Potter. "You know—they make those pills that give you cyanosis or something."

"They have a Cadillac sedan and a station wagon and a Buick convertible," Elinor said solemnly.

"Good for them!" said Professor Potter. He was enjoying himself. Elinor's conversation always seemed to him in the nature of comic relief. "Did young Master Weathers offer you an analgesic?"

"No," Elinor said. "Bucky was calling signals for us this afternoon, and he saw the fight between Teents and Randy. Of course, Bucky doesn't usually play football with us, but you see Scouts are supposed to be democratic, and he just dropped by to mix with us kids around here."

"I see," Professor Potter said.

"Well, he called me to say how crummy he thought Randy was. He says if a boy talks like that no decent girl can afford to associate with him. Bucky never uses profanity himself. He's given it up for three years, on his Scout honor."

"Three years is a long time for such restraint," the Professor said, "when you consider world affairs."

"I know," Elinor agreed soberly. "But Bucky says nothing is achieved by swearing. He doesn't even say 'heck.' "

This piece of pious flummery charmed the Professor. He smiled across the table at his wife. She returned his smile in a glum kind of way. It was the smile he had seen her assume during long sieges of family illness. He was sorry she didn't catch the fine comic flavor of Bucky Weathers, but he supposed charitably that he'd expected too much of her. Women, for all their surface frivolity, had no true sense of the ridiculous.

Within the month, however, the Professor was to recall his wife's expression of stoicism and to respect it as evidence of prophetic powers. The even tenor and lovely isolation of the Potter household were beginning to break under the impact of the world.

Professor Potter's Tuesday-Thursday-Saturday was free of committee meetings and late seminars, so he usually spent those afternoons at home. He was afflicted with a mild form of social agoraphobia, and it was in the retirement of his own study that he felt safest and most comfortable. The study was a plain room, large enough to pace in, and strewn with books and papers. It was adorned (if one didn't count maps and books as adornment) with only two pieces of decoration. One was a reproduction of a Gauguin painting—a Tahitian girl with a beautiful naked torso—that somehow made the Professor feel sanguine about the human race; the other was a plaster bust of Plato, which had been a wedding present from the venerable old philosopher who had directed his doctoral dissertation. The walls of the room were thin, but ordinary domestic noises didn't annoy the Professor; they even soothed him, like rain on a tin roof or the insect chorus that rims the pure silence of a summer night. Now the noises had assumed a different character.

Whenever Professor Potter entered his house, he was apt to find the hall and living room full of unfamiliar-looking children who had come home from school with Elinor. There would be Bucky Weathers (the Professor had no difficulty in spotting *him*), a stocky, upstanding boy with pinkish hair and an air of man-to-man assurance that made one half expect him to offer one a seventy-five-cent cigar, and there would be numerous other boys, who appeared to be patterned, hair and all, on Bucky but whose aplomb fell something short of his. There would be two or three little girls who resembled Elinor as palely as the boys resembled young Weathers. Elinor would make a point of greeting her father with a show of filial affection, but more than once he sensed a touch of noblesse oblige in her manner; the color burned in her cheeks and she held her head high, as though honor forbade her to conceal her connection with the family freak. Professor Potter, after bowing a quick welcome to the guests, would duck for cover, but even in the study he felt at their mercy. They were continually going to the telephone just outside his door, and they ran the phonograph and the radio simultaneously, at full blast. The Professor endured the racket, in accordance with his stern theory that civilized man should be able to preserve a clearing of inner quiet in the heart of any jungle, and he might have been successful if the volume of sound had swelled with high

spirits or cheerful savagery. But the music these children liked carried a surprisingly joyless burden of mawkish sentiment. Crooning voices complained verbosely of their frustrated attempts at articulation—they couldn't begin to tell somebody how much she meant to them; they proclaimed that the hour of parting was at hand; they spoke of seeking a faithless loved one in lonesome thoroughfares long after midnight; they exhorted their listeners, with what was clearly back-to-the-wall optimism, to proceed through the storm without fear of the dark. Professor Potter's sphere of serenity dwindled fast. Confusion, gloomy and lush, encroached upon it, as tropical vegetation is said to advance upon the cabin door. One day, while he was trying to read Spinoza, he caught himself singing, "And you'll nev—er walk a—lone!"

He shut his book and went out into the garden, where he found Mrs. Potter, trowel in hand, staring at her autumnal perennial bed.

"The ground's too wet to set out the lily bulbs," she said, "but I was going nuts in the house."

"Those children don't look like anyone I know," the Professor said.

"Elinor says they're the élite." Mrs. Potter laughed a bit sourly. "They all come from town families, and, as Elinor says, we're hopelessly gown. That's why you don't know them."

"Oh," Professor Potter said. It was true that ancient Athens seemed less foreign to him than did the small, bustling city by which he was taxed annually for sewage disposal, chlorinated water, and the privilege of keeping a dog. "What's wrong with the boys' hair?" he asked in the manner of one inquiring into the tribal customs of aborigines.

"Peroxide," Mrs. Potter said. "Fashionable boys at the Junior High School blondine their hair."

"Doesn't that verge on the epicene?" the Professor said distastefully. "Our boys never did."

"They weren't élite," said Mrs. Potter.

"No," he said. "How did Elinor happen to take up with them?"

"They took up with Elinor," Mrs. Potter said. "She *is* kind of cute, you know."

"I don't wish Elinor to be a hermit," Professor Potter said, "but why can't she be satisfied with her old acquaintance? The children of our friends. Randy Adams. Teentsie Bynum."

"I didn't know you had an affinity for Teentsie," Mrs. Potter said.

The Professor thought of Teentsie, a lunging, heavy-muscled girl who liked to play outdoors. "I'm beginning to value her qualities," he said.

"Elinor claims she's socially retarded. She says Teentsie's notion of being clever at a party is to trip people up from behind," Mrs. Potter told him. "And she says Randy's a faculty drip."

"A faculty drip," the Professor repeated slowly. "What does that make us?"

"She hasn't said yet," his wife replied, "but I'm afraid she will soon. She's been sort of restless and condescending lately." She sighed. "You see, Elinor gets around. The élite don't always meet here. Yesterday, for instance, they forgathered at the Weatherses', out near the Country Club. Mrs. Weathers drove Elinor home."

"Kind of her," Professor Potter said.

"Oh, she's a very nice woman," Mrs. Potter said. "Handsome, too, in a bosomy, fur-bearing way. She's president of the P.-T.A. And she says she's anxious for Bucky to have a normal social life."

"I hope her threshold of musical tolerance is high."

"They have a soundproof rumpus room," Mrs. Potter said. "Elinor wants you to fix up one in the basement. She saw a linoleum ad about how you can do it with a thousand dollars and some ingenuity."

"Splendid!" said Professor Potter sarcastically.

Mrs. Potter lit a cigarette. "I only hope Elinor doesn't lose her sense of proportion," she said. "All this is bound to bewilder her. These silly little boys, and the radio publicity—"

The Professor jumped as if he'd seen a black-widow spider. "Publicity!" he exclaimed.

"I thought you must have heard or I wouldn't have mentioned it," Mrs. Potter said. "The local station has a program they call 'The Request Party.' They play records

on demand. Bucky Weathers has sent in a standing order for Elinor's favorite song. You see, his father's company, Weathers' Pills, Incorporated, sponsors the programs, and every afternoon they begin by announcing a request 'For Elinor, from Bucky and his pals in Troop Seven.' "

Once, in a nightmare, the Professor had found himself buck-naked in the middle of a neon-lighted boulevard. He relived that shameful moment now.

"It's just a little local station," Mrs. Potter said consolingly.

"What's the selection they play?" he asked.

"Oh, something asinine and harmless," Mrs. Potter said. "Something about walking alone, or *not* walking alone. Tripe."

The Professor groaned. "Elinor is in need of guidance," he said. "We must have a long talk with her tomorrow."

"*You* talk to her," Mrs. Potter said. "She rattles me."

The next day was Sunday. Professor Potter went with his wife and daughter to services in the college chapel, but although the sermon was a masterpiece of exegesis, he heard very little of it. His mind was busy composing his own sermon for Elinor. He wanted to make it a fine, memorable thing, extolling the eternal values of civilized life, especially those of classical music. By the time the benediction was pronounced, he could see his composition as clearly as though he had typed it out on white paper, with all its commas in place and its passages of persuasive wit embraced by parentheses. He was eager to launch into it, but he knew it was a delicate business that wouldn't bear rushing, so he decided to bide his time.

After lunch, while Elinor washed the dishes and Mrs. Potter had a nap, he strolled down to the neighborhood drugstore to pick up a copy of the *Herald Tribune,* which, though he was often at odds with its policies, he considered a livelier journal than the *Times.* When he returned home, his family joined him in his study to share the paper. Mrs. Potter, still drowsy with the Sabbath, lay on the sofa and thumbed through the book section; the Professor read the editorials at his desk; Elinor sat cross-legged on the floor, poring over the department-store ads. She looked very sweet and receptive, Professor Potter thought, but once, when he glanced at her, he found her looking at him with an appraising expression in her eyes. He thought he'd better begin his discourse before he lost his nerve.

"Are you expecting company this afternoon, Elinor?" he asked.

"No," she said. "The boys are on a Scout hike."

"Splendid!" said the Professor, this time without sarcasm. When he pictured those lads, their deplorable hair hidden under khaki hats, trudging down a rough country road, he experienced a glow of benevolence.

"And all the girls in our crowd are messing around at the Country Club," Elinor continued. "They've got a new slot machine out there. Don't you think we ought to join the Club, Daddy?"

"Frankly, no," her father said.

"Maybe you're right," Elinor said agreeably. "The first place to spend our money is right here at home. We need to fix up this house. Beginning with this room."

"Anywhere else," said Professor Potter, "but leave my study be!"

"But, Daddy, it's awful," Elinor said. "Bucky Weathers came in here yesterday and—"

The Professor paled. "Never allow that to happen again," he said.

"I won't," Elinor promised. "I was mortified. That naked colored lady and that old Greek tombstone! Bucky's father has a study like Louis B. Mayer's."

"Whose did you say?"

"The president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer," Elinor explained, sounding like a teacher determined to be patient with a willfully stupid child. "I saw a picture of it in *Movie Homes,* and it reminded me of Mr. Weathers'. You know—with this massive desk, and this fabulous carved liquor chest!"

Professor Potter was diverted in spite of himself. "What brand does Weathers endorse?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact, Bucky's father doesn't drink," Elinor said. "He keeps this rare old Scotch on hand for his important business connections, but he never touches it himself because everybody knows alcohol slows down

the reactions. Mr. Weathers is an ambitious man."

The Professor nodded. Elinor had given him the opening he'd been waiting for. He would begin now with a philosophic discussion of various forms of ambition and would slide inoffensively from generalities to particulars. He took a deep breath and leaned forward. To his surprise, Elinor did the same. Her face was intent with purpose, and a faint moisture gleamed on her smooth forehead. Her father realized that she, like himself, had a few home truths to deliver.

"Daddy," Elinor said, "I'm bothered about you. I think you have wonderful possibilities, if you'd just be more ambitious and get out of this rut. You lead such a narrow life."

From behind her paper, Mrs. Potter made a choking sound.

"Well, it's abnormal, anyway," Elinor said. "You take last night when the Adamses were here—"

"I thought we had a moderately merry time," Professor Potter said in some perplexity. Professor Adams was an old friend; he and his wife had stopped in, as they frequently did, to borrow a book and have a nightcap. "A perfectly normal time, anyhow."

"If you saw more of the world, you'd know it wasn't," Elinor said. "Just sitting around drinking alcohol and making literary allusions. Mr. Adams called me Zuleika, whoever she is."

"Zuleika Dobson is a heroine of Max Beerbohm's," Professor Potter said. "She—"

"Max and Zuleika!" Elinor said with consummate scorn. "And Mrs. Adams kept going on about Plato's theory of the golden chain!" (Professor Potter suppressed a disloyal smile. Mrs. Adams was one of those light-minded women—stock characters in all college communities—who cultivate the patter of profundity and pretend to be at home in all the alien fields of their husbands' colleagues. To Professor Potter, who taught philosophy, she deemed it proper to chirp of Plato.) "Is that normal conversation in faculty circles, Daddy?"

"I fear it is," the Professor admitted sadly. "But tell me about the larger world. What do the Weatherses talk about?"

"They talk more about—well, about reality," Elinor said. She flushed, like a speaker who, with the vision of truth crystal-clear in his mind, knows he's presenting his ideas cloudily to his audience. Professor Potter had himself experienced the same dilemma on the lecture platform, and he sympathized with Elinor now. "In other words, they keep abreast of the times," she went on in an effort at clarification. "They listen to the radio—all the good programs, not just classical music and Elmer Davis. They belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They don't let themselves get in a rut."

"I can see they don't," Professor Potter said gravely.

"And then they're *ambitious*," Elinor said. "They plan for the future, instead of living in the past. They talk about the things they mean to get—triple-A steers for their deep freezes, and new cars, and television sets." Her voice sank to a pitch of reverence, as if she were naming off the mysteries of religion. "They believe in progress."

"Do you?" her father asked gravely. "Are you ambitious?"

"Yes, I am," Elinor said sharply. It was obvious that she thought she was being teased. Her voice rose an octave as she continued, "My ambition is to lead a normal life. Just a normal life, like everybody else—in a country-club development, with a rumpus room and a late-model car." She stopped short, looking scared, as if she heard her own words ringing in her ears. But she managed to regain her composure. She folded the paper and rose demurely, like a Miss America terminating an interview with the press. "I think I'll go take a bath," she said. She left the room, carrying the comics with her.

"I wish we'd let her teeth alone," Mrs. Potter said.

"But didn't you think she described an enticing sort of life?" the Professor said. "All that juicy meat and the stylish cars and the gambling device at the Club? It quite excited my envy."

"I don't think you're at all funny," Mrs. Potter said, holding out the *Herald Tribune* Books. "Are you ready to swap sections?"

They read in silence for a while. Then Professor Potter spoke: "'All things flow, all

things flow!' said Heraclitus with his hand in the river." Mrs. Potter regarded him without astonishment. He often prefaced rational observations in some such fashion. "You never knew my father," Mr. Potter said.

Mrs. Potter shook her head regretfully.

"Well, in a small way he was an ambitious man. He owned the best hardware store in our county. We were charter members of the Country Club."

"Elinor will be proud to know that," Mrs. Potter said.

"A remodelled farmhouse, with a bar where you could buy Bevo," the Professor said. "Naturally, I considered it an intellectual swamp."

"It probably was," said Mrs. Potter.

"When I was an undergraduate," he continued, "we of the illuminati read the *American Mercury* and Walter Pater."

"And 'Jurgen,' " Mrs. Potter added with a nostalgic catch.

"I grew worried about the spiritual state of the old guy who paid my bills," Professor Potter said. "So one night during my Christmas holidays, when he was busy balancing his books, I went down to the store to thresh things out. I sat down on a nail keg and exhorted him to forsake Mammon. Mercifully, my exact words escape me now, but their burden remains too clear for comfort—my father was a Rotarian dinosaur, blocking the path of cultural evolution. When I was through, he pushed the green celluloid eyeshade to the back of his head and said, 'Son, I admire your vocabulary—and I can see you weren't intended for the hardware trade.' "

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Potter, touched by the portrait of the Professor as an earnest youth.

There was a knock on the door, and Elinor came in. She stood there, bashful, tentative, with her hand still on the doorknob. "Could one of you recommend a book?" she asked. "Would I like the one about Max and Zuleika?"

Suddenly, Professor Potter felt jealously protective of Elinor's secular kind of beauty —of the Cupid's-bow mouth, the pink cheeks, and the quality of leaven that impelled Boy Scouts to celebrate her name upon the air—and he thought it wasn't a fit subject for satire. "No," he said. "It's stuffy."

Elinor brightened visibly. "Then I'll mosey round the neighborhood and check on Teents and Randy. Randy'll be home. He's bored with Scouting."

"A shame," said Professor Potter.

"Oh, I don't know," Elinor said tolerantly. "He's more the mental type." She paused. "Do you know what's wrong with me?"

"Nothing," her father said. "You're a wonderful girl. You're normal!"

"Not quite," Elinor said. "I found this P.-T.A. magazine in one of the Weatherses' bathrooms, and I learned all about myself." She looked as owlish as she had, years before, when she'd translated into basic syllables the language of the birds. "The truth is," she concluded sadly, "I'm adolescent."

After Elinor had gone, the atmosphere in the study seemed still and timeless and perceptibly stale. The Tahitian girl had a look of phlegm, and some dust had settled in the crevices alongside the platonic nose.

"Suppose we go in the living room," Mrs. Potter suggested, rising, "and tune in on the Philharmonic, or 'The Request Party.' "

"The latter, by all means," said the Professor, moving with her to the door. Absentmindedly, he picked up a book on the way. "But perhaps it would be prudent to slow down the tempo of our reactions. What do we have in our fabulous liquor chest?"

"Your important connections rather cleaned us out last night," Mrs. Potter said. "But if you're ambitious, you might unearth a bottle of rare old grocery-store sherry."

# *F. Scott Fitzgerald*

## THE FRESHEST BOY

*Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald (1896-1940), named for his great-granduncle, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, of Irish and English ancestry. He became interested in musical comedy while in prep school, and entered Princeton primarily because of the famous Triangle Club productions at that university. While there he collaborated with Edmund Wilson on "The Evil Eye," a musical comedy in two acts, and composed the lyrics for another Triangle production. He also played the part of a chorus girl in a third presentation.*

*After serving in the army during World War I, Fitzgerald took a job in New York with an advertising agency, writing short stories, sketches, and poetry in his spare time. After the sale of a story he left New York to finish a novel begun in the army. The book,* This Side of Paradise, *1920, established him as a conspicuous figure in the current literary world because of its effective depiction of the "Jazz Age" of post-war American youth. Best known of his other works are* The Great Gatsby, *1925, which celebrates the spectacular rise and fall of a bootlegger-dreamer, and* Tender is the Night, *1934, which recounts the peculiarly American tragedy of perennial immaturity. Fitzgerald published three collections of short stories:* Tales of the Jazz Age, *1922,* All the Sad Young Men, *1926, and* Taps at Reveille, *1935.*

*So much time is covered by "The Freshest Boy" and so much change takes place in the main character that one wonders how Fitzgerald was able so skillfully to keep the story within bounds. He does so, however, by making the change in Basil's moral character seem completely plausible; and he connects the episode in which that change is depicted to Basil's life story by ingeniously revealing his character before and after the experience.*

It was a hidden Broadway restaurant in the dead of the night, and a brilliant and mysterious group of society people, diplomats and members of the underworld were there. A few minutes ago the sparkling wine had been flowing and a girl had been dancing gaily upon a table, but now the whole crowd were hushed and breathless. All eyes were fixed upon the masked but well-groomed man in the dress suit and opera hat who stood nonchalantly in the door.

"Don't move, please," he said, in a well-bred, cultivated voice that had, nevertheless, a ring of steel in it. "This thing in my hand might—go off."

His glance roved from table to table—fell upon the malignant man higher up with his pale saturnine face, upon Heatherly, the suave secret agent from a foreign power, then rested a little longer, a little more softly perhaps, upon the table where the girl with dark hair and dark tragic eyes sat alone.

"Now that my purpose is accomplished, it might interest you to know who I am." There was a gleam of expectation in every eye. The breast of the dark-eyed girl heaved faintly and a tiny burst of subtle French perfume rose into the air. "I am none other than that

THE FRESHEST BOY: Reprinted from *Taps at Reveille* by F. Scott Fitzgerald; copyright, 1935, by Charles Scribner's Sons; used by permission of the publishers.

elusive gentleman, Basil Lee, better known as the Shadow."

Taking off his well-fitting opera hat, he bowed ironically from the waist. Then, like a flash, he turned and was gone into the night.

"You get up to New York only once a month," Lewis Crum was saying, "and then you have to take a master along."

Slowly, Basil Lee's glazed eyes returned from the barns and billboards of the Indiana countryside to the interior of the Broadway Limited. The hypnosis of the swift telegraph poles faded and Lewis Crum's stolid face took shape against the white slip-cover of the opposite bench.

"I'd just duck the master when I got to New York," said Basil.

"Yes, you would!"

"I bet I would."

"You try it and you'll see."

"What do you mean saying I'll see, all the time, Lewis? What'll I see?"

His very bright dark-blue eyes were at this moment fixed upon his companion with boredom and impatience. The two had nothing in common except their age, which was fifteen, and the lifelong friendship of their fathers—which is less than nothing. Also they were bound from the same Middle-Western city for Basil's first and Lewis' second year at the same Eastern school.

But, contrary to all the best tradition, Lewis the veteran was miserable and Basil the neophyte was happy. Lewis hated school. He had grown entirely dependent on the stimulus of a hearty vital mother, and as he felt her slipping farther and farther away from him, he plunged deeper into misery and homesickness. Basil, on the other hand, had lived with such intensity on so many stories of boarding-school life that, far from being homesick, he had a glad feeling of recognition and familiarity. Indeed, it was with some sense of doing the appropriate thing, having the traditional rough-house, that he had thrown Lewis' comb off the train at Milwaukee last night for no reason at all.

To Lewis, Basil's ignorant enthusiasm was distasteful—his instinctive attempt to dampen it had contributed to the mutual irritation.

"I'll tell you what you'll see," he said ominously. "They'll catch you smoking and put you on bounds."

"No, they won't, because I won't be smoking. I'll be in training for football."

"Football! Yeah! Football!"

"Honestly, Lewis, you don't like anything, do you?"

"I don't like football. I don't like to go out and get a crack in the eye." Lewis spoke aggressively, for his mother had canonized all his timidities as common sense. Basil's answer, made with what he considered kindly intent, was the sort of remark that creates lifelong enmities.

"You'd probably be a lot more popular in school if you played football," he suggested patronizingly.

Lewis did not consider himself unpopular. He did not think of it in that way at all. He was astounded.

"You wait!" he cried furiously. "They'll take all that freshness out of you."

"Clam yourself," said Basil, coolly plucking at the creases of his first long trousers. "Just clam yourself."

"I guess everybody knows you were the freshest boy at the Country Day!"

"Clam yourself," repeated Basil, but with less assurance. "Kindly clam yourself."

"I guess I know what they had in the school paper about you—"

Basil's own coolness was no longer perceptible.

"If you don't clam yourself," he said darkly, "I'm going to throw your brushes off the train too."

The enormity of this threat was effective. Lewis sank back in his seat, snorting and muttering, but undoubtedly calmer. His reference had been to one of the most shameful passages in his companion's life. In a periodical issued by the boys of Basil's late school there had appeared, under the heading Personals:

> If someone will please poison young Basil, or find some other means to stop his mouth, the school at large and myself will be much obliged.

The two boys sat there fuming wordlessly at each other. Then, resolutely, Basil tried to reinter this unfortunate souvenir of the past. All that was behind him now. Perhaps he had

been a little fresh, but he was making a new start. After a moment, the memory passed and with it the train and Lewis' dismal presence —the breath of the East came sweeping over him again with a vast nostalgia. A voice called him out of the fabled world; a man stood beside him with a hand on his sweater-clad shoulder.

"Lee!"

"Yes, sir."

"It all depends on you now. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right," the coach said, "go in and win."

Basil tore the sweater from his stripling form and dashed out on the field. There were two minutes to play and the score was 3 to 0 for the enemy, but at the sight of young Lee, kept out of the game all year by a malicious plan of Dan Haskins, the school bully, and Weasel Weems, his toady, a thrill of hope went over the St. Regis stand.

"33-12-16-22!" barked Midget Brown, the diminutive little quarterback.

It was his signal—

"Oh, gosh!" Basil spoke aloud, forgetting the late unpleasantness. "I wish we'd get there before tomorrow."

II

ST. REGIS SCHOOL, EASTCHESTER,
November 18, 19—

DEAR MOTHER: There is not much to say today, but I thought I would write you about my allowance. All the boys have a bigger allowance than me, because there are a lot of little things I have to get, such as shoe laces etc. School is still very nice and am having a fine time, but football is over and there is not much to do. I am going to New York this week to see a show. I do not know yet what it will be, but probably the Quacker Girl or little boy Blue as they are both very good. Dr. Bacon is very nice and there is a good phycission in the village. No more now as I have to study Algebra.

Your Affectionate Son,

BASIL D. LEE.

As he put the letter in its envelope, a wizened little boy came into the deserted study hall where he sat and stood staring at him.

"Hello," said Basil, frowning.

"I been looking for you," said the little boy, slowly and judically. "I looked all over—up in your room and out in the gym, and they said you probably might of sneaked off in here."

"What do you want?" Basil demanded.

"Hold your horses, Bossy."

Basil jumped to his feet. The little boy retreated a step.

"Go on, hit me!" he chirped nervously. "Go on, hit me, cause I'm just half your size—Bossy."

Basil winced. "You call me that again and I'll spank you."

"No, you won't spank me. Brick Wales said if you ever touched any of us—"

"But I never did touch any of you."

"Didn't you chase a lot of us one day and didn't Brick Wales—"

"Oh, what do you want?" Basil cried in desperation.

"Doctor Bacon wants you. They sent me after you and somebody said maybe you sneaked in here."

Basil dropped his letter in his pocket and walked out—the little boy and his invective following him through the door. He traversed a long corridor, muggy with that odor best described as the smell of stale caramels that is so peculiar to boys' schools, ascended a stairs and knocked at an unexceptional but formidable door.

Doctor Bacon was at his desk. He was a handsome, red-headed Episcopal clergyman of fifty whose original real interest in boys was now tempered by the flustered cynicism which is the fate of all headmasters and settles on them like green mould. There were certain preliminaries before Basil was asked to sit down—gold-rimmed glasses had to be hoisted up from nowhere by a black cord and fixed on Basil to be sure that he was not an impostor; great masses of paper on the desk had to be shuffled through, not in search of anything but as a man nervously shuffles a pack of cards.

"I had a letter from your mother this morning—ah—Basil." The use of his first name had come to startle Basil. No one else in school had yet called him anything but Bossy or Lee. "She feels that your marks have been poor. I believe you have been sent here at a certain amount of—ah—sacrifice and she expects—"

Basil's spirit writhed with shame, not at

his poor marks but that his financial inadequacy should be so bluntly stated. He knew that he was one of the poorest boys in a rich boys' school.

Perhaps some dormant sensibility in Doctor Bacon became aware of his discomfort; he shuffled through the papers once more and began on a new note.

"However, that was not what I sent for you about this afternoon. You applied last week for permission to go to New York on Saturday, to a matinée. Mr. Davis tells me that for almost the first time since school opened you will be off bounds tomorrow."

"Yes, sir."

"That is not a good record. However, I would allow you to go to New York if it could be arranged. Unfortunately, no masters are available this Saturday."

Basil's mouth dropped ajar. "Why, I—why, Doctor Bacon, I know two parties that are going. Couldn't I go with one of them?"

Doctor Bacon ran through all his papers very quickly. "Unfortunately, one is composed of slightly older boys and the other group made arrangements some weeks ago."

"How about the party that's going to the Quaker Girl with Mr. Dunn?"

"It's that party I speak of. They feel that their arrangements are complete and they have purchased seats together."

Suddenly Basil understood. At the look in his eye Doctor Bacon went on hurriedly:

"There's perhaps one thing I can do. Of course there must be several boys in the party so that the expense of the master can be divided up among all. If you can find two other boys who would like to make up a party, and let me have their names by five o'clock, I'll send Mr. Rooney with you."

"Thank you," Basil said.

Doctor Bacon hesitated. Beneath the cynical incrustations of many years an instinct stirred to look into the unusual case of this boy and find out what made him the most detested boy in school. Among boys and masters there seemed to exist an extraordinary hostility toward him, and though Doctor Bacon had dealt with many sorts of schoolboy crimes, he had neither by himself nor with the aid of trusted sixth-formers been able to lay his hands on its underlying cause. It was probably no single thing, but a combination of things; it was most probably one of those intangible questions of personality. Yet he remembered that when he first saw Basil he had considered him unusually prepossessing.

He sighed. Sometimes these things worked themselves out. He wasn't one to rush in clumsily. "Let us have a better report to send home next month, Basil."

"Yes, sir."

Basil ran quickly downstairs to the recreation room. It was Wednesday and most of the boys had already gone into the village of Eastchester, whither Basil, who was still on bounds, was forbidden to follow. When he looked at those still scattered about the pool tables and piano, he saw that it was going to be difficult to get anyone to go with him at all. For Basil was quite conscious that he was the most unpopular boy at school.

It had begun almost immediately. One day, less than a fortnight after he came, a crowd of the smaller boys, perhaps urged on to it, gathered suddenly around him and began calling him Bossy. Within the next week he had two fights, and both times the crowd was vehemently and eloquently with the other boy. Soon after, when he was merely shoving indiscriminatively, like everyone else, to get into the dining room, Carver, the captain of the football team, turned about and, seizing him by the back of the neck, held him and dressed him down savagely. He joined a group innocently at the piano and was told, "Go on away. We don't want you around."

After a month he began to realize the full extent of his unpopularity. It shocked him. One day after a particularly bitter humiliation he went up to his room and cried. He tried to keep out of the way for a while, but it didn't help. He was accused of sneaking off here and there, as if bent on a series of nefarious errands. Puzzled and wretched, he looked at his face in the glass, trying to discover there the secret of their dislike—in the expression of his eyes, his smile.

He saw now that in certain ways he had erred at the outset—he had boasted, he had been considered yellow at football, he had pointed out people's mistakes to them, he had shown off his rather extraordinary fund of general information in class. But he had tried

to do better and couldn't understand his failure to atone. It must be too late. He was queered forever.

He had, indeed, become the scapegoat, the immediate villain, the sponge which absorbed all malice and irritability abroad—just as the most frightened person in a party seems to absorb all the others' fear, seems to be afraid for them all. His situation was not helped by the fact, obvious to all, that the supreme self-confidence with which he had come to St. Regis in September was thoroughly broken. Boys taunted him with impunity who would not have dared raise their voices to him several months before.

This trip to New York had come to mean everything to him—surcease from the misery of his daily life as well as a glimpse into the long-awaited heaven of romance. Its postponement for week after week due to his sins—he was constantly caught reading after lights, for example, driven by his wretchedness into such vicarious escapes from reality—had deepened his longing until it was a burning hunger. It was unbearable that he should not go, and he told over the short list of those whom he might get to accompany him. The possibilities were Fat Gaspar, Treadway and Bugs Brown. A quick journey to their rooms showed that they had all availed themselves of the Wednesday permission to go into Eastchester for the afternoon.

Basil did not hesitate. He had until five o'clock and his only chance was to go after them. It was not the first time he had broken bounds, though the last attempt had ended in disaster and an extension of his confinement. In his room, he put on a heavy sweater—an overcoat was a betrayal of intent—replaced his jacket over it and hid a cap in his back pocket. Then he went downstairs and with an elaborately careless whistle struck out across the lawn for the gymnasium. Once there, he stood for a while as if looking in the windows, first the one close to the walk, then one near the corner of the building. From here he moved quickly, but not too quickly, into a grove of lilacs. Then he dashed around the corner, down a long stretch of lawn that was blind from all windows and, parting the strands of a wire fence, crawled through and stood upon the grounds of a neighboring estate. For the moment he was free. He put on his cap against the chilly November wind, and set out along the half-mile road to town.

Eastchester was a suburban farming community, with a small shoe factory. The institutions which pandered to the factory workers were the ones patronized by the boys—a movie house, a quick-lunch wagon on wheels known as the Dog and the Bostonian Candy Kitchen. Basil tried the Dog first and happened immediately upon a prospect.

This was Bugs Brown, a hysterical boy, subject to fits and strenuously avoided. Years later he became a brilliant lawyer, but at that time he was considered by the boys of St. Regis to be a typical lunatic because of his peculiar series of sounds with which he assuaged his nervousness all day long.

He consorted with boys younger than himself, who were without the prejudices of their elders, and was in the company of several when Basil came in.

"Who-ee!" he cried. "Ee-ee-ee!" He put his hand over his mouth and bounced it quickly, making a wah-wah-wah sound. "It's Bossy Lee! It's Bossy Lee! It's Boss-Boss-Boss-Boss-Bossy Lee!"

"Wait a minute, Bugs," said Basil anxiously, half afraid that Bugs would go finally crazy before he could persuade him to come to town. "Say, Bugs, listen. Don't, Bugs—wait a minute. Can you come up to New York Saturday afternoon?"

"Whe-ee-ee!" cried Bugs to Basil's distress. "Whee-ee-ee!"

"Honestly, Bugs, tell me, can you? We could go up together if you could go."

"I've got to see a doctor," said Bugs, suddenly calm. "He wants to see how crazy I am."

"Can't you have him see about it some other day?" said Basil without humor.

"Whee-ee-ee!" cried Bugs.

"All right then," said Basil hastily. "Have you seen Fat Gaspar in town?"

Bugs was lost in shrill noise, but someone had seen Fat; Basil was directed to the Bostonian Candy Kitchen.

This was a gaudy paradise of cheap sugar. Its odor, heavy and sickly and calculated to bring out a sticky sweat upon an adult's palms, hung suffocatingly over the whole vicinity and met one like a strong moral dissua-

sion at the door. Inside, beneath a pattern of flies, material as black point lace, a line of boys sat eating heavy dinners of banana splits, maple nut and chocolate marshmallow nut sundaes. Basil found Fat Gaspar at a table on the side.

Fat Gaspar was at once Basil's most unlikely and most ambitious quest. He was considered a nice fellow—in fact he was so pleasant that he had been courteous to Basil and had spoken to him politely all fall. Basil realized that he was like that to everyone, yet it was just possible that Fat liked him, as people used to in the past, and he was driven desperately to take a chance. But it was undoubtedly a presumption, and as he approached the table and saw the stiffened faces which the other two boys turned toward him, Basil's hope diminished.

"Say, Fat—" he said, and hesitated. Then he burst forth suddenly. "I'm on bounds, but I ran off because I had to see you. Doctor Bacon told me I could go to New York Saturday if I could get two other boys to go. I asked Bugs Brown and he couldn't go, and I thought I'd ask you."

He broke off, furiously embarrassed, and waited. Suddenly the two boys with Fat burst into a shout of laughter.

"Bugs wasn't crazy enough!"

Fat Gaspar hesitated. He couldn't go to New York Saturday and ordinarily he would have refused without offending. He had nothing against Basil; nor, indeed, against anybody; but boys have only a certain resistance to public opinion and he was influenced by the contemptuous laughter of the others.

"I don't want to go," he said indifferently. "Why do you want to ask *me*?"

Then, half in shame, he gave a deprecatory little laugh and bent over his ice cream.

"I just thought I'd ask you," said Basil.

Turning quickly away, he went to the counter and in a hollow and unfamiliar voice ordered a strawberry sundae. He ate it mechanically, hearing occasional whispers and snickers from the table behind. Still in a daze, he started to walk out without paying his check, but the clerk called him back and he was conscious of more derisive laughter.

For a moment he hesitated whether to go back to the table and hit one of those boys in the face, but he saw nothing to be gained. They would say the truth—that he had done it because he couldn't get anybody to go to New York. Clenching his fists with impotent rage, he walked from the store.

He came immediately upon his third prospect, Treadway. Treadway had entered St. Regis late in the year and had been put in to room with Basil the week before. The fact that Treadway hadn't witnessed his humiliations of the autumn encouraged Basil to behave naturally toward him, and their relations had been, if not intimate, at least tranquil.

"Hey, Treadway," he cried, still excited from the affair in the Bostonian, "can you come up to New York to a show Saturday afternoon?"

He stopped, realizing that Treadway was in the company of Brick Wales, a boy he had had a fight with and one of his bitterest enemies. Looking from one to the other, Basil saw a look of impatience in Treadway's face and a far-away expression in Brick Wales', and he realized what must have been happening. Treadway, making his way into the life of the school, had just been enlightened as to the status of his roommate. Like Fat Gaspar, rather than acknowledge himself eligible to such an intimate request, he preferred to cut their friendly relations short.

"Not on your life," he said briefly. "So long." The two walked past him into the candy kitchen.

Had these slights, so much the bitterer for their lack of passion, been visited upon Basil in September, they would have been unbearable. But since then he had developed a shell of hardness which, while it did not add to his attractiveness, spared him certain delicacies of torture. In misery enough, and despair and self-pity, he went the other way along the street for a little distance until he could control the violent contortions of his face. Then, taking a roundabout route, he started back to school.

He reached the adjoining estate, intending to go back the way he had come. Half-way through a hedge, he heard footsteps approaching along the sidewalk and stood motionless, fearing the proximity of masters. Their voices

grew nearer and louder; before he knew it he was listening with horrified fascination:

"—so, after he tried Bugs Brown, the poor nut asked Fat Gaspar to go with him and Fat said, 'What do you ask me for?' It serves him right if he couldn't get anybody at all."

It was the dismal but triumphant voice of Lewis Crum.

III

Up in his room, Basil found a package lying on his bed. He knew its contents and for a long time he had been eagerly expecting it, but such was his depression that he opened it listlessly. It was a series of eight color reproductions of Harrison Fisher girls "on glossy paper, without printing or advertising matter and suitable for framing."

The pictures were named Dora, Marguerite, Babette, Lucille, Gretchen, Rose, Katherine and Mina. Two of them—Marguerite and Rose—Basil looked at, slowly tore up and dropped in the wastebasket, as one who disposes of the inferior pups from a litter. The other six he pinned at intervals around the room. Then he lay down on his bed and regarded them.

Dora, Lucille and Katherine were blond; Gretchen was medium; Babette and Mina were dark. After a few minutes, he found that he was looking oftenest at Dora and Babette and, to a lesser extent, at Gretchen, though the latter's Dutch cap seemed unromantic and precluded the element of mystery. Babette, a dark little violet-eyed beauty in a tight-fitting hat, attracted him most: his eyes came to rest on her at last.

"Babette," he whispered to himself—"beautiful Babette."

The sound of the word, so melancholy and suggestive, like "Velia" or "I'm going to Maxime's" on the phonograph, softened him and, turning over on his face, he sobbed into the pillow. He took hold of the bed rails over his head and, sobbing and straining, began to talk to himself brokenly—how he hated them and whom he hated—he listed a dozen—and what he would do to them when he was great and powerful. In previous moments like these he had always rewarded Fat Gaspar for his kindness, but now he was like the rest. Basil set upon him, pummeling him unmercifully, or laughed sneeringly when he passed him blind and begging on the street.

He controlled himself as he heard Treadway come in, but did not move or speak. He listened as the other moved about the room, and after a while became conscious that there was an unusual opening of closets and bureau drawers. Basil turned over, his arm concealing his tear-stained face. Treadway had an armful of shirts in his hand.

"What are you doing?" Basil demanded.

His roommate looked at him stonily. "I'm moving in with Wales," he said.

"Oh!"

Treadway went on with his packing. He carried out a suitcase full, then another, took down some pennants and dragged his trunk into the hall. Basil watched him bundle his toilet things into a towel and take one last survey about the room's new barrenness to see if there was anything forgotten.

"Good-by," he said to Basil, without a ripple of expression on his face.

"Good-by."

Treadway went out. Basil turned over once more and choked into the pillow.

"Oh, poor Babette!" he cried huskily. "Poor little Babette! Poor little Babette!"

Babette, svelte and piquant, looked down at him coquettishly from the wall.

IV

Doctor Bacon, sensing Basil's predicament and perhaps the extremity of his misery, arranged it that he should go into New York, after all. He went in the company of Mr. Rooney, the football coach and history teacher. At twenty Mr. Rooney had hesitated for some time between joining the police force and having his way paid through a small New England college; in fact he was a hard specimen and Doctor Bacon was planning to get rid of him at Christmas. Mr. Rooney's contempt for Basil was founded on the latter's ambiguous and unreliable conduct on the football field during the past season—he had consented to take him to New York for reasons of his own.

Basil sat meekly beside him on the train, glancing past Mr. Rooney's bulky body at the Sound and the fallow fields of Westchester County. Mr. Rooney finished his newspaper,

folded it up and sank into a moody silence. He had eaten a large breakfast and the exigencies of time had not allowed him to work it off with exercise. He remembered that Basil was a fresh boy, and it was time he did something fresh and could be called to account. This reproachless silence annoyed him.

"Lee," he said suddenly, with a thinly assumed air of friendly interest, "why don't you get wise to yourself?"

"What, sir?" Basil was startled from his excited trance of this morning.

"I said why don't you get wise to yourself?" said Mr. Rooney in a somewhat violent tone. "Do you want to be the butt of the school all your time here?"

"No, I don't." Basil was chilled. Couldn't all this be left behind for just one day?

"You oughtn't to get so fresh all the time. A couple of times in history class I could just about have broken your neck." Basil could think of no appropriate answer. "Then out playing football," continued Mr. Rooney "— you didn't have any nerve. You could play better than a lot of 'em when you wanted, like that day against the Pomfret seconds, but you lost your nerve."

"I shouldn't have tried for the second team," said Basil. "I was too light. I should have stayed on the third."

"You were yellow, that was all the trouble. You ought to get wise to yourself. In class, you're always thinking of something else. If you don't study, you'll never get to college."

"I'm the youngest boy in the fifth form," Basil said rashly.

"You think you're pretty bright, don't you?" He eyed Basil ferociously. Then something seemed to occur to him that changed his attitude and they rode for a while in silence. When the train began to run through the thickly clustered communities near New York, he spoke again in a milder voice and with an air of having considered the matter for a long time:

"Lee, I'm going to trust you."

"Yes, sir."

"You go and get some lunch and then go on to your show. I've got some business of my own I got to attend to, and when I've finished I'll try to get to the show. If I can't, I'll anyhow meet you outside."

Basil's heart leaped up. "Yes, sir."

"I don't want you to open your mouth about this at school—I mean, about me doing some business of my own."

"No, sir."

"We'll see if you can keep your mouth shut for once," he said, making it fun. Then he added, on a note of moral sternness, "And no drinks, you understand that?"

"Oh, no, sir!" The idea shocked Basil. He had never tasted a drink, nor even contemplated the possibility, save the intangible and nonalcoholic champagne of his café dreams.

On the advice of Mr. Rooney he went for luncheon to the Manhattan Hotel, near the station, where he ordered a club sandwich, French fried potatoes and a chocolate parfait. Out of the corner of his eye he watched the nonchalant, debonair, blasé New Yorkers at neighboring tables, investing them with a romance by which these possible fellow citizens of his from the Middle West lost nothing. School had fallen from him like a burden; it was no more than an unheeded clamor, faint and far away. He even delayed opening the letter from the morning's mail which he found in his pocket, because it was addressed to him at school.

He wanted another chocolate parfait, but being reluctant to bother the busy waiter any more, he opened the letter and spread it before him instead. It was from his mother:

DEAR BASIL: This is written in great haste, as I didn't want to frighten you by telegraphing. Grandfather is going abroad to take the waters and he wants you and me to come too. The idea is that you'll go to school at Grenoble or Montreux for the rest of the year and learn the languages and we'll be close by. That is, if you want to. I know how you like St. Regis and playing football and baseball, and of course there would be none of that; but on the other hand, it would be a nice change, even if it postponed your entering Yale by an extra year. So, as usual, I want you to do just as you like. We will be leaving home almost as soon as you get this and will come to the Waldorf in New York, where you can come in and see us for a few days, even if you decide to stay. Think it over, dear.

With love to my dearest boy,
MOTHER.

Basil got up from his chair with a dim idea of walking over to the Waldorf and

having himself locked up safely until his mother came. Then, impelled to some gesture, he raised his voice and in one of his first basso notes called boomingly and without reticence for the waiter. No more St. Regis! No more St. Regis! He was almost strangling with happiness.

"Oh, gosh!" he cried to himself. "Oh, golly! Oh, gosh! Oh, gosh!" No more Doctor Bacon and Mr. Rooney and Brick Wales and Fat Gaspar. No more Bugs Brown and on bounds and being called Bossy. He need no longer hate them, for they were impotent shadows in the stationary world that he was sliding away from, sliding past, waving his hand. "Good-by!" He pitied them. "Good-by!"

It required the din of Forty-second Street to sober his maudlin joy. With his hand on his purse to guard against the omnipresent pickpocket, he moved cautiously toward Broadway. What a day! He would tell Mr. Rooney— Why, he needn't ever go back! Or perhaps it would be better to go back and let them know what he was going to do, while they went on and on in the dismal, dreary round of school.

He found the theatre and entered the lobby with its powdery feminine atmosphere of a matinée. As he took out his ticket, his gaze was caught and held by a sculptured profile a few feet away. It was that of a well-built blond young man of about twenty with a strong chin and direct gray eyes. Basil's brain spun wildly for a moment and then came to rest upon a name—more than a name—upon a legend, a sign in the sky. What a day! He had never seen the young man before, but from a thousand pictures he knew beyond the possibility of a doubt that it was Ted Fay, the Yale football captain, who had almost single-handed beaten Harvard and Princeton last fall. Basil felt a sort of exquisite pain. The profile turned away; the crowd revolved; the hero disappeared. But Basil would know all through the next hours that Ted Fay was here too.

In the rustling, whispering, sweet-smelling darkness of the theatre he read the program. It was the show of all shows that he wanted to see, and until the curtain actually rose the program itself had a curious sacredness—a prototype of the thing itself. But when the curtain rose it became waste paper to be dropped carelessly to the floor.

ACT I. *The Village Green of a Small Town near New York.*

It was too bright and binding to comprehend all at once, and it went so fast that from the very first Basil felt he had missed things; he would make his mother take him again when she came—next week—tomorrow.

An hour passed. It was very sad at this point—a sort of gay sadness, but sad. The girl —the man. What kept them apart even now? Oh, those tragic errors and misconceptions. So sad. Couldn't they look into each other's eyes and *see?*

In a blaze of light and sound, of resolution, anticipation and imminent trouble, the act was over.

He went out. He looked for Ted Fay and thought he saw him leaning rather moodily on the plush wall at the rear of the theatre, but he could not be sure. He bought cigarettes and lit one, but fancying at the first puff that he heard a blare of music he rushed back inside.

ACT II. *The Foyer of the Hotel Astor.*

Yes, she was, indeed, like that song—a Beautiful Rose of the Night. The waltz buoyed her up, brought her with it to a point of aching beauty and then let her slide back to life across its last bars as a leaf slants to earth across the air. The high life of New York! Who could blame her if she was carried away by the glitter of it all, vanishing into the bright morning of the amber window borders, or into distant and entrancing music as the door opened and closed that led to the ballroom? The toast of the shining town.

Half an hour passed. Her true love brought her roses like herself and she threw them scornfully at his feet. She laughed and turned to the other, and danced—danced madly, wildly. Wait! That delicate treble among the thin horns, the low curving note from the great strings. There it was again, poignant and aching, sweeping like a great gust of emotion across the stage, catching her again like a leaf helpless in the wind:

Rose—Rose—Rose of the night,
When the spring moon is bright you'll be fair—

A few minutes later, feeling oddly shaken and exalted, Basil drifted outside with the crowd. The first thing upon which his eyes fell was the almost forgotten and now curiously metamorphosed spectre of Mr. Rooney.

Mr. Rooney had, in fact, gone a little to pieces. He was, to begin with, wearing a different and much smaller hat than when he left Basil at noon. Secondly, his face had lost its somewhat gross aspect and turned a pure and even delicate white, and he was wearing his necktie and even portions of his shirt on the outside of his unaccountably wringing-wet overcoat. How, in the short space of four hours, Mr. Rooney had got himself in such shape is explicable only by the pressure of confinement in a boys' school upon a fiery outdoor spirit. Mr. Rooney was born to toil under the clear light of heaven and, perhaps half consciously, he was headed toward his inevitable destiny.

"Lee," he said dimly, "you ought get wise to y'self. I'm going to put you wise y'self."

To avoid the ominous possibility of being put wise to himself in the lobby, Basil uneasily changed the subject.

"Aren't you coming to the show?" he asked, flattering Mr. Rooney by implying that he was in any condition to come to the show. "It's a wonderful show."

Mr. Rooney took off his hat, displaying wringing-wet matted hair. A picture of reality momentarily struggled for development in the back of his brain.

"We got to get back to school," he said in a sombre and unconvinced voice.

"But there's another act," protested Basil in horror. "I've got to stay for the last act."

Swaying, Mr. Rooney looked at Basil, dimly realizing that he had put himself in the hollow of this boy's hand.

"All righ'," he admitted. "I'm going to get somethin' to eat. I'll wait for you next door."

He turned abruptly, reeled a dozen steps and curved dizzily into a bar adjoining the theatre. Considerably shaken, Basil went back inside.

ACT III. *The Roof Garden of Mr. Van Astor's House. Night.*

Half an hour passed. Everything was going to be all right, after all. The comedian was at his best now, with the glad appropriateness of laughter after tears, and there was a promise of felicity in the bright tropical sky. One lovely plaintive duet, and then abruptly the long moment of incomparable beauty was over.

Basil went into the lobby and stood in thought while the crowd passed out. His mother's letter and the show had cleared his mind of bitterness and vindictiveness—he was his old self and he wanted to do the right thing. He wondered if it was the right thing to get Mr. Rooney back to school. He walked toward the saloon, slowed up as he came to it and, gingerly opening the swinging door, took a quick peer inside. He saw only that Mr. Rooney was not one of those drinking at the bar. He walked down the street a little way, came back and tried again. It was as if he thought the doors were teeth to bite him, for he had the old-fashioned Middle-Western boy's horror of the saloon. The third time he was successful. Mr. Rooney was sound asleep at a table in the back of the room.

Outside again Basil walked up and down, considering. He would give Mr. Rooney half an hour. If, at the end of that time, he had not come out, he would go back to school. After all, Mr. Rooney had laid for him ever since football season—Basil was simply washing his hands of the whole affair, as in a day or so he would wash his hands of school.

He had made several turns up and down, when, glancing up an alley that ran beside the theatre his eye was caught by the sign, Stage Entrance. He could watch the actors come forth.

He waited. Women streamed by him, but those were the days before Glorification and he took these drab people for wardrobe women or something. Then suddenly a girl came out and with her a man, and Basil turned and ran a few steps up the street as if afraid they would recognize him—and ran back, breathing as if with a heart attack—for the girl, a radiant little beauty of nineteen, was Her and the young man by her side was Ted Fay.

Arm in arm, they walked past him, and irresistibly Basil followed. As they walked, she leaned toward Ted Fay in a way that gave them a fascinating air of intimacy. They

crossed Broadway and turned into the Knickerbocker Hotel, and twenty feet behind them Basil followed, in time to see them go into a long room set for afternoon tea. They sat at a table for two, spoke vaguely to a waiter, and then, alone at last, bent eagerly toward each other. Basil saw that Ted Fay was holding her gloved hand.

The tea room was separated only by a hedge of potted firs from the main corridor. Basil went along this to a lounge which was almost up against their table and sat down.

Her voice was low and faltering, less certain than it had been in the play, and very sad: "Of course I do, Ted." For a long time, as their conversation continued, she repeated "Of course I do" or "But I do, Ted." Ted Fay's remarks were too low for Basil to hear.

"—says next month, and he won't be put off any more. . . . I do in a way, Ted. It's hard to explain, but he's done everything for mother and me. . . . There's no use kidding myself. It was a fool-proof part and any girl he gave it to was made right then and there. . . . He's been awfully thoughtful. He's done everything for me."

Basil's ears were sharpened by the intensity of his emotion; now he could hear Ted Fay's voice too:

"And you say you love me."

"But don't you see I promised to marry him more than a year ago."

"Tell him the truth—that you love me. Ask him to let you off."

"This isn't musical comedy, Ted."

"That was a mean one," he said bitterly.

"I'm sorry, dear, Ted darling, but you're driving me crazy going on this way. You're making it so hard for me."

"I'm going to leave New Haven, anyhow."

"No, you're not. You're going to stay and play baseball this spring. Why, you're an ideal to all those boys! Why, if you—"

He laughed shortly. "You're a fine one to talk about ideals."

"Why not? I'm living up to my responsibility to Beltzman; you've got to make up your mind just like I have—that we can't have each other."

"Jerry! Think what you're doing! All my life, whenever I hear that waltz—"

Basil got to his feet and hurried down the corridor, through the lobby and out of the hotel. He was in a state of wild emotional confusion. He did not understand all he had heard, but from his clandestine glimpse into the privacy of these two, with all the world that his short experience could conceive of at their feet, he had gathered that life for everybody was a struggle, sometimes magnificent from a distance, but always difficult and surprisingly simple and a little sad.

They would go on. Ted Fay would go back to Yale, put her picture in his bureau drawer and knock out home runs with the bases full this spring—at 8:30 the curtain would go up and She would miss something warm and young out of her life, something she had had this afternoon.

It was dark outside and Broadway was a blazing forest fire as Basil walked slowly along toward the point of brightest light. He looked up at the great intersecting planes of radiance with a vague sense of approval and possession. He would see it a lot now, lay his restless heart upon this greater restlessness of a nation—he would come whenever he could get off from school.

But that was all changed—he was going to Europe. Suddenly Basil realized that he wasn't going to Europe. He could not forego the molding of his own destiny just to alleviate a few months of pain. The conquest of the successive worlds of school, college and New York—why, that was his true dream that he had carried from boyhood into adolescence, and because of the jeers of a few boys he had been about to abandon it and run ignominiously up a back alley! He shivered violently, like a dog coming out of the water, and simultaneously he was reminded of Mr. Rooney.

A few minutes later he walked into the bar, past the quizzical eyes of the bartender and up to the table where Mr. Rooney still sat asleep. Basil shook him gently, then firmly. Mr. Rooney stirred and perceived Basil.

"G'wise to yourself," he muttered drowsily. "G'wise to yourself an' let me alone."

"I am wise to myself," said Basil. "Honest, I am wise to myself, Mr. Rooney. You got to come with me into the washroom and get cleaned up, and then you can sleep on the train again, Mr. Rooney. Come on, Mr. Rooney, please—"

V

It was a long hard time. Basil got on bounds again in December and wasn't free again until March. An indulgent mother had given him no habits of work and this was almost beyond the power of anything but life itself to remedy, but he made numberless new starts and failed and tried again.

He made friends with a new boy named Maplewood after Christmas, but they had a silly quarrel; and through the winter term, when a boys' school is shut in with itself and only partly assuaged from its natural savagery by indoor sports, Basil was snubbed and slighted a good deal for his real and imaginary sins, and he was much alone. But on the other hand, there was Ted Fay, and Rose of the Night on the phonograph—"All my life whenever I hear that waltz"—and the remembered lights of New York, and the thought of what he was going to do in football next autumn and the glamorous mirage of Yale and the hope of spring in the air.

Fat Gaspar and a few others were nice to him now. Once when he and Fat walked home together by accident from downtown they had a long talk about actresses—a talk that Basil was wise enough not to presume upon afterward. The smaller boys suddenly decided that they approved of him, and a master who had hitherto disliked him put his hand on his shoulder walking to a class one day. They would all forget eventually—maybe during the summer. There would be new fresh boys in September; he would have a clean start next year.

One afternoon in February, playing basketball, a great thing happened. He and Brick Wales were at forward on the second team and in the fury of the scrimmage the gymnasium echoed with sharp slapping contacts and shrill cries.

"Here yar!"

"Bill! Bill!"

Basil had dribbled the ball down the court and Brick Wales, free, was crying for it.

"Here yar! Lee! Hey! Lee-y!"

Lee-y!

Basil flushed and made a poor pass. He had been called by a nickname. It was a poor makeshift, but it was something more than the stark bareness of his surname or a term of derision. Brick Wales went on playing, unconscious that he had done anything in particular or that he had contributed to the events by which another boy was saved from the army of the bitter, the selfish, the neurasthenic and the unhappy. It isn't given to us to know those rare moments when people are wide open and the lightest touch can wither or heal. A moment too late and we can never reach them any more in this world. They will not be cured by our most efficacious drugs or slain with our sharpest swords.

Lee-y! It could scarcely be pronounced. But Basil took it to bed with him that night, and thinking of it, holding it to him happily to the last, fell easily to sleep.

## *Anton Chekhov*

# GUSEV

*Anton Pavlovitch Chekhov (1860-1904) was born in Taganrog, Russia, the son of a grocer who had been born a serf. In 1884 he took a medical degree at the University of Moscow. While there he supported himself by writing comic sketches. In spite of the fact that he suffered from tuberculosis during most of his mature life, he wrote over a thousand stories, novels, and plays and did a great deal to promote public health and education, in which he placed his hope for the future improvement of mankind. His medical education, he said, helped*

*to train the penetrating and objective powers which he displayed in his literary works. Some critics have interpreted his objectivity as cynicism, fatalism, and indifference to good and evil. His sympathetic work for the betterment of the people and his writings, when carefully studied, seem to indicate, however, a faith in the progress of society. Chekhov believed that an artist should suffer with his characters but that he should write only after the mood of suffering had passed, and that the more reserved and objective his writing, the stronger the impression would be. He once said, "He who desires nothing, hopes for nothing, and is afraid of nothing cannot be an artist." He hated sham and could not fail to see or fail to show in his stories that life poses questions about human suffering for which there are no immediate answers. He seems to have been painfully aware of the mute suffering that holds peasants in a kind of fatalistic passivity.*

*In "Gusev" one sees many reflections of Chekhov's life—his concern for the helpless people of Russia, his experiences as a doctor, his own illness, and his misgiving about ultimate justice. Though "Gusev" at first reading may seem plotless, there is a primary tension between Pavel Ivanitch and Gusev which runs through the entire story. An awareness of the basic differences between these two men and an understanding of what each of them represents will help to clarify the central conflict and give a clue to an interpretation of the story.*

It was getting dark; it would soon be night.

Gusev, a discharged soldier, sat up in his hammock and said in an undertone:

"I say, Pavel Ivanitch. A soldier at Sutchan told me: while they were sailing a big fish came into collision with their ship and stove a hole in it."

The nondescript individual whom he was addressing, and whom everyone in the ship's hospital called Pavel Ivanitch, was silent, as though he had not heard.

And again a stillness followed. . . . The wind frolicked with the rigging, the screw throbbed, the waves lashed, the hammocks creaked, but the ear had long ago become accustomed to these sounds, and it seemed that everything around was asleep and silent. It was dreary. The three invalids—two soldiers and a sailor—who had been playing cards all the day were asleep and talking in their dreams.

It seemed as though the ship were beginning to rock. The hammock slowly rose and fell under Gusev, as though it were heaving a sigh, and this was repeated once, twice, three times. . . . Something crashed on to the floor with a clang: it must have been a jug falling down.

"The wind has broken loose from its chain . . ." said Gusev, listening.

This time Pavel Ivanitch cleared his throat and answered irritably:

"One minute a vessel's running into a fish, the next, the wind's breaking loose from its chain. . . . Is the wind a beast that it can break loose from its chain?"

"That's how christened folk talk."

"They are as ignorant as you are then. . . . They say all sorts of things. One must keep a head on one's shoulders and use one's reason. You are a senseless creature."

Pavel Ivanitch was subject to sea-sickness. When the sea was rough he was usually ill-humoured, and the merest trifle would make him irritable. And in Gusev's opinion there was absolutely nothing to be vexed about. What was there strange or wonderful, for instance, in the fish or in the wind's breaking loose from its chain? Suppose the fish were as big as a mountain and its back were as hard as a sturgeon; and in the same way, supposing that away yonder at the end of the world there stood great stone walls and the fierce winds were chained up to the walls . . . if they had not broken loose, why did they tear about all over the sea like maniacs, and struggle to escape like dogs? If they were not chained up, what did become of them when it was calm?

GUSEV: Translated by Constance Garnett. Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *Short Stories* by Anton Pavlovitch Chekhov, Macmillan Company, 1928.

Gusev pondered for a long time about fishes as big as a mountain and stout, rusty chains, then he began to feel dull and thought of his native place to which he was returning after five year's service in the East. He pictured an immense pond covered with snow. . . . On one side of the pond the red-brick building of the potteries with a tall chimney and clouds of black smoke; on the other side—a village. . . . His brother Alexey comes out in a sledge from the fifth yard from the end; behind him sits his little son Vanka in big felt overboots, and his little girl Akulka, also in big felt boots. Alexey has been drinking, Vanka is laughing, Akulka's face he could not see, she had muffled herself up.

"You never know, he'll get the children frozen . . ." thought Gusev. "Lord, send them sense and judgment that they may honour their father and mother and not be wiser than their parents."

"They want re-soling," a delirious sailor says in a bass voice. "Yes, yes!"

Gusev's thoughts break off, and instead of a pond there suddenly appears apropos of nothing a huge bull's head without eyes, and the horse and sledge are not driving along, but are whirling round and round in a cloud of smoke. But still he was glad he had seen his own folks. He held his breath from delight, shudders ran all over him, and his fingers twitched.

"The Lord let us meet again," he muttered feverishly, but he at once opened his eyes and sought in the darkness for water.

He drank and lay back, and again the sledge was moving, then again the bull's head without eyes, smoke, clouds. . . . And so on till daybreak.

The first outline visible in the darkness was a blue circle—the little round window; then little by little Gusev could distinguish his neighbor in the next hammock, Pavel Ivanitch. The man slept sitting up, as he could not breathe lying down. His face was grey, his nose was long and sharp, his eyes looked huge from the terrible thinness of his face, his temples were sunken, his beard was skimpy, his hair was long. . . . Looking at him you could not make out of what class he was, whether he were a gentleman, a merchant, or a peasant. Judging from his expression and his long hair he might have been a hermit or a lay brother in a monastery—but if one listened to what he said it seemed that he could not be a monk. He was worn out by his cough and his illness and by the stifling heat, and breathed with difficulty, moving his parched lips. Noticing that Gusev was looking at him he turned his face towards him and said:

"I begin to guess. . . . Yes. . . . I understand it all perfectly now."

"What do you understand, Pavel Ivanitch?"

"I'll tell you. . . . It has always seemed to me strange that terribly ill as you are you should be here in a steamer where it is so hot and stifling and we are always being tossed up and down, where, in fact, everything threatens you with death; now it is all clear to me. . . . Yes. . . . Your doctors put you on the steamer to get rid of you. They get sick of looking after poor brutes like you. . . . You don't pay them anything, they have a bother with you, and you damage their records with your deaths—so, of course, you are brutes! It's not difficult to get rid of you. . . . All that is necessary is, in the first place, to have no conscience or humanity, and, secondly, to deceive the steamer authorities. The first condition need hardly be considered, in that respect we are artists; and one can always succeed in the second with a little practice. In a crowd of four hundred healthy soldiers and sailors half a dozen sick ones are not conspicuous; well, they drove you all on to the steamer, mixed you with the healthy ones, hurriedly counted you over, and in the confusion nothing amiss was noticed, and when the steamer had started they saw that there were paralytics and consumptives in the last stage lying about on the deck. . . ."

Gusev did not understand Pavel Ivanitch; but supposing he was being blamed, he said in self-defense:

"I lay on the deck because I had not the strength to stand; when we were unloaded from the barge on to the ship I caught a fearful chill."

"It's revolting," Pavel Ivanitch went on. "The worst of it is they know perfectly well that you can't last out the long journey, and yet they put you here. Supposing you get as far as the Indian Ocean, what then? It's horrible to think of it. . . . And that's their grati-

tude for your faithful, irreproachable service!"

Pavel Ivanitch's eyes looked angry; he frowned contemptuously and said, gasping:

"Those are the people who ought to be plucked in the newspapers till the feathers fly in all directions."

The two sick soldiers and the sailor were awake and already playing cards. The sailor was half reclining in his hammock, the soldiers were sitting near him on the floor in the most uncomfortable attitudes. One of the soldiers had his right arm in a sling, and the hand was swathed up in a regular bundle so that he held his cards under his right arm or in the crook of his elbow while he played with the left. The ship was rolling heavily. They could not stand up, nor drink tea, nor take their medicines.

"Were you an officer's servant?" Pavel Ivanitch asked Gusev.

"Yes, an officer's servant."

"My God, my God!" said Pavel Ivanitch, and he shook his head mournfully. "To tear a man out of his home, drag him twelve thousand miles away, then to drive him into consumption and . . . and what is it all for, one wonders? To turn him into a servant for some Captain Kopeikin or midshipman Dirka! How logical!"

"It's not hard work, Pavel Ivanitch. You get up in the morning and clean the boots, get the samovar, sweep the rooms, and then you have nothing more to do. The lieutenant is all the day drawing plans, and if you like you can say your prayers, if you like you can read a book or go out into the street. God grant everyone such a life."

"Yes, very nice, the lieutenant draws plans all the day and you sit in the kitchen and pine for home. . . . Plans indeed! . . . It is not plans that matter, but a human life. Life is not given twice, it must be treated mercifully."

"Of course, Pavel Ivanitch, a bad man gets no mercy anywhere, neither at home nor in the army, but if you live as you ought and obey orders, who has any need to insult you? The officers are educated gentlemen, they understand. . . . In five years I was never once in prison, and I was never struck a blow, so help me God, but once."

"What for?"

"For fighting. I have a heavy hand, Pavel Ivanitch. Four Chinamen came into our yard; they were bringing firewood or something, I don't remember. Well, I was bored and I knocked them about a bit, one's nose began bleeding, damn the fellow. . . . The lieutenant saw it through the little window, he was angry and gave me a box on the ear."

"Foolish, pitiful man . . ." whispered Pavel Ivanitch. "You don't understand anything."

He was utterly exhausted by the tossing of the ship and closed his eyes; his head alternately fell back and dropped forward on his breast. Several times he tried to lie down but nothing came of it; his difficulty in breathing prevented it.

"And what did you hit the four Chinamen for?" he asked a little while afterwards.

"Oh, nothing. They came into the yard and I hit them."

And a stillness followed. . . . The card-players had been playing for two hours with enthusiasm and loud abuse of one another, but the motion of the ship overcame them, too; they threw aside the cards and lay down. Again Gusev saw the big pond, the brick building, the village. . . . Again the sledge was coming along, again Vanka was laughing and Akukla, silly little thing, threw open her fur coat and stuck her feet out, as much as to say: "Look, good people, my snow-boots are not like Vanka's, they are new ones."

"Five years old, and she has no sense yet," Gusev muttered in delirium. "Instead of kicking your legs you had better come and get your soldier uncle a drink. I will give you something nice."

Then Andron with a flintlock gun on his shoulder was carrying a hare he had killed, and he was followed by the decrepit old Jew Isaitchik, who offers to barter the hare for a piece of soap; then the black calf in the shed, then Domna sewing at a shirt and crying about something, and then again the bull's head without eyes, black smoke. . . .

Overhead someone gave a loud shout, several sailors ran by, they seemed to be dragging something bulky over the deck, something fell with a crash. Again they ran by. . . . Had something gone wrong? Gusev raised his head,

listened, and saw that the two soldiers and the sailor were playing cards again; Pavel Ivanitch was sitting up moving his lips. It was stifling, one hadn't strength to breathe, one was thirsty, the water was warm, disgusting. The ship heaved as much as ever.

Suddenly something strange happened to one of the soldiers playing cards. . . . He called hearts diamonds, got muddled in his score, and dropped his cards, then with a frightened, foolish smile looked round at all of them.

"I shan't be a minute, mates, I'll . . ." he said, and lay down on the floor.

Everybody was amazed. They called to him, he did not answer.

"Stepan, maybe you are feeling bad, eh?" the soldier with his arm in a sling asked him. "Perhaps we had better bring the priest, eh?"

"Have a drink of water, Stepan . . ." said the sailor. "Here, lad, drink."

"Why are you knocking the jug against his teeth?" said Gusev angrily. "Don't you see, turnip head?"

"What?"

"What?" Gusev repeated, mimicking him. "There is no breath in him, he is dead! That's what! What nonsensical people, Lord have mercy on us . . . !"

The ship was not rocking and Pavel Ivanitch was more cheerful. He was no longer ill-humoured. His face had a boastful, defiant, mocking expression. He looked as though he wanted to say: "Yes, in a minute I will tell you something that will make you split your sides with laughing." The little round window was open and a soft breeze was blowing on Pavel Ivanitch. There was a sound of voices, of the plash of oars in the water. . . . Just under the little window someone began droning in a high, unpleasant voice: no doubt it was a Chinaman singing.

"Here we are in the harbour," said Pavel Ivanitch, smiling ironically. "Only another month and we shall be in Russia. Well, worthy gentlemen and warriors! I shall arrive at Odessa and from there go straight to Harkov. In Harkov I have a friend, a literary man. I shall go to him and say, 'Come, old man, put aside your horrid subjects, ladies' amours and the beauties of nature, and show up human depravity.' "

For a minute he pondered, then said:

"Gusev, do you know how I took them in?"

"Took in whom, Pavel Ivanitch?"

"Why, these fellows. . . . You know that on this steamer there is only a first-class and a third-class, and they only allow peasants—that is the riff-raff—to go in the third. If you have got on a reefer jacket and have the faintest resemblance to a gentleman or a bourgeois you must go first-class, if you please. You must fork out five hundred roubles if you die for it. Why, I ask, have you made such a rule? Do you want to raise the prestige of educated Russians thereby? Not a bit of it. We don't let you go third-class simply because a decent person can't go third-class; it is very horrible and disgusting. Yes, indeed. I am very grateful for such solicitude for decent people's welfare. But in any case, whether it is nasty there or nice, five hundred roubles I haven't got. I haven't pilfered government money. I haven't exploited the natives, I haven't trafficked in contraband, I have flogged no one to death, so judge whether I have the right to travel first-class and even less to reckon myself of the educated class. But you won't catch them with logic. . . . One has to resort to deception. I put on a workman's coat and high boots, I assumed a drunken, servile mug and went to the agents: 'Give us a little ticket, your honour,' said I. . . ."

"Why, what class do you belong to?" asked a sailor.

"Clerical. My father was an honest priest, he always told the great ones of the world the truth to their faces; and he had a great deal to put up with in consequence."

Pavel Ivanitch was exhausted with talking and gasped for breath, but still went on:

"Yes, I always tell people the truth to their faces. I am not afraid of anyone or anything. There is a vast difference between me and all of you in that respect. You are in darkness, you are blind, crushed; you see nothing and what you do see you don't understand. . . . You are told the wind breaks loose from its chain, that you are beasts, Petchenyegs, and you believe it; they punch you in the neck, you kiss their hands; some animal in a sable-lined coat robs you and then tips you fifteen kopecks and you: 'Let me kiss your hand, sir.' You are pariahs, pitiful people. . . . I am a

different sort. My eyes are open, I see it all as clearly as a hawk or an eagle when it floats over the earth, and I understand it all. I am a living protest. I see irresponsible tyranny—I protest. I see cant and hypocrisy—I protest. I see swine triumphant—I protest. And I cannot be suppressed, no Spanish Inquisition can make me hold my tongue. No. . . . Cut out my tongue and I would protest in dumb show; shut me up in a cellar—I will shout from it to be heard half a mile away, or I will starve myself to death that they may have another weight on their black consciences. Kill me and I will haunt them with my ghost. All my acquaintances say to me: 'You are a most insufferable person, Pavel Ivanitch.' I am proud of such a reputation. I have served three years in the far East, and I shall be remembered there for a hundred years: I had rows with everyone. My friends write to me from Russia, 'Don't come back,' but here I am going back to spite them . . . yes. . . . That is life as I understand it. That is what one can call life."

Gusev was looking at the little window and was not listening. A boat was swaying on the transparent, soft, turquoise water all bathed in hot, dazzling sunshine. In it there were naked Chinamen holding up cages with canaries and calling out:

"It sings, it sings!"

Another boat knocked against the first; the steam cutter darted by. And then there came another boat with a fat Chinaman sitting in it, eating rice with little sticks.

Languidly the water heaved, languidly the white seagulls floated over it.

"I should like to give that fat fellow one in the neck," thought Gusev, gazing at the stout Chinaman, with a yawn.

He dozed off, and it seemed to him that all nature was dozing, too. Time flew swiftly by; imperceptibly the day passed, imperceptibly the darkness came on. . . . The steamer was no longer standing still, but moving on further.

Two days passed, Pavel Ivanitch lay down instead of sitting up; his eyes were closed, his nose seemed to have grown sharper.

"Pavel Ivanitch," Gusev called to him. "Hey, Pavel Ivanitch."

Pavel Ivanitch opened his eyes and moved his lips.

"Are you feeling bad?"

"No . . . it's nothing . . ." answered Pavel Ivanitch, gasping. "Nothing; on the contrary . . . I am rather better. . . . You see I can lie down. . . . I am a little easier. . . ."

"Well, thank God for that, Pavel Ivanitch."

"When I compare myself with you I am sorry for you . . . poor fellow. My lungs are all right, it is only a stomach cough. . . . I can stand hell, let alone the Red Sea. Besides I take a critical attitude to my illness and to the medicines they give me for it. While you . . . you are in darkness. . . . It's hard for you, very, very hard!"

The ship was not rolling, it was calm, but as hot and stifling as a bath-house; it was not only hard to speak but even hard to listen. Gusev hugged his knees, laid his head on them and thought of his home. Good heavens, what a relief it was to think of snow and cold in that stifling heat! You drive in a sledge, all at once the horses take fright at something and bolt. . . . Regardless of the road, the ditches, the ravines, they dash like mad things, right through the village, over the pond by the pottery works, out across the open fields. "Hold on," the pottery hands and the peasants shout, meeting them. "Hold on." But why? Let the keen, cold wind beat in one's face and bite one's hands; let the lumps of snow, kicked up by the horses' hoofs, fall on one's cap, on one's back, down one's collar, on one's chest, let the runners ring on the snow, and the traces and the sledge be smashed, deuce take them one and all! And how delightful when the sledge upsets and you go flying full tilt into a drift, face downwards in the snow, and then you get up white all over with icicles on your moustaches; no cap, no gloves, your belt undone. . . . People laugh, the dogs bark. . . .

Pavel Ivanitch half opened one eye, looked at Gusev with it, and asked softly:

"Gusev, did your commanding officer steal?"

"Who can tell, Pavel Ivanitch! We can't say, it didn't reach us."

And after that a long time passed in silence. Gusev brooded, muttered something in delirium, and kept drinking water; it was hard for him to talk and hard to listen, and he was

afraid of being talked to. An hour passed, a second, a third; evening came on, then night, but he did not notice it. He still sat dreaming of the frost.

There was a sound as though someone came into the hospital, and voices were audible, but a few minutes passed and all was still again.

"The Kingdom of Heaven and eternal peace," said the soldier with his arm in a sling. "He was an uncomfortable man."

"What?" asked Gusev. "Who?"

"He is dead, they have just carried him up."

"Oh, well," muttered Gusev, yawning, "the Kingdom of Heaven be his."

"What do you think?" the soldier with his arm in a sling asked Gusev. "Will he be in the Kingdom of Heaven or not?"

"Who is it you are talking about?"

"Pavel Ivanitch."

"He will be . . . he suffered so long. And there is another thing, he belonged to the clergy, and the priests always have a lot of relations. Their prayers will save him."

The soldier with the sling sat down on a hammock near Gusev and said in an undertone:

"And you, Gusev, are not long for this world. You will never get to Russia."

"Did the doctor or his assistant say so?" asked Gusev.

"It isn't that they said so, but one can see it. . . . One can see directly when a man's going to die. You don't eat, you don't drink; it's dreadful to see how thin you've got. It's consumption, in fact. I say it, not to upset you, but because maybe you would like to have the sacrament and extreme unction. And if you have any money you had better give it to the senior officer."

"I haven't written home . . ." Gusev sighed. "I shall die and they won't know."

"They'll hear of it," the sick sailor brought out in a bass voice. "When you die they will put it down in the *Gazette,* at Odessa they will send in a report to the commanding officer there and he will send it to the parish or somewhere. . . ."

Gusev began to be uneasy after such a conversation and to feel a vague yearning. He drank water—it was not that; he dragged himself to the window and breathed the hot, moist air—it was not that; he tried to think of home, of the frost—it was not that. . . . At last it seemed to him one minute longer in the ward and he would certainly expire.

"It's stifling, mates . . ." he said. "I'll go on deck. Help me up, for Christ's sake."

"All right," assented the soldier with the sling. "I'll carry you, you can't walk, hold on to my neck."

Gusev put his arm round the soldier's neck, the latter put his unhurt arm round him and carried him up. On the deck sailors and time-expired soldiers were lying asleep side by side; there were so many of them it was difficult to pass.

"Stand down," the soldier with the sling said softly. "Follow me quietly, hold on to my shirt. . . ."

It was dark. There was no light on deck, nor on the masts, nor anywhere on the sea around. At the furthest end of the ship the man on watch was standing perfectly still like a statue, and it looked as though he were asleep. It seemed as though the steamer were abandoned to itself and were going at its own will.

"Now they will throw Pavel Ivanitch into the sea," said the soldier with the sling. "In a sack and then into the water."

"Yes, that's the rule."

"But it's better to lie at home in the earth. Anyway, your mother comes to the grave and weeps."

"Of course."

There was a smell of hay and of dung. There were oxen standing with drooping heads by the ship's rail. One, two, three; eight of them! And there was a little horse. Gusev put out his hand to stroke it, but it shook its head, showed its teeth, and tried to bite his sleeve.

"Damned brute . . ." said Gusev angrily.

The two of them, he and the soldier, threaded their way to the head of the ship, then stood at the rail and looked up and down. Overhead deep sky, bright stars, peace and stillness, exactly as at home in the village, below darkness and disorder. The tall waves were resounding, no one could tell why. Whichever wave you looked at each one was trying to rise higher than all the rest and to chase and crush the next one; after it a third

as fierce and hideous flew noisily, with a glint of light on its white crest.

The sea has no sense and no pity. If the steamer had been smaller and not made of thick iron, the waves would have crushed it to pieces without the slightest compunction, and would have devoured all the people in it with no distinction of saints or sinners. The steamer had the same cruel and meaningless expression. This monster with its huge beak was dashing onwards, cutting millions of waves in its path; it had no fear of the darkness nor the wind, nor of space, nor of solitude, caring for nothing, and if the ocean had its people, this monster would have crushed them, too, without distinction of saints or sinners.

"Where are we now?" asked Gusev.

"I don't know. We must be in the ocean."

"There is no sight of land. . . ."

"No indeed! They say we shan't see it for seven days."

The two soldiers watched the white foam with the phosphorus light on it and were silent, thinking. Gusev was the first to break the silence.

"There is nothing to be afraid of," he said, "only one is full of dread as though one were sitting in a dark forest; but if, for instance, they let a boat down on to the water this minute and an officer ordered me to go a hundred miles over the sea to catch fish, I'd go. Or, let's say, if a Christian were to fall into the water this minute, I'd go in after him. A German or a Chinaman I wouldn't save, but I'd go in after a Christian."

"And are you afraid to die?"

"Yes. I am sorry for the folks at home. My brother at home, you know, isn't steady; he drinks, he beats his wife for nothing, he does not honour his parents. Everything will go to ruin without me, and father and my old mother will be begging their bread, I shouldn't wonder. But my legs won't bear me, brother, and it's hot here. Let's go to sleep."

Gusev went back to the ward and got into his hammock. He was again tormented by a vague craving, and he could not make out what he wanted. There was an oppression on his chest, a throbbing in his head, his mouth was so dry that it was difficult for him to move his tongue. He dozed, and murmured in his sleep, and, worn out with nightmares, his cough, and the stifling heat, towards morning he fell into a sound sleep. He dreamed that they were just taking the bread out of the oven in the barracks and he climbed into the stove and had a steam bath in it, lashing himself with a bunch of birch twigs. He slept for two days, and at midday on the third two sailors came down and carried him out.

He was sewn up in sailcloth and to make him heavier they put with him two iron weights. Sewn up in the sailcloth he looked like a carrot or a radish: broad at the head and narrow at the feet. . . . Before sunset they brought him up to the deck and put him on a plank; one end of the plank lay on the side of the ship, the other on a box, placed on a stool. Round him stood the soldiers and the officers with their caps off.

"Blessed be the Name of the Lord . . ." the priest began. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

"Amen," chanted three sailors.

The soldiers and the officers crossed themselves and looked away at the waves. It was strange that a man should be sewn up in sailcloth and should soon be flying into the sea. Was it possible that such a thing might happen to anyone?

The priest strewed earth upon Gusev and bowed down. They sang "Eternal Memory."

The man on watch duty tilted up the end of the plank, Gusev slid off and flew head foremost, turned a somersault in the air and splashed into the sea. He was covered with foam and for a moment looked as though he were wrapped in lace, but the minute passed and he disappeared in the waves.

He went rapidly towards the bottom. Did he reach it? It was said to be three miles to the bottom. After sinking sixty or seventy feet, he began moving more and more slowly, swaying rhythmically, as though he were hesitating, and carried along by the current, moved more rapidly sideways than downwards.

Then he was met by a shoal of the fish called harbour pilots. Seeing the dark body the fish stopped as though petrified, and suddenly turned round and disappeared. In less than a minute they flew back swift as an arrow

to Gusev, and began zig-zagging round him in the water.

After that another dark body appeared. It was a shark. It swam under Gusev with dignity and no show of interest, as though it did not notice him, and sank down upon its back, then it turned belly upwards, basking in the warm, transparent water and languidly opened its jaws with two rows of teeth. The harbour pilots are delighted, they stop to see what will come next. After playing a little with the body the shark nonchalantly puts its jaws under it, cautiously touches it with its teeth, and the sailcloth is rent its full length from head to foot; one of the weights falls out and frightens the harbour pilots, and striking the shark on the ribs goes rapidly to the bottom.

Overhead at this time the clouds are massed together on the side where the sun is setting; one cloud like a triumphal arch, another like a lion, a third like a pair of scissors. . . . From behind the clouds a broad, green shaft of light pierces through and stretches to the middle of the sky; a little later another, violet-coloured, lies beside it; next that, one of gold, then one rose-coloured. . . . The sky turns a soft lilac. Looking at this gorgeous, enchanted sky, at first the ocean scowls, but soon it, too, takes tender, joyous, passionate colours for which it is hard to find a name in human speech.

## *Seán O'Faoláin*

# THE FUR COAT

*Seán O'Faoláin (1900- ) was born in Dublin. Though he holds degrees from the National University of Ireland and from Harvard University, he maintains that his education has been "mainly by good conversation." He has taught on both sides of the Atlantic—at Boston College and at St. Mary's College, England. The Irish Revolution, in which he took an active part, is often reflected in his works.*

*O'Faoláin's most successful book is probably* A Nest of Simple Folk, *1933. Best known of his biographies is* King of Beggars: A Life of Daniel O'Connell, *1938. He has written one play,* She Had to Do Something, *1938, which was not very successful, his quiet, colloquial style being essentially undramatic. He has published three volumes of short stories:* Midsummer Night Madness and Other Stories, *1932,* A Purse of Coppers, *1937, and* The Man Who Invented Sin and Other Stories, *1948.* The Short-Story, *1951, a critical study, reveals his mastery of the short story as a literary type.*

*Seán O'Faoláin, like most of the eminent short story writers today, believes that the art of a short story depends largely on skill in suggestion and implication and that the value of a short story depends in great part on the insight into human nature it provides. "The Fur Coat" approaches a perfect exemplification of that theory.*

When Maguire became Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Roads and Railways his wife wound her arms around his neck, lifted herself on her toes, gazed into his eyes and said, adoringly,

"Now, Paddy, I must have a fur coat."

"Of course, of course, me dear," Maguire

THE FUR COAT: Reprinted by permission of the publisher from *The Man Who Invented Sin and Other Stories,* Devin-Adair Co., 1948.

cried, holding her out from him admiringly; for she was a handsome little woman still, in spite of the greying hair and the first hint of a stoop. "Get two fur coats! Switzers will give us any amount of tick from now on."

Molly sat back into her chair with her fingers clasped between her knees and said, chidingly,

"You think I'm extravagant!"

"Indeed then I do not. We've had some thin times together and it's about time we had a bit of comfort in our old age. I'd like to see my wife in a fur coat. I'd love to see my wife take a shine out of some of those straps in Grafton Street—painted jades that never lifted a finger for God or man, not to as much as mention the word Ireland. By all means get a fur coat. Go down to Switzers tomorrow morning," he cried with all the innocence of a warm-hearted, inexperienced man, "and order the best fur coat that money can buy."

Molly Maguire looked at him with affection and irritation. The years had polished her hard—politics, revolution, husband in and out of prison, children reared with the help of relatives and Prisoners' Dependents' Funds. You could see the years on her fingertips, too pink, too coarse, and in her diamond-bright eyes.

"Paddy, you big fool, do you know what you'd pay for a mink coat? Not to mention a sable? And not as much as to whisper the word broadtail?"

"Say a hundred quid," said Paddy, manfully. "What's a hundred quid? I'll be handling millions of public money from now on. I have to think big."

She replied in her warm Limerick singsong; sedately and proudly as befitted a woman who had often, in her father's country store, handled thousands of pound-notes.

"Do you know, Paddy Maguire, what a really bang-up fur coat could cost you? It could cost you a thousand guineas, and more."

"One thousand guineas? For a coat? Sure, that's a whole year's salary."

"It is."

Paddy drew into himself. "And," he said, in a cautious voice, "is that the kind of coat you had in mind?"

She laughed, satisfied at having taken him off his perch.

"Yerrah, not at all. I thought I might pick up a nice little coat for, maybe, thirty or forty, or at the outside, fifty quid. Would that be too much?"

"Go down to Switzers in the morning and bring it home on your back."

But, even there, she thought she detected a touch of the bravo, as if he was still feeling himself a great fellow. She let it pass. She said she might have a look around. There was no hurry. She did not bring up the matter again for quite fifteen minutes.

"Paddy! About that fur coat. I sincerely hope you don't think I'm being *vulgar*?"

"How could you be vulgar?"

"Oh, sort of *nouveau riche*. I don't want a fur coat for show-off." She leaned forward eagerly. "Do you know the reason why I want a fur coat?"

"To keep you warm. What else?"

"Oh, well, that too, I suppose, yes," she agreed shortly. "But you must realise that from this on we'll be getting asked out to parties and receptions and so forth. And—well—I haven't a rag to wear!"

"I see," Paddy agreed; but she knew that he did not see.

"Look," she explained, "what I want is something I can wear any old time. I don't want a fur coat for grandeur." (This very scornfully.) "I want to be able to throw it on and go off and be as well-dressed as anybody. You see, you can wear any old thing under a fur coat."

"That sounds a good idea." He considered the matter as judiciously as if he were considering a memorandum for a projected bypass. She leaned back, contented, with the air of a woman who has successfully laid her conscience to rest.

Then he spoiled it all by asking, "But, tell me, what do all the women do who haven't fur coats?"

"They dress."

"Dress? Don't ye all dress?"

"Paddy, don't be silly. They think of nothing else but dress. I have no time for dressing. I'm a busy housewife and, anyway, dressing costs a lot of money." (Here she caught a flicker in his eye which obviously meant that forty quid isn't to be sniffed at either.) "I mean they have costumes that cost

twenty-five pounds. Half a dozen of 'em. They spend a lot of time and thought over it. They live for it. If you were married to one of 'em you'd soon know what it means to dress. The beauty of a fur coat is that you can just throw it on and you're as good as the best of them."

"Well, that's fine! Get the ould coat."

He was evidently no longer enthusiastic. A fur coat, he had learned, is not a grand thing—it is just a useful thing. He drew his brief-case towards him. There was that pier down in Kerry to be looked at. "Mind you," he added, "it'd be nice and warm, too. Keep you from getting a cold."

"Oh, grand, yes, naturally, cosy, yes, all that, yes, yes!"

And she crashed out and banged the door after her and put the children to bed as if she were throwing sacks of turf into a cellar. When she came back he was poring over maps and specifications. She began to patch one of the boy's pyjamas. After a while she held it up and looked at it in despair. She let it sink into her lap and looked at the pile of mending beside her.

"I suppose when I'm dead and gone they'll invent plastic pyjamas that you can wash with a dish-cloth and mend with a lump of glue."

She looked into the heart of the turf-fire. A dozen pyjamas . . . underwear for the whole house . . .

"Paddy!"

"Huh?"

"The last thing that I want anybody to start thinking is that I, by any possible chance, could be getting grand notions."

She watched him hopefully. He was lost in his plans.

"I can assure you, Paddy, that I loathe—I simply loathe all this modern show-off."

"That's right."

"Those wives that think they haven't climbed the social ladder until they've got a fur coat!"

He grunted at the map of the pier.

"Because I don't care what you or anybody else says, Paddy, there *is* something vulgar about a fur coat. There's no shape to them. Especially musquash. What I was thinking of was black Indian lamb. Of course, the real thing would be ocelot. But they're much too dear. The real ones. And I wouldn't be seen dead in an imitation ocelot."

He glanced sideways from the table. "You seem to know a lot about fur." He leaned back and smiled benevolently. "I never knew you were hankering all this time after a fur coat."

"Who said I'm hankering! I am *not*. What do you mean? Don't be silly. I just want something decent to wear when we go out to a show, or to wear over a dance-frock, that's all. What do you mean—hankering?"

"Well, what's wrong with that thing you have with the fur on the sleeves? The shiny thing with the what-do-you-call-'ems—sequins is it?"

"*That!* Do you mean *that?* For Heaven's sake don't be talking about what you don't know anything about. I've had *that* for fourteen years. It's like something me grandmother wore at her own funeral."

He laughed. "You used to like it."

"Of course, I liked it when I got it. Honestly, Paddy Maguire, there are times when . . ."

"Sorry, sorry, sorry. I was only trying to be helpful. How much is an ocelot?"

"Eighty-five or ninety—at the least."

"Well, why not?"

"Paddy, tell me honestly. Honestly, now! Do you seriously think that I could put eighty-five pounds on my back?"

With his pencil Maguire frugally drew a line on the map, reducing the pier by five yards, and wondered would the County Surveyor let him get away with it.

"Well, the question is will you be satisfied with the Indian lamb? What colour did you say it is? Black? That's a very queer lamb."

Irritably he rubbed out the line. The wretched thing would be too shallow at low water if he cut five yards off it.

"It's dyed. You could get it brown too," she cried. "You could get all sorts of lamb. Broadtail is the fur of unborn Persian lambs."

That woke him up: the good farmer stock in him was shocked.

"Unborn lambs," he cried; "do you mean to say that they . . ."

"Yes, isn't it awful? Honest to Heaven, Paddy, anyone that'd wear broadtail ought

to be put in prison. Paddy, I've made up my mind. I just couldn't buy a fur coat. I just won't buy it. That's the end of it."

She picked up the pyjamas again and looked at them with moist eyes. He turned to devote his full attention to her problem.

"Molly, darling, I'm afraid I don't understand what you're after. I mean, do you or do you not want a fur coat? I mean, supposing you didn't buy a fur coat, what else could you do?"

"Just exactly what do you mean?"—very coldly.

"I mean, it isn't apparently necessary that you should buy a fur coat. I mean, not if you don't really want to. There must be some other way of dressing besides fur coats? If you have a scunner against fur coats, why not buy something else just as good? There's hundreds of millions of other women in the world and they all haven't fur coats."

"I've told you before that they dress! And I've no time to dress. I've explained all that to you."

Maguire got up. He put his back to the fire, his hands behind him, a judicial look on him. He addressed the room.

"All the other women in the world can't all have time to dress. There must be some way out of it. For example, next month there'll be a garden party up at the President's house. How many of all these women will be wearing fur coats?" He addressed the arm-chair. "Has Mrs. de Valera time to dress?" He turned and leaned over the turf-basket. "Has Mrs. General Mulcahy time to dress? There's ways and means of doing everything." (He shot a quick glance at the map of the pier; you could always knock a couple of feet off the width of it.) "After all, you've told me yourself that you could purchase a black costume for twenty-five guineas. Is that or is that not a fact? Very well then," triumphantly, "why not buy a black costume for twenty-five guineas?"

"Because, you big fathead, I'd have to have shoes and a blouse and hat and gloves and a fur and a purse and everything to match it, and I'd spend far more in the heel of the hunt, and I haven't time for that sort of thing and I'd have to have two or three costumes—Heaven above, I can't appear day after day in the same old rig, can I?"

"Good! Good! That's settled. Now, the question is: shall we or shall we not purchase a fur coat? Now! What is to be said for a fur coat?" He marked off the points on his fingers. "Number one. It is warm. Number two. It will keep you from getting cold. Number three . . ."

Molly jumped up, let a scream out of her and hurled the basket of mending at him.

"Stop it! I told you I don't want a fur coat! And you don't want me to get a fur coat! You're too mean, that's what it is! And like all the Irish, you have the peasant streak in you. You're all alike, every bloody wan of ye. Keep your rotten fur coat. I never wanted it. . . ."

And she ran from the room sobbing with fury and disappointment.

"Mean?" gasped Maguire to himself. "To think that anybody could say that I . . . Mean!"

She burst open the door to sob,

"I'll go to the garden party in a mackintosh. And I hope that'll satisfy you!" and ran out again.

He sat miserably at his table, cold with anger. He murmured the hateful word over and over, and wondered could there be any truth in it. He added ten yards to the pier. He reduced the ten to five, and then, seeing what he had done, swept the whole thing off the table.

It took them three days to make it up. She had hit him below the belt and they both knew it. On the fourth morning she found a cheque for a hundred and fifty pounds on her dressing-table. For a moment her heart leaped. The next moment it died in her. She went down and put her arms about his neck and laid the cheque, torn in four, into his hand.

"I'm sorry, Paddy," she begged, crying like a kid. "You're not mean. You never were. It's me that's mean."

"You! Mean?" he said, fondly holding her in his arms.

"No, I'm not mean. It's not that. I just haven't the heart, Paddy. It was knocked out of me donkeys' years ago." He looked at her sadly. "You know what I'm trying to say?"

He nodded. But she saw that he didn't. She was not sure that she knew herself. He took a deep, resolving breath, held her out from him by the shoulders, and looked her straight in the eyes. "Molly. Tell me the truth. You want this coat?"

"I do. O, God, I do!"

"Then go out and buy it."

"I couldn't, Paddy. I just couldn't."

He looked at her for a long time. Then he asked,

"Why?"

She looked straight at him, and shaking her head sadly, she said in a little sobbing voice,

"I don't know."

## *Ernest Hemingway*

# A CLEAN, WELL-LIGHTED PLACE

*Ernest Hemingway (1898- ) was born in Oak Park, Illinois. During World War I he volunteered for service in an ambulance corps in France and later transferred to the Italian Army, in which he was seriously wounded. After the war, he became a newspaper correspondent in Paris, where he met Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein, who profoundly influenced his literary career.*

*The subject matter of Hemingway's writings is to be found in his personal experience. When he wrote* The Sun Also Rises, *1926, the novel that made him famous, he was acclaimed as the voice of the "lost generation"—the young men and women who had suffered disillusionment in World War I. His war service in Italy is the background for* A Farewell to Arms, *1929. The scenes of* To Have and Have Not, *1937, are laid close to his Key West home.* For Whom the Bell Tolls, *1940, is the result of his firsthand observation of Spain during the Civil War. His short stories and his one play, now collected in* The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, *1938, are further evidence of his variety and versatility. His latest novel is* Across the River and into the Trees, *1950.*

*Hemingway's writings reflect his philosophy that man is a doomed creature, whose only hope is to face the inevitable stoically. Edmund Wilson says that he can "with barometric accuracy" seize "the real moral feeling of the moment" even though "his vision of life is one of perpetual annihilation." In his short stories and in his novels there appears the famous Hemingway dialogue—short, clipped, and bare, the very essence of speech. "A Clean, Well-lighted Place" is characteristic of both his philosophy and his technique.*

It was late and every one had left the café except an old man who sat in the shadow the leaves of the tree made against the electric light. In the day time the street was dusty, but at night the dew settled the dust and the old man liked to sit late because he was deaf and now at night it was quiet and he felt the difference. The two waiters inside the café knew that the old man was a little drunk, and while he was a good client they knew that if he became too drunk he would leave without paying, so they kept watch on him.

"Last week he tried to commit suicide," one waiter said.

"Why?"

A CLEAN, WELL-LIGHTED PLACE: Reprinted from *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories* by Ernest Hemingway; copyright 1938 by Ernest Hemingway; used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

"He was in despair."

"What about?"

"Nothing."

"How do you know it was nothing?"

"He has plenty of money."

They sat together at a table that was close against the wall near the door of the café and looked at the terrace where the tables were all empty except where the old man sat in the shadow of the leaves of the tree that moved slightly in the wind. A girl and a soldier went by in the street. The street light shone on the brass number on his collar. The girl wore no head covering and hurried beside him.

"The guard will pick him up," one waiter said.

"What does it matter if he gets what he's after?"

"He had better get off the street now. The guard will get him. They went by five minutes ago."

The old man sitting in the shadow rapped on his saucer with his glass. The younger waiter went over to him.

"What do you want?"

The old man looked at him. "Another brandy," he said.

"You'll be drunk," the waiter said. The old man looked at him. The waiter went away.

"He'll stay all night," he said to his colleague. "I'm sleepy now. I never get into bed before three o'clock. He should have killed himself last week."

The waiter took the brandy bottle and another saucer from the counter inside the café and marched out to the old man's table. He put down the saucer and poured the glass full of brandy.

"You should have killed yourself last week," he said to the deaf man. The old man motioned with his finger. "A little more," he said. The waiter poured on into the glass so that the brandy slopped over and ran down the stem into the top saucer of the pile. "Thank you," the old man said. The waiter took the bottle back inside the café. He sat down at the table with his colleague again.

"He's drunk now," he said.

"He's drunk every night."

"What did he want to kill himself for?"

"How should I know."

"How did he do it?"

"He hung himself with a rope."

"Who cut him down?"

"His niece."

"Why did they do it?"

"Fear for his soul."

"How much money has he got?"

"He's got plenty."

"He must be eighty years old."

"Anyway I should say he was eighty."

"I wish he would go home. I never get to bed before three o'clock. What kind of hour is that to go to bed?"

"He stays up because he likes it."

"He's lonely. I'm not lonely. I have a wife waiting in bed for me."

"He had a wife once too."

"A wife would be no good to him now."

"You can't tell. He might be better with a wife."

"His niece looks after him."

"I know. You said she cut him down."

"I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing."

"Not always. This old man is clean. He drinks without spilling. Even now, drunk. Look at him."

"I don't want to look at him. I wish he would go home. He has no regard for those who must work."

The old man looked from his glass across the square, then over at the waiters.

"Another brandy," he said, pointing to his glass. The waiter who was in a hurry came over.

"Finished," he said, speaking with that omission of syntax stupid people employ when talking to drunken people or foreigners. "No more tonight. Close now."

"Another," said the old man.

"No. Finished." The waiter wiped the edge of the table with a towel and shook his head.

The old man stood up, slowly counted the saucers, took a leather coin purse from his pocket and paid for the drinks, leaving half a peseta tip.

The waiter watched him go down the street, a very old man walking unsteadily but with dignity.

"Why didn't you let him stay and drink?" the unhurried waiter asked. They were putting up the shutters. "It is not half-past two."

"I want to go home to bed."

"What is an hour?"

"More to me than to him."

"An hour is the same."

"You talk like an old man yourself. He can buy a bottle and drink at home."

"It's not the same."

"No, it is not," agreed the waiter with a wife. He did not wish to be unjust. He was only in a hurry.

"And you? You have no fear of going home before your usual hour?"

"Are you trying to insult me?"

"No, hombre, only to make a joke."

"No," the waiter who was in a hurry said, rising from pulling down the metal shutters. "I have confidence. I am all confidence."

"You have youth, confidence, and a job," the older waiter said. "You have everything."

"And what do you lack?"

"Everything but work."

"You have everything I have."

"No. I have never had confidence and I am not young."

"Come on. Stop talking nonsense and lock up."

"I am of those who like to stay late at the café," the older waiter said. "With all those who do not want to go to bed. With all those who need a light for the night."

"I want to go home and into bed."

"We are of two different kinds," the older waiter said. He was now dressed to go home. "It is not only a question of youth and confidence although those things are very beautiful. Each night I am reluctant to close up because there may be some one who needs the café."

"Hombre, there are bodegas open all night long."

"You do not understand. This is a clean and pleasant café. It is well lighted. The light is very good and also, now, there are shadows of the leaves."

"Good night," said the younger waiter.

"Good night," the other said. Turning off the electric light he continued the conversation with himself. It is the light of course but it is necessary that the place be clean and pleasant. You do not want music. Certainly you do not want music. Nor can you stand before a bar with dignity although that is all that is provided for these hours. What did he fear? It was not fear or dread. It was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it all was nada y pues nada y nada y pues nada. Our nada who are in nada, nada be thy name thy kingdom nada thy will be nada in nada as it is in nada. Give us this nada our daily nada and nada us our nada as we nada our nadas and nada us not into nada but deliver us from nada; pues nada. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee. He smiled and stood before a bar with a shining steam pressure coffee machine.

"What's yours?" asked the barman.

"Nada."

"Otro loco mas," said the barman and turned away.

"A little cup," said the waiter.

The barman poured it for him.

"The light is very bright and pleasant but the bar is unpolished," the waiter said.

The barman looked at him but did not answer. It was too late at night for conversation.

"You want another copita?" the barman asked.

"No, thank you," said the waiter and went out. He disliked bars and bodegas. A clean, well-lighted café was a very different thing. Now, without thinking further, he would go home to his room. He would lie in the bed and finally, with daylight, he would go to sleep. After all, he said to himself, it is probably only insomnia. Many must have it.

# *William Faulkner*

## SPOTTED HORSES

*William Faulkner (1897- ) has spent most of his life near Oxford, Mississippi, which is the "Jefferson" of his novels and short stories. In World War I he enlisted in the Canadian Air Force, because he was unwilling to fight with Yankees. After the war he returned to Oxford, where he took a few courses at the University of Mississippi and supported himself by doing odd jobs.*

*Faulkner's early novels brought him critical acclaim but little or no popularity or financial remuneration.* Sartoris, *1929, is the first of his many novels centering loosely around the Sartoris family, suggested by his own wealthy Southern ancestors who had been reduced to genteel poverty by the Civil War. The Snopes family also make their first appearance in this novel and begin accumulating, by various rascalities, the wealth and power once held by the now degenerating aristocracy. In 1931 Faulkner published his most notorious novel,* Sanctuary, *which he says he deliberately made "horrific" in order to appeal to popular taste and earn enough money to support himself; in both he was successful. He has written several other novels and many short stories; the latter were collected in a volume published in 1950.*

*In 1939 Faulkner received the O. Henry Memorial Award, and in 1950, after the publication in 1948 of* Intruder in the Dust, *he received the Nobel prize for literature "for his forceful and independently artistic contribution to modern American fiction." In all, Faulkner has, with Hemingway, received greater critical acclaim than any other contemporary American novelist.*

*Few writers come so near achieving an intense dramatic activity of everything in a story as William Faulkner. In "Spotted Horses," for instance, every detail vibrates with a life of its own and gives added life to other details—the wild, odd-eyed horses, which symbolize the folly of Henry Armstid and his kind; the meek and passive Mrs. Armstid, who objectifies the results of ignorance and rascality; the taciturn and sneaking Flem Snopes; and the calm, sensible Mrs. Littlejohn, who is never deluded by the folly and madness of her neighbors.*

Yes sir. Flem Snopes has filled that whole country full of spotted horses. You can hear folks running them all day and all night, whooping and hollering, and the horses running back and forth across them little wooden bridges ever now and then kind of like thunder. Here I was this morning pretty near halfway to town, with the team ambling along and me setting in the buckboard about half asleep, when all of a sudden something come swurging up outen the bushes and jumped the road clean, without touching hoof to it. It flew right over my team big as a billboard and flying through the air like a hawk. It taken me thirty minutes to stop my team and untangle the harness and the buckboard and hitch them up again.

That Flem Snopes. I be dog if he ain't a case, now. One morning about ten years ago the boys was just getting settled down on Varner's porch for a little talk and tobacco, when here come Flem out from behind the

SPOTTED HORSES: Reprinted by permission of the publisher, Random House. Copyright, 1931, by Random House, Inc.

counter, with his coat off and his hair all parted, like he might have been clerking for Varner for ten years already. Folks all knowed him; it was a big family of them about five miles down the bottom. That year, at least. Share-cropping. They never stayed on any place over a year. Then they would move on to another place, with the chap or maybe the twins of that year's litter. It was a regular nest of them. But Flem. The rest of them stayed tenant farmers, moving ever year, but here come Flem one day, walking out from behind Jody Varner's counter like he owned it. And he wasn't there but a year or two before folks knowed that if him and Jody was both still in that store in ten years more it would be Jody clerking for Flem Snopes. Why, that fellow could make a nickel where it wasn't but four cents to begin with. He skun me in two trades myself, and the fellow that can do that, I just hope he'll get rich before I do; that's all.

All right. So here Flem was, clerking at Varner's, making a nickel here and there and not telling nobody about it. No, sir. Folks never knowed when Flem got the better of somebody lessen the fellow he beat told it. He'd just set there in the store-chair, chewing his tobacco and keeping his own business to hisself, until about a week later we'd find out it was somebody else's business he was keeping to hisself—provided the fellow he trimmed was mad enough to tell it. That's Flem.

We give him ten years to own ever thing Jody Varner had. But he never waited no ten years. I reckon you-all know that gal of Uncle Billy Varner's, the youngest one, Eula. Jody's sister. Ever Sunday ever yellow-wheeled buggy and curried riding horse in that country would be hitched to Bill Varner's fence, and the young bucks setting on the porch, swarming around Eula like bees around a honey pot. One of these here kind of big, soft-looking gals that could giggle richer than plowed new-ground. Wouldn't none of them leave before the others, and so they would set there on the porch until time to go home, with some of them with nine and ten miles to ride and then get up tomorrow and go back to the field. So they would all leave together and they would ride in a clump down to the creek ford and hitch them curried horses and yellow-wheeled buggies and get out and fight one another. Then they would get in the buggies again and go on home.

Well, one day about a year ago, one of them yellow-wheeled buggies and one of them curried saddle-horses quit this country. We heard they was heading for Texas. The next day Uncle Billy and Eula and Flem come in to town in Uncle Bill's surrey, and when they come back, Flem and Eula was married. And on the next day we heard that two more of them yellow-wheeled buggies had left the country. They mought have gone to Texas, too. It's a big place.

Anyway, about a month after the wedding, Flem and Eula went to Texas, too. They was gone pretty near a year. Then one day last month, Eula come back, with a baby. We figgered up, and we decided that it was as well-growed a three-months-old baby as we ever see. It can already pull up on a chair. I reckon Texas makes big men quick, being a big place. Anyway, if it keeps on like it started, it'll be chewing tobacco and voting time it's eight years old.

And so last Friday here come Flem himself. He was on a wagon with another fellow. The other fellow had one of these two-gallon hats and a ivory-handled pistol and a box of gingersnaps sticking out of his hind pocket, and tied to the tail-gate of the wagon was about two dozen of them Texas ponies, hitched to one another with barbed wire. They was colored like parrots and they was quiet as doves, and ere a one of them would kill you quick as a rattlesnake. Nere a one of them had two eyes the same color, and nere a one of them had ever see a bridle, I reckon; and when that Texas man got down offen the wagon and walked up to them to show how gentle they was, one of them cut his vest clean offen him, same as with a razor.

Flem had done already disappeared; he had went on to see his wife, I reckon, and to see if that ere baby had done gone on to the field to help Uncle Billy plow, maybe. It was the Texas man that taken the horses on to Mrs. Littlejohn's lot. He had a little trouble at first, when they come to the gate, because they hadn't never see a fence before, and when he finally got them in and taken a pair of wire cutters and unhitched them and got

them into the barn and poured some shell corn into the trough, they durn nigh tore down the barn. I reckon they thought that shell corn was bugs, maybe. So he left them in the lot and he announced that the auction would begin at sunup tomorrow.

That night we was setting on Mrs. Littlejohn's porch. You-all mind the moon was nigh full that night, and we could watch them spotted varmints swirling along the fence and back and forth across the lot same as minnows in a pond. And then now and then they would all kind of huddle up against the barn and rest themselves by biting and kicking one another. We would hear a squeal, and then a set of hoofs would go Bam! against the barn, like a pistol. It sounded just like a fellow with a pistol, in a nest of cattymounts, taking his time.

It wasn't ere a man knowed yet if Flem owned them things or not. They just knowed one thing: that they wasn't never going to know for sho if Flem did or not, or if maybe he didn't just get on that wagon at the edge of town, for the ride or not. Even Eck Snopes didn't know, Flem's own cousin. But wasn't nobody surprised at that. We knowed that Flem would skin Eck quick as he would ere a one of us.

They was there by sunup next morning, some of them come twelve and sixteen miles, with seed-money tied up in tobacco sacks in their overalls, standing along the fence, when the Texas man come out of Mrs. Littlejohn's after breakfast and clumb onto the gate post with that ere white pistol butt sticking outen his hind pocket. He taken a new box of gingersnaps outen his pocket and bit the end offen it like a cigar and spit out the paper, and said the auction was open. And still they was coming up in wagons and a horse- and mule-back and hitching the teams across the road and coming to the fence. Flem wasn't nowhere in sight.

But he couldn't get them started. He begun to work on Eck, because Eck holp him last night to get them into the barn and feed them that shell corn. Eck got out just in time. He come outen that barn like a chip on the crest of a busted dam of water, and clumb into the wagon just in time.

He was working on Eck when Henry Armstid come up in his wagon. Eck was saying he was skeered to bid on one of them, because he might get it, and the Texas man says, "Them ponies? Them little horses?" He clumb down offen the gate post and went toward the horses. They broke and run, and him following them, kind of chirping to them, with his hand out like he was fixing to catch a fly, until he got three or four of them cornered. Then he jumped into them, and then we couldn't see nothing for a while because of the dust. It was a big cloud of it, and them blare-eyed, spotted things swoaring outen it twenty foot to a jump, in forty directions without counting up. Then the dust settled and there they was, that Texas man and the horse. He had its head twisted clean around like a owl's head. Its legs was braced and it was trembling like a new bride and groaning like a sawmill, and him holding its head wrung clean around on its neck so it was snuffing sky. "Look it over," he says, with his heels dug too and that white pistol sticking outen his pocket and his neck swole up like a spreading adder's until you could just tell what he was saying, cussing the horse and talking to us all at once: "Look him over, the fiddle-headed son of fourteen fathers. Try him, buy him; you will get the best—" Then it was all dust again, and we couldn't see nothing but spotted hide and mane, and that ere Texas man's boot-heels like a couple of walnuts on two strings, and after a while that two-gallon hat come sailing out like a fat old hen crossing a fence.

When the dust settled again, he was just getting outen the far fence corner, brushing himself off. He come and got his hat and brushed it off and come and clumb onto the gate post again. He was breathing hard. The hammer-head horse was still running round and round the lot like a merry-go-round at a fair. That was when Henry Armstid come shoving up to the gate in them patched overalls and one of them dangle-armed shirts of hisn. Hadn't nobody noticed him until then. We was all watching the Texas man and the horses. Even Mrs. Littlejohn; she had done come out and built a fire under the wash-pot in her back yard, and she would stand at the fence a while and then go back into the house and come out again with a arm full of wash

and stand at the fence again. Well, here come Henry shoving up, and then we see Mrs. Armstid right behind him, in that ere faded wrapper and sunbonnet and them tennis shoes. "Git on back to that wagon," Henry says.

"Henry," she says.

"Here, boys," the Texas man says; "make room for missus to git up and see. Come on Henry," he says; "here's your chance to buy that saddle-horse missus has been wanting. What about ten dollars, Henry?"

"Henry," Mrs. Armstid says. She put her hand on Henry's arm. Henry knocked her hand down.

"Git on back to that wagon, like I told you," he says.

Mrs. Armstid never moved. She stood behind Henry, with her hands rolled into her dress, not looking at nothing. "He hain't no more despair than to buy one of them things," she says. "And us not five dollars ahead of the pore house, he hain't no more despair." It was the truth, too. They ain't never made more than a bare living offen that place of theirs, and them with four chaps and the very clothes they wears she earns by weaving by the firelight at night while Henry's asleep.

"Shut your mouth and git on back to that wagon," Henry says. "Do you want I taken a wagon stake to you here in the big road?"

Well, that Texas man taken one look at her. Then he begun on Eck again, like Henry wasn't even there. But Eck was skeered. "I can git me a snapping turtle or a water moccasin for nothing. I ain't going to buy none."

So the Texas man said he would give Eck a horse. "To start the auction, and because you holp me last night. If you'll start the bidding on the next horse," he says, "I'll give you that fiddle-head horse."

I wish you could have seen them, standing there with their seed-money in their pockets, watching that Texas man give Eck Snopes a live horse, all fixed to call him a fool if he taken it or not. Finally Eck says he'll take it. "Only I just starts the bidding," he says. "I don't have to buy the next one lessen I ain't overtopped." The Texas man said all right, and Eck bid a dollar on the next one, with Henry Armstid standing there with his mouth already open, watching Eck and the Texas man like a mad-dog or something. "A dollar," Eck says.

The Texas man looked at Eck. His mouth was already open too, like he had started to say something and what he was going to say had up and died on him. "A dollar? You mean, *one* dollar, Eck?"

"Durn it," Eck says; "two dollars, then."

Well, sir, I wish you could a seen that Texas man. He taken out that gingersnap box and held it up and looked into it, careful, like it might have been a diamond ring in it, or a spider. Then he throwed it away and wiped his face with a bandanna. "Well," he says. "Well. Two dollars. Two dollars. Is your pulse all right, Eck?" he says. "Do you have ager-sweats at night, maybe?" he says. "Well," he says, "I got to take it. But are you boys going to stand there and see Eck get two horses at a dollar a head?"

That done it. I be dog if he wasn't nigh as smart as Flem Snopes. He hadn't no more than got the words outen his mouth before here was Henry Armstid, waving his hand. "Three dollars," Henry says. Mrs. Armstid tried to hold him again. He knocked her hand off, shoving up to the gate post.

"Mister," Mrs. Armstid says, "we got chaps in the house and not corn to feed the stock. We got five dollars I earned my chaps a-weaving after dark, and him snoring in the bed. And he hain't no more despair."

"Henry bid three dollars," the Texas man says. "Raise him a dollar, Eck, and the horse is yours."

"Henry," Mrs. Armstid says.

"Raise him, Eck," the Texas man says.

"Four dollars," Eck says.

"Five dollars," Henry says, shaking his fist. He shoved up right under the gate post. Mrs. Armstid was looking at the Texas man too.

"Mister," she says, "if you take that five dollars I earned my chaps a-weaving for one of them things, it'll be a curse onto you and yourn during all the time of man."

But it wasn't no stopping Henry. He had shoved up, waving his fist at the Texas man. He opened it; the money was in nickels and quarters, and one dollar bill that looked like a cow's cud. "Five dollars," he says. "And the man that raises it'll have to beat my head off, or I'll beat hisn."

"All right," the Texas man says. "Five dollars is bid. But don't you shake your hand at me."

It taken till nigh sundown before the last one was sold. He got them hotted up once and the bidding got up to seven dollars and a quarter, but most of them went around three or four dollars, him setting on the gate post and picking the horses out one at a time by mouth-word, and Mrs. Littlejohn pumping up and down at the tub and stopping and coming to the fence for a while and going back to the tub again. She had done got done too, and the wash was hung on the line in the back yard, and we could smell supper cooking. Finally they was all sold; he swapped the last two and the wagon for a buckboard.

We was all kind of tired, but Henry Armstid looked more like a mad-dog than ever. When he bought, Mrs. Armstid had went back to the wagon, setting in it behind them two rabbit-sized, bone-pore mules, and the wagon itself looking like it would fall all to pieces soon as the mules moved. Henry hadn't even waited to pull it outen the road; it was still in the middle of the road and her setting in it, not looking at nothing, ever since this morning.

Henry was right up against the gate. He went up to the Texas man. "I bought a horse and I paid cash," Henry says. "And yet you expect me to stand around here until they are all sold before I can get my horse. I'm going to take my horse outen that lot."

The Texas man looked at Henry. He talked like he might have been asking for a cup of coffee at the table. "Take your horse," he says.

Then Henry quit looking at the Texas man. He begun to swallow, holding onto the gate. "Ain't you going to help me?" he says.

"It ain't my horse," the Texas man says.

Henry never looked at the Texas man again, he never looked at nobody. "Who'll help me catch my horse?" he says. Never nobody said nothing. "Bring the plowline," Henry says. Mrs. Armstid got outen the wagon and brought the plowline. The Texas man got down offen the post. The woman made to pass him, carrying the rope.

"Don't you go in there, missus," the Texas man says.

Henry opened the gate. He didn't look back. "Come on here," he says.

"Don't you go in there, missus," the Texas man says.

Mrs. Armstid wasn't looking at nobody, neither, with her hands across her middle, holding the rope. "I reckon I better," she says. Her and Henry went into the lot. The horses broke and run. Henry and Mrs. Armstid followed.

"Get him into the corner," Henry says. They got Henry's horse cornered finally, and Henry taken the rope, but Mrs. Armstid let the horse get out. They hemmed it up again, but Mrs. Armstid let it get out again, and Henry turned and hit her with the rope. "Why didn't you head him back?" Henry says. He hit her again. "Why didn't you?" It was about that time I looked around and see Flem Snopes standing there.

It was the Texas man that done something. He moved fast for a big man. He caught the rope before Henry could hit the third time, and Henry whirled and made like he would jump at the Texas man. But he never jumped. The Texas man went and taken Henry's arm and led him outen the lot. Mrs. Armstid come behind them and the Texas man taken some money outen his pocket and he give it into Mrs. Armstid's hand. "Get him into the wagon and take him on home," the Texas man says, like he might have been telling them he enjoyed his supper.

Then here come Flem. "What's that for, Buck?" Flem says.

"Thinks he bought one of them ponies," the Texas man says. "Get him on away, missus."

But Henry wouldn't go. "Give him back that money," he says. "I bought that horse and I aim to have him if I have to shoot him."

And there was Flem, standing there with his hands in his pockets, chewing, like he had just happened to be passing.

"You take your money and I take my horse," Henry says. "Give it back to him," he says to Mrs. Armstid.

"You don't own no horse of mine," the Texas man says. "Get him on home, missus."

Then Henry seen Flem. "You got something to do with these horses," he says. "I bought one. Here's the money for it." He

taken the bill outen Mrs. Armstid's hand. He offered it to Flem. "I bought one. Ask him. Here. Here's the money," he says, giving the bill to Flem.

When Flem taken the money, the Texas man dropped the rope he had snatched outen Henry's hand. He had done sent Eck Snopes's boy up to the store for another box of gingersnaps, and he taken the box outen his pocket and looked into it. It was empty and he dropped it on the ground. "Mr. Snopes will have your money for you tomorrow," he says to Mrs. Armstid. "You can get it from him tomorrow. He don't own no horse. You get him into the wagon and get him on home." Mrs. Armstid went back to the wagon and got in. "Where's that ere buckboard I bought?" the Texas man says. It was after sundown then. And then Mrs. Littlejohn come out on the porch and rung the supper bell.

I come on in and et supper. Mrs. Littlejohn would bring in a pan of bread or something, then she would go out to the porch a minute and come back and tell us. The Texas man had hitched his team to the buckboard he had swapped them last two horses for, and him and Flem had gone, and then she told that the rest of them that never had ropes had went back to the store with I. O. Snopes to get some ropes, and wasn't nobody at the gate but Henry Armstid, and Mrs. Armstid setting in the wagon in the road, and Eck Snopes and that boy of hisn. "I don't care how many of them fool men gets killed by them things," Mrs. Littlejohn says, "but I ain't going to let Eck Snopes take that boy into that lot again." So she went down to the gate, but she come back without the boy or Eck neither.

"It ain't no need to worry about that boy," I says. "He's charmed." He was right behind Eck last night when Eck went to help feed them. The whole drove of them jumped clean over that boy's head and never touched him. It was Eck that touched him. Eck snatched him into the wagon and taken a rope and frailed the tar outen him.

So I had done et and went to my room and was undressing, long as I had a long trip to make next day; I was trying to sell a machine to Mrs. Bundren up past Whiteleaf; when Henry Armstid opened that gate and went in by hisself. They couldn't make him wait for the balance of them to get back with their ropes. Eck Snopes said he tried to make Henry wait, but Henry wouldn't do it. Eck said Henry walked right up to them and that when they broke, they run clean over Henry like a hay-mow breaking down. Eck said he snatched that boy of hisn out of the way just in time and that them things went through that gate like a creek flood and into the wagons and teams hitched side the road, busting wagon tongues and snapping harness like it was fishing-line, with Mrs. Armstid still setting in their wagon in the middle of it like something carved outen wood. Then they scattered, wild horses and tame mules with pieces of harness and singletrees dangling offen them, both ways up and down the road.

"There goes ourn, paw!" Eck said his boy said. "There it goes, into Mrs. Littlejohn's house." Eck says it run right up the steps and into the house like a boarder late for supper. I reckon so. Anyway, I was in my room, in my underclothes, with one sock on and one sock in my hand, leaning out the window when the commotion busted out, when I heard something run into the melodeon in the hall; it sounded like a railroad engine. Then the door to my room come sailing in like when you throw a tin bucket top into the wind and I looked over my shoulder and see something that looked like a fourteen-foot pinwheel a-blaring its eyes at me. It had to blare them fast, because I was already done jumped out the window.

I reckon it was anxious, too. I reckon it hadn't never seen barbed wire or shell corn before, but I know it hadn't never seen underclothes before, or maybe it was a sewing-machine agent it hadn't never seen. Anyway, it whirled and turned to run back up the hall and outen the house, when it met Eck Snopes and that boy just coming in, carrying a rope. It swirled again and run down the hall and out the back door just in time to meet Mrs. Littlejohn. She had just gathered up the clothes she had washed, and she was coming onto the back porch with a armful of washing in one hand and a scrubbing-board in the other, when the horse skidded up to her, trying to stop and swirl again. It never taken Mrs. Littlejohn no time a-tall.

"Git outen here, you son," she says. She hit it across the face with the scrubbing-board; that ere scrubbing-board split as neat as ere a axe could have done it, and when the horse swirled to run back up the hall, she hit it again with what was left of the scrubbing-board, not on the head this time. "And stay out," she says.

Eck and that boy was halfway down the hall by this time. I reckon that horse looked like a pinwheel to Eck too. "Git to hell outen here, Ad!" Eck says. Only there wasn't time. Eck dropped flat on his face, but the boy never moved. The boy was about a yard tall maybe, in overalls just like Eck's; that horse swoared over his head without touching a hair. I saw that, because I was just coming back up the front steps, still carrying that ere sock and still in my underclothes, when the horse come onto the porch again. It taken one look at me and swirled again and run to the end of the porch and jumped the banisters and the lot fence like a hen-hawk and lit in the lot running and went out the gate again and jumped eight or ten upside-down wagons and went on down the road. It was a full moon then. Mrs. Armstid was still setting in the wagon like she had done been carved outen wood and left there and forgot.

That horse. It ain't never missed a lick. It was going about forty miles a hour when it come to the bridge over the creek. It would have had a clear road, but it so happened that Vernon Tull was already using the bridge when it got there. He was coming back from town; he hadn't heard about the auction; him and his wife and three daughters and Mrs. Tull's aunt, all setting in chairs in the wagon bed, and all asleep, including the mules. They waked up when the horse hit the bridge one time, but Tull said the first he knew was when the mules tried to turn the wagon around in the middle of the bridge and he seen that spotted varmint run right twixt the mules and run up the wagon tongue like a squirrel. He said he just had time to hit it across the face with his whip-stock, because about that time the mules turned the wagon around on that ere one-way bridge and that horse clumb across onto the bridge again and went on, with Vernon standing up in the wagon and kicking at it.

Tull said the mules turned in the harness and clumb back into the wagon too, with Tull trying to beat them out again, with the reins wrapped around his wrist. After that he says all he seen was overturned chairs and womenfolks' legs and white drawers shining in the moonlight, and his mules and that spotted horse going on up the road like a ghost.

The mules jerked Tull outen the wagon and drug him a spell on the bridge before the reins broke. They thought at first that he was dead, and while they was kneeling around him, picking the bridge splinters outen him, here come Eck and that boy, still carrying the rope. They was running and breathing a little hard. "Where'd he go?" Eck said.

I went back and got my pants and shirt and shoes on just in time to go and help get Henry Armstid outen the trash in the lot. I be dog if he didn't look like he was dead, with his head hanging back and his teeth showing in the moonlight, and a little rim of white under his eye-lids. We could still hear them horses, here and there; hadn't none of them got more than four-five miles away yet, not knowing the country, I reckon. So we could hear them and folks yelling now and then: "Whooey. Head him!"

We toted Henry into Mrs. Littlejohn's. She was in the hall; she hadn't put down the armful of clothes. She taken one look at us, and she laid down the busted scrubbing-board and taken up the lamp and opened a empty door. "Bring him in here," she says.

We toted him in and laid him on the bed. Mrs. Littlejohn set the lamp on the dresser, still carrying the clothes. "I'll declare, you men," she says. Our shadows was way up the wall, tiptoeing too; we could hear ourselves breathing. "Better get his wife," Mrs. Littlejohn says. She went out, carrying the clothes.

"I reckon we had," Quick says. "Go get her, somebody."

"Whyn't you go?" Winterbottom says.

"Let Ernest git her," Durley says. "He lives neighbors with them."

Ernest went to fetch her. I be dog if Henry didn't look like he was dead. Mrs. Littlejohn come back, with a kettle and some towels. She went to work on Henry, and then Mrs. Armstid and Ernest come in. Mrs. Armstid come to the foot of the bed and stood there,

with her hands rolled into her apron, watching what Mrs. Littlejohn was doing, I reckon.

"You men get outen the way," Mrs. Littlejohn says. "Git outside," she says. "See if you can't find something else to play with that will kill some more of you."

"Is he dead?" Winterbottom says.

"It ain't your fault if he ain't," Mrs. Littlejohn says. "Go tell Will Varner to come up here. I reckon a man ain't so different from a mule, come long come short. Except maybe a mule's got more sense."

We went to get Uncle Billy. It was a full moon. We could hear them, now and then, four miles away: "Whooey. Head him." The country was full of them, one on ever wooden bridge in the land, running across it like thunder: "Whooey. There he goes. Head him."

We hadn't got far before Henry begun to scream. I reckon Mrs. Littlejohn's water had brung him to; anyway, he wasn't dead. We went on to Uncle Billy's. The house was dark. We called to him, and after a while the window opened and Uncle Billy put his head out, peart as a peckerwood, listening. "Are they still trying to catch them durn rabbits?" he says.

He come down, with his britches on over his night-shirt and his suspenders dangling, carrying his horse-doctoring grip. "Yes, sir," he says, cocking his head like a woodpecker; "they're still a-trying."

We could hear Henry before we reached Mrs. Littlejohn's. He was going Ah-Ah-Ah. We stopped in the yard. Uncle Billy went on in. We could hear Henry. We stood in the yard, hearing them on the bridges, this-a-way and that: "Whooey. Whooey."

"Eck Snopes ought to caught hisn," Ernest says.

"Looks like he ought," Winterbottom said.

Henry was going Ah-Ah-Ah steady in the house; then he begun to scream. "Uncle Billy's started," Quick says. We looked into the hall. We could see the light where the door was. Then Mrs. Littlejohn come out.

"Will needs some help," she says. "You, Ernest. You'll do." Ernest went into the house.

"Hear them?" Quick said. "That one was on Four Mile bridge." We could hear them; it sounded like thunder a long way off; it didn't last long:

"Whooey."

We could hear Henry: "Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah."

"They are both started now," Winterbottom says. "Ernest too."

That was early in the night. Which was a good thing, because it taken a long night for folks to chase them things right and for Henry to lay there and holler, being as Uncle Billy never had none of this here chloryfoam to set Henry's leg with. So it was considerate in Flem to get them started early. And what do you reckon Flem's com-ment was?

That's right. Nothing. Because he wasn't there. Hadn't nobody see him since that Texas man left.

That was Saturday night. I reckon Mrs. Armstid got home about daylight, to see about the chaps. I don't know where they thought her and Henry was. But lucky the oldest one was a gal, about twelve, big enough to take care of the little ones. Which she did for the next two days. Mrs. Armstid would nurse Henry all night and work in the kitchen for hern and Henry's keep, and in the afternoon she would drive home (it was about four miles) to see to the chaps. She would cook up a pot of victuals and leave it on the stove, and the gal would bar the house and keep the little ones quiet. I would hear Mrs. Littlejohn and Mrs. Armstid talking in the kitchen. "How are the chaps making out?" Mrs. Littlejohn says.

"All right," Mrs. Armstid says.

"Don't they git skeered at night?" Mrs. Littlejohn says.

"Ina May bars the door when I leave," Mrs. Armstid says. "She's got the axe in bed with her. I reckon she can make out."

I reckon they did. And I reckon Mrs. Armstid was waiting for Flem to come back to town; hadn't nobody seen him until this morning; to get her money the Texas man said Flem was keeping for her. Sho. I reckon she was.

Anyway, I heard Mrs. Armstid and Mrs. Littlejohn talking in the kitchen this morning while I was eating breakfast. Mrs. Littlejohn had just told Mrs. Armstid that Flem was in town. "You can ask him for that five dollars," Mrs. Littlejohn says.

"You reckon he'll give it to me?" Mrs. Armstid says.

Mrs. Littlejohn was washing dishes, washing them like a man, like they was made out of iron. "No," she says. "But asking him won't do no hurt. It might shame him. I don't reckon it will, but it might."

"If he wouldn't give it back, it ain't no use to ask," Mrs. Armstid says.

"Suit yourself," Mrs. Littlejohn says. "It's your money."

I could hear the dishes.

"Do you reckon he might give it back to me?" Mrs. Armstid says. "That Texas man said he would. He said I could get it from Mr. Snopes later."

"Then go and ask him for it," Mrs. Littlejohn says.

I could hear the dishes.

"He won't give it back to me," Mrs. Armstid says.

"All right," Mrs. Littlejohn says. "Don't ask him for it, then."

I could hear the dishes; Mrs. Armstid was helping. "You don't reckon he would, do you?" she says. Mrs. Littlejohn never said nothing. It sounded like she was throwing the dishes at one another. "Maybe I better go and talk to Henry about it," Mrs. Armstid says.

"I would," Mrs. Littlejohn says. I be dog if it didn't sound like she had two plates in her hands, beating them together. "Then Henry can buy another five-dollar horse with it. Maybe he'll buy one next time that will out and out kill him. If I thought that, I'd give you back the money, myself."

"I reckon I better talk to him first," Mrs. Armstid said. Then it sounded like Mrs. Littlejohn taken up all the dishes and throwed them at the cook-stove, and I come away.

That was this morning. I had been up to Bundren's and back, and I thought that things would have kind of settled down. So after breakfast, I went up to the store. And there was Flem, setting in the store chair and whittling, like he might not have ever moved since he come to clerk for Jody Varner. I. O. was leaning in the door, in his shirt sleeves and with his hair parted too, same as Flem was before he turned the clerking job over to I. O. It's a funny thing about them Snopes: they all looks alike, yet there ain't ere a two of them that claims brothers. They're always just cousins, like Flem and Eck and Flem and I. O. Eck was there too, squatting against the wall, him and that boy, eating cheese and crackers outen a sack; they told me that Eck hadn't been home a-tall. And that Lon Quick hadn't got back to town, even. He followed his horse clean down to Samson's Bridge, with a wagon and a camp outfit. Eck finally caught one of hisn. It run into a blind lane at Freeman's and Eck and the boy taken and tied their rope across the end of the lane, about three foot high. The horse come to the end of the lane and whirled and run back without ever stopping. Eck says it never seen the rope a-tall. He says it looked just like one of these here Christmas pinwheels. "Didn't it try to run again?" I says.

"No," Eck says, eating a bite of cheese offen his knife blade. "Just kicked some."

"Kicked some?" I says.

"It broke its neck," Eck says.

Well, they was squatting there, about six of them, talking, talking at Flem; never nobody knowed yet if Flem had ere a interest in them horses or not. So finally I come right out and asked him. "Flem's done skun all of us so much," I says, "that we're proud of him. Come on, Flem," I says, "how much did you and that Texas man make offen them horses? You can tell us. Ain't nobody here but Eck that bought one of them; the others ain't got back to town yet, and Eck's your own cousin; he'll be proud to hear, too. How much did you-all make?"

They was all whittling, not looking at Flem, making like they was studying. But you could a heard a pin drop. And I. O. He had been rubbing his back up and down on the door, but he stopped now, watching Flem like a pointing dog. Flem finished cutting the sliver offen his stick. He spit across the porch, into the road. "Twarn't none of my horses," he says.

I. O. cackled, like a hen, slapping his legs with both hands. "You boys might just as well quit trying to get ahead of Flem," he said.

Well, about that time I see Mrs. Armstid come outen Mrs. Littlejohn's gate, coming up the road. I never said nothing. I says,

"Well, if a man can't take care of himself in a trade, he can't blame the man that trims him."

Flem never said nothing, trimming at the stick. He hadn't seen Mrs. Armstid. "Yes, sir," I says. "A fellow like Henry Armstid ain't got nobody but hisself to blame."

"Course he ain't," I. O. says. He ain't seen her, either. "Henry Armstid's a born fool. Always is been. If Flem hadn't a got his money, somebody else would."

We looked at Flem. He never moved. Mrs. Armstid come on up the road.

"That's right," I says. "But come to think of it, Henry never bought no horse." We looked at Flem; you could a heard a match drop. "That Texas man told her to get that five dollars back from Flem next day. I reckon Flem's done already taken that money to Mrs. Littlejohn's and give it to Mrs. Armstid."

We watched Flem. I. O. quit rubbing his back against the door again. After a while Flem raised his head and spit across the porch, into the dust. I. O. cackled, just like a hen. "Ain't he a beating fellow, now?" I. O. says.

Mrs. Armstid was getting closer, so I kept on talking, watching to see if Flem would look up and see her. But he never looked up. I went on talking about Tull, about how he was going to sue Flem, and Flem setting there, whittling his stick, not saying nothing else after he said they wasn't none of his horses.

Then I. O. happened to look around. He seen Mrs. Armstid. "Psssst!" he says. Flem looked up. "Here she comes!" I. O. says. "Go out the back. I'll tell her you done went in to town today."

But Flem never moved. He just set there, whittling, and we watched Mrs. Armstid come up onto the porch, in that ere faded sunbonnet and wrapper and them tennis shoes that make a kind of hissing noise on the porch. She come onto the porch and stopped, her hands rolled into her dress in front, not looking at nothing.

"He said Saturday," she says, "that he wouldn't sell Henry no horse. He said I could get the money from you."

Flem looked up. The knife never stopped. It went on trimming off a sliver same as if he was watching it. "He taken that money off with him when he left," Flem says.

Mrs. Armstid never looked at nothing. We never looked at her, neither, except that boy of Eck's. He had a half-et cracker in his hand, watching her, chewing.

"He said Henry hadn't bought no horse," Mrs. Armstid says. "He said for me to get the money from you today."

"I reckon he forgot about it," Flem said. "He taken that money off with him Saturday." He whittled again. I. O. kept on rubbing his back, slow. He licked his lips. After a while the woman looked up the road, where it went on up the hill, toward the graveyard. She looked up that way for a while, with that boy of Eck's watching her and I. O. rubbing his back slow against the door. Then she turned back toward the steps.

"I reckon it's time to get dinner started," she says.

"How's Henry this morning, Mrs. Armstid?" Winterbottom says.

She looked at Winterbottom; she almost stopped. "He's resting, I thank you kindly," she says.

Flem got up, outen the chair, putting his knife away. He spit across the porch. "Wait a minute, Mrs. Armstid," he says. She stopped again. She didn't look at him. Flem went on into the store, with I. O. done quit rubbing his back now, with his head craned after Flem, and Mrs. Armstid standing there with her hands rolled into her dress, not looking at nothing. A wagon come up the road and passed; it was Freeman, on the way to town. Then Flem come out again, with I. O. still watching him. Flem had one of these little striped sacks of Jody Varner's candy; I bet he still owes Jody that nickel, too. He put the sack into Mrs. Armstid's hand, like he would have put it into a hollow stump. He spit again across the porch. "A little sweetening for the chaps," he says.

"You're right kind," Mrs. Armstid says. She held the sack of candy in her hand, not looking at nothing. Eck's boy was watching the sack, the half-et cracker in his hand; he wasn't chewing now. He watched Mrs. Armstid roll the sack into her apron. "I reckon I better get on back and help with dinner," she says. She turned and went back across the porch. Flem set down in the chair again and opened his knife. He spit across the porch again, past

Mrs. Armstid where she hadn't went down the steps yet. Then she went on, in that ere sunbonnet and wrapper all the same color, back down the road toward Mrs. Littlejohn's. You couldn't see her dress move, like a natural woman walking. She looked like a old snag still standing up and moving along on a high water. We watched her turn in at Mrs. Littlejohn's and go outen sight. Flem was whittling. I. O. begun to rub his back on the door. Then he begun to cackle, just like a durn hen.

"You boys might just as well quit trying," I. O. says. "You can't git ahead of Flem. You can't touch him. Ain't he a sight, now?"

I be dog if he ain't. If I had brung a herd of wild cattymounts into town and sold them to my neighbors and kinfolks, they would have lynched me. Yes, sir.

# The Novel

## INTRODUCTION

*Antecedents.* The novel, one of the last of the great literary forms to develop, stems from a rich background, in verse and prose, of tales, romances, and character sketches. It was, however, the Italian *novelle*—stories of chivalry and risqué love, of the exploits of corrupt nobility, scandalous women, uncouth country bumpkins, and debased clergy—that gave the novel its narrative form and its name. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a form of prose narrative, popular first in Spanish literature, made its appearance in the form of stories called *picaresque,* a series of amusing adventures of some clever rogue outwitting his adversary by playing tricks and resorting to diverse means to effect his escape. The rise of periodical literature in England in the eighteenth century, however, turned the attention of writers to a deeper concern for the thoughts, feelings, and interests of the middle-class individual and to providing pictures of actual life in convincing detail full of human interest. This varied literary climate made possible the flowering of the novel.

Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe,* a humanized tale of adventure, appeared in 1720. This story, told in straightforward manner, reads like a recital of fact. As such, it is generally conceded to be the most immediate forerunner of the novel proper and also to be the first novel of adventure. To Samuel Richardson, however, is usually given the credit for writing the first pure novel—definable as a long fictitious prose tale in which characters and action representing those of real life are portrayed in a plot. His *Pamela: or Virtue Rewarded* is a realistic picture of a girl from the humbler class of society who, after resisting the amatory advances of a gay young aristocrat, finally, by a protracted matching of will against will, has her virtuous conduct rewarded by being offered the gallant's hand in marriage. Summarizing the contribution of these two writers to the development of the English novel, Professor Wilbur Cross says: "The first great imaginative success of the novelist was Defoe's, who made fictitious adventure seem real; the second was Richardson's, who made equally real his men and women and the scenes in which he placed them."

Prompted by Defoe's and Richardson's success, Henry Fielding planned a novel with the announced intention of satirizing the bourgeois morality of Richardson's *Pamela;* in consequence, in 1742 he published *Joseph Andrews,* a story with the reversed situation of a vigorous young man exposed to the advances of a young lady.

Fielding went beyond his original intention, however, and produced a novel with its own genuine characters and narrative pace. His later and greatest work, *Tom Jones,* is a skillfully woven fabric of diversified incidents and also the story of a youth whose inner strength of character eventually corrects many temporary weaknesses in his conduct. At the same time Tobias Smollett and Laurence Sterne were attempting to broaden the scope of the novel—the former with stories of notorious sea adventures and the latter with narratives whose interest centered in character rather than in plot. From their day on through the nineteenth and into the twentieth century, the history of the novel has been one of continuous experimentation resulting in types that vary from the simple narrative incident, with which the novel originated, to perhaps the most complex of all its forms—the stream-of-consciousness novel of modern times.

Robert Louis Stevenson divided novels simply into two classes—the novel of incident and the novel of character. In the former, the emphasis falls on what happens—the story. In the latter, the interest is directed to the portrayal of men and women. A great artist usually constructs a novel in which both of these elements are blended so artfully that one cannot draw a close differentiation. Such a novel is *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* which owes its literary birthright not only to the genius of a great writer but also to a succession of literary influences ranging from the prose romances of classical literature to such pioneering adventures in a new form as Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe.*

*Some Immediate Ancestors of* Huckleberry Finn. *Huckleberry Finn* is a work of great and refreshing originality that first of all exists in its own right. But Mark Twain's novel would not be so good if he had not read many great novels, loved them, occasionally copied them, and once in a while made loving fun of them. Sometimes, in *Huckleberry Finn,* he refers to these books by name, sometimes he merely suggests their nature, but always shows how carefully he has studied the masterpieces of the past.

*Huckleberry Finn* is marked with some of the characteristics of the picaresque type of novel, which in relating the loosely connected adventures of a wandering low-life character, often provides opportunity for satire. Mark Twain knew such picaresque novels as *Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane* by Le Sage, a Frenchman who wrote his novel in 1715; *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones* by Fielding; *Roderick Random* by Smollett; and *Pickwick Papers* by Charles Dickens, their nineteenth century successor. In these stories the hero encounters all sorts of impostors: magistrates ignorant of the law, worldly priests, doctors who kill their patients, and cowardly soldiers.

Mark Twain had a special partiality for *Don Quixote,* a novel that is sometimes classed as picaresque but is far more than a rogue's story. When Huck was disgusted because Tom Sawyer's attack on "a whole parcel of Spanish merchants and rich A-rabs" turned out to be an attack on a Sunday-school picnic, Tom turned on him and said:

". . . There was A-rabs there, too, and elephants and things. I said, why couldn't we see them, then? He said if I warn't so ignorant, but had read a book called *Don Quixote,* I would know without asking. He said it was all done by enchantment. He said there was hundreds of soldiers there, and elephants and treasure and so on, but we had enemies which he called magicians, and they had turned the whole thing into an infant Sunday school just out of spite."

Don Quixote, an amiable country gentleman who had read too many romantic books, exactly as Tom had done, attacked windmills thinking they were enchanted castles. His faithful squire, Sancho Panza, knew they were only windmills and sometimes said so, just as Huck did.

When Huck finds an abandoned boat and says, "We got an old tin lantern, and a butcher-knife without any handle, and a bran-new Barlow knife worth two bits in any store, and a lot of tallow candles . . . ," we are reminded of a novel where that sort of thing happens all the time. The hero of Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* regularly supplies himself in just this happy fashion. Mark Twain may not have been thinking of Defoe when he described Jackson's Island; still, the two authors create the same excitement about being separated from the mainland, and the same horror when a hero who thinks he is safely alone finds there is a stranger about. "I clipped along," says Huck, "and all of a sudden I bounded right on to the ashes of a camp-fire that was still smoking. My heart jumped up amongst my lungs."

Shortly after Huck was fooled about the "A-rabs," Tom explained that these A-rabs had genies to help them. "How do *they* get them?" demanded Huck. "Why, they rub an old tin lamp or an iron ring . . . ," said Tom, for he is living over some adventures from the *Arabian Nights.* And with the *Arabian Nights* we are at the fountainhead of the romantic novel, to which *Huckleberry Finn* also owes some debt.

One of the best of the romantic novelists is Sir Walter Scott, for whom, incidentally, a boat is named in *Huckleberry Finn.* On this boat, appropriately, are one thief tied on the floor and two thieves threatening him with instant death. The Scott who wrote *Waverley* would have thought this a fine situation. Another romantic novelist, Alexandre Dumas, author of the *Count of Monte Cristo,* is responsible for Jim's having to write his sad story on a plate, cultivate spiders, and dig himself out of his cell instead of walking through the front door. "Why," says Tom, "look at one of them prisoners in the bottom dungeon of the Castle Deef, in the harbor of Marseilles, that dug himself out that way; how long was *he* at it, do you reckon? . . . *Thirty-seven year*—and he come out in China."

As has been said, *Huckleberry Finn* has been influenced, in part, by such romantic novels as these, which have their setting in a never-never land where things happen according to the logic of daydreams, not as they would in the world most of us know; where the action seems to be governed by rules not found in the Ten Commandments; and where we can identify ourselves with the action because it is so vivid and pictur-

esque. Tom is a romantic when he says they cannot spend two years digging Jim out. ". . . what I recommend is this: that we can really dig right in, as quick as we can; and after that, we can *let on,* to ourselves, that we was at it thirty-seven years." This is the romantic attitude that turns an ordinary world to a place of adventure. Huck, that sharp-eyed realist, sees the romantic attitude when *his* simple scheme to help Jim escape is compared to Tom's. "He told me what it was, and I see in a minute it was worth fifteen of mine for style, and would make Jim just as free a man as mine would, and maybe get us all killed besides."

Once before in this story someone had to dig himself out of a cabin—but then it was a case of escape or die. If Huck had not escaped, his drunken father might have killed him. At the time of that escape, there is no mention of books, for Huck lives in a world where you must fight to keep alive. He leaves romance to Tom.

*Some notes on* Huckleberry Finn. In his autobiography, H. L. Mencken has written: ". . . my discovery of 'Huckleberry Finn' [was] probably the most stupendous event of my whole life. . . . If I undertook to tell you the effect it had upon me my talk would sound frantic, and even delirious. Its impact was genuinely terrific. I had not gone further than the first incomparable chapter before I realized, child though I was, that I had entered a domain of new and gorgeous wonders, and thereafter I pressed on steadily to the last word. . . . I read it over and over. In fact, I read it regularly not less than annually down to my forties, and only a few months ago I hauled it out and read it once more—and found it as magnificent as ever."

These, granted, are the words of an enthusiast. But for all its readers *Huckleberry Finn* can do a few things no other American novel can do. For one thing, it gives a feeling that this world—in spite of ups-and-downs—is a very good place to live in. Who would not like to float down the Mississippi on a raft as Huck and Jim did? "We said there warn't no home like a raft, after all. Other places do seem so cramped up and smothery, but a raft don't. You feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft." And who would not like to be lying in an island cave when it is raining outside? Huckleberry says, "Jim, this is nice. . . . I wouldn't want to be nowhere else but here. Pass me along another hunk of fish and some hot corn-bread."

This novel can give you a sense of belonging to the human race and liking nearly all the people in it. Of course there will be exceptions such as the king and the duke, but in general Huck's race is a good one to belong to. The book is filled with fine people like Mary Jane and Buck Grangerford. *Huckleberry Finn* can give you the feeling, too, that this world is worth looking at—"Everything was dead quiet, and it looked late, and *smelt* late. You know what I mean—I don't know the words to put it in."

When Huck says, "I don't know the words to put it in," he is lying a little, for if this novel has one glory, it is that Mark Twain—and Huck—will always find the right word to describe any situation, and they will always say what they have to say in the words ordinary people use. When Huck says about Colonel Grangerford that "Everybody loved to have him around, too; he was sunshine most always—I mean he made

it seem like good weather," Huck is writing or talking as Americans talk when they are relaxed. *Huckleberry Finn* sounds as if Mark Twain talked the whole thing before he wrote a word of it. Actually, he wrote it section by section, then read each installment to his family. In that way he managed to cut out anything that bored his little girls, or shocked his wife, or did not sound just right to his own extremely sensitive ear. Anyone can learn to write literary English, but to write English prose with a suggestion of human speech is the gift of only the very best authors.

There are no tight rules for judging a novel and deciding whether it is good or bad. One must do pretty much as a physician does when he sees a patient for the first time, that is, judge by appearances and symptoms whether he is in good health or poor. The condition of the patient's nails, his complexion, the way he holds himself, all show something of his health or lack of it. In a novel one must judge in the same way. Emotion wasted on trivial situations, cheap attempts to interest the reader, worn situations, and hackneyed language are evidences of literary bad health, whereas strong characterization, accurate painting, vivid speech, and careful construction are signs of health. *Huckleberry Finn* possesses these latter qualities in abundant measure.

One of the trustworthy signs of health in fiction is the author's ability to paint a convincing picture. Mark Twain's pictures are no clichés, for he deliberately makes fun of that type of painting. Notice, for example, this picture of a circus:

"It was a real bully circus. It was the splendidest sight that ever was when they all come riding in, two and two, and gentleman and lady, side by side, the men just in their drawers and undershirts, and no shoes nor stirrups, and resting their hands on their thighs easy and comfortable—there must 'a' been twenty of them—and every lady with a lovely complexion, and perfectly beautiful, and looking just like a gang of real sure-enough queens, and dressed in clothes that cost millions of dollars, and just littered with diamonds. It was a powerful fine sight; I never see anything so lovely. And then one by one they got up and stood, and went a-weaving around the ring so gentle and wavy and graceful, the men looking ever so tall and airy and straight, with their heads bobbing and skimming along, away up there under the tent-roof, and every lady's rose-leafy dress flapping soft and silky around her hips, and she looking like the most loveliest parasol."

Who is looking at the circus? A boy with an innocent eye, who speaks in extraordinarily good prose, "It warn't funny to me," says Huck: "it is new and wonderful and serious."

One of the things we demand of a novel is good construction. In writing a novel that, like *Huckleberry Finn,* resembles the picaresque, the author must achieve unity out of a loose collection of adventures. Even though Mark Twain threatens pain of death to anyone who looks for a plot, in *Huckleberry Finn* he consciously or unconsciously makes the river serve as a broad framework for the episodic narrative; more-

over, the uncertain fate of Huck and Jim gives the story a focus throughout. Whatever weakness of definite plot structure the novel may possess is more than once overshadowed by the author's clever management of episodic narrative. He has closed every chapter with such finesse that every ending adds to the excitement of the story. Chapter 12 is typical. When Huck has made a mistake by going aboard a boat filled with robbers, as Tom Sawyer might have done—to have "adventures"—Huck and Jim prepare to leave by their raft. "Oh, my lord, lordy!" says Jim. "*Raf'?* Dey ain't no raf' no mo'; she done broke loose en gone!—en here we is!"

There are critics, however, who say that the structure of *Huckleberry Finn* is good to a certain point—five chapters from the close. Taking this position, Ernest Hemingway comments, "If you read it you must stop where the Nigger Jim is stolen from the boys. That is the real end. The rest is just cheating." In a way, these critics, including Hemingway, are right. Mark Twain had no idea when he began his story how it would end; he wrote on it for a while, and dropped it, then picked it up again after a trip that he took down the Mississippi in order to get new ideas. Consciously he had no plan for the whole book, and the ending may seem to some a patched-up affair. But in one way it does fit in with the beginning of the book. The hero of this story is a boy; the novel begins with his boyish adventures with Tom Sawyer—sliding down lightning-rods, and robbing a Sunday-school picnic. He is being civilized by the Widow Douglas. And then adventures come to him. He has to escape from his drunken father, and then he has to take Jim to freedom, and then escape himself from the duke and the king. By now something serious is happening, and Huck has a feeling of responsibility. While Huck is alone, or with Jim, he is mature; he knows how to keep inquisitive strangers away from his raft, and how to hide Jim. But by-and-by Tom Sawyer comes along, and whenever Tom appears, Huck retired from leadership. Huck's new adventures are over; it is time for him to be a boy again, and let somebody else do his planning. So, in the last five chapters, he goes back to harum-scarum tricks. Yet Tom cannot be completely a boy again; of course it is fun to be picking up his old way of life once more. But he finds it hard to believe Huck can for long share in romantic and carefree escapades with all the old relish.

Even though exciting things happen in it, the world in which Huckleberry Finn moves is far from Tom's realm of romantic adventure. The Mississippi that Huck now knows with its brown beauty, its mystery, and its strength is also realistically cruel with its deceptive sandbars and snags, its dangerous fogs, and its swirling eddies. The great river has a personality that Huck Finn instinctively respects; and although Huck would never have put it this way, the river becomes a symbol of a kind of destinal force showing mercy only to those who adjust their lives to its character. Huck is a practical person unwilling to play the role of a romantic hero. His inveterate lying for a worthwhile end, his scorn of respectability, his petty thievery, his aversion to decent grammar, all tend to make him a realistic personage partly bad and partly good. This realistic attitude was also noticeable during the period in which this novel was written—the post-

Civil War years which saw the breakdown of old customs and values associated with the frontier South, for so many decades regarded with romantic idealism. Huck Finn was not the only ragged pioneer who was chafing at being civilized by the new industrialism with its inhibiting influence on freedom of speech and action.

T. S. Eliot has said that "*Huckleberry Finn,* like other great works of imagination, can give to every reader whatever he is capable of taking from it." This is a novel that will continue to reward the person who brings to it an inquiring, receptive mind. Huck has been growing up and seeing the world in truer light as a mixture of good and evil. The reader will find that what began—and in a sense ended—as a story of childhood becomes, upon increasing and deepened reflection, a mature illumination of the conditions of human life. The reader may also come to find, with the critic Lionel Trilling, that this is "one of the world's great books and one of the central documents of American culture."

*Samuel L. Clemens*

# THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN

*Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910) is universally known as Mark Twain, a term used by Mississippi River pilots to designate two fathoms of water. The phrase was first used as a pen name by a pilot named Sellers, who wrote weighty articles for newspapers. Clemens satirized Sellers's pompous style in New Orleans papers under the name "Mark Twain," which he thereafter appropriated.*

*Mark Twain grew up in the town of Hannibal, Missouri, on the Mississippi River, where he learned first the art of printing at his brother's newspaper and later was apprenticed to a Mississippi River pilot. Then he went west and briefly tried his hand (without any success) at gold mining. Newspaper work, which he attempted next, proved to be a more rewarding profession, and in 1865 he achieved his first fame as a writer with "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." The success of Twain's later life was dimmed somewhat by financial reverses and by a growing strain of pessimism in his thinking and writing.*

*Biographers have found in this adventurer an excellent subject. A. B. Paine's* Mark Twain, A Biography *is the most thorough of the biographies; Stephen Leacock's* Mark Twain, *which appears later in this text, contains, in briefer form, the essential facts of Clemens's life and writings.*

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## *Explanatory*

In this book a number of dialects are used, to wit: the Missouri Negro dialect; the extremist form of the backwoods Southwestern dialect; the ordinary "Pike County" dialect; and four modified varieties of this last. The shadings have not been done in a haphazard fashion, or by guesswork; but painstakingly, and with the trustworthy guidance and support of personal familiarity with these several forms of speech.

I make this explanation for the reason that without it many readers would suppose that all these characters were trying to talk alike and not succeeding.

THE AUTHOR

## *Notice*

Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot.

BY ORDER OF THE AUTHOR,
*Per G. G., Chief of Ordnance*

# THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN

### 1. I DISCOVER MOSES AND THE BULRUSHERS

You don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer;* but that ain't no matter. That book was made by Mr. Mark Twain, and he told the truth, mainly. There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth. That is nothing. I never seen anybody but lied one time or another, without it was Aunt Polly, or the widow, or maybe Mary. Aunt Polly—Tom's Aunt Polly, she is—and Mary, and the Widow Douglas is all told about in that book, which is mostly a true book, with some stretchers, as I said before.

Now the way that the book winds up is this: Tom and me found the money that the robbers hid in the cave, and it made us rich. We got six thousand dollars apiece—all gold. It was an awful sight of money when it was piled up. Well, Judge Thatcher he took it and put it out at interest, and it fetched us a dollar a day apiece all the year round—more than a body could tell what to do with. The Widow Douglas she took me for her son, and allowed she would civilize me; but it was rough living in the house all the time, considering how dismal regular and decent the widow was in all her ways; and so when I couldn't stand it no longer I lit out. I got into my old rags and my sugar-hogshead again, and was free and satisfied. But Tom Sawyer he hunted me up and said he was going to start a band of robbers, and I might join if I would go back to the widow and be respectable. So I went back.

The widow she cried over me, and called me a poor lost lamb, and she called me a lot of other names, too, but she never meant no harm by it. She put me in them new clothes again, and I couldn't do nothing but sweat and sweat, and feel all cramped up. Well, then, the old thing commenced again. The widow rung a bell for supper, and you had to come to time. When you got to the table you couldn't go right to eating, but you had to wait for the widow to tuck down her head and grumble a little over the victuals, though there warn't really anything the matter with them—that is, nothing only everything was cooked by itself. In a barrel of odds and ends it is different; things get mixed up, and the

juice kind of swaps around, and the things go better.

After supper she got out her book and learned me about Moses and the Bulrushers, and I was in a sweat to find out all about him; but by and by she let it out that Moses had been dead a considerable long time; so then I didn't care no more about him, because I don't take no stock in dead people.

Pretty soon I wanted to smoke, and asked the widow to let me. But she wouldn't. She said it was a mean practice and wasn't clean, and I must try to not do it any more. That is just the way with some people. They get down on a thing when they don't know nothing about it. Here she was a-bothering about Moses, which was no kin to her, and no use to anybody, being gone, you see, yet finding a power of fault with me for doing a thing that had some good in it. And she took snuff, too; of course that was all right, because she done it herself.

Her sister, Miss Watson, a tolerable slim old maid, with goggles on, had just come to live with her, and took a set at me now with a spelling-book. She worked me middling hard for about an hour, and then the widow made her ease up. I couldn't stood it much longer. Then for an hour it was deadly dull, and I was fidgety. Miss Watson would say, "Don't put your feet up there, Huckleberry"; and "Don't scrunch up like that, Huckleberry —set up straight"; and pretty soon she would say, "Don't gap and stretch like that, Huckleberry—why don't you try to behave?" Then she told me all about the bad place, and I said I wished I was there. She got mad then, but I didn't mean no harm. All I wanted was to go somewheres; all I wanted was a change, I warn't particular. She said it was wicked to say what I said; said she wouldn't say it for the whole world; *she* was going to live so as to go to the good place. Well, I couldn't see no advantage in going where she was going, so I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. But I never said so, because it would only make trouble, and wouldn't do no good.

Now she had got a start, and she went on and told me all about the good place. She said all a body would have to do there was to go around all day long with a harp and sing, forever and ever. So I didn't think much of it. But I never said so. I asked her if she reckoned Tom Sawyer would go there, and she said not by a considerable sight. I was glad about that, because I wanted him and me to be together.

Miss Watson she kept pecking at me, and it got tiresome and lonesome. By and by they fetched the niggers in and had prayers, and then everybody was off to bed. I went up to my room with a piece of candle, and put it on the table. Then I set down in a chair by the window and tried to think of something cheerful, but it warn't no use. I felt so lonesome I most wished I was dead. The stars were shining, and the leaves rustled in the woods ever so mournful; and I heard an owl, away off, who-whooing about somebody that was dead, and a whippowill and a dog crying about somebody that was going to die; and the wind was trying to whisper something to me, and I couldn't make out what it was, and so it made the cold shivers run over me. Then away out in the woods I heard that kind of a sound that a ghost makes when it wants to tell about something that's on its mind and can't make itself understood, and so can't rest easy in its grave, and has to go about that way every night grieving. I got so downhearted and scared I did wish I had some company. Pretty soon a spider went crawling up my shoulder, and I flipped it off and it lit in the candle; and before I could budge it was all shriveled up. I didn't need anybody to tell me that that was an awful bad sign and would fetch me some bad luck, so I was scared and most shook the clothes off of me. I got up and turned around in my tracks three times and crossed my breast every time; and then I tied up a little lock of my hair with a thread to keep witches away. But I hadn't no confidence. You do that when you've lost a horseshoe that you've found, instead of nailing it up over the door, but I hadn't ever heard anybody say it was any way to keep off bad luck when you'd killed a spider.

I set down again, a-shaking all over, and got out my pipe for a smoke; for the house was all as still as death now, and so the widow wouldn't know. Well, after a long time I heard the clock away off in the town go boom —boom—boom—twelve licks; and all still again—stiller than ever. Pretty soon I heard a

twig snap down in the dark amongst the trees—something was a-stirring. I set still and listened. Directly I could just barely hear a "*me-yow! me-yow!*" down there. That was good! Says I, "*me-yow! me-yow!*" as soft as I could, and then I put out the light and scrambled out of the window on to the shed. Then I slipped down to the ground and crawled in among the trees, and, sure enough, there was Tom Sawyer waiting for me.

## 2. OUR GANG'S DARK OATH

We went tiptoeing along a path amongst the trees back towards the end of the widow's garden, stooping down so as the branches wouldn't scrape our heads. When we was passing by the kitchen I fell over a root and made a noise. We scrouched down and laid still. Miss Watson's big nigger, named Jim, was setting in the kitchen door; we could see him pretty clear, because there was a light behind him. He got up and stretched his neck out about a minute, listening. Then he says:

"Who dah?"

He listened some more; then he came tiptoeing down and stood right between us; we could 'a' touched him, nearly. Well, likely it was minutes and minutes that there warn't a sound, and we all there so close together. There was a place on my ankle that got to itching, but I dasn't scratch it; and then my ear begun to itch; and next my back, right between my shoulders. Seemed like I'd die if I couldn't scratch. Well, I've noticed that thing plenty times since. If you are with the quality, or at a funeral, or trying to go to sleep when you ain't sleepy—if you are anywheres where it don't do for you to scratch, why you will itch all over in upward of a thousand places. Pretty soon Jim says:

"Say, who is you? Whar is you? Dog my cats ef I didn't hear sumf'n. Well, I know what I's gwyne to do: I's gwyne to set down here and listen tell I hears it ag'in."

So he set down on the ground betwixt me and Tom. He leaned his back up against a tree, and stretched his legs out till one of them most touched one of mine. My nose begun to itch. It itched till the tears come into my eyes. But I dasn't scratch. Then it begun to itch on the inside. Next I got to itching underneath. I didn't know how I was going to set still. This miserableness went on as much as six or seven minutes; but it seemed a sight longer than that. I was itching in eleven different places now. I reckoned I couldn't stand it more'n a minute longer, but I set my teeth hard and got ready to try. Just then Jim begun to breathe heavy; next he begun to snore—and then I was pretty soon comfortable again.

Tom he made a sign to me—kind of a little noise with his mouth—and we went creeping away on our hands and knees. When we was ten foot off Tom whispered to me, and wanted to tie Jim to the tree for fun. But I said no; he might wake and make a disturbance, and then they'd find out I warn't in. Then Tom said he hadn't got candles enough, and he would slip in the kitchen and get some more. I didn't want him to try. I said Jim might wake up and come. But Tom wanted to resk it; so we slid in there and got three candles, and Tom laid five cents on the table for pay. Then we got out, and I was in a sweat to get away; but nothing would do Tom but he must crawl to where Jim was, on his hands and knees, and play something on him. I waited, and it seemed a good while, everything was so still and lonesome.

As soon as Tom was back we cut along the path, around the garden fence, and by and by fetched up on the steep top of the hill the other side of the house. Tom said he slipped Jim's hat off of his head and hung it on a limb right over him, and Jim stirred a little, but he didn't wake. Afterward Jim said the witches bewitched him and put him in a trance, and rode him all over the state, and then set him under the trees again, and hung his hat on a limb to show who done it. And next time Jim told it he said they rode him down to New Orleans; and, after that, every time he told it he spread it more and more, till by and by he said they rode him all over the world, and tired him most to death, and his back was all over saddle-boils. Jim was monstrous proud about it, and he got so he wouldn't hardly notice the other niggers. Niggers would come miles to hear Jim tell about it, and he was more looked up to than any nigger in that country. Strange niggers would stand with their mouths open and look him all over, same as if he was a wonder.

Niggers is always talking about witches in the dark by the kitchen fire; but whenever one was talking and letting on to know all about such things, Jim would happen in and say, "Hm! What you know 'bout witches?" and that nigger was corked up and had to take a back seat. Jim always kept that five-center piece round his neck with a string, and said it was a charm the devil give to him with his own hands, and told him he could cure anybody with it and fetch witches whenever he wanted to just by saying something to it; but he never told what it was he said to it. Niggers would come from all around there and give Jim anything they had, just for a sight of that five-center piece; but they wouldn't touch it, because the devil had had his hands on it. Jim was most ruined for a servant, because he got stuck up on account of having seen the devil and been rode by witches.

Well, when Tom and me got to the edge of the hilltop we looked away down into the village and could see three or four lights twinkling, where there was sick folks, maybe; and the stars over us was sparkling ever so fine; and down by the village was the river, a whole mile broad, and awful still and grand. We went down the hill and found Joe Harper and Ben Rogers, and two or three more of the boys, hid in the old tanyard. So we unhitched a skiff and pulled down the river two mile and a half, to the big scar on the hillside, and went ashore.

We went to a clump of bushes, and Tom made everybody swear to keep the secret, and then showed them a hole in the hill, right in the thickest part of the bushes. Then we lit the candles, and crawled in on our hands and knees. We went about two hundred yards, and then the cave opened up. Tom poked about amongst the passages, and pretty soon ducked under a wall where you wouldn't 'a' noticed that there was a hole. We went along a narrow place and got into a kind of room, all damp and sweaty and cold, and there we stopped. Tom says:

"Now, we'll start this band of robbers and call it Tom Sawyer's Gang. Everybody that wants to join has got to take an oath, and write his name in blood."

Everybody was willing. So Tom got out a sheet of paper that he had wrote the oath on, and read it. It swore every boy to stick to the band, and never tell any of the secrets; and if anybody done anything to any boy in the band, whichever boy was ordered to kill that person and his family must do it, and he mustn't eat and he mustn't sleep till he had killed them and hacked a cross in their breasts, which was the sign of the band. And nobody that didn't belong to the band could use that mark, and if he did he must be sued; and if he done it again he must be killed. And if anybody that belonged to the band told the secrets, he must have his throat cut, and then have his carcass burnt up and the ashes scattered all around, and his name blotted off the list with blood and never mentioned again by the gang, but have a curse put on it and be forgot forever.

Everybody said it was a real beautiful oath, and asked Tom if he got it out of his own head. He said some of it, but the rest was out of pirate-books and robber-books, and every gang that was high-toned had it.

Some thought it would be good to kill the *families* of boys that told the secrets. Tom said it was a good idea, so he took a pencil and wrote it in. Then Ben Rogers says:

"Here's Huck Finn, he hain't got no family; what you going to do 'bout him?"

"Well, hain't he got a father?" says Tom Sawyer.

"Yes, he's got a father, but you can't never find him these days. He used to lay drunk with the hogs in the tanyard, but he hain't been seen in these parts for a year or more."

They talked it over, and they was going to rule me out, because they said every boy must have a family or somebody to kill, or else it wouldn't be fair and square for the others. Well, nobody could think of anything to do—everybody was stumped, and set still. I was most ready to cry; but all at once I thought of a way, and so I offered them Miss Watson—they could kill her. Everybody said:

"Oh, she'll do. That's all right. Huck can come in."

Then they all stuck a pin in their fingers to get blood to sign with, and I made my mark on the paper.

"Now," says Ben Rogers, "what's the line of business of this Gang?"

"Nothing only robbery and murder," Tom said.

"But who are we going to rob?—houses, or cattle, or—"

"Stuff! stealing cattle and such things ain't robbery; it's burglary," says Tom Sawyer. "We ain't burglars. That ain't no sort of style. We are highwaymen. We stop stages and carriages on the road, with masks on, and kill the people and take their watches and money."

"Must we always kill the people?"

"Oh, certainly. It's best. Some authorities think different, but mostly it's considered best to kill them—except some that you bring to the cave here, and keep them till they're ransomed."

"Ransomed? What's that?"

"I don't know. But that's what they do. I've seen it in books; and so of course that's what we've got to do."

"But how can we do it if we don't know what it is?"

"Why, blame it all, we've *got* to do it. Don't I tell you it's in the books? Do you want to go to doing different from what's in the books, and get things all muddled up?"

"Oh, that's all very fine to *say*, Tom Sawyer, but how in the nation are these fellows going to be ransomed if we don't know how to do it to them?—that's the thing *I* want to get at. Now, what do you *reckon* it is?"

"Well, I don't know. But per'aps if we keep them till they're ransomed, it means that we keep them till they're dead."

"Now, that's something *like*. That'll answer. Why couldn't you said that before? We'll keep them till they're ransomed to death; and a bothersome lot they'll be, too—eating up everything, and always trying to get loose."

"How you talk, Ben Rogers. How can they get loose when there's a guard over them, ready to shoot them down if they move a peg?"

"A guard! Well, that *is* good. So somebody's got to set up all night and never get any sleep, just so as to watch them. I think that's foolishness. Why can't a body take a club and ransom them as soon as they get here?"

"Because it ain't in the books so—that's why. Now, Ben Rogers, do you want to do things regular, or don't you?—that's the idea. Don't you reckon that the people that made the books knows what's the correct thing to do? Do you reckon *you* can learn 'em anything? Not by a good deal. No, sir, we'll just go on and ransom them in the regular way."

"All right. I don't mind; but I say it's a fool way, anyhow. Say, do we kill the women, too?"

"Well, Ben Rogers, if I was as ignorant as you I wouldn't let on. Kill the women? No; nobody ever saw anything in the books like that. You fetch them to the cave, and you're always as polite as pie to them; and by and by they fall in love with you, and never want to go home any more."

"Well, if that's the way I'm agreed, but I don't take no stock in it. Mighty soon we'll have the cave so cluttered up with women, and fellows waiting to be ransomed, that there won't be no place for the robbers. But go ahead, I ain't got nothing to say."

Little Tommy Barnes was asleep now, and when they waked him up he was scared, and cried, and said he wanted to go home to his ma, and didn't want to be a robber any more.

So they all made fun of him, and called him cry-baby, and that made him mad, and he said he would go straight and tell all the secrets. But Tom give him five cents to keep quiet, and said we would all go home and meet next week, and rob somebody and kill some people.

Ben Rogers said he couldn't get out much, only Sundays, and so he wanted to begin next Sunday; but all the boys said it would be wicked to do it on Sunday, and that settled the thing. They agreed to get together and fix a day as soon as they could, and then we elected Tom Sawyer first captain and Joe Harper second captain of the Gang, and so started home.

I clumb up the shed and crept into my window just before day was breaking. My new clothes was all greased up and clayey, and I was dog-tired.

### 3. WE AMBUSCADE THE A-RABS

Well, I got a good going-over in the morning from old Miss Watson on account of my clothes; but the widow she didn't scold, but only cleaned off the grease and clay, and looked so sorry that I thought I would behave awhile if I could. Then Miss Watson she took me in the closet and prayed, but nothing come

of it. She told me to pray every day, and whatever I asked for I would get it. But it warn't so. I tried it. Once I got a fish-line, but no hooks. It warn't any good to me without hooks. I tried for the hooks three or four times, but somehow I couldn't make it work. By and by, one day, I asked Miss Watson to try for me, but she said I was a fool. She never told me why, and I couldn't make it out no way.

I set down one time back in the woods, and had a long think about it. I says to myself, if a body can get anything they pray for, why don't Deacon Winn get back the money he lost on pork? Why can't the widow get back her silver snuff-box that was stole? Why can't Miss Watson fat up? No, says I to myself, there ain't nothing in it. I went and told the widow about it, and she said the thing a body could get by praying for it was "spiritual gifts." This was too many for me, but she told me what she meant—I must help other people, and do everything I could for other people, and look out for them all the time, and never think about myself. This was including Miss Watson, as I took it. I went out in the woods and turned it over in my mind a long time, but I couldn't see no advantage about it—except for the other people; so at last I reckoned I wouldn't worry about it any more, but just let it go. Sometimes the widow would take me one side and talk about Providence in a way to make a body's mouth water; but maybe next day Miss Watson would take hold and knock it all down again. I judged I could see that there was two Providences, and a poor chap would stand considerable show with the widow's Providence, but if Miss Watson's got him there warn't no help for him any more. I thought it all out, and reckoned I would belong to the widow's if he wanted me, though I couldn't make out how he was a-going to be any better off then than what he was before, seeing I was so ignorant, and so kind of low-down and ornery.

Pap he hadn't been seen for more than a year, and that was comfortable for me; I didn't want to see him no more. He used to always whale me when he was sober and could get his hands on me; though I used to take to the woods most of the time when he was around. Well, about this time he was found in the river drownded, about twelve mile above town, so people said. They judged it was him, anyway; said this drownded man was just his size, and was ragged, and had uncommon long hair, which was all like pap; but they couldn't make nothing out of the face, because it had been in the water so long it warn't much like a face at all. They said he was floating on his back in the water. They took him and buried him on the bank. But I warn't comfortable long, because I happened to think of something. I knowed mighty well that a drownded man don't float on his back, but on his face. So I knowed, then, that this warn't pap, but a woman dressed up in a man's clothes. So I was uncomfortable again. I judged the old man would turn up again by and by, though I wished he wouldn't.

We played robber now and then about a month, and then I resigned. All the boys did. We hadn't robbed nobody, hadn't killed any people, but only just pretended. We used to hop out of the woods and go charging down on hog-drivers and women in carts taking garden stuff to market, but we never hived any of them. Tom Sawyer called the hogs "ingots," and he called the turnips and stuff "julery," and we would go to the cave and powwow over what we had done, and how many people we had killed and marked. But I couldn't see no profit in it. One time Tom sent a boy to run about town with a blazing stick, which he called a slogan (which was the sign for the Gang to get together), and then he said he had got secret news by his spies that next day a whole parcel of Spanish merchants and rich A-rabs was going to camp in Cave Hollow with two hundred elephants, and six hundred camels, and over a thousand "sumter" mules, all loaded down with di'monds, and they didn't have only a guard of four hundred soldiers, and so we would lay in ambuscade, as he called it, and kill the lot and scoop the things. He said we must slick up our swords and guns, and get ready. He never could go after even a turnip-cart but he must have the swords and guns all scoured up for it, though they was only lath and broomsticks, and you might scour at them till you rotted, and then they warn't worth a mouthful of ashes more than what they was before. I didn't believe we could lick such a

crowd of Spaniards and A-rabs, but I wanted to see the camels and elephants, so I was on hand next day, Saturday, in the ambuscade; and when we got the word we rushed out of the woods and down the hill. But there warn't no Spaniards and A-rabs, and there warn't no camels nor no elephants. It warn't anything but a Sunday-school picnic, and only a primer class at that. We busted it up, and chased the children up the hollow; but we never got anything but some doughnuts and jam, though Ben Rogers got a rag doll, and Joe Harper got a hymn-book and a tract; and then the teacher charged in, and made us drop everything and cut. I didn't see no di'monds, and I told Tom Sawyer so. He said there was loads of them there, anyway; and he said there was A-rabs there, too, and elephants and things. I said, why couldn't we see them, then? He said if I warn't so ignorant, but had read a book called *Don Quixote,* I would know without asking. He said it was all done by enchantment. He said there was hundreds of soldiers there, and elephants and treasure, and so on, but we had enemies which he called magicians, and they had turned the whole thing into an infant Sunday-school, just out of spite. I said, all right; then the thing for us to do was to go for the magicians. Tom Sawyer said I was a numskull.

"Why," said he, "a magician could call up a lot of genies, and they would hash you up like nothing before you could say Jack Robinson. They are as tall as a tree and as big around as a church."

"Well," I says, "s'pose we got some genies to help *us*—can't we lick the other crowd then?"

"How you going to get them?"

"I don't know. How do *they* get them?"

"Why, they rub an old tin lamp or an iron ring, and then the genies come tearing in, with the thunder and lightning a-ripping around and the smoke a-rolling, and everything they're told to do they up and do it. They don't think nothing of pulling a shot-tower up by the roots, and belting a Sunday-school superintendent over the head with it —or any other man."

"Who makes them tear around so?"

"Why, whoever rubs the lamp or the ring. They belong to whoever rubs the lamp or the ring, and they've got to do whatever he says. If he tells them to build a palace forty miles long out of di'monds, and fill it full of chewing-gum, or whatever you want, and fetch an emperor's daughter from China for you to marry, they've got to do it—and they've got to do it before sun-up next morning, too. And more: they've got to waltz that palace around over the country wherever you want it, you understand."

"Well," says I, "I think they are a pack of flatheads for not keeping the palace themselves 'stead of fooling them away like that. And what's more—if I was one of them I would see a man in Jericho before I would drop my business and come to him for the rubbing of an old tin lamp."

"How you talk, Huck Finn. Why, you'd *have* to come when he rubbed it, whether you wanted to or not."

"What! and I as high as a tree and as big as a church? All right, then; I *would* come; but I lay I'd make that man climb the highest tree there was in the country."

"Shucks, it ain't no use to talk to you, Huck Finn. You don't seem to know anything, somehow—perfect saphead."

I thought all this over for two or three days, and then I reckoned I would see if there was anything in it. I got an old tin lamp and an iron ring, and went out in the woods and rubbed and rubbed till I sweat like an Injun, calculating to build a palace and sell it; but it warn't no use, none of the genies come. So then I judged that all that stuff was only just one of Tom Sawyer's lies. I reckoned he believed in the A-rabs and the elephants, but as for me I think different. It had all the marks of a Sunday-school.

### 4. THE HAIR-BALL ORACLE

Well, three or four months run along, and it was well into the winter now. I had been to school most all the time and could spell and read and write just a little, and could say the multiplication table up to six times seven is thirty-five, and I don't reckon I could ever get any further than that if I was to live forever. I don't take no stock in mathematics, anyway.

At first I hated the school, but by and by I got so I could stand it. Whenever I got un-

common tired I played hookey, and the hiding I got next day done me good and cheered me up. So the longer I went to school the easier it got to be. I was getting sort of used to the widow's ways, too, and they warn't so raspy on me. Living in a house and sleeping in a bed pulled on me pretty tight mostly, but before the cold weather I used to slide out and sleep in the woods sometimes, and so that was a rest to me. I liked the old ways best, but I was getting so I liked the new ones, too, a little bit. The widow said I was coming along slow but sure, and doing very satisfactory. She said she warn't ashamed of me.

One morning I happened to turn over the salt-cellar at breakfast. I reached for some of it as quick as I could to throw over my left shoulder and keep off the bad luck, but Miss Watson was in ahead of me, and crossed me off. She says, "Take your hands away, Huckleberry; what a mess you are always making!" The widow put in a good word for me, but that warn't going to keep off the bad luck, I knowed that well enough. I started out, after breakfast, feeling worried and shaky, and wondering where it was going to fall on me, and what it was going to be. There is ways to keep off some kinds of bad luck, but this wasn't one of them kind; so I never tried to do anything, but just poked along low-spirited and on the watch-out.

I went down to the front garden and clumb over the stile where you go through the high board fence. There was an inch of new snow on the ground, and I seen somebody's tracks. They had come up from the quarry and stood around the stile awhile, and then went on around the garden fence. It was funny they hadn't come in, after standing around so. I couldn't make it out. It was very curious, somehow. I was going to follow around, but I stooped down to look at the tracks first. I didn't notice anything at first, but next I did. There was a cross in the left boot-heel made with big nails, to keep off the devil.

I was up in a second and shinning down the hill. I looked over my shoulder every now and then, but I didn't see nobody. I was at Judge Thatcher's as quick as I could get there. He said:

"Why, my boy, you are all out of breath. Did you come for your interest?"

"No, sir," I says; "is there some for me?"

"Oh, yes, a half-yearly is in last night—over a hundred and fifty dollars. Quite a fortune for you. You had better let me invest it along with your six thousand, because if you take it you'll spend it."

"No, sir," I says, "I don't want to spend it. I don't want it at all—nor the six thousand, nuther. I want you to take it; I want to give it to you—the six thousand and all."

He looked surprised. He couldn't seem to make it out. He says:

"Why, what can you mean, my boy?"

I says, "Don't you ask me no questions about it, please. You'll take it—won't you?"

He says:

"Well, I'm puzzled. Is something the matter?"

"Please take it," says I, "and don't ask me nothing—then I won't have to tell no lies."

He studied awhile, and then he says:

"Oho-o! I think I see. You want to *sell* all your property to me—not give it. That's the correct idea."

Then he wrote something on a paper and read it over, and says:

"There; you see it says 'for a consideration.' That means I have bought it of you and paid you for it. Here's a dollar for you. Now you sign it."

So I signed it, and left.

Miss Watson's nigger, Jim, had a hair-ball as big as your fist, which had been took out of the fourth stomach of an ox, and he used to do magic with it. He said there was a spirit inside of it, and it knowed everything. So I went to him that night and told him pap was here again, for I found his tracks in the snow. What I wanted to know was, what he was going to do, and was he going to stay? Jim got out his hair-ball and said something over it, and then he held it up and dropped it on the floor. It fell pretty solid, and only rolled about an inch. Jim tried it again, and then another time, and it acted just the same. Jim got down on his knees, and put his ear against it and listened. But it warn't no use; he said it wouldn't talk. He said sometimes it wouldn't talk without money. I told him I had an old slick counterfeit quarter that warn't no good because the brass showed through the silver a little, and it wouldn't

pass nohow, even if the brass didn't show, because it was so slick it felt greasy, and so that would tell on it every time. (I reckoned I wouldn't say nothing about the dollar I got from the judge.) I said it was pretty bad money, but maybe the hair-ball would take it, because maybe it wouldn't know the difference. Jim smelt it and bit it and rubbed it, and said he would manage so the hair-ball would think it was good. He said he would split open a raw Irish potato and stick the quarter in between and keep it there all night, and next morning you couldn't see no brass, and it wouldn't feel greasy no more, and so anybody in town would take it in a minute, let alone a hair-ball. Well, I knowed a potato would do that before, but I had forgot it.

Jim put the quarter under the hair-ball, and got down and listened again. This time he said the hair-ball was all right. He said it would tell my whole fortune if I wanted it to. I says, go on. So the hair-ball talked to Jim, and Jim told it to me. He says:

"Yo' ole father doan' know yit what he's a-gwyne to do. Sometimes he spec he'll go 'way, en den ag'in he spec he'll stay. De bes' way is to res' easy en let de ole man take his own way. Dey's two angels hoverin' 'round 'bout him. One uv 'em is white en shiny, en t'other one is black. De white one gits him to go right a little while, den de black one sail in en bust it all up. A body can't tell yit which one gwyne to fetch him at de las'. But you is all right. You gwyne to have considable trouble in yo' life, en considable joy. Sometimes you gwyne to git hurt, en sometimes you gwyne to git sick; but every time you's gwyne to git well ag'in. Dey's two gals flyin' 'bout you in yo' life. One uv 'em's light en t'other one is dark. One is rich en t'other is po'. You's gwyne to marry de po' one fust en de rich one by en by. You wants to keep 'way fum de water as much as you kin, en don't run no resk, 'kase it's down in de bills dat you's gwyne to git hung."

When I lit my candle and went up to my room that night there sat pap—his own self!

## 5. PAP STARTS IN ON A NEW LIFE

I had shut the door to. Then I turned around, and there he was. I used to be scared of him all the time, he tanned me so much. I reckoned I was scared now, too; but in a minute I see I was mistaken—that is, after the first jolt, as you may say, when my breath sort of hitched, he being so unexpected; but right away after I see I warn't scared of him worth bothring about.

He was most fifty, and he looked it. His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you could see his eyes shining through like he was behind vines. It was all black, no gray; so was his long, mixed-up whiskers. There warn't no color in his face, where his face showed; it was white; not like another man's white, but a white to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl —a tree-toad white, a fish-belly white. As for his clothes—just rags, that was all. He had one ankle resting on t'other knee; the boot on that foot was busted, and two of his toes stuck through, and he worked them now and then. His hat was laying on the floor—an old black slouch with the top caved in, like a lid.

I stood a-looking at him; he set there a-looking at me, with his chair tilted back a little. I set the candle down. I noticed the window was up; so he had clumb in by the shed. He kept a-looking me all over. By and by he says:

"Starchy clothes—very. You think you're a good deal of a big-bug, *don't* you?"

"Maybe I am, maybe I ain't," I says.

"Don't you give me none o' your lip," says he. "You've put on considerable many frills since I been away. I'll take you down a peg before I get done with you. You're educated, too, they say—can read and write. You think you're better'n your father, now, don't you, because he can't? *I'll* take it out of you. Who told you you might meddle with such hifalut'n foolishness, hey?—who told you you could?"

"The widow. She told me."

"The widow, hey?—and who told the widow she could put in her shovel about a thing that ain't none of her business?"

"Nobody never told her."

"Well, I'll learn her how to meddle. And looky here—you drop that school, you hear? I'll learn people to bring up a boy to put on airs over his own father and let on to be better'n what *he* is. You lemme catch you fooling around that school again, you hear? Your mother couldn't read, and she couldn't write,

nuther, before she died. None of the family couldn't before *they* died. *I* can't; and here you're a-swelling yourself up like this. I ain't the man to stand it—you hear? Say, lemme hear you read."

I took up a book and begun something about General Washington and the wars. When I'd read about a half a minute, he fetched the book a whack with his hand and knocked it across the house. He says:

"It's so. You can do it. I had my doubts when you told me. Now looky here; you stop that putting on frills. I won't have it. I'll lay for you, my smarty; and if I catch you about that school I'll tan you good. First you know you'll get religion, too. I never see such a son."

He took up a little blue and yaller picture of some cows and a boy, and says:

"What's this?"

"It's something they give me for learning my lessons good."

He tore it up, and says:

"I'll give you something better—I'll give you a cowhide."

He set there a-mumbling and a-growling a minute, and then he says:

"*Ain't* you a sweet-scented dandy, though? A bed; and bed-clothes; and a look'n'-glass; and a piece of carpet on the floor—and your own father got to sleep with the hogs in the tanyard. I never see such a son. I bet I'll take some o' these frills out o' you before I'm done with you. Why, there ain't no end to your airs—they say you're rich. Hey?—how's that?"

"They lie—that's how."

"Looky here—mind how you talk to me; I'm a-standing about all I can stand now—so don't gimme no sass. I've been in town two days, and I hain't heard nothing but about you bein' rich. I heard about it away down the river, too. That's why I come. You git me that money tomorrow—I want it."

"I hain't got no money."

"It's a lie. Judge Thatcher's got it. You git it. I want it."

"I hain't got no money, I tell you. You ask Judge Thatcher; he'll tell you the same."

"All right. I'll ask him; and I'll make him pungle, too, or I'll know the reason why. Say, how much you got in your pocket? I want it."

"I hain't got only a dollar, and I want that to—"

"It don't make no difference what you want it for—you just shell it out."

He took it and bit it to see if it was good, and then he said he was going down-town to get some whisky; said he hadn't had a drink all day. When he had got out on the shed he put his head in again, and cussed me for putting on frills and trying to be better than him; and when I reckoned he was gone he came back and put his head in again, and told me to mind about that school, because he was going to lay for me and lick me if I didn't drop that.

Next day he was drunk, and he went to Judge Thatcher's and bullyragged him, and tried to make him give up the money; but he couldn't, and then he swore he'd make the law force him.

The judge and the widow went to law to get the court to take me away from him and let one of them be my guardian; but it was a new judge that had just come, and he didn't know the old man; so he said courts mustn't interfere and separate families if they could help it; said he'd druther not take a child away from its father. So Judge Thatcher and the widow had to quit on the business.

That pleased the old man till he couldn't rest. He said he'd cowhide me till I was black and blue if I didn't raise some money for him. I borrowed three dollars from Judge Thatcher, and pap took it and got drunk, and went a-blowing around and cussing and whooping and carrying on; and he kept it up all over town, with a tin pan, till most midnight; then they jailed him, and the next day they had him before court, and jailed him again for a week. But he said *he* was satisfied; said he was boss of his son, and he'd make it warm for *him*.

When he got out the new judge said he was a-going to make a man of him. So he took him to his own house, and dressed him up clean and nice, and had him to breakfast and dinner and supper with the family, and was just old pie to him, so to speak. And after supper he talked to him about temperance and such things till the old man cried, and said he'd been a fool, and fooled away his life; but now he was a-going to turn over a new leaf and be

a man nobody wouldn't be ashamed of, and he hoped the judge would help him and not look down on him. The judge said he could hug him for them words; so *he* cried, and his wife she cried again; pap said he'd been a man that had always been misunderstood before, and the judge said he believed it. The old man said that what a man wanted that was down was sympathy, and the judge said it was so; so they cried again. And when it was bedtime the old man rose up and held out his hand, and says:

"Look at it, gentlemen and ladies all; take a-hold of it; shake it. There's a hand that was the hand of a hog; but it ain't so no more; it's the hand of a man that's started in on a new life, and'll die before he'll go back. You mark them words—don't forget I said them. It's a clean hand now; shake it—don't be afeard."

So they shook it, one after the other, all around, and cried. The judge's wife she kissed it. Then the old man he signed a pledge—made his mark. The judge said it was the holiest time on record, or something like that. Then they tucked the old man into a beautiful room, which was the spare room, and in the night some time he got powerful thirsty and clumb out on to the porch-roof and slid down a stanchion and traded his new coat for a jug of forty-rod, and clumb back again and had a good old time; and toward daylight he crawled out again, drunk as a fiddler, and rolled off the porch and broke his left arm in two places, and was most froze to death when somebody found him after sun-up. And when they come to look at that spare room they had to take soundings before they could navigate it.

The judge he felt kind of sore. He said he reckoned a body could reform the old man with a shotgun, maybe, but he didn't know no other way.

### 6. PAP STRUGGLES WITH THE DEATH ANGEL

Well, pretty soon the old man was up and around again, and then he went for Judge Thatcher in the courts to make him give up that money, and he went for me, too, for not stopping school. He catched me a couple of times and thrashed me, but I went to school just the same, and dodged him or outrun him most of the time. I didn't want to go to school much before, but I reckoned I'd go now to spite pap. That law trial was a slow business—appeared like they warn't ever going to get started on it; so every now and then I'd borrow two or three dollars off of the judge for him, to keep from getting a cowhiding. Every time he got money he got drunk; and every time he got drunk he raised Cain around town; and every time he raised Cain he got jailed. He was just suited—this kind of thing was right in his line.

He got to hanging around the widow's too much, and so she told him at last that if he didn't quit using around there she would make trouble for him. Well, *wasn't* he mad? He said he would show who was Huck Finn's boss. So he watched out for me one day in the spring, and catched me, and took me up the river about three mile in a skiff, and crossed over to the Illinois shore where it was woody and there warn't no houses but an old log hut in a place where the timber was so thick you couldn't find it if you didn't know where it was.

He kept me with him all the time, and I never got a chance to run off. We lived in that old cabin, and he always locked the door and put the key under his head nights. He had a gun which he had stole, I reckon, and we fished and hunted, and that was what we lived on. Every little while he locked me in and went down to the store, three miles, to the ferry, and traded fish and game for whisky, and fetched it home and got drunk and had a good time, and licked me. The widow she found out where I was by and by, and she sent a man over to try to get hold of me; but pap drove him off with the gun, and it warn't long after that till I was used to being where I was, and liked it—all but the cowhide part.

It was kind of lazy and jolly, laying off comfortable all day, smoking and fishing, and no books nor study. Two months or more run along, and my clothes got to be all rags and dirt, and I didn't see how I'd ever got to like it so well at the widow's, where you had to wash, and eat on a plate, and comb up, and go to bed and get up regular, and be forever bothering over a book, and have old Miss Watson pecking at you all the time. I didn't want to go back no more. I had stopped cuss-

ing, because the widow didn't like it; but now I took to it again because pap hadn't no objections. It was pretty good times up in the woods there, take it all around.

But by and by pap got too handy with his hick'ry, and I couldn't stand it. I was all over welts. He got to going away so much, too, and locking me in. Once he locked me in and was gone three days. It was dreadful lonesome. I judged he had got drownded, and I wasn't ever going to get out any more. I was scared. I made up my mind I would fix up some way to leave there. I had tried to get out of that cabin many a time, but I couldn't find no way. There warn't a window to it big enough for a dog to get through. I couldn't get up the chimbly; it was too narrow. The door was thick, solid oak slabs. Pap was pretty careful not to leave a knife or anything in the cabin when he was away; I reckon I had hunted the place over as much as a hundred times; well, I was most all the time at it, because it was about the only way to put in the time. But this time I found something at last; I found an old rusty wood-saw without any handle; it was laid in between a rafter and the clapboards of the roof. I greased it up and went to work. There was an old horse-blanket nailed against the logs at the far end of the cabin behind the table, to keep the wind from blowing through the chinks and putting the candle out. I got under the table and raised the blanket, and went to work to saw a section of the big bottom log out—big enough to let me through. Well, it was a good long job, but I was getting toward the end of it when I heard pap's gun in the woods. I got rid of the signs of my work, and dropped the blanket and hid my saw, and pretty soon pap come in.

Pap warn't in a good humor—so he was his natural self. He said he was down-town, and everything was going wrong. His lawyer said he reckoned he would win his lawsuit and get the money if they ever got started on the trial; but then there was ways to put it off a long time, and Judge Thatcher knowed how to do it. And he said people allowed there'd be another trial to get me away from him and give me to the widow for my guardian, and they guessed it would win this time. This shook me up considerable, because I didn't want to go back to the widow's any more and be so cramped up and civilized, as they called it. Then the old man got to cussing, and cussed everything and everybody he could think of, and then cussed them all over again to make sure he hadn't skipped any, and after that he polished off with a kind of a general cuss all round, including a considerable parcel of people which he didn't know the names of, and so called them what's-his-name when he got to them, and went right along with his cussing.

He said he would like to see the widow get me. He said he would watch out, and if they tried to come any such game on him he knowed of a place six or seven mile off to stow me in, where they might hunt till they dropped and they couldn't find me. That made me pretty uneasy again, but only for a minute; I reckoned I wouldn't stay on hand till he got that chance.

The old man made me go to the skiff and fetch the things he had got. There was a fifty-pound sack of corn meal, and a side of bacon, ammunition, and a four-gallon jug of whisky, and an old book and two newspapers for wadding, besides some tow. I toted up a load, and went back and set down on the bow of the skiff to rest. I thought it all over, and I reckoned I would walk off with the gun and some lines, and take to the woods when I run away. I guessed I wouldn't stay in one place, but just tramp right across the country, mostly night-times, and hunt and fish to keep alive, and so get so far away that the old man nor the widow couldn't ever find me any more. I judged I would saw out and leave that night if pap got drunk enough, and I reckoned he would. I got so full of it I didn't notice how long I was staying till the old man hollered and asked me whether I was asleep or drownded.

I got the things all up to the cabin, and then it was about dark. While I was cooking supper the old man took a swig or two and got sort of warmed up, and went to ripping again. He had been drunk over in town, and laid in the gutter all night, and he was a sight to look at. A body would 'a' thought he was Adam—he was just all mud. Whenever his liquor begun to work he most always went for the govment. This time he says:

"Call this a govment! why, just look at it and see what it's like. Here's the law a-stand-

ing ready to take a man's son away from him —a man's own son, which he has had all the trouble and all the anxiety and all the expense of raising. Yes, just as that man has got that son raised at last, and ready to go to work and begin to do suthin' for *him* and give him a rest, the law up and goes for him. And they call *that* govment! That ain't all, nuther. The law backs that old Judge Thatcher up and helps him to keep me out o' my property. Here's what the law does: The law takes a man worth six thousand dollars and up'ards, and jams him into an old trap of a cabin like this, and lets him go round in clothes that ain't fitten for a hog. They call that govment! A man can't get his rights in a govment like this. Sometimes I've a mighty notion to just leave the country for good and all. Yes, and I *told* 'em so; I told old Thatcher so to his face. Lots of 'em heard me, and can tell what I said. Says I, for two cents I'd leave the blamed country and never come a-near it ag'in. Them's the very words. I says, look at my hat—if you call it a hat—but the lid raises up and the rest of it goes down till it's below my chin, and then it ain't rightly a hat at all, but more like my head was shoved up through a jint o' stove-pipe. Look at it, says I—such a hat for me to wear—one of the wealthiest men in this town if I could git my rights.

"Oh, yes, this is a wonderful govment, wonderful. Why, looky here. There was a free nigger there from Ohio—a mulatter, most as white as a white man. He had the whitest shirt on you ever see, too, and the shiniest hat; and there ain't a man in that town that's got as fine clothes as what he had; and he had a gold watch and chain, and a silver-headed cane—the awfulest old gray-headed nabob in the state. And what do you think? They said he was a p'fessor in a college, and could talk all kinds of languages, and knowed everything. And that ain't the wust. They said he could *vote* when he was at home. Well, that let me out. Thinks I, what is the country a-coming to? It was 'lection day, and I was just about to go and vote myself if I warn't too drunk to get there; but when they told me there was a state in this country where they'd let that nigger vote, I drawed out. I says I'll never vote ag'in. Them's the very words I said; they all heard me; and the country may rot for all me —I'll never vote ag'in as long as I live. And to see the cool way of that nigger—why, he wouldn't 'a' give me the road if I hadn't shoved him out o' the way. I says to the people, why ain't this nigger put up at auction and sold?—that's what I want to know. And what do you reckon they said? Why, they said he couldn't be sold till he'd been in the state six months, and he hadn't been there that long yet. There, now—that's a specimen. They call that a govment that can't sell a free nigger till he's been in the state six months. Here's a govment that calls itself a govment, and lets on to be a govment, and thinks it is a govment, and yet's got to set stock-still for six whole months before it can take a-hold of a prowling, thieving, infernal, white-shirted free nigger, and—"

Pap was a-going on so he never noticed where his old limber legs was taking him to, so he went head over heels over the tub of salt pork and barked both shins, and the rest of his speech was all the hottest kind of language —mostly hove at the nigger and the govment, though he give the tub some, too, all along, here and there. He hopped around the cabin considerable, first on one leg and then on the other, holding first one shin and then the other one, and at last he let out with his left foot all of a sudden and fetched the tub a rattling kick. But it warn't good judgment, because that was the boot that had a couple of his toes leaking out of the front end of it; so now he raised a howl that fairly made a body's hair raise, and down he went in the dirt, and rolled there, and held his toes; and the cussing he done then laid over anything he had ever done previous. He said so his own self afterwards. He had heard old Sowberry Hagan in his best days, and he said it laid over him, too; but I reckon that was sort of piling it on, maybe.

After supper pap took the jug, and said he had enough whisky there for two drunks and one delirium tremens. That was always his word. I judged he would be blind drunk in about an hour, and then I would steal the key, or saw myself out, one or t'other. He drank and drank, and tumbled down on his blankets by and by; but luck didn't run my way. He didn't go sound asleep, but was uneasy. He groaned and moaned and thrashed

around this way and that for a long time. At last I got so sleepy I couldn't keep my eyes open all I could do, and so before I knowed what I was about I was sound asleep, and the candle burning.

I don't know how long I was asleep, but all of a sudden there was an awful scream and I was up. There was pap looking wild, and skipping around every which way and yelling about snakes. He said they was crawling up his legs; and then he would give a jump and scream, and say one had bit him on the cheek —but I couldn't see no snakes. He started and run round and round the cabin, hollering, "Take him off! take him off! he's biting me on the neck!" I never see a man look so wild in the eyes. Pretty soon he was all fagged out, and fell down panting; then he rolled over and over wonderful fast, kicking things every which way, and striking and grabbing at the air with his hands, and screaming and saying there was devils a-hold of him. He wore out by and by, and laid still awhile, moaning. Then he laid stiller, and didn't make a sound. I could hear the owls and the wolves away off in the woods, and it seemed terrible still. He was laying over by the corner. By and by he raised up part way and listened, with his head to one side. He says, very low:

"Tramp—tramp—tramp; that's the dead; tramp—tramp—tramp; they're coming after me; but I won't go. Oh, they're here! don't touch me—don't! hands off—they're cold; let go. Oh, let a poor devil alone!"

Then he went down on all fours and crawled off, begging them to let him alone, and he rolled himself up in his blanket and wallowed in under the old pine table, still a-begging; and then he went crying. I could hear him through the blanket.

By and by he rolled out and jumped up to his feet looking wild, and he sees me and went for me. He chased me round and round the place with a clasp-knife, calling me the Angel of Death, and saying he would kill me, and then I couldn't come for him no more. I begged, and told him I was only Huck; but he laughed *such* a screechy laugh, and roared and cussed, and kept on chasing me up. Once when I turned short and dodged under his arm he made a grab and got me by the jacket between my shoulders, and I thought I was gone; but I slid out of the jacket quick as lightning, and saved myself. Pretty soon he was all tired out, and dropped down with his back against the door, and said he would rest a minute and then kill me. He put his knife under him, and said he would sleep and get strong, and then he would see who was who.

So he dozed off pretty soon. By and by I got the old split-bottom chair and clumb up as easy as I could, not to make any noise, and got down the gun. I slipped the ramrod down it to make sure it was loaded, and then I laid it across the turnip-barrel, pointing towards pap, and set down behind it to wait for him to stir. And how slow and still the time did drag along.

## 7. I FOOL PAP AND GET AWAY

"Git up! What you 'bout?"

I opened my eyes and looked around trying to make out where I was. It was after sun-up, and I had been sound asleep. Pap was standing over me looking sour—and sick, too. He says:

"What you doin' with this gun?"

I judged he didn't know nothing about what he had been doing, so I says:

"Somebody tried to get in, so I was laying for him."

"Why didn't you roust me out?"

"Well, I tried to, but I couldn't; I couldn't budge you."

"Well, all right. Don't stand there palavering all day, but out with you and see if there's a fish on the lines for breakfast. I'll be along in a minute."

He unlocked the door, and I cleared out up the river-bank. I noticed some pieces of limbs and such things floating down, and a sprinkling of bark; so I knowed the river had begun to rise. I reckoned I would have great times now if I was over at the town. The June rise used to be always luck for me; because as soon as that rise begins here comes cordwood floating down, and pieces of log rafts—sometimes a dozen logs together; so all you have to do is to catch them and sell them to the woodyards and the sawmill.

I went along up the bank with one eye out for pap and t'other one out for what the rise might fetch along. Well, all at once here comes a canoe; just a beauty, too, about thir-

teen or fourteen foot long, riding high like a duck. I shot head-first off of the bank like a frog, clothes and all on, and struck out for the canoe. I just expected there'd be somebody laying down in it, because people often done that to fool folks, and when a chap had pulled a skiff out most to it they'd raise up and laugh at him. But it warn't so this time. It was a drift-canoe sure enough, and I clumb in and paddled her ashore. Thinks I, the old man will be glad when he sees this—she's worth ten dollars. But when I got to shore pap wasn't in sight yet, and as I was running her into a little creek like a gully, all hung over with vines and willows, I struck another idea: I judged I'd hide her good, and then, 'stead of taking to the woods when I run off, I'd go down the river about fifty mile and camp in one place for good, and not have such a rough time tramping on foot.

It was pretty close to the shanty, and I thought I heard the old man coming all the time; but I got her hid; and then I out and looked around a bunch of willows, and there was the old man down the path a piece just drawing a bead on a bird with his gun. So he hadn't seen anything.

When he got along I was hard at it taking up a "trot" line. He abused me a little for being so slow; but I told him I fell in the river, and that was what made me so long. I knowed he would see I was wet, and then he would be asking questions. We got five catfish off the lines and went home.

While we laid off after breakfast to sleep up, both of us being about wore out, I got to thinking that if I could fix up some way to keep pap and the widow from trying to follow me, it would be a certainer thing than trusting to luck to get far enough off before they missed me; you see, all kinds of things might happen. Well, I didn't see no way for a while, but by and by pap raised up a minute to drink another barrel of water, and he says:

"Another time a man comes a-prowling round here you roust me out, you hear? That man warn't here for no good. I'd a shot him. Next time you roust me out, you hear?"

Then he dropped down and went to sleep again; what he had been saying give me the very idea I wanted. I says to myself, I can fix it now so nobody won't think of following me.

About twelve o'clock we turned out and went along up the bank. The river was coming up pretty fast, and lots of driftwood going by on the rise. By and by along comes part of a log raft—nine logs fast together. We went out with the skiff and towed it ashore. Then we had dinner. Anybody but pap would 'a' waited and seen the day through, so as to catch more stuff; but that warn't pap's style. Nine logs was enough for one time; he must shove right over to town and sell. So he locked me in and took the skiff, and started off towing the raft about half past three. I judged he wouldn't come back that night. I waited till I reckoned he had got a good start; then I out with my saw, and went to work on that log again. Before he was t'other side of the river I was out of the hole; him and his raft was just a speck on the water away off yonder.

I took the sack of corn meal and took it to where the canoe was hid, and shoved the vines and branches apart and put it in; then I done the same with the side of bacon; then the whisky-jug. I took all the coffee and sugar there was, and all the ammunition; I took the wadding; I took the bucket and gourd; took a dipper and a tin cup, and my old saw and two blankets, and the skillet and the coffee-pot. I took fish-lines and matches and other things—everything that was worth a cent. I cleaned out the place. I wanted an ax, but there wasn't any, only the one out at the woodpile, and I knowed why I was going to leave that. I fetched out the gun, and now I was done.

I had wore the ground a good deal crawling out of the hole and dragging out so many things. So I fixed that as good as I could from the outside by scattering dust on the place, which covered up the smoothness and the sawdust. Then I fixed the piece of log back into its place, and put two rocks under it and one against it to hold it there, for it was bent up at that place and didn't quite touch ground. If you stood four or five foot away and didn't know it was sawed, you wouldn't never notice it; and besides, this was the back of the cabin, and it warn't likely anybody would go fooling around there.

It was all grass clear to the canoe, so I

hadn't left a track. I followed around to see. I stood on the bank and looked out over the river. All safe. So I took the gun and went up a piece into the woods, and was hunting around for some birds when I see a wild pig; hogs soon went wild in them bottoms after they had got away from the prairie-farms. I shot this fellow and took him into camp.

I took the ax and smashed in the door. I beat it and hacked it considerable a-doing it. I fetched the pig in, and took him back nearly to the table and hacked into his throat with the ax, and laid him down on the ground to bleed; I say ground because it *was* ground—hard packed, and no boards. Well, next I took an old sack and put a lot of big rocks in it—all I could drag—and I started it from the pig, and dragged it to the door and through the woods down to the river and dumped it in, and down it sunk, out of sight. You could easy see that something had been dragged over the ground. I did wish Tom Sawyer was there; I knowed he would take an interest in this kind of business, and throw in the fancy touches. Nobody could spread himself like Tom Sawyer in such a thing as that.

Well, last I pulled out some of my hair, and blooded the ax good, and stuck it on the back side, and slung the ax in the corner. Then I took up the pig and held him to my breast with my jacket (so he couldn't drip) till I got a good piece below the house and then dumped him into the river. Now I thought of something else. So I went and got the bag of meal and my old saw out of the canoe, and fetched them to the house. I took the bag to where it used to stand, and ripped a hole in the bottom of it with the saw, for there warn't no knives and forks on the place—pap done everything with his clasp-knife about the cooking. Then I carried the sack about a hundred yards across the grass and through the willows east of the house, to a shallow lake that was five mile wide and full of rushes—and ducks too, you might say, in the season. There was a slough or a creek leading out of it on the other side that went miles away, I don't know where, but it didn't go to the river. The meal sifted out and made a little track all the way to the lake. I dropped pap's whetstone there too, so as to look like it had been done by accident. Then I tied up the rip in the meal-sack with a string, so it wouldn't leak no more, and took it and my saw to the canoe again.

It was about dark now; so I dropped the canoe down the river under some willows that hung over the bank, and waited for the moon to rise. I made fast to a willow; then I took a bite to eat, and by and by laid down in the canoe to smoke a pipe and lay out a plan. I says to myself, they'll follow the track of that sackful of rocks to the shore and then drag the river for me. And they'll follow that meal track to the lake and go browsing down the creek that leads out of it to find the robbers that killed me and took the things. They won't ever hunt the river for anything but my dead carcass. They'll soon get tired of that, and won't bother no more about me. All right; I can stop anywhere I want to. Jackson's Island is good enough for me; I know that island pretty well, and nobody ever comes there. And then I can paddle over to town nights, and slink around and pick up things I want. Jackson's Island's the place.

I was pretty tired, and the first thing I knowed I was asleep. When I woke up I didn't know where I was for a minute. I set up and looked around, a little scared. Then I remembered. The river looked miles and miles across. The moon was so bright I could 'a' counted the drift-logs that went a-slipping along, black and still, hundreds of yards out from shore. Everything was dead quiet, and it looked late, and *smelt* late. You know what I mean—I don't know the words to put it in.

I took a good gap and a stretch, and was just going to unhitch and start when I heard a sound away over the water. I listened. Pretty soon I made it out. It was that dull kind of a regular sound that comes from oars working in rowlocks when it's a still night. I peeped out through the willow branches, and there it was—a skiff, away across the water. I couldn't tell how many was in it. It kept a-coming, and when it was abreast of me I see there warn't but one man in it. Thinks I, maybe it's pap, though I warn't expecting him. He dropped below me with the current, and by and by he came a-swinging up shore in the easy water, and he went by so close I could 'a' reached out the gun and touched

him. Well, it *was* pap, sure enough—and sober, too, by the way he laid his oars.

I didn't lose no time. The next minute I was a-spinning down-stream soft, but quick, in the shade of the bank. I made two mile and a half, and then struck out a quarter of a mile or more toward the middle of the river, because pretty soon I would be passing the ferry-landing, and people might see me and hail me. I got out amongst the driftwood, and then laid down in the bottom of the canoe and let her float. I laid there, and had a good rest and a smoke out of my pipe, looking away into the sky; not a cloud in it. The sky looks ever so deep when you lay down on your back in the moonshine; I never knowed it before. And how far a body can hear on the water such nights! I heard people talking at the ferry-landing. I heard what they said, too—every word of it. One man said it was getting towards the long days and the short nights now. T'other one said *this* warn't one of the short ones, he reckoned—and then they laughed, and he said it over again, and they laughed again; then they waked up another fellow and told him, and laughed, but he didn't laugh; he ripped out something brisk, and said let him alone. The first fellow said he 'lowed to tell it to his old woman—she would think it was pretty good; but he said that warn't nothing to some things he had said in his time. I heard one man say it was nearly three o'clock, and he hoped daylight wouldn't wait more than about a week longer. After that the talk got further and further away, and I couldn't make out the words any more; but I could hear the mumble, and now and then a laugh, too, but it seemed a long ways off.

I was away below the ferry now. I rose up, and there was Jackson's Island, about two mile and a half down-stream, heavy-timbered and standing up out of the middle of the river, big and dark and solid, like a steamboat without any lights. There warn't any signs of the bar at the head—it was all under water now.

It didn't take me long to get there. I shot past the head at a ripping rate, the current was so swift, and then I got into the dead water and landed on the side towards the Illinois shore. I run the canoe into a deep dent in the bank that I knowed about; I had to part the willow branches to get in; and when I made fast nobody could 'a' seen the canoe from the outside.

I went up and set down on a log at the head of the island, and looked out on the big river and the black driftwood and away over to the town, three mile away, where there was three or four lights twinkling. A monstrous big lumber-raft was about a mile upstream, coming along down, with a lantern in the middle of it. I watched it come creeping down, and when it was most abreast of where I stood I heard a man say, "Stern oars, there! heave her head to stabboard!" I heard that just as plain as if the man was by my side.

There was a little gray in the sky now; so I stepped into the woods, and laid down for a nap before breakfast.

### 8. I SPARE MISS WATSON'S JIM

The sun was up so high when I waked that I judged it was after eight o'clock. I laid there in the grass and the cool shade thinking about things, and feeling rested and ruther comfortable and satisfied. I could see the sun out at one or two holes, but mostly it was big trees all about, and gloomy in there amongst them. There was freckled places on the ground where the light sifted down through the leaves, and the freckled places swapped about a little, showing there was a little breeze up there. A couple of squirrels set on a limb and jabbered at me very friendly.

I was powerful lazy and comfortable—didn't want to get up and cook breakfast. Well, I was dozing off again when I thinks I hears a deep sound of "boom!" away up the river. I rouses up, and rests on my elbow and listens; pretty soon I hears it again. I hopped up, and went and looked out at a hole in the leaves, and I see a bunch of smoke laying on the water a long ways up—about abreast the ferry. And there was the ferryboat full of people floating along down. I knowed what was the matter now. "Boom!" I see the white smoke squirt out of the ferryboat's side. You see, they was firing cannon over the water, trying to make my carcass come to the top.

I was pretty hungry, but it warn't going to do for me to start a fire, because they might see the smoke. So I set there and watched the cannon-smoke and listened to the boom. The

river was a mile wide there, and it always looks pretty on a summer morning—so I was having a good enough time seeing them hunt for my remainders if I only had a bite to eat. Well, then I happened to think how they always put quicksilver in loaves of bread and float them off, because they always go right to the drownded carcass and stop there. So, says I, I'll keep a lookout, and if any of them's floating around after me I'll give them a show. I changed to the Illinois edge of the island to see what luck I could have, and I warn't disappointed. A big double loaf come along, and I most got it with a long stick, but my foot slipped and she floated out further. Of course I was where the current set in the closest to the shore—I knowed enough for that. But by and by along comes another one, and this time I won. I took out the plug and shook out the little dab of quicksilver, and set my teeth in. It was "baker's bread"—what the quality eat; none of your low-down corn-pone.

I got a good place amongst the leaves, and set there on a log, munching the bread and watching the ferryboat, and very well satisfied. And then something struck me. I says, now I reckon the widow or the parson or somebody prayed that this bread would find me, and here it has gone and done it. So there ain't no doubt but there is something in that thing—that is, there's something in it when a body like the widow or the parson prays, but it don't work for me, and I reckon it don't work for only just the right kind.

I lit a pipe and had a good long smoke, and went on watching. The ferryboat was floating with the current, and I allowed I'd have a chance to see who was aboard when she come along, because she would come in close, where the bread did. When she'd got pretty well along down towards me, I put out my pipe and went to where I fished out the bread, and laid down behind a log on the bank in a little open place. Where the log forked I could peep through.

By and by she come along, and she drifted in so close that they could 'a' run out a plank and walked ashore. Most everybody was on the boat. Pap, and Judge Thatcher, and Bessie Thatcher, and Joe Harper, and Tom Sawyer, and his old Aunt Polly, and Sid and Mary, and plenty more. Everybody was talking about the murder, but the captain broke in and says:

"Look sharp, now; the current sets in the closest here, and maybe he's washed ashore and got tangled amongst the brush at the water's edge. I hope so, anyway."

I didn't hope so. They all crowded up and leaned over the rails, nearly in my face, and kept still, watching with all their might. I could see them first-rate, but they couldn't see me. Then the captain sung out: "Stand away!" and the cannon let off such a blast right before me that it made me deef with the noise and pretty near blind with the smoke, and I judged I was gone. If they'd 'a' had some bullets in, I reckon they'd 'a' got the corpse they was after. Well, I see I warn't hurt, thanks to goodness. The boat floated on and went out of sight around the shoulder of the island. I could hear the booming now and then, further and further off, and by and by, after an hour, I didn't hear it no more. The island was three mile long. I judged they had got to the foot, and was giving it up. But they didn't yet awhile. They turned around the foot of the island and started up the channel on the Missouri side, under steam, and booming once in a while as they went. I crossed over to that side and watched them. When they got abreast the head of the island they quit shooting and dropped over to the Missouri shore and went home to the town.

I knowed I was all right now. Nobody else would come a-hunting after me. I got my traps out of the canoe and made me a nice camp in the thick woods. I made a kind of a tent out of my blankets to put my things under so the rain couldn't get at them. I catched a catfish and haggled him open with my saw, and towards sundown I started my camp-fire and had supper. Then I set out a line to catch some fish for breakfast.

When it was dark I set by my camp-fire smoking, and feeling pretty well satisfied; but by and by it got sort of lonesome, and so I went and set on the bank and listened to the current swashing along, and counted the stars and drift-logs and rafts that come down, and then went to bed; there ain't no better way to put in time when you are lonesome; you can't stay so, you soon get over it.

And so for three days and nights. No difference—just the same thing. But the next day I went exploring around down through the island. I was boss of it; it all belonged to me, so to say, and I wanted to know all about it; but mainly I wanted to put in the time. I found plenty strawberries, ripe and prime; and green summer grapes, and green razberries; and the green blackberries was just beginning to show. They would all come handy by and by, I judged.

Well, I went fooling along in the deep woods till I judged I warn't far from the foot of the island. I had my gun along, but I hadn't shot nothing; it was for protection; thought I would kill some game nigh home. About this time I mighty near stepped on a good-sized snake, and it went sliding off through the grass and flowers, and I after it, trying to get a shot at it. I clipped along, and all of a sudden I bounded right on to the ashes of a camp-fire that was still smoking.

My heart jumped up amongst my lungs. I never waited for to look further, but uncocked my gun and went sneaking back on my tiptoes as fast as ever I could. Every now and then I stopped a second amongst the thick leaves and listened, but my breath come so hard I couldn't hear nothing else. I slunk along another piece further, then listened again; and so on, and so on. If I see a stump, I took it for a man; if I trod on a stick and broke it, it made me feel like a person had cut one of my breaths in two and I only got half, and the short half, too.

When I got to camp I warn't feeling very brash, there warn't much sand in my craw; but I says, this ain't no time to be fooling around. So I got all my traps into my canoe again so as to have them out of sight, and I put out the fire and scattered the ashes around to look like an old last-year's camp, and then clumb a tree.

I reckon I was up in the tree two hours; but I didn't see nothing, I didn't hear nothing—I only *thought* I heard and seen as much as a thousand things. Well, I couldn't stay up there forever; so at last I got down, but I kept in the thick woods and on the lookout all the time. All I could get to eat was berries and what was left over from breakfast.

By the time it was night I was pretty hungry. So when it was good and dark I slid out from shore before moonrise and paddled over to the Illinois bank—about a quarter of a mile. I went out in the woods and cooked a supper, and I had about made up my mind I would stay there all night when I hear a *plunkety-plunk, plunkety-plunk,* and says to myself, horses coming; and next I hear people's voices. I got everything into the canoe as quick as I could, and then went creeping through the woods to see what I could find out. I hadn't got far when I hear a man say:

"We better camp here if we can find a good place; the horses is about beat out. Let's look around."

I didn't wait, but shoved out and paddled away easy. I tied up in the old place, and reckoned I would sleep in the canoe.

I didn't sleep much. I couldn't, somehow, for thinking. And every time I waked up I thought somebody had me by the neck. So the sleep didn't do me no good. By and by I says to myself, I can't live this way; I'm a-going to find out who it is that's here on the island with me; I'll find it out or bust. Well, I felt better right off.

So I took my paddle and slid out from shore just a step or two, and then let the canoe drop along down amongst the shadows. The moon was shining, and outside of the shadows it made it most as light as day. I poked along well on to an hour, everything still as rocks and sound asleep. Well, by this time I was most down to the foot of the island. A little ripply, cool breeze begun to blow, and that was as good as saying the night was about done. I give her a turn with the paddle and brung her nose to shore; then I got my gun and slipped out and into the edge of the woods. I sat down there on a log, and looked out through the leaves. I see the moon go off watch, and the darkness begin to blanket the river. But in a little while I see a pale streak over the treetops, and knowed the day was coming. So I took my gun and slipped off towards where I had run across that camp-fire, stopping every minute or two to listen. But I hadn't no luck somehow; I couldn't seem to find the place. But by and by, sure enough, I catched a glimpse of fire away through the trees. I went for it, cautious and slow. By and by I was close enough to have a look, and

there laid a man on the ground. It most give me the fantods. He had a blanket around his head, and his head was nearly in the fire. I set there behind a clump of bushes in about six foot of him, and kept my eyes on him steady. It was getting gray daylight now. Pretty soon he gapped and stretched himself and hove off the blanket, and it was Miss Watson's Jim! I bet I was glad to see him. I says:

"Hello, Jim!" and skipped out.

He bounced up and stared at me wild. Then he drops down on his knees, and puts his hands together and says:

"Doan' hurt me—don't! I hain't ever done no harm to a ghos'. I alwuz liked dead people, en done all I could for 'em. You go en git in de river ag'in, whah you b'longs, en doan' do nuffn to Ole Jim, 'at 'uz alwuz yo' fren'."

Well, I warn't long making him understand I warn't dead. I was ever so glad to see Jim. I warn't lonesome now. I told him I warn't afraid of *him* telling the people where I was. I talked along, but he only set there and looked at me; never said nothing. Then I says:

"It's good daylight. Le's get breakfast. Make up your camp-fire good."

"What's de use er makin' up de camp-fire to cook strawbries en sich truck? But you got a gun, hain't you? Den we kin git sumfn better den strawbries."

"Strawberries and such truck," I says. "Is that what you live on?"

"I couldn't git nuffn else," he says.

"Why, how long you been on the island, Jim?"

"I come heah de night arter you's killed."

"What, all that time?"

"Yes-indeedy."

"And ain't you had nothing but that kind of rubbage to eat?"

"No, sah—nuffn else."

"Well, you must be most starved, ain't you?"

"I reck'n I could eat a hoss. I think I could. How long you ben on de islan'?"

"Since the night I got killed."

"No! W'y, what has you lived on? But you got a gun. Oh, yes, you got a gun. Dat's good. Now you kill sumfn en I'll make up de fire."

So we went over to where the canoe was, and while he built a fire in a grassy open place amongst the trees, I fetched meal and bacon and coffee, and coffee-pot and frying-pan, and sugar and tin cups, and the nigger was set back considerable, because he reckoned it was all done with witchcraft. I catched a good big catfish, too, and Jim cleaned him with his knife, and fried him.

When breakfast was ready we lolled on the grass and eat it smoking hot. Jim laid it in with all his might, for he was most about starved. Then when we had got pretty well stuffed, we laid off and lazied.

By and by Jim says:

"But looky here, Huck, who wuz it dat 'uz killed in dat shanty ef it warn't you?"

Then I told him the whole thing, and he said it was smart. He said Tom Sawyer couldn't get up no better plan than what I had. Then I says:

"How do you come to be here, Jim, and how'd you get here?"

He looked pretty uneasy, and didn't say nothing for a minute. Then he says:

"Maybe I better not tell."

"Why, Jim?"

"Well, dey's reasons. But you wouldn't tell on me ef I 'uz to tell you, would you, Huck?"

"Blamed if I would, Jim."

"Well, I b'lieve you, Huck I—I *run off.*"

"Jim!"

"But mind, you said you wouldn' tell—you know you said you wouldn' tell, Huck."

"Well, I did. I said I wouldn't, and I'll stick to it. Honest *injun,* I will. People would call me a low-down Abolitionist and despise me for keeping mum—but that don't make no difference. I ain't a-going to tell, and I ain't a-going back there, anyways. So, now, le's know all about it."

"Well, you see, it 'uz dis way. Ole missus—dat's Miss Watson—she pecks on me all de time, en treats me pooty rough, but she awluz said she wouldn' sell me down to Orleans. But I noticed dey wuz a nigger trader roun' de place considable lately, en I begin to git oneasy. Well, one night I creeps to de do' pooty late, en de do' warn't quite shet, en I hear old missus tell de widder she gwyne to sell me down to Orleans, but she didn' want to, but she could git eight hund'd dollars for me, en it 'uz sich a big stack o' money she couldn' resis'. De widder she try to git her to

say she wouldn't do it, but I never waited to hear de res'. I lit out mighty quick, I tell you.

"I tuck out en shin down de hill, en 'spec to steal a skift 'long de sho' som'ers 'bove de town, but dey wuz people a-stirring yit, so I hid in de ole tumbledown cooper shop on de bank to wait for everybody to go 'way. Well, I wuz dah all night. Dey wuz somebody roun' all de time. 'Long 'bout six in de mawnin' skifts begin to go by, en 'bout eight er nine every skift dat went 'long wuz talkin' 'bout how yo' pap come over to de town en say you's killed. Dese las' skifts wuz full o' ladies en genlmen a-goin' over for to see de place. Sometimes dey'd pull up at de sho' en take a res' b'fo' dey started acrost, so by de talk I got to know all 'bout de killin'. I 'uz powerful sorry you's killed, Huck, but I ain't no mo' now.

"I laid dah under de shavin's all day. I 'uz hungry, but I warn't afeard; bekase I knowed ole missus en de widder wuz goin' to start to de camp-meet'n' right arter breakfas' en be gone all day, en dey knows I goes off wid de cattle 'bout daylight, so dey wouldn' 'spec to see me roun' de place, en so dey wouldn' miss me tell arter dark in de evenin'. De yuther servants wouldn' miss me, kase dey'd shin out en take holiday soon as de ole folks 'uz out'n de way.

"Well, when it come dark I tuck out up de river road, en went 'bout two mile er more to whah dey warn't no houses. I'd made up my mine 'bout what I's a-gwyne to do. You see, ef I kep' on tryin' to git away afoot, de dogs 'ud track me; ef I stole a skift to cross over, dey'd miss dat skift, you see, en dey'd know 'bout whah I'd lan' on de yuther side, en whah to pick up my track. So I says, a raff is what I's arter; it doan' *make* no track.

"I see a light a-comin' roun' de p'int bymeby, so I wade' in en shove' a log ahead o' me en swum more'n half-way acrost de river, en got in 'mongst de driftwood, en kep' my head down low, en kinder swum agin de current tell de raff come along. Den I swum to de stern uv it en tuck a-holt. It clouded up en 'uz pooty dark for a little while. So I clumb up en laid down on de planks. De men 'uz all 'way yonder in de middle, whah de lantern wuz. De river wuz a-risin', en dey wuz a good current; so I reck'n'd 'at by fo' in de mawnin' I'd be twenty-five mile down de river, en den I'd slip in jis b'fo' daylight en swim asho', en take to de woods on de Illinois side.

"But I didn' have no luck. When we 'uz mos' down to de head er de islan' a man begin to come aft wid de lantern. I see it warn't no use fer to wait, so I slid overboard en struck out fer de islan'. Well, I had a notion I could lan' mos' anywhers, but I couldn't—bank too bluff. I 'uz mos' to de foot er de islan' b'fo' I foun' a good place. I went into de woods en jedged I wouldn' fool wid raffs no mo', long as dey move de lantern roun' so. I had my pipe en a plug er dog-leg en some matches in my cap, en dey warn't wet, so I 'uz all right."

"And so you ain't had no meat nor bread to eat all this time? Why didn't you get mud-turkles?"

"How you gwyne to git 'm? You can't slip up on um en grab um; en how's a body gwyne to hit um wid a rock? How could a body do it in de night? En I warn't gwyne to show mysef on de bank in de daytime."

"Well, that's so. You've had to keep in the woods all the time, of course. Did you hear 'em shooting the cannon?"

"Oh, yes. I knowed dey was arter you. I see um go by heah—watched um thoo de bushes."

Some young birds come along, flying a yard or two at a time and lighting. Jim said it was a sign it was going to rain. He said it was a sign when young chickens flew that way, and so he reckoned it was the same way when young birds done it. I was going to catch some of them, but Jim wouldn't let me. He said it was death. He said his father laid mighty sick once, and some of them catched a bird, and his old granny said his father would die, and he did.

And Jim said you mustn't count the things you are going to cook for dinner, because that would bring bad luck. The same if you shook the tablecloth after sundown. And he said if a man owned a beehive and that man died, the bees must be told about it before sun-up next morning, or else the bees would all weaken down and quit work and die. Jim said bees wouldn't sting idiots; but I didn't believe that, because I had tried them lots of times myself, and they wouldn't sting me.

I had heard about some of these things be-

fore, but not all of them. Jim knowed all kinds of signs. He said he knowed most everything. I said it looked to me like all the signs was about bad luck, and so I asked him if there warn't any good-luck signs. He says:

"Mighty few—an' *dey* ain't no use to a body. What you want to know when good luck's a-comin' for? Want to keep it off?" And he said: "Ef you's got hairy arms en a hairy breas', it's a sign dat you's a-gwyne to be rich. Well, dey's some use in a sign like dat, 'kase it's so fur ahead. You see, maybe you's got to be po' a long time fust, en so you might git discourage' en kill yo'sef 'f you didn' know by de sign dat you gwyne to be rich bymeby."

"Have you got hairy arms and a hairy breast, Jim?"

"What's de use to ax dat question? Don't you see I has?"

"Well, are you rich?"

"No, but I ben rich wunst, and gwyne to be rich ag'in. Wunst I had foteen dollars, but I tuck to specalat'n', en got busted out."

"What did you speculate in, Jim?"

"Well, fust I tackled stock."

"What kind of stock?"

"Why, live stock—cattle, you know. I put ten dollars in a cow. But I ain't gwyne to resk no mo' money in stock. De cow up 'n' died on my han's."

"So you lost the ten dollars."

"No, I didn't lose it all. I on'y los' 'bout nine of it. I sole de hide en taller for a dollar en ten cents."

"You had five dollars and ten cents left. Did you speculate any more?"

"Yes. You know that one-laigged nigger dat b'longs to old Misto Bradish? Well, he sot up a bank, en say anybody dat put in a dollar would git fo' dollars mo' at de en' er de year. Well, all de niggers went in, but dey didn't have much. I wuz de on'y one dat had much. So I stuck out for mo' dan fo' dollars, en I said 'f I didn't git it I'd start a bank mysef. Well, o' course dat nigger want' to keep me out er de business, bekase he says dey warn't business 'nough for two banks, so he say I could put in my five dollars en he pay me thirty-five at de 'en er de year.

"So I done it. Den I reck'n'd I'd inves' de thirty-five dollars right off en keep things a-movin'. Dey wuz a nigger name' Bob, dat had ketched a wood-flat, en his marster didn' know it; en I bought it off'n him en told him to take de thirty-five dollars when de en' er de year come; but somebody stole de wood-flat dat night, en nex' day de one-laigged nigger say de bank's busted. So dey didn' none uv us git no money."

"What did you do with the ten cents, Jim?"

"Well, I 'uz gwyne to spen' it, but I had a dream, en de dream tole me to give it to a nigger name' Balum—Balum's Ass dey call him for short; he's one er dem chuckleheads, you know. But he's lucky, dey say, en I see I warn't lucky. De dream say let Balum inves' de ten cents en he'd make a raise for me. Well, Balum he tuck de money, en when he wuz in church he hear de preacher say dat whoever give to de po' len' to de Lord, en boun' to git his money back a hund'd times. So Balum he tuck en give de ten cents to de po', en laid low to see what wuz gwyne to come of it."

"Well, what did come of it, Jim?"

"Nuffn never come of it. I couldn' manage to k'leck dat money no way; en Balum he couldn'. I ain' gwyne to len' no mo' money 'dout I see de security. Boun' to git yo' money back a hund'd times, de preacher says! Ef I could git de ten *cents* back, I'd call it squah, en be glad er de chanst."

"Well, it's all right anyway, Jim, long as you're going to be rich again some time or other."

"Yes; en I's rich now, come to look at it. I owns mysef, en I's wuth eight hund'd dollars. I wisht I had de money, I wouldn' want no mo'."

## 9. THE HOUSE OF DEATH FLOATS BY

I wanted to go and look at a place right about the middle of the island that I'd found when I was exploring; so we started and soon got to it, because the island was only three miles long and a quarter of a mile wide.

This place was a tolerable long, steep hill or ridge about forty foot high. We had a rough time getting to the top, the sides was so steep and the bushes so thick. We tramped and clumb around all over it, and by and by found a good big cavern in the rock, most up to the top on the side towards Illinois. The cavern was as big as two or three rooms

bunched together, and Jim could stand up straight in it. It was cool in there. Jim was for putting our traps in there right away, but I said we didn't want to be climbing up and down there all the time.

Jim said if we had the canoe hid in a good place, and had all the traps in the cavern, we could rush there if anybody was to come to the island, and they would never find us without dogs. And, besides, he said them little birds had said it was going to rain, and did I want the things to get wet?

So we went back and got the canoe, and paddled up abreast the cavern, and lugged all the traps up there. Then we hunted up a place close by to hide the canoe in, amongst the thick willows. We took some fish off of the lines and set them again, and begun to get ready for dinner.

The door of the cavern was big enough to roll a hogshead in, and on one side of the door the floor stuck out a little bit, and was flat and a good place to build a fire on. So we built it there and cooked dinner.

We spread the blankets inside for a carpet, and eat our dinner in there. We put all the other things handy at the back of the cavern. Pretty soon it darkened up, and begun to thunder and lighten; so the birds was right about it. Directly it begun to rain, and it rained like all fury, too, and I never see the wind blow so. It was one of these regular summer storms. It would get so dark that it looked all blue-black outside, and lovely; and the rain would thrash along by so thick that the trees off a little ways looked dim and spider-webby; and here would come a blast of wind that would bend the trees down and turn up the pale underside of the leaves; and then a perfect ripper of a gust would follow along and set the branches to tossing their arms as if they was just wild; and next, when it was just about the bluest and blackest—*fst!* it was as bright as glory, and you'd have a little glimpse of treetops a-plunging about away off yonder in the storm, hundreds of yards further than you could see before; dark as sin again in a second, and now you'd hear the thunder let go with an awful crash, and then go rumbling, grumbling, tumbling, down the sky towards the under side of the world, like rolling empty barrels down-stairs—where it's long stairs and they bounce a good deal, you know.

"Jim, this is nice," I says. "I wouldn't want to be nowhere else but here. Pass me along another hunk of fish and some hot corn-bread."

"Well, you wouldn't 'a' ben here 'f it hadn't 'a' ben for Jim. You'd 'a' ben down dah in de woods widout any dinner, en gittin' mos' drownded, too; dat you would, honey. Chickens knows when it's gwyne to rain, en so do de birds, chile."

The river went on raising and raising for ten or twelve days, till at last it was over the banks. The water was three or four foot deep on the island in the low places and on the Illinois bottom. On that side it was a good many miles wide, but on the Missouri side it was the same old distance across—a half a mile—because the Missouri shore was just a wall of high bluffs.

Daytimes we paddled all over the island in the canoe. It was mighty cool and shady in the deep woods, even if the sun was blazing outside. We went winding in and out amongst the trees, and sometimes the vines hung so thick we had to back away and go some other way. Well, on every old broken-down tree you could see rabbits and snakes and such things; and when the island had been overflowed a day or two they got so tame, on account of being hungry, that you could paddle right up and put your hand on them if you wanted to; but not the snakes and turtles—they would slide off in the water. The ridge our cavern was in was full of them. We could 'a' had pets enough if we'd wanted them.

One night we catched a little section of a lumber-raft—nice pine planks. It was twelve foot wide and about fifteen or sixteen foot long, and the top stood above water six or seven inches—a solid, level floor. We could see saw-logs go by in the daylight sometimes, but we let them go; we didn't show ourselves in daylight.

Another night when we was up at the head of the island, just before daylight, here comes a frame-house down, on the west side. She was a two-story, and tilted over considerable. We paddled out and got aboard—clumb in at an up-stairs window. But it was too dark to see yet, so we made the canoe fast and set in her to wait for daylight.

The light begun to come before we got to the foot of the island. Then we looked in at the window. We could make out a bed, and a table, and two old chairs, and lots of things around about on the floor, and there was clothes hanging against the wall. There was something laying on the floor in the far corner that looked like a man. So Jim says:

"Hello, you!"

But it didn't budge. So I hollered again, and then Jim says:

"De man ain't asleep—he's dead. You hold still—I'll go en see."

He went, and bent down and looked, and says:

"It's a dead man. Yes, indeedy; naked, too. He's ben shot in de back. I reck'n he's ben dead two er three days. Come in, Huck, but doan' look at his face—it's too gashly."

I didn't look at him at all. Jim throwed some old rags over him, but he needn't done it; I didn't want to see him. There was heaps of old greasy cards scattered around over the floor, and old whisky-bottles, and a couple of masks made out of black cloth; and all over the walls was the ignorantest kind of words and pictures made with charcoal. There was two old dirty calico dresses, and a sun-bon net, and some women's underclothes hanging against the wall, and some men's clothing, too. We put the lot into the canoe—it might come good. There was a boy's old speckled straw hat on the floor; I took that, too. And there was a bottle that had had milk in it, and it had a rag stopper for a baby to suck. We would 'a' took the bottle, but it was broke. There was a seedy old chest, and an old hair trunk with the hinges broke. They stood open, but there warn't nothing left in them that was any account. The ways things was scattered about we reckoned the people left in a hurry, and warn't fixed so as to carry off most of their stuff.

We got an old tin lantern, and a butcher-knife without any handle, and a bran-new Barlow knife worth two bits in any store, and a lot of tallow candles, and a tin candlestick, and a gourd, and a tin cup, and a ratty old bedquilt off the bed, and a reticule with needles and pins and beeswax and buttons and thread and all such truck in it, and a hatchet and some nails, and a fish-line as thick as my little finger with some monstrous hooks on it, and a roll of buckskin, and a leather dog-collar, and a horseshoe, and some vials of medicine that didn't have no label on them; and just as we was leaving I found a tolerable good currycomb, and Jim he found a ratty old fiddle-bow, and a wooden leg. The straps was broke off of it, but, barring that, it was a good enough leg, though it was too long for me and not long enough for Jim, and we couldn't find the other one, though we hunted all around.

And so, take it all around, we made a good haul. When we was ready to shove off we was a quarter of a mile below the island, and it was pretty broad day; so I made Jim lay down in the canoe and cover up with a quilt, because if he set up people could tell he was a nigger a good ways off. I paddled over to the Illinois shore, and drifted down most a half a mile doing it. I crept up the dead water under the bank, and hadn't no accidents and didn't see nobody. We got home all safe.

## 10. WHAT COMES OF HANDLIN' SNAKE-SKIN

After breakfast I wanted to talk about the dead man and guess out how he come to be killed, but Jim didn't want to. He said it would fetch bad luck; and besides, he said, he might come and ha'nt us; he said a man that warn't buried was more likely to go a-ha'nting around than one that was planted and comfortable. That sounded pretty reasonable, so I didn't say no more; but I couldn't keep from studying over it and wishing I knowed who shot the man, and what they done it for.

We rummaged the clothes we'd got, and found eight dollars in silver sewed up in the lining of an old blanket overcoat. Jim said he reckoned the people in that house stole the coat, because if they'd 'a' knowed the money was there they wouldn't 'a' left it. I said I reckoned they killed him, too; but Jim didn't want to talk about that. I says:

"Now you think it's bad luck; but what did you say when I fetched in the snake-skin that I found on the top of the ridge day before yesterday? You said it was the worst bad luck in the world to touch a snake-skin with my hands. Well, here's your bad luck! We've raked in all this truck and eight dollars be-

sides. I wish we could have some bad luck like this every day, Jim."

"Never you mind, honey, never you mind. Don't you git too peart. It's a-comin'. Mind I tell you, it's a-comin'."

It did come, too. It was a Tuesday that we had that talk. Well, after dinner Friday we was laying around in the grass at the upper end of the ridge, and got out of tobacco. I went to the cavern to get some, and found a rattlesnake in there. I killed him, and curled him up on the foot of Jim's blanket, ever so natural, thinking there'd be some fun when Jim found him there. Well, by night I forgot all about the snake, and when Jim flung himself down on the blanket while I struck a light the snake's mate was there, and bit him.

He jumped up yelling, and the first thing the light showed was the varmint curled up and ready for another spring. I laid him out in a second with a stick, and Jim grabbed pap's whisky-jug and begun to pour it down.

He was barefooted, and the snake bit him right on the heel. That all comes of my being such a fool as to not remember that wherever you leave a dead snake its mate always comes there and curls around it. Jim told me to chop off the snake's head and throw it away, and then skin the body and roast a piece of it. I done it, and he eat it and said it would help cure him. He made me take off the rattles and tie them around his wrist, too. He said that that would help. Then I slid out quiet and throwed the snakes clear away amongst the bushes; for I warn't going to let Jim find out it was all my fault, not if I could help it.

Jim sucked and sucked at the jug, and now and then he got out of his head and pitched around and yelled; but every time he come to himself he went to sucking at the jug again. His foot swelled up pretty big, and so did his leg; but by and by the drunk begun to come, and so I judged he was all right; but I'd druther been bit with a snake than pap's whisky.

Jim was laid up for four days and nights. Then the swelling was all gone and he was around again. I made up my mind I wouldn't ever take a-holt of a snake-skin again with my hands, now that I see what had come of it. Jim said he reckoned I would believe him next time. And he said that handling a snake-skin was such awful bad luck that maybe we hadn't got to the end of it yet. He said he druther see the new moon over his left shoulder as much as a thousand times than take up a snake-skin in his hand. Well, I was getting to feel that way myself, though I've always reckoned that looking at the new moon over your left shoulder is one of the carelessest and foolishest things a body can do. Old Hank Bunker done it once, and bragged about it; and in less than two years he got drunk and fell off of the shot-tower, and spread himself out so that he was just a kind of a layer, as you may say; and they slid him edgeways between two barn doors for a coffin, and buried him so, so they say, but I didn't see it. Pap told me. But anyway it all come of looking at the moon that way, like a fool.

Well, the days went along, and the river went down between its banks again; and about the first thing we done was to bait one of the big hooks with a skinned rabbit and set it and catch a catfish that was as big as a man, being six foot two inches long, and weighed over two hundred pounds. We couldn't handle him, of course; he would 'a' flung us into Illinois. We just set there and watched him rip and tear around till he drownded. We found a brass button in his stomach and a round ball, and lots of rubbage. We split the ball open with a hatchet, and there was a spool in it. Jim said he'd had it there a long time, to coat it over so and make a ball of it. It was as big a fish as was ever catched in the Mississippi, I reckon. Jim said he hadn't ever seen a bigger one. He would 'a' been worth a good deal over at the village. They peddle out such a fish as that by the pound in the market-house there; everybody buys some of him; his meat's as white as snow and makes a good fry.

Next morning I said it was getting slow and dull, and I wanted to get a stirring-up some way. I said I reckoned I would slip over the river and find out what was going on. Jim liked that notion; but he said I must go in the dark and look sharp. Then he studied it over and said, couldn't I put on some of them old things and dress up like a girl? That was a good notion, too. So we shortened up one of the calico gowns, and I turned up my trouser-legs to my knees and got into it. Jim

hitched it behind with the hooks, and it was a fair fit. I put on the sun-bonnet and tied it under my chin, and then for a body to look in and see my face was like looking down a joint of stove-pipe. Jim said nobody would know me, even in the daytime, hardly. I practised around all day to get the hang of the things, and by and by I could do pretty well in them, only Jim said I didn't walk like a girl; and he said I must quit pulling up my gown to get at my britches-pocket. I took notice, and done better.

I started up the Illinois shore in the canoe just after dark.

I started across to the town from a little below the ferry-landing, and the drift of the current fetched me in at the bottom of the town. I tied up and started along the bank. There was a light burning in a little shanty that hadn't been lived in for a long time, and I wondered who had took up quarters there. I slipped up and peeped in at the window. There was a woman about forty year old in there knitting by a candle that was on a pine table. I didn't know her face; she was a stranger, for you couldn't start a face in that town that I didn't know. Now this was lucky, because I was weakening; I was getting afraid I had come; people might know my voice and find me out. But if this woman had been in such a little town two days she could tell me all I wanted to know; so I knocked at the door, and made up my mind I wouldn't forget I was a girl.

## 11. THEY'RE AFTER US!

"Come in," says the woman, and I did. She says: "Take a cheer."

I done it. She looked me all over with her little shiny eyes, and says:

"What might your name be?"

"Sarah Williams."

"Where'bouts do you live? In this neighborhood?"

"No'm. In Hookerville, seven mile below. I've walked all the way and I'm all tired out."

"Hungry, too, I reckon. I'll find you something."

"No'm, I ain't hungry. I was so hungry I had to stop two miles below here at a farm; so I ain't hungry no more. It's what makes me so late. My mother's down sick, and out of money and everything, and I come to tell my uncle Abner Moore. He lives at the upper end of the town, she says. I hain't ever been here before. Do you know him?"

"No; but I don't know everybody yet. I haven't lived here quite two weeks. It's a considerable ways to the upper end of the town. You better stay here all night. Take off your bonnet."

"No," I says; "I'll rest awhile, I reckon, and go on. I ain't afeard of the dark."

She said she wouldn't let me go by myself, but her husband would be in by and by, maybe in an hour and a half, and she'd send him along with me. Then she got to talking about her husband, and about her relations up the river, and her relations down the river, and about how much better off they used to was, and how they didn't know but they'd made a mistake coming to our town, instead of letting well alone—and so on and so on, till I was afeard *I* had made a mistake coming to her to find out what was going on in the town; but by and by she dropped on to pap and the murder, and then I was pretty willing to let her clatter right along. She told about me and Tom Sawyer finding the twelve thousand dollars (only she got it twenty) and all about pap and what a hard lot he was, and what a hard lot I was, and at last she got down to where I was murdered. I says:

"Who done it? We've heard considerable about these goings-on down in Hookerville, but we don't know who 'twas that killed Huck Finn."

"Well, I reckon there's a right smart chance of people *here* that 'd like to know who killed him. Some think old Finn done it himself."

"No—is that so?"

"Most everybody thought it at first. He'll never know how nigh he come to getting lynched. But before night they changed around and judged it was done by a runaway nigger named Jim."

"Why *he*—"

I stopped. I reckoned I better keep still. She run on, and never noticed I had put in at all:

"The nigger run off the very night Huck Finn was killed. So there's a reward out for him—three hundred dollars. And there's a reward out for old Finn, too—two hundred

dollars. You see, he come to town the morning after the murder, and told about it, and was out with 'em on the ferryboat hunt, and right away after he up and left. Before night they wanted to lynch him, but he was gone, you see. Well, next day they found out the nigger was gone; they found out he hadn't ben seen sence ten o'clock the night the murder was done. So then they put it on him, you see; and while they was full of it, next day, back comes old Finn, and went boo-hooing to Judge Thatcher to get money to hunt for the nigger all over Illinois with. The judge gave him some, and that evening he got drunk, and was around till after midnight with a couple of mighty hard-looking strangers, and then went off with them. Well, he hain't come back sence, and they ain't looking for him back till this thing blows over a little, for people thinks now that he killed his boy and fixed things so folks would think robbers done it, and then he'd get Huck's money without having to bother a long time with a lawsuit. People do say he warn't any too good to do it. Oh, he's sly, I reckon. If he don't come back for a year he'll be all right. You can't prove anything on him, you know; everything will be quieted down then, and he'll walk in Huck's money as easy as nothing."

"Yes, I reckon so, 'm. I don't see nothing in the way of it. Has everybody quit thinking the nigger done it?"

"Oh, no, not everybody. A good many thinks he done it. But they'll get the nigger pretty soon now, and maybe they can scare it out of him."

"Why, are they after him yet?"

"Well, you're innocent, ain't you! Does three hundred dollars lay around every day for people to pick up? Some folks think the nigger ain't far from here. I'm one of them—but I hain't talked it around. A few days ago I was talking with an old couple that lives next door in the log shanty, and they happened to say hardly anybody ever goes to that island over yonder that they call Jackson's Island. Don't anybody live there? says I. No, nobody, says they. I didn't say any more, but I done some thinking. I was pretty near certain I'd seen smoke over there, about the head of the island, a day or two before that, so I says to myself, like as not that nigger's hiding over there; anyway, says I, it's worth the trouble to give the place a hunt. I hain't seen any smoke sence, so I reckon maybe he's gone, if it was him; but husband's going over to see—him and another man. He was gone up the river; but he got back today, and I told him as soon as he got here two hours ago."

I had got so uneasy I couldn't set still. I had to do something with my hands; so I took up a needle off of the table and went to threading it. My hands shook, and I was making a bad job of it. When the woman stopped talking I looked up, and she was looking at me pretty curious and smiling a little. I put down the needle and thread, and let on to be interested—and I was, too—and says:

"Three hundred dollars is a power of money. I wish my mother could get it. Is your husband going over there tonight?"

"Oh, yes. He went up-town with the man I was telling you of, to get a boat and see if they could borrow another gun. They'll go over after midnight."

"Couldn't they see better if they was to wait till daytime?"

"Yes. And couldn't the nigger see better, too? After midnight he'll likely be asleep, and they can slip around through the woods and hunt up his camp-fire all the better for the dark, if he's got one."

"I didn't think of that."

The woman kept looking at me pretty curious, and I didn't feel a bit comfortable. Pretty soon she says:

"What did you say your name was, honey?"

"M—Mary Williams."

Somehow it didn't seem to me that I said it was Mary before, so I didn't look up—seemed to me I said it was Sarah; so I felt sort of cornered, and was afeard maybe I was looking it, too. I wished the woman would say something more; the longer she set still the uneasier I was. But now she says:

"Honey, I thought you said it was Sarah when you first come in?"

"Oh, yes'm, I did. Sarah Mary Williams. Sarah's my first name. Some calls me Sarah, some calls me Mary."

"Oh, that's the way of it?"

"Yes'm."

I was feeling better then, but I wished I was out of there, anyway. I couldn't look up yet.

Well, the woman fell to talking about how hard times was, and how poor they had to live, and how the rats was as free as if they owned the place, and so forth and so on, and then I got easy again. She was right about the rats. You'd see one stick his nose out of a hole in the corner every little while. She said she had to have things handy to throw at them when she was alone, or they wouldn't give her no peace. She showed me a bar of lead twisted up into a knot, and said she was a good shot with it generly, but she'd wrenched her arm a day or two ago, and didn't know whether she could throw true now. But she watched for a chance, and directly banged away at a rat; but she missed him wide, and said, "Ouch!" it hurt her arm so. Then she told me to try for the next one. I wanted to be getting away before the old man got back, but of course I didn't let on. I got the thing, and the first rat that showed his nose I let drive, and if he'd 'a' stayed where he was he'd 'a' been a tolerable sick rat. She said that was first-rate, and she reckoned I would hive the next one. She went and got the lump of lead and fetched it back, and brought along a hank of yarn which she wanted me to help her with. I held up my two hands and she put the hank over them, and went on talking about her and her husband's matters. But she broke off to say:

"Keep your eye on the rats. You better have the lead in your lap, handy."

So she dropped the lump into my lap just at that moment, and I clapped my legs together on it and she went on talking. But only about a minute. Then she took off the hank and looked me straight in the face, and very pleasant, and says:

"Come, now, what's your real name?"

"Wh-hat, mum?"

"What's your real name? Is it Bill, or Tom, or Bob?—or what is it?"

I reckon I shook like a leaf, and I didn't know hardly what to do. But I says:

"Please to don't poke fun at a poor girl like me, mum. If I'm in the way here, I'll—"

"No, you won't. Set down and stay where you are. I ain't going to hurt you, and I ain't going to tell on you, nuther. You just tell me your secret, and trust me. I'll keep it; and, what's more, I'll help you. So'll my old man if you want him to. You see, you're a runaway 'prentice, that's all. It ain't anything. There ain't no harm in it. You've been treated bad, and you made up your mind to cut. Bless you, child, I wouldn't tell on you. Tell me all about it now, that's a good boy."

So I said it wouldn't be no use to try to play it any longer, and I would just make a clean breast and tell her everything, but she mustn't go back on her promise. Then I told her my father and mother was dead, and the law had bound me out to a mean old farmer in the country thirty mile back from the river, and he treated me so bad I couldn't stand it no longer; he went away to be gone a couple of days, and so I took my chance and stole some of his daughter's old clothes and cleared out, and I had been three nights coming the thirty miles. I traveled nights, and hid daytimes and slept, and the bag of bread and meat I carried from home lasted me all the way, and I had a-plenty. I said I believed my uncle Abner Moore would take care of me, and so that was why I struck out for this town of Goshen.

"Goshen, child? This ain't Goshen. This is St. Petersburg. Goshen's ten mile further up the river. Who told you this was Goshen?"

"Why, a man I met at daybreak this morning, just as I was going to turn into the woods for my regular sleep. He told me when the roads forked I must take the right hand, and five mile would fetch me to Goshen."

"He was drunk, I reckon. He told you just exactly wrong."

"Well, he did act like he was drunk, but it ain't no matter now. I got to be moving along. I'll fetch Goshen before daylight."

"Hold on a minute. I'll put you up a snack to eat. You might want it."

So she put me up a snack, and says:

"Say, when a cow's laying down, which end of her gets up first? Answer up prompt now—don't stop to study over it. Which end gets up first?"

"The hind end, mum."

"Well, then, a horse?"

"The for'rard end, mum."

"Which side of a tree does the moss grow on?"

"North side."

"If fifteen cows is browsing on a hillside,

how many of them eats with their heads pointed the same direction?"

"The whole fifteen, mum."

"Well, I reckon you *have* lived in the country. I thought maybe you was trying to hocus me again. What's your real name, now?"

"George Peters, mum."

"Well, try to remember it, George. Don't forget and tell me it's Elexander before you go, and then get out by saying it's George Elexander when I catch you. And don't go about women in that old calico. You do a girl tolerable poor, but you might fool men, maybe. Bless you, child, when you set out to thread a needle don't hold the thread still and fetch the needle up to it; hold the needle still and poke the thread at it; that's the way a woman most always does, but a man always does t'other way. And when you throw at a rat or anything, hitch yourself up a-tiptoe and fetch your hand up over your head as awkward as you can, and miss your rat about six or seven foot. Throw stiff-armed from the shoulder, like there was a pivot there for it to turn on, like a girl; not from the wrist and elbow, with your arm out to one side, like a boy. And, mind you, when a girl tries to catch anything in her lap she throws her knees apart; she don't clap them together, the way you did when you catched the lump of lead. Why, I spotted you for a boy when you was threading the needle; and I contrived the other things just to make certain. Now trot along to your uncle, Sarah Mary Williams George Elexander Peters, and if you get into trouble you send word to Mrs. Judith Loftus, which is me, and I'll do what I can to get you out of it. Keep the river road all the way, and next time you tramp take shoes and socks with you. The river road's a rocky one, and your feet'll be in condition when you get to Goshen, I reckon."

I went up the bank about fifty yards, and then I doubled on my tracks and slipped back to where my canoe was, a good piece below the house. I jumped in, and was off in a hurry. I went up-stream far enough to make the head of the island, and then started across. I took off the sun-bonnet, for I didn't want no blinders on then. When I was about the middle I heard the clock begin to strike, so I stops and listens; the sound come faint over the water but clear—eleven. When I struck the head of the island I never waited to blow, though I was most winded, but I shoved right into the timber where my old camp used to be, and started a good fire there on a high and dry spot.

Then I jumped in the canoe and dug out for our place, a mile and a half below, as hard as I could go. I landed, and slopped through the timber and up the ridge, and into the cavern. There Jim laid, sound asleep on the ground. I roused him out and says:

"Git up and hump yourself, Jim! There ain't a minute to lose. They're after us!"

Jim never asked no questions, he never said a word; but the way he worked for the next half an hour showed about how he was scared. By that time everything we had in the world was on our raft, and she was ready to be shoved out from the willow cove where she was hid. We put out the camp-fire at the cavern the first thing, and didn't show a candle outside after that.

I took the canoe out from the shore a little piece, and took a look; but if there was a boat around I couldn't see it, for stars and shadows ain't good to see by. Then we got out the raft and slipped along down in the shade, past the foot of the island dead still—never saying a word.

## 12. "BETTER LET BLAME WELL ALONE"

It must 'a' been close on to one o'clock when we got below the island at last, and the raft did seem to go mighty slow. If a boat was to come along we was going to take to the canoe and break for the Illinois shore; and it was well a boat didn't come, for we hadn't ever thought to put the gun in the canoe, or a fishing-line, or anything to eat. We was in ruther too much of a sweat to think of so many things. It warn't good judgment to put *everything* on the raft.

If the men went to the island I just expect they found the camp-fire I built, and watched it all night for Jim to come. Anyways, they stayed away from us, and if my building the fire never fooled them it warn't no fault of mine. I played it as low down on them as I could.

When the first streak of day began to show

we tied up to a towhead in a big bend on the Illinois side, and hacked off cottonwood branches with the hatchet, and covered up the raft with them so she looked like there had been a cave-in in the bank there. A towhead is a sand-bar that has cottonwoods on it as thick as harrow-teeth.

We had mountains on the Missouri shore and heavy timber on the Illinois side, and the channel was down the Missouri shore at that place, so we warn't afraid of anybody running across us. We laid there all day, and watched the rafts and steamboats spin down the Missouri shore, and up-bound steamboats fight the big river in the middle. I told Jim all about the time I had jabbering with that woman; and Jim said she was a smart one, and if she was to start after us herself *she* wouldn't set down and watch a camp-fire—no, sir, she'd fetch a dog. Well, then, I said, why couldn't she tell her husband to fetch a dog? Jim said he bet she did think of it by the time the men was ready to start, and he believed they must 'a' gone up-town to get a dog and so they lost all that time, or else we wouldn't be here on a towhead sixteen or seventeen mile below the village—no, indeedy, we would be in that same old town again. So I said I didn't care what was the reason they didn't get us as long as they didn't.

When it was beginning to come on dark we poked our heads out of the cottonwood thicket, and looked up and down and across; nothing in sight; so Jim took up some of the top planks of the raft and built a snug wigwam to get under in blazing weather and rainy, and to keep the things dry. Jim made a floor for the wigwam, and raised it a foot or more above the level of the raft, so now the blankets and all the traps was out of reach of steamboat waves. Right in the middle of the wigwam we made a layer of dirt about five or six inches deep with a frame around it for to hold it to its place; this was to build a fire on in sloppy weather or chilly; the wigwam would keep it from being seen. We made an extra steering-oar, too, because one of the others might get broke on a snag or something. We fixed up a short forked stick to hang the old lantern on, because we must always light the lantern whenever we see a steamboat coming down-stream, to keep from getting run over; but we wouldn't have to light it for up-stream boats unless we see we was in what they call a "crossing"; for the river was pretty high yet, very low banks being still a little under water; so up-bound boats didn't always run the channel, but hunted easy water.

This second night we run between seven and eight hours, with a current that was making over four mile an hour. We catched fish and talked, and we took a swim now and then to keep off sleepiness. It was kind of solemn, drifting down the big, still river, laying on our backs looking up at the stars, and we didn't ever feel like talking loud, and it warn't often that we laughed—only a little kind of a low chuckle. We had mighty good weather as a general thing, and nothing ever happened to us at all—that night, nor the next, nor the next.

Every night we passed towns, some of them away up on black hillsides, nothing but just a shiny bed of lights; not a house could you see. The fifth night we passed St. Louis, and it was like the whole world lit up. In St. Petersburg they used to say there was twenty or thirty thousand people in St. Louis, but I never believed it till I see that wonderful spread of lights at two o'clock that still night. There warn't a sound there; everybody was asleep.

Every night now I used to slip ashore toward ten o'clock at some little village, and buy ten or fifteen cents' worth of meal or bacon or other stuff to eat; and sometimes I lifted a chicken that warn't roosting comfortable, and took him along. Pap always said, take a chicken when you get a chance, because if you don't want him yourself you can easy find somebody that does, and a good deed ain't ever forgot. I never see pap when he didn't want the chicken himself, but that is what he used to say, anyway.

Mornings before daylight I slipped into corn-fields and borrowed a watermelon, or a mushmelon, or a punkin, or some new corn, or things of that kind. Pap always said it warn't no harm to borrow things if you was meaning to pay them back some time; but the widow said it warn't anything but a soft name for stealing, and no decent body would do it. Jim said he reckoned the widow was partly

right and pap was partly right; so the best way would be for us to pick out two or three things from the list and say we wouldn't borrow them any more—then he reckoned it wouldn't be no harm to borrow the others. So we talked it over all one night, drifting along down the river, trying to make up our minds whether to drop the watermelons, or the cantelopes, or the mushmelons, or what. But toward daylight we got all settled satisfactory, and concluded to drop crabapples and p'simmons. We warn't feeling just right before that, but it was all comfortable now. I was glad the way it come out, too, because crabapples ain't ever good, and the p'simmons wouldn't be ripe for two or three months yet.

We shot a water-fowl now and then that got up too early in the morning or didn't go to bed early enough in the evening. Take it all round, we lived pretty high.

The fifth night below St. Louis we had a big storm after midnight, with a power of thunder and lightning, and the rain poured down in a solid sheet. We stayed in the wigwam and let the raft take care of itself. When the lightning glared out we could see a big straight river ahead, and high, rocky bluffs on both sides. By and by says I, "Hel-*lo*, Jim, looky yonder!" It was a steamboat that had killed herself on a rock. We was drifting straight down for her. The lightning showed her very distinct. She was leaning over, with part of her upper deck above water, and you could see every little chimbly-guy clean and clear, and a chair by the big bell, with an old slouch hat hanging on the back of it, when the flashes come.

Well, it being away in the night and stormy, and all so mysterious-like, I felt just the way any other boy would 'a' felt when I seen that wreck laying there so mournful and lonesome in the middle of the river. I wanted to get aboard of her and slink around a little, and see what there was there. So I says:

"Le's land on her, Jim."

But Jim was dead against it at first. He says:

"I doan' want to go fool'n' 'long er no wrack. We's doin' blame' well, en we better let blame' well alone, as de good book says. Like as not dey's a watchman on dat wrack."

"Watchman your grandmother," I says; "there ain't nothing to watch but the texas and the pilot-house; and do you reckon anybody's going to resk his life for a texas and a pilot-house such a night as this, when it's likely to break up and wash off down the river any minute?" Jim couldn't say nothing to that, so he didn't try. "And besides," I says, "we might borrow something worth having out of the captain's stateroom. Seegars, *I* bet you—and cost five cents apiece, solid cash. Steamboat captains is always rich, and get sixty dollars a month, and *they* don't care a cent what a thing costs, you know, long as they want it. Stick a candle in your pocket; I can't rest, Jim, till we give her a rummaging. Do you reckon Tom Sawyer would ever go by this thing? Not for pie, he wouldn't. He'd call it an adventure—that's what he'd call it; and he'd land on that wreck if it was his last act. And wouldn't he throw style into it?—wouldn't he spread himself, nor nothing? Why, you'd think it was Christopher C'lumbus discovering Kingdom Come. I wish Tom Sawyer *was* here."

Jim he grumbled a little, but give in. He said we mustn't talk any more than we could help, and then talk mighty low. The lightning showed us the wreck again just in time, and we fetched the stabboard derrick, and made fast there.

The deck was high out here. We went sneaking down the slope of it to labboard, in the dark, towards the texas, feeling our way slow with our feet, and spreading our hands out to fend off the guys, for it was so dark we couldn't see no sign of them. Pretty soon we struck the forward end of the skylight, and clumb on it; and the next step fetched us in front of the captain's door, which was open, and by Jiminy, away down through the texas-hall we see a light! and all in the same second we seem to hear low voices in yonder!

Jim whispered and said he was feeling powerful sick, and told me to come along. I says, all right, and was going to start for the raft; but just then I heard a voice wail out and say:

"Oh, please don't, boys; I swear I won't ever tell!"

Another voice said, pretty loud:

"It's a lie, Jim Turner. You've acted this way before. You always want more'n your share of the truck, and you've always got it,

too, because you've swore 't if you didn't you'd tell. But this time you've said it jest one time too many. You're the meanest, treacherousest hound in this country."

By this time Jim was gone for the raft. I was just a-biling with curiosity; and I says to myself, Tom Sawyer wouldn't back out now, and so I won't either; I'm a-going to see what's going on here. So I dropped on my hands and knees in the little passage, and crept aft in the dark till there warn't but one stateroom betwixt me and the cross-hall of the texas. Then in there I see a man stretched on the floor and tied hand and foot, and two men standing over him, and one of them had a dim lantern in his hand, and the other one had a pistol. This one kept pointing the pistol at the man's head on the floor, and saying:

"I'd *like* to! And I orter, too—a mean skunk!"

The man on the floor would shrivel up and say, "Oh, please don't, Bill; I hain't ever goin' to tell."

And every time he said that the man with the lantern would laugh and say:

"'Deed you ain't! You never said no truer thing 'n that, you bet you." And once he said: "Hear him beg! and yit if we hadn't got the best of him and tied him he'd 'a' killed us both. And what *for?* Jist for noth'n'. Jist because we stood on our *rights*—that's what for. But I lay you ain't a-goin' to threaten nobody any more, Jim Turner. Put *up* that pistol, Bill."

Bill says:

"I don't want to, Jake Packard. I'm for killin' him—and didn't he kill old Hatfield jist the same way—and don't he deserve it?"

"But I don't *want* him killed, and I've got my reasons for it."

"Bless yo' heart for them words, Jake Packard! I'll never forgit you long's I live!" says the man on the floor, sort of blubbering.

Packard didn't take no notice of that, but hung up his lantern on a nail and started toward where I was, there in the dark, and motioned Bill to come. I crawfished as fast as I could about two yards, but the boat slanted so that I couldn't make very good time; so to keep from getting run over and catched I crawled into a stateroom on the upper side. The man came a-pawing along in the dark, and when Packard got to my stateroom, he says:

"Here—come in here."

And in he come, and Bill after him. But before they got in I was up in the upper berth, cornered, and sorry I come. Then they stood there, with their hands on the ledge of the berth, and talked. I couldn't see them, but I could tell where they was by the whisky they'd been having. I was glad I didn't drink whisky; but it wouldn't made much difference anyway, because most of the time they couldn't 'a' treed me because I didn't breathe. I was too scared. And, besides, a body *couldn't* breathe and hear such talk. They talked low and earnest. Bill wanted to kill Turner. He says:

"He's said he'll tell, and he will. If we was to give both our shares to him *now* it wouldn't make no difference after the row and the way we've served him. Shore's you're born, he'll turn state's evidence; now you hear *me*. I'm for putting him out of his troubles."

"So'm I," says Packard, very quiet.

"Blame it, I'd sorter begun to think you wasn't. Well, then, that's all right. Le's go and do it."

"Hold on a minute; I hain't had my say yit. You listen to me. Shooting's good, but there's quieter ways if the thing's *got* to be done. But what *I* say is this: it ain't good sense to go court'n' around after a halter if you can git at what you're up to in some way that's jist as good and at the same time don't bring you into no resks. Ain't that so?"

"You bet it is. But how you goin' to manage it this time?"

"Well, my idea is this: we'll rustle around and gather up whatever pickin's we've overlooked in the staterooms, and shove for shore and hide the truck. Then we'll wait. Now I say it ain't a-goin' to be more'n two hours befo' this wrack breaks up and washes off down the river. See? He'll be drownded, and won't have nobody to blame for it but his own self. I reckon that's a considerable sight better 'n killin' of him. I'm unfavorable to killin' a man as long as you can git aroun' it; it ain't good sense, it ain't good morals. Ain't I right?"

"Yes, I reck'n you are. But s'pose she *don't* break up and wash off?"

"Well, we can wait the two hours anyway and see, can't we?"

"All right, then; come along."

So they started, and I lit out, all in a cold sweat, and scrambled forward. It was dark as pitch there; but I said, in a kind of a coarse whisper, "Jim!" and he answered up, right at my elbow, with a sort of a moan, and I says:

"Quick, Jim, it ain't no time for fooling around and moaning; there's a gang of murderers in yonder, and if we don't hunt up their boat and set her drifting down the river so these fellows can't get away from the wreck there's one of 'em going to be in a bad fix. But if we find their boat we can put *all* of 'em in a bad fix—for the sheriff 'll get 'em. Quick—hurry! I'll hunt the labboard side, you hunt the stabboard. You start at the raft, and—"

"Oh, my lordy, lordy! *Raf'?* Dey ain' no raf' no mo'; she done broke loose en gone!—en here we is!"

## 13. HONEST LOOT FROM THE "WALTER SCOTT"

Well, I catched my breath and most fainted. Shut up on a wreck with such a gang as that! But it warn't no time to be sentimentering. We'd *got* to find that boat now—had to have it for ourselves. So we went a-quaking and shaking down the stabboard side, and slow work it was, too—seemed a week before we got to the stern. No sign of a boat. Jim said he didn't believe he could go any farther—so scared he hadn't hardly any strength left, he said. But I said, come on, if we get left on this wreck we are in a fix, sure. So on we prowled again. We struck for the stern of the texas, and found it, and then scrabbled along forwards on the skylight, hanging on from shutter to shutter, for the edge of the skylight was in the water. When we got pretty close to the cross-hall door there was the skiff, sure enough! I could just barely see her. I felt ever so thankful. In another second I would 'a' been aboard of her, but just then the door opened. One of the men stuck his head out only about a couple of foot from me, and I thought I was gone; but he jerked it in again, and says:

"Heave that blame lantern out o' sight, Bill!"

He flung a bag of something into the boat, and then got in himself and set down. It was Packard. Then Bill *he* come out and got in. Packard says, in a low voice:

"All ready—shove off!"

I couldn't hardly hang on to the shutters, I was so weak. But Bill says:

"Hold on—'d you go through him?"

"No. Didn't you?"

"No. So he's got his share o' the cash yet."

"Well, then, come along; no use to take truck and leave money."

"Say, won't he suspicion what we're up to?"

"Maybe he won't. But we got to have it anyway. Come along."

So they got out and went in.

The door slammed to because it was on the careened side; and in a half second I was in the boat, and Jim come tumbling after me. I out with my knife and cut the rope, and away we went!

We didn't touch an oar, and we didn't speak nor whisper, nor hardly even breathe. We went gliding swift along, dead silent, past the tip of the paddlebox, and past the stern; then in a second or two more we was a hundred yards below the wreck, and the darkness soaked her up, every last sign of her, and we was safe, and knowed it.

When we was three or four hundred yards down-stream we see the lantern show like a little spark at the texas door for a second, and we knowed by that that the rascals had missed their boat, and was beginning to understand that they was in just as much trouble now as Jim Turner was.

Then Jim manned the oars, and we took out after our raft. Now was the first time that I begun to worry about the men—I reckon I hadn't had time to before. I begun to think how dreadful it was, even for murderers, to be in such a fix. I says to myself, there ain't no telling but I might come to be a murderer myself yet, and then how would I like it? So says I to Jim:

"The first light we see we'll land a hundred yards below it or above it, in a place where it's a good hiding-place for you and the skiff, and then I'll go and fix up some kind of a yarn, and get somebody to go for that gang and get them out of their scrape, so they can be hung when their time comes."

But that idea was a failure; for pretty soon

it begun to storm again, and this time worse than ever. The rain poured down, and never a light showed; everybody in bed, I reckon. We boomed along down the river, watching for lights and watching for our raft. After a long time the rain let up, but the clouds stayed, and the lightning kept whimpering, and by and by a flash showed us a black thing ahead, floating, and we made for it.

It was the raft, and mighty glad was we to get aboard of it again. We seen a light now away down to the right, on shore. So I said I would go for it. The skiff was half full of plunder which that gang had stole there on the wreck. We hustled it on to the raft in a pile, and I told Jim to float along down, and show a light when he judged he had gone about two mile, and keep it burning till I come; then I manned my oars and shoved for the light. As I got down towards it three or four more showed—up on a hillside. It was a village. I closed in above the shore light, and laid on my oars and floated. As I went by I see it was a lantern hanging on the jackstaff of a double-hull ferryboat. I skimmed around for the watchman, a-wondering whereabouts he slept; and by and by I found him roosting on the bitts forward, with his head down between his knees. I gave his shoulder two or three little shoves, and begun to cry.

He stirred up in a kind of a startlish way; but when he see it was only me he took a good gap and stretch, and then he says:

"Hello, what's up? Don't cry, bub. What's the trouble?"

I says:

"Pap, and mam, and sis, and—"

Then I broke down. He says:

"Oh, dang it now, *don't* take on so; we all has to have our troubles, with this 'n 'll come out all right. What's the matter with 'em?"

"They're—they're—are you the watchman of the boat?"

"Yes," he says, kind of pretty-well-satisfied like. "I'm the captain and the owner and the mate and the pilot and watchman and head deck-hand; and sometimes I'm the freight and passengers. I ain't as rich as old Jim Hornback, and I can't be so blame' generous and good to Tom, Dick, and Harry as what he is, and slam around money the way he does; but I've told him a many a time 't I wouldn't trade places with him; for, says I, a sailor's life's the life for me, and I'm derned if *I'd* live two mile out o' town, where there ain't nothing ever goin' on, not for all his spondulicks and as much more on top of it. Says I—"

I broke in and says:

"They're in an awful peck of trouble, and—"

"*Who* is?"

"Why, pap and mam and sis and Miss Hooker; and if you'd take your ferryboat and go up there—"

"Up where? Where are they?"

"On the wreck."

"What wreck?"

"Why, there ain't but one."

"What, you don't mean the *Walter Scott*?"

"Yes."

"Good land! what are they doin' *there,* for gracious sakes?"

"Well, they didn't go there a-purpose."

"I bet they didn't! Why, great goodness, there ain't no chance for 'em if they don't git off mighty quick! Why, how in the nation did they ever git into such a scrape?"

"Easy enough. Miss Hooker was a-visiting up there to the town—"

"Yes. Booth's Landing—go on."

"She was a-visiting there at Booth's Landing, and just in the edge of the evening she started over with her nigger woman in the horse-ferry to stay all night at her friend's house, Miss What-you-may-call-her—I disremember her name—and they lost their steering-oar, and swung around and went a-floating down, stern first, about two mile, and saddle-baggsed on the wreck, and the ferryman and the nigger woman and the horses was all lost, but Miss Hooker she made a grab and got aboard the wreck. Well, about an hour after dark we come along down in our trading-scow, and it was so dark we didn't notice the wreck till we was right on it; and so *we* saddle-baggsed; but all of us was saved but Bill Whipple—and oh, he *was* the best creture!—I most wish 't it had been me, I do."

"My George! It's the beatenest thing I ever struck. And *then* what did you all do?"

"Well, we hollered and took on, but it's so wide there we couldn't make nobody hear. So pap said somebody got to get ashore and get

help somehow. I was the only one that could swim, so I made a dash for it, and Miss Hooker she said if I didn't strike help sooner, come here and hunt up her uncle, and he'd fix the thing. I made the land about a mile below, and been fooling along ever since, trying to get people to do something, but they said, 'What, in such a night and such a current? There ain't no sense in it; go for the steam-ferry.' Now if you'll go and—"

"By Jackson, I'd *like* to, and, blame it, I don't know but I will; but who in the ding-nation's a-going to *pay* for it? Do you reckon your pap—"

"Why *that's* all right. Miss Hooker she tole me, *particular,* that her uncle Hornback—"

"Great guns! is *he* her uncle? Looky here, you break for that light over yonder-way, and turn out west when you git there, and about a quarter of a mile out you'll come to the tavern; tell 'em to dart you out to Jim Hornback's, and he'll foot the bill. And don't you fool around any, because he'll want to know the news. Tell him I'll have his niece all safe before he can get to town. Hump yourself, now; I'm a-going up around the corner here to roust out my engineer."

I struck for the light, but as soon as he turned the corner I went back and got into my skiff and bailed her out, and then pulled up shore in the easy water about six hundred yards, and tucked myself in among some wood-boats; for I couldn't rest easy till I could see the ferryboat start. But take it all around, I was feeling ruther comfortable on accounts of taking all this trouble for that gang, for not many would 'a' done it. I wished the widow knowed about it. I judged she would be proud of me for helping these rapscallions, because rapscallions and dead-beats is the kind the widow and good people takes the most interest in.

Well, before long here comes the wreck, dim and dusky, sliding along down! A kind of cold shiver went through me, and then I struck out for her. She was very deep, and I see in a minute there warn't much chance for anybody being alive in her. I pulled all around her and hollered a little, but there wasn't any answer; all dead still. I felt a little bit heavy-hearted about the gang, but not much, for I reckoned if they could stand it I could.

Then here comes the ferryboat; so I shoved for the middle of the river on a long down-stream slant; and when I judged I was out of eye-reach I laid on my oars, and looked back and see her go and smell around the wreck of Miss Hooker's remainders, because the captain would know her uncle Hornback would want them; and then pretty soon the ferryboat give it up and went for the shore, and I laid into my work and went a-booming down the river.

It did seem a powerful long time before Jim's light showed up; and when it did show it looked like it was a thousand mile off. By the time I got there the sky was beginning to get a little gray in the east; so we struck for an island, and hid the raft, and sunk the skiff, and turned in and slept like dead people.

### 14. WAS SOLOMON WISE?

By and by, when we got up, we turned over the truck the gang had stole off of the wreck, and found boots, blankets, and clothes, and all sorts of other things, and a lot of books, and a spy-glass, and three boxes of seegars. We hadn't ever been this rich before in neither of our lives. The seegars was prime. We laid off all the afternoon in the woods talking, and me reading the books, and having a general good time. I told Jim all about what happened inside the wreck and at the ferryboat, and I said these kinds of things was adventures; but he said he didn't want no more adventures. He said that when I went in the texas and he crawled back to get on the raft and found her gone he nearly died, because he judged it was all up with *him* anyway it could be fixed; for if he didn't get saved he would get drownded; and if he did get saved, whoever saved him would send him back home so as to get the reward, and then Miss Watson would sell him South, sure. Well, he was right; he was most always right; he had an uncommon level head for a nigger.

I read considerable to Jim about kings and dukes and earls and such, and how gaudy they dressed, and how much style they put on, and called each other your majesty, and your grace, and your lordship, and so on, 'stead of mister; and Jim's eyes bugged out, and he was interested. He says:

"I didn't know dey was so many un um. I hain't hearn 'bout none un um, skasely, but ole King Sollermun, onless you counts dem kings dat's in a pack er k'yards. How much do a king git?"

"Get?" I says; "why, they get a thousand dollars a month if they want it; they can have just as much as they want; everything belongs to them."

"*Ain'* dat gay? En what dey got to do, Huck?"

"*They* don't do nothing! Why, how you talk! They just set around."

"No; is dat so?"

"Of course it is. They just set around—except, maybe, when there's a war; then they go to the war. But other times they just lazy around; or go hawking—just hawking and sp— Sh!—d'you hear a noise?"

We skipped out and looked; but it warn't nothing but the flutter of a steamboat's wheel away down, coming around the point; so we come back.

"Yes," says I, "and other times, when things is dull, they fuss with the parlyment; and if everybody don't go just so he whacks their heads off. But mostly they hang round the harem."

"Roun' de which?"

"Harem."

"What's de harem?"

"The place where he keeps his wives. Don't you know about the harem? Solomon had one; he had about a million wives."

"Why, yes, dat's so; I—I'd done forgot it. A harem's a bo'd'n-house, I reck'n. Mos' likely dey has rackety times in de nussery. En I reck'n de wives quarrels considable; en dat 'crease de racket. Yit dey say Sollermun de wises' man dat ever liv'. I doan' take no stock in dat. Bekase why: would a wise man want to live in de mids' er sich a blim-blammin' all de time? No—'deed he wouldn't. A wise man 'ud take en buil' a biler-factry; en den he could shet *down* de biler-factry when he want to res'."

"Well, but he *was* the wisest man, anyway; because the widow she told me so, her own self."

"I doan' k'yer what de widder say, he *warn't* no wise man nuther. He had some er de dad-fetchedes' ways I ever see. Does you know 'bout dat chile dat he 'uz gwyne to chop in two?"

"Yes, the widow told me all about it."

"*Well,* den! Warn' dat de beatenes' notion in de worl'? You jes' take en look at it a minute. Dah's de stump, dah—dat's one er de women; heah's you—dat's de yuther one; I's Sollermun; en dish yer dollar bill's de chile. Bofe un you claims it. What does I do? Does I shin aroun' mongs' de neighbors en fine out which un you de bill *do* b'long to, en han' it over to de right one, all safe en soun', de way dat anybody dat had any gumption would? No; I taken en whack de bill in *two,* en give half un it to you, en de yuther half to de yuther woman. Dat's de way Sollermun was gwyne to do wid de chile. Now I want to ast you: what's de use er dat half a bill?—can't buy noth'n wid it. En what use is a half a chile? I wouldn' give a dern for a million un um."

"But hang it, Jim, you've clean missed the point—blame it, you've missed it a thousand mile."

"Who? Me? Go 'long. Doan' talk to *me* 'bout yo' pints. I reck'n I knows sense when I sees it; en dey ain' no sense in sich doin's as dat. De 'spute warn't 'bout a half a chile, de 'spute was 'bout a whole chile; en de man dat think he kin settle a 'spute 'bout a whole chile wid a half a chile doan' know enough to come in out'n de rain. Doan' talk to me 'bout Sollermun, Huck, I knows him by de back."

"But I tell you you don't get the point."

"Blame de point! I reck'n I knows what I knows. En mine you, de *real* pint is down furder—it's down deeper. It lays in de way Sollermun was raised. You take a man dat's got on'y one or two chillen; is dat man gwyne to be wasteful o' chillen? No, he ain't; he can't 'ford it. *He* knows how to value 'em. But you take a man dat's got 'bout five million chillen runnin' roun' de house, en it's diffunt. *He* as soon chop a chile in two as a cat. Dey's plenty mo'. A chile er two, mo' er less, warn't no consekens to Sollermun, dad fetch him!"

I never see such a nigger. If he got a notion in his head once, there warn't no getting it out again. He was the most down on Solomon of any nigger I ever see. So I went to talking about other kings, and let Solomon slide. I told about Louis Sixteenth that got his head cut off in France long time ago; and about

his little boy the dolphin, that would 'a' been a king, but they took and shut him up in jail, and some say he died there.

"Po' little chap."

"But some says he got out and got away, and come to America."

"Dat's good! But he'll be pooty lonesome—dey ain' no kings here, is dey, Huck?"

"No."

"Den he cain't git no situation. What he gwyne to do?"

"Well, I don't know. Some of them gets on the police, and some of them learns people how to talk French."

"Why, Huck, doan' de French people talk de same way we does?"

"*No,* Jim; you couldn't understand a word they said—not a single word."

"Well, now, I be ding-busted! How do dat come?"

"*I* don't know; but it's so. I got some of their jabber out of a book. S'pose a man was to come to you and say Polly-voo-franzy—what would you think?"

"I wouldn't think nuffn; I'd take en bust him over de head—dat is, if he warn't white. I wouldn't 'low no nigger to call me dat."

"Shucks, it ain't calling you anything. It's only saying, do you know how to talk French?"

"Well, den, why couldn't he say it?"

"Why, he *is* a-saying it. That's a Frenchman's *way* of saying it."

"Well, it's a blame ridicklous way, en I doan' want to hear no mo' 'bout it. Dey ain' no sense in it."

"Looky here, Jim; does a cat talk like we do?"

"No, a cat don't."

"Well, does a cow?"

"No, a cow don't, nuther."

"Does a cat talk like a cow, or a cow talk like a cat?"

"No, dey don't."

"It's natural and right for 'em to talk different from each other, ain't it?"

"Course."

"And ain't it natural and right for a cat and a cow to talk different from *us*?"

"Why, mos' sholy it is."

"Well, then, why ain't it natural and right for a *Frenchman* to talk different from us? You answer me that."

"Is a cat a man, Huck?"

"No."

"Well, den, dey ain't no sense in a cat talkin' like a man. Is a cow a man?—er is a cow a cat?"

"No, she ain't either of them."

"Well, den, she ain't got no business to talk like either one er the yuther of 'em. Is a Frenchman a man?"

"Yes."

"*Well,* den! Dad blame it, why doan' he *talk* like a man? You answer me *dat!*"

I see it warn't no use wasting words—you can't learn a nigger to argue. So I quit.

## 15. FOOLING POOR OLD JIM

We judged that three nights more would fetch us to Cairo, at the bottom of Illinois, where the Ohio River comes in, and that was what we was after. We would sell the raft and get on a steamboat and go way up the Ohio amongst the free states, and then be out of trouble.

Well, the second night a fog begun to come on, and we made for a towhead to tie to, for it wouldn't do to try to run in a fog; but when I paddled ahead in the canoe, with the line to make fast, there warn't anything but little saplings to tie to. I passed the line around one of them right on the edge of the cut bank, but there was a stiff current, and the raft come booming down so lively she tore it out by the roots and away she went. I see the fog closing down, and it made me so sick and scared I couldn't budge for most a half a minute it seemed to me—and then there warn't no raft in sight; you couldn't see twenty yards. I jumped into the canoe and run back to the stern, and grabbed the paddle and set her back a stroke. But she didn't come. I was in such a hurry I hadn't untied her. I got up and tried to untie her, but I was so excited my hands shook so I couldn't hardly do anything with them.

As soon as I got started I took out after the raft, hot and heavy, right down the towhead. That was all right as far as it went, but the towhead warn't sixty yards long, and the minute I flew by the foot of it I shot out into the solid white fog, and hadn't no more idea which way I was going than a dead man.

Thinks I, it won't do to paddle; first I know

I'll run into the bank or a towhead or something; I got to set still and float, and yet it's mighty fidgety business to have to hold your hands still at such a time. I whooped and listened. Away down there somewheres I hears a small whoop, and up comes my spirits. I went tearing after it, listening sharp to hear it again. The next time it come I see I warn't heading for it, but heading away to the right of it. And the next time I was heading away to the left of it—and not gaining on it much either, for I was flying around, this way and that and t'other, but it was going straight ahead all the time.

I did wish the fool would think to beat a tin pan, and beat it all the time, but he never did, and it was the still places between the whoops that was making the trouble for me. Well, I fought along, and directly I hears the whoop *behind* me. I was tangled good now. That was somebody else's whoop, or else I was turned around.

I throwed the paddle down. I heard the whoop again; it was behind me yet, but in a different place; it kept coming, and kept changing its place, and I kept answering, till by and by it was in front of me again, and I knowed the current had swung the canoe's head down-stream, and I was all right if that was Jim and not some other raftsman hollering. I couldn't tell nothing about voices in a fog, for nothing don't look natural nor sound natural in a fog.

The whooping went on, and in about a minute I come a-booming down on a cut bank with smoky ghosts of big trees on it, and the current throwed me off to the left and shot by, amongst a lot of snags that fairly roared, the current was tearing by them so swift.

In another second or two it was solid white and still again. I set perfectly still then, listening to my heart thump, and I reckon I didn't draw a breath while it thumped a hundred.

I just give up then. I knowed what the matter was. That cut bank was an island, and Jim had gone down t'other side of it. It warn't no towhead that you could float by in ten minutes. It had the big timber of a regular island; it might be five or six miles long and more than half a mile wide.

I kept quiet, with my ears cocked, about fifteen minutes, I reckon. I was floating along, of course, four or five miles an hour; but you don't ever think of that. No, you *feel* like you are laying dead still on the water; and if a little glimpse of a snag slips by you don't think to yourself how fast *you're* going, but you catch your breath and think, my! how that snag's tearing along. If you think it ain't dismal and lonesome out in a fog that way by yourself in the night, you try it once—you'll see.

Next, for about a half an hour, I whoops now and then; at last I hears the answer a long ways off, and tries to follow it, but I couldn't do it, and directly I judged I'd got into a nest of towheads, for I had little dim glimpses of them on both sides of me—sometimes just a narrow channel between, and some that I couldn't see I knowed was there because I'd hear the wash of the current against the old dead brush and trash that hung over the banks. Well, I warn't long losing the whoops down amongst the towheads; and I only tried to chase them a little while, anyway, because it was worse than chasing a Jack-o'-lantern. You never knowed a sound dodge around so, and swap places so quick and so much.

I had to claw away from the bank pretty lively four or five times, to keep from knocking the islands out of the river; and so I judged the raft must be butting into the bank every now and then, or else it would get further ahead and clear out of hearing—it was floating a little faster than what I was.

Well, I seemed to be in the open river again by and by, but I couldn't hear no sign of a whoop nowheres. I reckoned Jim had fetched up on a snag, maybe, and it was all up with him. I was good and tired, so I laid down in the canoe and said I wouldn't bother no more. I didn't want to go to sleep, of course; but I was so sleepy I couldn't help it; so I thought I would take jest one little cat-nap.

But I reckon it was more than a cat-nap, for when I waked up the stars was shining bright, the fog was all gone, and I was spinning down a big bend stern first. First I didn't know where I was; I thought I was dreaming; and when things began to come back to me they seemed to come up dim out of last week.

It was a monstrous big river here, with the tallest and the thickest kind of timber on both

banks; just a solid wall, as well as I could see by the stars. I looked away down-stream, and seen a black speck on the water. I took after it; but when I got to it it warn't nothing but a couple of saw-logs made fast together. Then I see another speck, and chased that; then another, and this time I was right. It was the raft.

When I got to it Jim was setting there with his head down between his knees, asleep, with his right arm hanging over the steering-oar. The other oar was smashed off, and the raft was littered up with leaves and branches and dirt. So she'd had a rough time.

I made fast and laid down under Jim's nose on the raft, and began to gap, and stretch my fists out against Jim, and says: "Hello, Jim, have I been asleep? Why didn't you stir me up?"

"Goodness gracious, is dat you, Huck? En you ain' dead—you ain' drownded—you's back ag'in? It's too good for true, honey, it's too good for true. Lemme look at you, chile, lemme feel o' you. No, you ain' dead! you's back ag'in, 'live en soun', jis de same ole Huck —de same ole Huck, thanks to goodness!"

"What's the matter with you, Jim? You been a-drinking?"

"Drinkin'? Has I ben a-drinkin'? Has I had a chance to be a-drinkin'?"

"Well, then, what makes you talk so wild?"

"How does I talk wild?"

"*How?* Why, hain't you been talking about my coming back, and all that stuff, as if I'd been gone away?"

"Huck—Huck Finn, you look me in de eye; look me in de eye. *Hain't* you ben gone away?"

"Gone away? Why, what in the nation do you mean? *I* hain't been gone anywheres. Where would I go to?"

"Well, looky here, boss, dey's sumfn wrong, dey is. Is I *me,* or who *is* I? Is I heah, or whah *is* I? Now dat's what I wants to know."

"Well, I think you're here, plain enough, but I think you're a tangle-headed old fool, Jim."

"I is, is I? Well, you answer me dis: Didn't you tote out de line in de canoe fer to make fas' to de towhead?"

"No, I didn't. What towhead? I hain't seen no towhead."

"You hain't seen no towhead? Looky here, didn't de line pull loose en de raf' go a-hummin' down de river, en leave you en de canoe behine in de fog?"

"What fog?"

"Why, *de* fog!—de fog dat's been aroun' all night. En didn't you whoop, en didn't I whoop, tell we got mix' up in de islands en one un us got los' en t'other one was jis' as good as los', 'kase he didn' know whah he wuz? En didn't I bust up again a lot er dem islands en have a turrible time en mos' git drownded? Now ain't dat so, boss—ain't it so? You answer me dat."

"Well, this is too many for me, Jim. I hain't seen no fog, nor no islands, nor no troubles, nor nothing. I been setting here talking with you all night till you went to sleep about ten minutes ago, and I reckon I done the same. You couldn't 'a' got drunk in that time, so of course you've been dreaming."

"Dad fetch it, how is I gwyne to dream all dat in ten minutes?"

"Well, hang it all, you did dream it, because there didn't any of it happen."

"But, Huck, it's all jis' as plain to me as—"

"It don't make no difference how plain it is; there ain't nothing in it. I know, because I've been here all the time."

Jim didn't say nothing for about five minutes, but set there studying over it. Then he says:

"Well, den, I reck'n I did dream it, Huck; but dog my cats ef it ain't de powerfulest dream I ever see. En I hain't ever had no dream b'fo' dat's tired me like dis one."

"Oh, well, that's all right, because a dream does tire a body like everything sometimes. But this one was a staving dream; tell me all about it, Jim."

So Jim went to work and told me the whole thing right through, just as it happened, only he painted it up considerable. Then he said he must start in and " 'terpret" it, because it was sent for a warning. He said the first towhead stood for a man that would try to do us some good, but the current was another man that would get us away from him. The whoops was warnings that would come to us every now and then, and if we didn't try hard to make out to understand them they'd just take

us into bad luck, 'stead of keeping us out of it. The lot of towheads was troubles we was going to get into with quarrelsome people and all kinds of mean folks, but if we minded our business and didn't talk back and aggravate them, we would pull through and get out of the fog and into the big clear river, which was the free states, and wouldn't have no more trouble.

It had clouded up pretty dark just after I got on to the raft, but it was clearing up again now.

"Oh, well, that's all interpreted well enough as far as it goes, Jim," I says; "but what does *these* things stand for?"

It was the leaves and rubbish on the raft and the smashed oar. You could see them first-rate now.

Jim looked at the trash, and then looked at me, and back at the trash again. He had got the dream fixed so strong in his head that he couldn't seem to shake it loose and get the facts back into its place again right away. But when he did get the thing straightened around he looked at me steady without ever smiling, and says:

"What do dey stan' for? I's gwyne to tell you. When I got all wore out wid work, en wid de callin' for you, en went to sleep, my heart wuz mos' broke bekase you wuz los', en I didn' k'yer no' mo' what become er me en de raf'. En when I wake up en find you back ag'in, all safe en soun', de tears come, en I could 'a' got down on my knees en kiss yo' foot, I's so thankful. En all you wuz thinkin' 'bout wuz how you could make a fool uv ole Jim wid a lie. Dat truck dah is *trash;* en trash is what people is dat puts dirt on de head er dey fren's en makes 'em ashamed."

Then he got up slow and walked to the wigwam, and went in there without saying anything but that. But that was enough. It made me feel so mean I could almost kissed *his* foot to get him to take it back.

It was fifteen minutes before I could work myself up to go and humble myself to a nigger; but I done it, and I warn't ever sorry for it afterward, neither. I didn't do him no more mean tricks, and I wouldn't done that one if I'd 'a' knowed it would make him feel that way.

## 16. THE RATTLESNAKE-SKIN DOES ITS WORK

We slept most all day, and started out at night, a little ways behind a monstrous long raft that was as long going by as a procession. She had four long sweeps at each end, so we judged she carried as many as thirty men, likely. She had five big wigwams aboard, wide apart, and an open camp-fire in the middle, and a tall flag-pole at each end. There was a power of style about her. It *amounted* to something being a raftsman on such a craft as that.

We went drifting down into a big bend, and the night clouded up and got hot. The river was very wide, and was walled with solid timber on both sides; you couldn't see a break in it hardly ever, or a light. We talked about Cairo, and wondered whether we would know it when we got to it. I said likely we wouldn't, because I had heard say there warn't but about a dozen houses there, and if they didn't happen to have them lit up, how was we going to know we was passing a town? Jim said if the two big rivers joined together there, that would show. But I said maybe we might think we was passing the foot of an island and coming into the same old river again. That disturbed Jim—and me too. So the question was, what to do? I said, paddle ashore the first time a light showed, and tell them pap was behind, coming along with a trading-scow, and was a green hand at the business, and wanted to know how far it was to Cairo. Jim thought it was a good idea, so we took a smoke on it and waited.

There warn't nothing to do now but to look out sharp for the town, and not pass it without seeing it. He said he'd be mighty sure to see it, because he'd be a free man the minute he seen it, but if he missed it he'd be in a slave country again and no more show for freedom. Every little while he jumps up and says:

"Dah she is?"

But it warn't. It was Jack-o'-lanterns, or lightning-bugs; so he set down again, and went to watching, same as before. Jim said it made him all over trembly and feverish to be so close to freedom. Well, I can tell you it made me all over trembly and feverish, too, to hear him, because I begun to get it through

my head that he *was* most free—and who was to blame for it? Why, *me*. I couldn't get that out of my conscience, no how nor no way. It got to troubling me so I couldn't rest; I couldn't stay still in one place. It hadn't ever come home to me before, what this thing was that I was doing. But now it did; and it stayed with me, and scorched me more and more. I tried to make out to myself that *I* warn't to blame, because *I* didn't run Jim off from his rightful owner; but it warn't no use, conscience up and says, every time, "But you knowed he was running for his freedom, and you could 'a' paddled ashore and told somebody." That was so—I couldn't get around that no way. That was where it pinched. Conscience says to me, "What had poor Miss Watson done to you that you could see her nigger go off right under your eyes and never say one single word? What did that poor old woman do to you that you could treat her so mean? Why, she tried to learn you your book, she tried to learn you your manners, she tried to be good to you every way she knowed how. *That's* what she done."

I got to feeling so mean and so miserable I most wished I was dead. I fidgeted up and down the raft, abusing myself to myself, and Jim was fidgeting up and down past me. We neither of us could keep still. Every time he danced around and says, "Dah's Cairo!" it went through me like a shot, and I thought if it *was* Cairo I reckoned I would die of miserableness.

Jim talked out loud all the time while I was talking to myself. He was saying how the first thing he would do when he got to a free state he would go to saving up money and never spend a single cent, and when he got enough he would buy his wife, which was owned on a farm close to where Miss Watson lived; and then they would both work to buy the two children, and if their master wouldn't sell them, they'd get an Ab'litionist to go and steal them.

It most froze me to hear such talk. He wouldn't ever dared to talk such talk in his life before. Just see what a difference it made in him the minute he judged he was about free. It was according to the old saying, "Give a nigger an inch and he'll take an ell." Thinks I, this is what comes of my not thinking. Here was this nigger, which I had as good as helped to run away, coming right out flat-footed and saying he would steal his children—children that belonged to a man I didn't even know; a man that hadn't ever done me no harm.

I was sorry to hear Jim say that, it was such a lowering of him. My conscience got to stirring me up hotter than ever, until at last I says to it, "Let up on me—it ain't too late yet —I'll paddle ashore at the first light and tell." I felt easy and happy and light as a feather right off. All my troubles was gone. I went to looking out sharp for a light, and sort of singing to myself. By and by one showed. Jim sings out:

"We's safe, Huck, we's safe! Jump up and crack yo' heels! Dat's de good ole Cairo at las', I jis knows it!"

I says:

"I'll take the canoe and go and see, Jim. It mightn't be, you know."

He jumped and got the canoe ready, and put his old coat in the bottom for me to set on, and give me the paddle; and as I shoved off, he says:

"Pooty soon I'll be a-shout'n' for joy, en I'll say, it's all on accounts o' Huck; I's a free man, en I couldn't ever ben free ef it hadn't ben for Huck; Huck done it. Jim won't ever forgit you, Huck; you's de bes' fren' Jim's ever had; en you's de *only* fren' ole Jim's got now."

I was paddling off, all in a sweat to tell on him; but when he says this, it seemed to kind of take the tuck all out of me. I went along slow then, and I warn't right down certain whether I was glad I started or whether I warn't. When I was fifty yards off, Jim says:

"Dah you goes, de ole true Huck; de on'y white genlman dat ever kep' his promise to ole Jim."

Well, I just felt sick. But I says, I *got* to do it—I can't get *out* of it. Right then along comes a skiff with two men in it with guns, and they stopped and I stopped. One of them says:

"What's that yonder?"

"A piece of raft," I says.

"Do you belong on it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any men on it?"

"Only one, sir."

"Well, there's five niggers run off tonight

up yonder, above the head of the bend. Is your man white or black?"

I didn't answer up promptly. I tried to, but the words wouldn't come. I tried for a second or two to brace up and out with it, but I warn't man enough—hadn't the spunk of a rabbit. I see I was weakening; so I just give up trying, and up and says:

"He's white."

"I reckon we'll go and see for ourselves."

"I wish you would," says I, "because it's pap that's there, and maybe you'd help me tow the raft ashore where the light is. He's sick—and so is mam and Mary Ann."

"Oh, the devil! we're in a hurry, boy. But I s'pose we've got to. Come, buckle to your paddle, and let's get along."

I buckled to my paddle and they laid to their oars. When we had made a stroke or two, I says:

"Pap'll be mighty much obleeged to you, I can tell you. Everybody goes away when I want them to help me tow the raft ashore, and I can't do it by myself."

"Well, that's infernal mean. Odd, too. Say, boy, what's the matter with your father?"

"It's the—a—the—well, it ain't anything much."

They stopped pulling. It warn't but a mighty little ways to the raft now. One says:

"Boy, that's a lie. What *is* the matter with your pap? Answer up square now, and it'll be the better for you."

"I will, sir, I will, honest—but don't leave us, please. It's the—the— Gentlemen, if you'll only pull ahead, and let me heave you the headline, you won't have to come a-near the raft—please do."

"Set her back, John, set her back!" says one. They backed water. "Keep away, boy—keep to looard. Confound it, I just expect the wind has blowed it to us. Your pap's got the smallpox, and you know it precious well. Why didn't you come out and say so? Do you want to spread it all over?"

"Well," says I, a-blubbering, "I've told everybody before, and they just went away and left us."

"Poor devil, there's something in that. We are right down sorry for you, but we—well, hang it, we don't want the smallpox, you see. Look here, I'll tell you what to do. Don't you try to land by yourself, or you'll smash everything to pieces. You float along down about twenty miles, and you'll come to a town on the left-hand side of the river. It will be long after sun-up then, and when you ask for help you tell them your folks are all down with chills and fever. Don't be a fool again, and let people guess what is the matter. Now we're trying to do you a kindness; so you just put twenty miles between us, that's a good boy. It wouldn't do any good to land yonder where the light is—it's only a wood-yard. Say, I reckon your father's poor, and I'm bound to say he's in pretty hard luck. Here, I'll put a twenty-dollar gold piece on this board, and you get it when it floats by. I feel mighty mean to leave you; but my kingdom! it won't do to fool with smallpox, don't you see?"

"Hold on, Parker," says the man, "here's a twenty to put on the board for me. Good-by, boy; you do as Mr. Parker told you, and you'll be all right."

"That's so, my boy—good-by, good-by. If you see any runaway niggers you get help and nab them, and you can make some money by it."

"Good-by, sir," says I; "I won't let no runaway niggers get by me if I can help it."

They went off and I got aboard the raft, feeling bad and low, because I knowed very well I had done wrong, and I see it warn't no use for me to try to learn to do right; a body that don't get *started* right when he's little ain't got no show—when the pinch comes there ain't nothing to back him up and keep him to his work, and so he gets beat. Then I thought a minute, and says to myself, hold on; s'pose you'd 'a' done right and give Jim up, would you felt better than what you do now? No, says I, I'd feel bad—I'd feel just the same way I do now. Well, then, says I, what's the use you learning to do right when it's troublesome to do right and ain't no trouble to do wrong, and the wages is just the same? I was stuck. I couldn't answer that. So I reckoned I wouldn't bother no more about it, but after this always do whichever come handiest at the time.

I went into the wigwam; Jim warn't there. I looked all around; he warn't anywhere. I says:

"Jim!"

"Here I is, Huck. Is dey out o' sight yit? Don't talk loud."

He was in the river under the stern oar, with just his nose out. I told him they were out of sight, so he come aboard. He says:

"I was a-listenin' to all de talk, en I slips into de river en was gwyne to shove for sho' if dey come aboard. Den I was gwyne to swim to de raf' agin when dey was gone. But lawsy, how you did fool 'em, Huck! Dat *wuz* de smartes' dodge! I tell you, chile, I 'spec it save' ole Jim—olc Jim ain't going to forgit you for dat, honey."

Then we talked about the money. It was a pretty good raise—twenty dollars apiece. Jim said we could take deck passage on a steamboat now, and the money would last us as far as we wanted to go in the free states. He said twenty mile more warn't far for the raft to go, but he wished we was already there.

Towards daybreak we tied up, and Jim was mighty particular about hiding the raft good. Then he worked all day fixing things in bundles, and getting all ready to quit rafting.

That night about ten we hove in sight of the lights of a town away down in a left-hand bend.

I went off in the canoe to ask about it. Pretty soon I found a man out in the river with a skiff, setting a trot-line. I ranged up and says:

"Mister, is that town Cairo?"

"Cairo? No. You must be a blame' fool."

"What town is it, mister?"

"If you want to know, go and find out. If you stay here botherin' around me for about a half a minute longer you'll get something you won't want."

I paddled to the raft. Jim was awful disappointed, but I said never mind, Cairo would be the next place, I reckoned.

We passed another town before daylight, and I was going out again; but it was high ground, so I didn't go. No high ground about Cairo, Jim said. I had forgot it. We laid up for the day on a towhead tolerable close to the left-hand bank. I begun to suspicion something. So did Jim. I says:

"Maybe we went by Cairo in the fog that night."

He says:

"Doan' le's talk about it, Huck. Po' niggers can't have no luck. I alwuz 'spected dat rattlesnake-skin warn't done wid its work."

"I wish I'd never seen that snake-skin, Jim —I do wish I'd never laid eyes on it."

"It ain't yo' fault, Huck; you didn't know. Don't you blame yo'self 'bout it."

When it was daylight, here was the clear Ohio water inshore, sure enough, and outside was the old regular Muddy! So it was all up with Cairo.

We talked it all over. It wouldn't do to take to the shore; we couldn't take the raft up the stream, of course. There warn't no way but to wait for dark, and start back in the canoe and take the chances. So we slept all day amongst the cottonwood thicket, so as to be fresh for the work, and when we went back to the raft about dark the canoe was gone!

We didn't say a word for a good while. There warn't anything to say. We both knowed well enough it was some more work of the rattlesnake-skin; so what was the use to talk about it? It would only look like we was finding fault, and that would be bound to fetch more bad luck—and keep on fetching it, too, till we knowed enough to keep still.

By and by we talked about what we better do, and found there warn't no way but just to go along down with the raft till we got a chance to buy a canoe to go back in. We warn't going to borrow it when there warn't anybody around, the way pap would do, for that might set people after us.

So we shoved out after dark on the raft.

Anybody that don't believe yet that it's foolishness to handle a snake-skin, after all that that snake-skin done for us, will believe it now if they read on and see what more it done for us.

The place to buy canoes is off of rafts laying up at shore. But we didn't see no rafts laying up; so we went along during three hours and more. Well, the night got gray and ruther thick, which is the next meanest thing to fog. You can't tell the shape of the river, and you can't see no distance. It got to be very late and still, and then along comes a steamboat up the river. We lit the lantern, and judged she would see it. Up-stream boats didn't generly come close to us; they go out and follow the bars and hunt for easy water under

the reefs; but nights like this they bull right up the channel against the whole river.

We could hear her pounding along, but we didn't see her good till she was close. She aimed right for us. Often they do that and try to see how close they can come without touching; sometimes the wheel bites off a sweep, and then the pilot sticks his head out and laughs, and thinks he's mighty smart. Well, here she comes, and we said she was going to try and shave us; but she didn't seem to be sheering off a bit. She was a big one, and she was coming in a hurry, too, looking like a black cloud with rows of glow-worms around it; but all of a sudden she bulged out, big and scary, with a long row of wide-open furnace doors shining like red-hot teeth, and her monstrous bows and guards hanging right over us. There was a yell at us, and a jingling of bells to stop the engines, a powwow of cussing, and whistling of steam—and as Jim went overboard on one side and I on the other, she come smashing straight through the raft.

I dived—and I aimed to find the bottom, too, for a thirty-foot wheel had got to go over me, and I wanted it to have plenty of room. I could always stay under water a minute; this time I reckoned I stayed under a minute and a half. Then I bounced for the top in a hurry, for I was nearly busting. I popped out to my armpits and blowed the water out of my nose, and puffed a bit. Of course there was a booming current; and of course that boat started her engines again ten seconds after she stopped them, for they never cared much for raftsmen; so now she was churning along up the river, out of sight in the thick weather, though I could hear her.

I sung out for Jim about a dozen times, but I didn't get any answer; so I grabbed a plank that touched me while I was "treading water," and struck out for shore, shoving it ahead of me. But I made out to see that the drift of the current was towards the left-hand shore, which meant that I was in a crossing; so I changed off and went that way.

It was one of these long, slanting, two-mile crossings; so I was a good long time in getting over. I made a safe landing, and clumb up the bank. I couldn't see but a little ways, but I went poking along over rough ground for a quarter of a mile or more, and then I run across a big old-fashioned double log house before I noticed it. I was going to rush by and get away, but a lot of dogs jumped out and went to howling and barking at me, and I knowed better than to move another peg.

## 17. THE GRANGERFORDS TAKE ME IN

In about a minute somebody spoke out of a window without putting his head out, and says:

"Be done, boys! Who's there?"

I says:

"It's me."

"Who's me?"

"George Jackson, sir."

"What do you want?"

"I don't want nothing, sir. I only want to go along by, but the dogs won't let me."

"What are you prowling around here this time of night for—hey?"

"I warn't prowling around, sir; I fell overboard off of the steamboat."

"Oh, you did, did you? Strike a light there, somebody. What did you say your name was?"

"George Jackson, sir. I'm only a boy."

"Look here, if you're telling the truth you needn't be afraid—nobody'll hurt you. But don't try to budge; stand right where you are. Rouse out Bob and Tom, some of you, and fetch the guns. George Jackson, is there anybody with you?"

"No, sir, nobody."

I heard the people stirring around in the house now, and see a light. The man sung out:

"Snatch that light away, Betsy, you old fool—ain't you got any sense? Put it on the floor behind the front door. Bob, if you and Tom are ready, take your places."

"All ready."

"Now, George Jackson, do you know the Shepherdsons?"

"No, sir; I never heard of them."

"Well, that may be so, and it mayn't. Now, all ready. Step forward, George Jackson. And mind, don't you hurry—come mighty slow. If there's anybody with you, let him keep back—if he shows himself he'll be shot. Come along now. Come slow; push the door open yourself—just enough to squeeze in, d'you hear?"

I didn't hurry; I couldn't if I'd a-wanted to.

I took one slow step at a time and there warn't a sound, only I thought I could hear my heart. The dogs were as still as the humans, but they followed a little behind me. When I got to the three log doorsteps I heard them unlocking and unbarring and unbolting. I put my hand on the door and pushed it a little and a little more till somebody said, "There, that's enough—put your head in." I done it, but I judged they would take it off.

The candle was on the floor, and there they all was, looking at me, and me at them, for about a quarter of a minute: Three big men with guns pointed at me, which made me wince, I tell you; the oldest, gray and about sixty, the other two thirty or more—all of them fine and handsome—and the sweetest old gray-headed lady, and back of her two young women which I couldn't see right well. The old gentleman says:

"There; I reckon it's all right. Come in."

As soon as I was in the old gentleman he locked the door and barred it and bolted it, and told the young men to come in with their guns, and they all went in a big parlor that had a new rag carpet on the floor, and got together in a corner that was out of the range of the front windows—there warn't none on the side. They held the candle, and took a good look at me, and all said, "Why, *he* ain't a Shepherdson—no, there ain't any Shepherdson about him." Then the old man said he hoped I wouldn't mind being searched for arms, because he didn't mean no harm by it—it was only to make sure. So he didn't pry into my pockets, but only felt outside with his hands, and said it was all right. He told me to make myself easy and at home, and tell all about myself; but the old lady says:

"Why, bless you, Saul, the poor thing's as wet as he can be; and don't you reckon it may be he's hungry?"

"True for you, Rachel—I forgot."

So the old lady says:

"Betsy" (this was a nigger woman), "you fly around and get him something to eat as quick as you can, poor thing; and one of you girls go and wake up Buck and tell him—oh, here he is himself. Buck, take this little stranger and get the wet clothes off from him and dress him up in some of yours that's dry."

Buck looked about as old as me—thirteen or fourteen or along there, though he was a little bigger than me. He hadn't on anything but a shirt, and he was very frowzy-headed. He came in gaping and digging one fist in his eyes, and he was dragging a gun along with the other one. He says:

"Ain't they no Shepherdsons around?"

They said, no, 'twas a false alarm.

"Well," he says, "if they'd 'a' ben some, I reckon I'd 'a' got one."

They all laughed, and Bob says:

"Why, Buck, they might have scalped us all, you've been so slow in coming."

"Well, nobody come after me, and it ain't right. I'm always kept down; I don't get no show."

"Never mind, Buck, my boy," says the old man, "you'll have show enough, all in good time, don't you fret about that. Go 'long with you now, and do as your mother told you."

When we got up-stairs to his room he got me a coarse shirt and a roundabout and pants of his, and I put them on. While I was at it he asked me what my name was, but before I could tell him he started to tell me about a bluejay and a young rabbit he had catched in the woods day before yesterday, and he asked me where Moses was when the candle went out. I said I didn't know; I hadn't heard about it before, no way.

"Well, guess," he says.

"How'm I going to guess," says I, "when I never heard tell of it before?"

"But you can guess, can't you? It's just as easy."

"*Which* candle?" I says.

"Why, any candle," he says.

"I don't know where he was," says I; "where was he?"

"Why, he was in the *dark!* That's where he was!"

"Well, if you knowed where he was, what did you ask me for?"

"Why, blame it, it's a riddle, don't you see? Say, how long are you going to stay here? You got to stay always. We can just have booming times—they don't have no school now. Do you own a dog? I've got a dog—and he'll go in the river and bring out chips that you throw in. Do you like to comb up Sundays, and all that kind of foolishness? You bet I don't, but ma she makes me. Confound these ole britches!

I reckon I'd better put 'em on, but I'd ruther not, it's so warm. Are you all ready? All right. Come along, old hoss."

Cold corn-pone, cold corn-beef, butter and butter-milk—that is what they had for me down there, and there ain't nothing better that ever I've come across yet. Buck and his ma and all of them smoked cob pipes, except the nigger woman, which was gone, and the two young women. They all smoked and talked, and I eat and talked. The young women had quilts around them, and their hair down their backs. They all asked me questions, and I told them how pap and me and all the family was living on a little farm down at the bottom of Arkansaw, and my sister Mary Ann run off and got married and never was heard of no more, and Bill went to hunt them and he warn't heard of no more, and Tom and Mort died, and then there warn't nobody but just me and pap left, and he was just trimmed down to nothing, on account of his troubles; so when he died I took what there was left, because the farm didn't belong to us, and started up the river, deck passage, and fell overboard; and that was how I come to be here. So they said I could have a home there as long as I wanted it. Then it was most daylight and everybody went to bed, and I went to bed with Buck, and when I waked up in the morning, drat it all, I had forgot what my name was. So I laid there about an hour trying to think, and when Buck waked up I says:

"Can you spell, Buck?"

"Yes," he says.

"I bet you can't spell my name," says I.

"I bet you what you dare I can," says he.

"All right," says I, "go ahead."

"G-e-o-r-g-e J-a-x-o-n—there now," he says.

"Well," says I, "you done it, but I didn't think you could. It ain't no slouch of a name to spell—right off without studying."

I set it down, private, because somebody might want *me* to spell it next, and so I wanted to be handy with it and rattle it off like I was used to it.

It was a mighty nice family, and a mighty nice house, too. I hadn't seen no house out in the country before that was so nice and had so much style. It didn't have an iron latch on the front door, nor a wooden one with a buckskin string, but a brass knob to turn, the same as houses in town. There warn't no bed in the parlor, nor a sign of a bed; but heaps of parlors in towns has beds in them. There was a big fireplace that was bricked on the bottom, and the bricks was kept clean and red by pouring water on them and scrubbing them with another brick; sometimes they wash them over with red water-paint that they call Spanish-brown, same as they do in town. They had big brass dog-irons that could hold up a saw-log. There was a clock on the middle of the mantelpiece, with a picture of a town painted on the bottom half of the glass front, and a round place in the middle of it for the sun, and you could see the pendulum swinging behind it. It was beautiful to hear that clock tick; and sometimes when one of these peddlers had been along and scoured her up and got her in good shape, she would start in and strike a hundred and fifty before she got tuckered out. They wouldn't took any money for her.

Well, there was a big outlandish parrot on each side of the clock, made out of something like chalk, and painted up gaudy. By one of the parrots was a cat made of crockery, and a crockery dog by the other; and when you pressed down on them they squeaked, but didn't open their mouths nor look different nor interested. They squeaked through underneath. There was a couple of big wild-turkey-wing fans spread out behind those things. On the table in the middle of the room was a kind of a lovely crockery basket that had apples and oranges and peaches and grapes piled up in it, which was much redder and yellower and prettier than real ones is, but they warn't real because you could see where pieces had got chipped off and showed the white chalk, or whatever it was, underneath.

This table had a cover made out of beautiful oil-cloth, with a red and blue spread-eagle painted on it, and a painted border all around. It come all the way from Philadelphia, they said. There was some books, too, piled up perfectly exact, on each corner of the table. One was a big family Bible full of pictures. One was *Pilgrim's Progress,* about a man that left his family, it didn't say why. I read considerable in it now and then. The statements was interesting, but tough. Another was *Friendship's Offering,* full of beautiful stuff and

poetry; but I didn't read the poetry. Another was Henry Clay's Speeches, and another was Dr. Gunn's *Family Medicine,* which told you all about what to do if a body was sick or dead. There was a hymn-book, and a lot of other books. And there was nice split-bottom chairs, and perfectly sound, too—not bagged down in the middle and busted, like an old basket.

They had pictures hung on the walls—mainly Washingtons and Lafayettes, and battles, and Highland Marys, and one called "Signing the Declaration." There was some that they called crayons, which one of the daughters which was dead made her own self when she was only fifteen years old. They was different from any pictures I ever see before—blacker, mostly, than is common. One was a woman in a slim black dress, belted small under the armpits, with bulges like a cabbage in the middle of the sleeves, and a large black scoop-shovel bonnet with a black veil, and white slim ankles crossed about with black tape, and very wee black slippers, like a chisel, and she was leaning pensive on a tombstone on her right elbow, under a weeping willow, and her other hand hanging down her side holding a white handkerchief and a reticule, and underneath the picture it said "Shall I Never See Thee More Alas." Another one was a young lady with her hair all combed up straight to the top of her head, and knotted there in front of a comb like a chair-back, and she was crying into a handkerchief and had a dead bird laying on its back in her other hand with its heels up, and underneath the picture it said "I Shall Never Hear Thy Sweet Chirrup More Alas." There was one where a young lady was at a window looking up at the moon, and tears running down her cheeks; and she had an open letter in one hand with black sealing-wax showing on one edge of it, and she was mashing a locket with a chain to it against her mouth, and underneath the picture it said "And Art Thou Gone Yes Thou Art Gone Alas." These was all nice pictures, I reckon, but I didn't somehow seem to take to them, because if ever I was down a little they always give me the fantods. Everybody was sorry she died, because she had laid out a lot more of these pictures to do, and a body could see by what she had done what they had lost. But I reckoned that with her disposition she was having a better time in the graveyard. She was at work on what they said was her greatest picture when she took sick, and every day and every night it was her prayer to be allowed to live till she got it done, but she never got the chance. It was a picture of a young woman in a long white gown, standing on the rail of a bridge all ready to jump off, with her hair all down her back, and looking up to the moon, with the tears running down her face, and she had two arms folded across her breast, and two arms stretched out in front, and two more reaching up toward the moon—and the idea was to see which pair would look best, and then scratch out all the other arms; but, as I was saying, she died before she got her mind made up, and now they kept this picture over the head of the bed in her room, and every time her birthday come they hung flowers on it. Other times it was hid with a little curtain. The young woman in the picture had a kind of a nice sweet face, but there was so many arms it made her look too spidery, seemed to me.

This young girl kept a scrap-book when she was alive, and used to paste obituaries and accidents and cases of patient suffering in it out of the *Presbyterian Observer,* and write poetry after them out of her own head. It was very good poetry. This is what she wrote about a boy by the name of Stephen Dowling Bots that fell down a well and was drownded:

ODE TO STEPHEN DOWLING BOTS, DEC'D

And did young Stephen sicken,
  And did young Stephen die?
And did the sad hearts thicken,
  And did the mourners cry?

No; such was not the fate of
  Young Stephen Dowling Bots;
Though sad hearts round him thickened,
  'Twas not from sickness' shots.

No whooping-cough did rack his frame,
  Nor measles drear with spots;
Not these impaired the sacred name
  Of Stephen Dowling Bots.

Despised love struck not with woe
  That head of curly knots,
Nor stomach troubles laid him low,
  Young Stephen Dowling Bots.

O no. Then list with tearful eye,
  Whilst I his fate do tell.
His soul did from this cold world fly
  By falling down a well.

They got him out and emptied him;
  Alas it was too late;
His spirit was gone for to sport aloft
  In the realms of the good and great.

If Emmeline Grangerford could make poetry like that before she was fourteen, there ain't no telling what she could 'a' done by and by. Buck said she could rattle off poetry like nothing. She didn't ever have to stop to think. He said she would slap down a line, and if she couldn't find anything to rhyme with it would just scratch it out and slap down another one, and go ahead. She warn't particular; she could write about anything you choose to give her to write about just so it was sadful. Every time a man died, or a woman died, or a child died, she would be on hand with her "tribute" before he was cold. She called them tributes. The neighbors said it was the doctor first, then Emmeline, then the undertaker—the undertaker never got in ahead of Emmeline but once, and then she hung fire on a rhyme for the dead person's name, which was Whistler. She warn't ever the same after that; she never complained, but she kinder pined away and did not live long. Poor thing, many's the time I made myself go up to the little room that used to be hers and get out her poor old scrapbook and read in it when her pictures had been aggravating me and I had soured on her a little. I liked all that family, dead ones and all, and warn't going to let anything come between us. Poor Emmeline made poetry about all the dead people when she was alive, and it didn't seem right that there warn't nobody to make some about her now she was gone; so I tried to sweat out a verse or two myself, but I couldn't seem to make it go somehow. They kept Emmeline's room trim and nice, and all the things fixed in it just the way she liked to have them when she was alive, and nobody ever slept there. The old lady took care of the room herself, though there was plenty of niggers, and she sewed there a good deal and read her Bible there mostly.

Well, as I was saying about the parlor, there was beautiful curtains on the windows: white, with pictures painted on them of castles with vines all down the walls, and cattle coming down to drink. There was a little old piano, too, that had tin pans in it, I reckon, and nothing was ever so lovely as to hear the young ladies sing "The Last Link is Broken" and play "The Battle of Prague" on it. The walls of all the rooms was plastered, and most had carpets on the floors, and the whole house was whitewashed on the outside.

It was a double house, and the big open place betwixt them was roofed and floored, and sometimes the table was set there in the middle of the day, and it was a cool, comfortable place. Nothing couldn't be better. And warn't the cooking good, and just bushels of it too!

## 18. WHY HARNEY RODE AWAY FOR HIS HAT

Col. Grangerford was a gentleman, you see. He was a gentleman all over; and so was his family. He was well born, as the saying is, and that's worth as much in a man as it is in a horse, so the Widow Douglas said, and nobody ever denied that she was of the first aristocracy in our town; and pap he always said it, too, though he warn't no more quality than a mudcat himself. Col. Grangerford was very tall and very slim, and had a darkish-paly complexion, not a sign of red in it anywheres; he was clean-shaved every morning all over his thin face, and he had the thinnest kind of lips, and the thinnest kind of nostrils, and a high nose, and heavy eyebrows, and the blackest kind of eyes, sunk so deep back that they seemed like they was looking out of caverns at you, as you may say. His forehead was high, and his hair was gray and straight and hung to his shoulders. His hands was long and thin, and every day of his life he put on a clean shirt and a full suit from head to foot made out of linen so white it hurt your eyes to look at it; and on Sundays he wore a blue tail-coat with brass buttons on it. He carried a mahogany cane with a silver head to it. There warn't no frivolishness about him, not a bit, and he warn't ever loud. He was as kind as he could be—you could feel that, you know, and so you had confidence. Sometimes he smiled,

and it was good to see; but when he straightened himself up like a liberty-pole, and the lightning begun to flicker out from under his eyebrows, you wanted to climb a tree first, and find out what the matter was afterwards. He didn't ever have to tell anybody to mind their manners—everybody was always good-mannered where he was. Everybody loved to have him around, too; he was sunshine most always—I mean he made it seem like good weather. When he turned into a cloud-bank it was awful dark for half a minute, and that was enough; there wouldn't nothing go wrong again for a week.

When him and the old lady come down in the morning all the family got up out of their chairs and give them good day, and didn't set down again till they had set down. Then Tom and Bob went to the sideboard where the decanter was, and mixed a glass of bitters and handed it to him, and he held it in his hand and waited till Tom's and Bob's was mixed, and then they bowed and said, "Our duty to you, sir, and madam"; and *they* bowed the least bit in the world and said thank you, and so they drank, all three, and Bob and Tom poured a spoonful of water on the sugar and the mite of whisky or apple-brandy in the bottom of their tumblers, and give it to me and Buck, and we drank to the old people too.

Bob was the oldest and Tom next—tall, beautiful men with very broad shoulders and brown faces, and long black hair and black eyes. They dressed in white linen from head to foot, like the old gentleman, and wore broad Panama hats.

Then there was Miss Charlotte; she was twenty-five, and tall and proud and grand, but as good as she could be when she warn't stirred up; but when she was she had a look that would make you wilt in your tracks, like her father. She was beautiful.

So was her sister, Miss Sophia, but it was a different kind. She was gentle and sweet like a dove, and she was only twenty.

Each person had their own nigger to wait on them—Buck too. My nigger had a monstrous easy time, because I warn't used to having anybody do anything for me, but Buck's was on the jump most of the time.

This was all there was of the family now, but there used to be more—three sons; they got killed; and Emmeline that died.

The old gentleman owned a lot of farms and over a hundred niggers. Sometimes a stack of people would come there, horseback, from ten or fifteen miles around, and stay five or six days, and have such junketings round about and on the river, and dances and picnics in the woods daytimes, and balls at the house nights. These people was mostly kinfolks of the family. The men brought their guns with them. It was a handsome lot of quality, I tell you.

There was another clan of aristocracy around there—five or six families—mostly of the name of Shepherdson. They was as high-toned and well born and rich and grand as the tribe of Grangerfords. The Shepherdsons and Grangerfords used the same steamboat-landing, which was about two mile above our house; so sometimes when I went up there with a lot of our folks I used to see a lot of the Shepherdsons there on their fine horses.

One day Buck and me was away out in the woods hunting, and heard a horse coming. We was crossing the road. Buck says:

"Quick! Jump for the woods!"

We done it, and then peeped down the woods through the leaves. Pretty soon a splendid young man came galloping down the road, setting his horse easy and looking like a soldier. He had his gun across his pommel. I had seen him before. It was young Harney Shepherdson. I heard Buck's gun go off at my ear, and Harney's hat tumbled off from his head. He grabbed his gun and rode straight to the place where we was hid. But we didn't wait. We started through the woods on a run. The woods warn't thick, so I looked over my shoulder to dodge the bullet, and twice I seen Harney cover Buck with his gun; and then he rode away the way he come—to get his hat, I reckon, but I couldn't see. We never stopped running till we got home. The old gentleman's eyes blazed a minute—'twas pleasure, mainly, I judged—then his face sort of smoothed down, and he says, kind of gentle:

"I don't like that shooting from behind a bush. Why didn't you step into the road, my boy?"

"The Shepherdsons don't, father. They always take advantage."

Miss Charlotte she held her head up like a queen while Buck was telling his tale, and her nostrils spread and her eyes snapped. The two young men looked dark, but never said nothing. Miss Sophia she turned pale, but the color come back when she found the man warn't hurt.

Soon as I could get Buck down by the corncribs under the trees by ourselves, I says:

"Did you want to kill him, Buck?"

"Well, I bet I did."

"What did he do to you?"

"Him? He never done nothing to me."

"Well, then, what did you want to kill him for?"

"Why, nothing—only it's on account of the feud."

"What's a feud?"

"Why, where was you raised? Don't you know what a feud is?"

"Never heard of it before—tell me about it."

"Well," says Buck, "a feud is this way: A man has a quarrel with another man, and kills him; then that other man's brother kills *him;* then the other brothers, on both sides, goes for one another; then the *cousins* chip in—and by and by everybody's killed off, and there ain't no more feud. But it's kind of slow, and takes a long time."

"Has this one been going on long, Buck?"

"Well, I should *reckon!* It started thirty year ago, or som'ers along there. There was trouble 'bout something, and then a lawsuit to settle it; and the suit went agin one of the men, and so he up and shot the man that won the suit—which he would naturally do, of course. Anybody would."

"What was the trouble about, Buck?—land?"

"I reckon maybe—I don't know."

"Well, who done the shooting? Was it a Grangerford or a Shepherdson?"

"Laws, how do *I* know? It was so long ago."

"Don't anybody know?"

"Oh, yes, pa knows, I reckon, and some of the other old people; but they don't know now what the row was about in the first place."

"Has there been many killed, Buck?"

"Yes; right smart chance of funerals. But they don't always kill. Pa's got a few buckshot in him; but he don't mind it 'cuz he don't weigh much, anyway. Bob's been carved up some with a bowie, and Tom's been hurt once or twice."

"Has anybody been killed this year, Buck?"

"Yes; we got one and they got one. 'Bout three months ago my cousin Bud, fourteen year old, was riding through the woods on t'other side of the river, and didn't have no weapon with him, which was blame' foolishness, and in a lonesome place he hears a horse a-coming behind him, and sees old Baldy Shepherdson a-linkin' after him with his gun in his hand and his white hair a-flying in the wind; and 'stead of jumping off and taking to the brush, Bud 'lowed he could outrun him; so they had it, nip and tuck, for five mile or more, the old man a-gaining all the time; so at last Bud seen it warn't any use, so he stopped and faced around so as to have the bullet-holes in front, you know, and the old man he rode up and shot him down. But he didn't git much chance to enjoy his luck, for inside of a week our folks laid *him* out."

"I reckon that old man was a coward, Buck."

"I reckon he *warn't* a coward. Not by a blame' sight. There ain't a coward amongst them Shepherdsons—not a one. And there ain't no cowards amongst the Grangerfords either. Why, that old man kep' up his end in a fight one day for half an hour against three Grangerfords, and come out winner. They was all a-horseback; he lit off of his horse and got behind a little woodpile, and kep' his horse before him to stop the bullets; but the Grangerfords stayed on their horses and capered around the old man, and peppered away at him, and he peppered away at them. Him and his horse both went home pretty leaky and crippled, but the Grangerfords had to be *fetched* home—and one of 'em was dead, and another died the next day. No, sir; if a body's out hunting for cowards he don't want to fool away any time amongst them Shepherdsons, becuz they don't breed any of that *kind.*"

Next Sunday we all went to church, about three mile, everybody a-horseback. The men took their guns along, so did Buck, and kept them between their knees or stood them handy against the wall. The Shepherdsons done the same. It was pretty ornery preaching—all about brotherly love, and such-like tiresomeness; but everybody said it was a good sermon, and they

all talked it over going home, and had such a powerful lot to say about faith and good works and free grace and preforeordestination, and I don't know what all, that it did seem to me to be one of the roughest Sundays I had run across yet.

About an hour after dinner everybody was dozing around, some in their chairs and some in their rooms, and it got to be pretty dull. Buck and a dog was stretched out on the grass in the sun sound asleep. I went up to our room, and judged I would take a nap myself. I found that sweet Miss Sophia standing in her door, which was next to ours, and she took me in her room and shut the door very soft, and asked me if I liked her, and I said I did; and she asked me if I would do something for her and not tell anybody, and I said I would. Then she said she'd forgot her Testament, and left it in the seat at church between two other books, and would I slip out quiet and go there and fetch it to her, and not say nothing to nobody. I said I would. So I slid out and slipped off up the road, and there warn't anybody at the church, except maybe a hog or two, for there warn't any lock on the door, and hogs likes a puncheon floor in summer-time because it's cool. If you notice, most folks don't go to church only when they've got to; but a hog is different.

Says I to myself, something's up; it ain't natural for a girl to be in such a sweat about a Testament. So I give it a shake, and out drops a little piece of paper with *"Half past two"* wrote on it with a pencil. I ransacked it, but couldn't find anything else. I couldn't make anything out of that, so I put the paper in the book again, and when I got home and upstairs there was Miss Sophia in her door waiting for me. She pulled me in and shut the door; then she looked in the Testament till she found the paper, and as soon as she read it she looked glad; and before a body could think she grabbed me and give me a squeeze, and said I was the best boy in the world, and not to tell anybody. She was mighty red in the face for a minute, and her eyes lighted up, and it made her powerful pretty. I was a good deal astonished, but when I got my breath I asked her what the paper was about, and she asked me if I had read it, and I said no, and she asked me if I could read writing, and I told her "no, only coarse-hand," and then she said the paper warn't anything but a book-mark to keep her place, and I might go and play now.

I went off down to the river, studying over this thing, and pretty soon I noticed that my nigger was following along behind. When we was out of sight of the house he looked back and around a second, and then comes a-running, and says:

"Mars Jawge, if you'll come down into de swamp I'll show you a whole stack o' water-moccasins."

Thinks I, that's mighty curious; he said that yesterday. He oughter know a body don't love water-moccasins enough to go around hunting for them. What is he up to, anyway? So I says:

"All right; trot ahead."

I followed a half a mile; then he struck out over the swamp, and waded ankle-deep as much as another half-mile. We come to a little flat piece of land which was dry and very thick with trees and bushes and vines, and he says:

"You shove right in dah jist a few steps, Mars Jawge; dah's whah dey is. I's seed 'm befo'; I don't k'yer to see 'em no mo'."

Then he slopped right along and went away, and pretty soon the trees hid him. I poked into the place a ways and come to a little open patch as big as a bedroom all hung around with vines, and found a man laying there asleep—and, by jings, it was my old Jim!

I waked him up, and I reckoned it was going to be a grand surprise to him to see me again, but it warn't. He nearly cried he was so glad, but he warn't surprised. Said he swum along behind me that night, and heard me yell every time, but dasn't answer, because he didn't want nobody to pick *him* up and take him into slavery again. Says he:

"I got hurt a little, en couldn't swim fas', so I wuz a considerable ways behine you towards de las'; when you landed I reck'ned I could ketch up wid you on de lan' 'dout havin' to shout at you, but when I see dat house I begin to go slow. I 'uz off too fur to hear what dey say to you—I wuz 'fraid o' de dogs; but when it 'uz all quiet ag'in I knowed you's in de house, so I struck out for de woods to wait for day. Early in de mawnin' some er

de niggers come along, gwyne to de fields, en dey tuk me en showed me dis place, whah de dogs can't track me on accounts o' de water, en dey brings me truck to eat every night, en tells me how you's a-gittin' along."

"Why didn't you tell my Jack to fetch me here sooner, Jim?"

"Well, 'twarn't no use to 'sturb you, Huck, tell we could do sumfn—but we're all right now. I ben a-buyin' pots en pans en vittles, as I got a chanst, en a-patchin' up de raf' nights when—"

"*What* raft, Jim?"

"Our ole raf'."

"You mean to say our old raft warn't smashed all to flinders?"

"No, she warn't. She was tore up a good deal—one en' of her was; but dey warn't no great harm done, on'y our traps was mos' all los'. Ef we hadn' dive' so deep en swum so fur under water, en de night hadn't ben so dark, en we warn't so sk'yerd, en ben sich punkin-heads, as de sayin' is, we'd a seed de raf'. But it's jis' as well we didn't, 'kase now she's all fixed up ag'in mos' as good as new, en we's got a new lot o' stuff, in de place o' what 'uz los'."

"Why, how did you get hold of the raft again, Jim—did you catch her?"

"How I gwyne to ketch her en I out in de woods? No; some er de niggers foun' her ketched on a snag along heah in de ben', en dey hid her in a crick 'mongst de willows, en dey wuz so much jawin' 'bout which un 'um she b'long to de mos' dat I come to heah 'bout it pooty soon, so I ups en settles de trouble by tellin' 'um she don't b'long to none uv 'um, but to you en me; en I ast 'm if dey gwyne to grab a young white genlman's propaty, en git a hid'n for it? Den I gin 'm ten cents apiece, en dey 'uz mighty well satisfied, en wisht some mo' raf's 'ud come along en make 'm rich ag'in. Dey's mighty good to me, dese niggers is, en whatever I wants 'm to do fur me I doan' have to ast 'm twice, honey. Dat Jack's a good nigger, en pooty smart."

"Yes, he is. He ain't ever told me you was here; told me to come, and he'd show me a lot of water-moccasins. If anything happens *he* ain't mixed up in it. He can say he never seen us together, and it'll be the truth."

I don't want to talk much about the next day. I reckon I'll cut it pretty short. I waked up about dawn, and was a-going to turn over and go to sleep again when I noticed how still it was—didn't seem to be anybody stirring. That warn't usual. Next I noticed that Buck was up and gone. Well, I gets up, a-wondering, and goes down-stairs—nobody around; everything as still as a mouse. Just the same outside. Thinks I, what does it mean? Down by the woodpile I comes across my Jack, and says:

"What's it all about?"

Says he:

"Don't you know, Mars Jawge?"

"No," says I, "I don't."

"Well, den, Miss Sophia's run off! 'deed she has. She run off in de night some time—nobody don't know jis' when; run off to get married to dat young Harney Shepherdson, you know—leastways, so dey 'spec. De fambly foun' it out 'bout half an hour ago—maybe a little mo'—en' I *tell* you dey warn't no time los'. Sich another hurryin' up guns en hosses *you* never see! De women folks has gone for to stir up de relations, en ole Mars Saul en de boys tuck dey guns en rode up de river road for to try to ketch dat young man en kill him 'fo' he kin git acrost de river wid Miss Sophia. I reck'n dey's gwyne to be mighty rough times."

"Buck went off 'thout waking me up."

"Well, I reck'n he *did!* Dey warn't gwyne to mix you up in it. Mars Buck he loaded up his gun en 'lowed he's gwyne to fetch home a Shepherdson or bust. Well, dey'll be plenty un 'm dah, I reck'n, en you bet you he'll fetch one ef he gits a chanst."

I took up the river road as hard as I could put. By and by I begin to hear guns a good ways off. When I came in sight of the log store and the woodpile where the steamboats lands I worked along under the trees and brush till I got to a good place, and then I clumb up into the forks of a cottonwood that was out of reach, and watched. There was a woodrank four foot high a little ways in front of the tree, and first I was going to hide behind that; but maybe it was luckier I didn't.

There was four or five men cavorting around on their horses in the open place before the log store, cussing and yelling, and trying to get at a couple of young chaps that was be-

hind the wood-rank alongside of the steamboat-landing; but they couldn't come it. Every time one of them showed himself on the river side of the woodpile he got shot at. The two boys was squatting back to back behind the pile, so they could watch both ways.

By and by the men stopped cavorting around and yelling. They started riding towards the store; then up gets one of the boys, draws a steady bead over the wood-rank, and drops one of them out of his saddle. All the men jumped off of their horses and grabbed the hurt one and started to carry him to the store; and that minute the two boys started on the run. They got half-way to the tree I was in before the men noticed. Then the men see them, and jumped on their horses and took out after them. They gained on the boys, but it didn't do no good, the boys had too good a start; they got to the woodpile that was in front of my tree, and slipped in behind it, and so they had the bulge on the men again. One of the boys was Buck, and the other was a slim young chap about nineteen years old.

The men ripped around awhile, and then rode away. As soon as they was out of sight I sung out to Buck and told him. He didn't know what to make of my voice coming out of the tree at first. He was awful surprised. He told me to watch out sharp and let him know when the men come in sight again; said they was up to some devilment or other—wouldn't be gone long. I wished I was out of that tree, but I dasn't come down. Buck begun to cry and rip, and 'lowed that him and his cousin Joe (that was the other young chap) would make up for this day yet. He said his father and his two brothers was killed, and two or three of the enemy. Said the Shepherdsons laid for them in ambush. Buck said his father and brothers ought to waited for their relations—the Shepherdsons was too strong for them. I asked him what was become of young Harney and Miss Sophia. He said they'd got across the river and was safe. I was glad of that; but the way Buck did take on because he didn't manage to kill Harney that day he shot at him—I hain't ever heard anything like it.

All of a sudden, bang! bang! bang! goes three or four guns—the men had slipped around through the woods and come in from behind without their horses! The boys jumped for the river—both of them hurt—and as they swum down the current the men run along the bank shooting at them and singing out, "Kill them, kill them!" It made me so sick I most fell out of the tree. I ain't a-going to tell *all* that happened—it would make me sick again if I was to do that. I wished I hadn't ever come ashore that night to see such things. I ain't ever going to get shut of them—lots of times I dream about them.

I stayed in the tree till it begun to get dark, afraid to come down. Sometimes I heard guns away off in the woods; and twice I seen little gangs of men gallop past the log store with guns; so I reckoned the trouble was still a-going on. I was mighty downhearted; so I made up my mind I wouldn't ever go anear that house again, because I reckoned I was to blame, somehow. I judged that that piece of paper meant that Miss Sophia was to meet Harney somewheres at half past two and run off; and I judged I ought to told her father about that paper and the curious way she acted, and then maybe he would 'a' locked her up, and this awful mess wouldn't ever happened.

When I got down out of the tree I crept along down the river-bank a piece, and found the two bodies laying in the edge of the water, and tugged at them till I got them ashore; then I covered up their faces, and got away as quick as I could. I cried a little when I was covering up Buck's face, for he was mighty good to me.

It was just dark now. I never went near the house, but struck through the woods and made for the swamp. Jim warn't on his island, so I tramped off in a hurry for the crick, and crowded through the willows, red-hot to jump aboard and get out of that awful country. The raft was gone! My souls, but I was scared! I couldn't get my breath for most a minute. Then I raised a yell. A voice not twenty-five foot from me says:

"Good lan'! is dat you, honey? Doan' make no noise."

It was Jim's voice—nothing ever sounded so good before. I run along the bank a piece and got aboard, and Jim he grabbed me and hugged me, he was so glad to see me. He says:

"Laws bless you, chile, I 'uz right down sho' you's dead ag'in. Jack's been heah; he say he reck'n you's ben shot, kase you didn' come home no mo'; so I's jes' dis minute a-startin' de raf' down towards de mouf er de crick, so's to be all ready for to shove out en leave soon as Jack comes ag'in en tells me for certain you *is* dead. Lawsy, I's mighty glad to git you back ag'in, honey."

I says:

"All right—that's mighty good; they won't find me, and they'll think I've been killed, and floated down the river—there's something up there that'll help them think so—so don't you lose no time, Jim, but just shove off for the big water as fast as ever you can."

I never felt easy till the raft was two mile below there and out in the middle of the Mississippi. Then we hung up our signal lantern, and judged that we was free and safe once more. I hadn't had a bite to eat since yesterday, so Jim he got out some corn-dodgers and buttermilk, and pork and cabbage and greens—there ain't nothing in the world so good when it's cooked right—and whilst I eat my supper we talked and had a good time. I was powerful glad to get away from the feuds, and so was Jim to get away from the swamp. We said there warn't no home like a raft, after all. Other places do seem so cramped up and smothery, but a raft don't. You feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft.

## 19. THE DUKE AND THE DAUPHIN COME ABOARD

Two or three days and nights went by; I reckon I might say they swum by, they slid along so quiet and smooth and lovely. Here is the way we put in the time. It was a monstrous big river down there—sometimes a mile and a half wide; we run nights, and laid up and hid daytimes; soon as night was most gone we stopped navigating and tied up—nearly always in the dead water under a towhead; and then cut young cottonwoods and willows, and hid the raft with them. Then we set out the lines. Next we slid into the river and had a swim, so as to freshen up and cool off; then we set down on the sandy bottom where the water was about knee-deep, and watched the daylight come. Not a sound anywheres—perfectly still—just like the whole world was asleep, only sometimes the bullfrogs a-cluttering, maybe. The first thing to see, looking away over the water, was a kind of dull line—that was the woods on t'other side; you couldn't make nothing else out; then a pale place in the sky; then more paleness spreading around; then the river softened up away off, and warn't black any more, but gray; you could see little dark spots drifting along ever so far away—trading-scows, and such things; and long black streaks—rafts; sometimes you could hear a sweep screaking; or jumbled-up voices, it was so still, and sounds come so far; and by and by you could see a streak on the water which you know by the look of the streak that there's a snag there in a swift current which breaks on it and makes that streak look that way; and you see the mist curl up off of the water, and the east reddens up, and the river, and you make out a log cabin in the edge of the woods, away on the bank on t'other side of the river, being a wood-yard, likely, and piled by them cheats so you can throw a dog through it anywheres; then the nice breeze springs up, and comes fanning you from over there, so cool and fresh and sweet to smell on account of the woods and the flowers; but sometimes not that way, because they've left dead fish laying around, gars and such, and they do get pretty rank; and next you've got the full day, and everything smiling in the sun, and the songbirds just going it!

A little smoke couldn't be noticed now, so we would take some fish off of the lines and cook up a hot breakfast. And afterwards we would watch the lonesomeness of the river, and kind of lazy along, and by and by lazy off to sleep. Wake up by and by, and look to see what done it, and maybe see a steamboat coughing along up-stream, so far off towards the other side you couldn't tell nothing about her only whether she was a stern-wheel or side-wheel; then for about an hour there wouldn't be nothing to hear nor nothing to see—just solid lonesomeness. Next you'd see a raft sliding by, away off yonder, and maybe a galoot on it chopping, because they're most always doing it on a raft; you'd see the ax flash and come down—you don't hear nothing; you see that ax go up again, and by the time

it's above the man's head then you hear the *k'chunk!*—it had took all that time to come over the water. So we would put in the day, lazying around, listening to the stillness. Once there was a thick fog, and the rafts and things that went by was beating tin pans so the steamboats wouldn't run over them. A scow or a raft went by so close we could hear them talking and cussing and laughing—heard them plain; but we couldn't see no sign of them; it made you feel crawly; it was like spirits carrying on that way in the air. Jim said he believed it was spirits; but I says:

"No; spirits wouldn't say, 'Dern the dern fog.' "

Soon as it was night out we shoved; when we got her out to about the middle we let her alone, and let her float wherever the current wanted her to; then we lit the pipes, and dangled our legs in the water, and talked about all kinds of things—we was always naked, day and night, whenever the mosquitoes would let us—the new clothes Buck's folks made for me was too good to be comfortable, and besides I didn't go much on clothes, nohow.

Sometimes we'd have that whole river all to ourselves for the longest time. Yonder was the banks and the islands, across the water; and maybe a spark—which was a candle in a cabin window; and sometimes on the water you could see a spark or two—on a raft or a scow, you know; and maybe you could hear a fiddle or a song coming over from one of them crafts. It's lovely to live on a raft. We had the sky up there, all speckled with stars, and we used to lay on our backs and look up at them, and discuss about whether they was made or only just happened. Jim he allowed they was made, but I allowed they happened; I judged it would have took too long to *make* so many. Jim said the moon could 'a' *laid* them; well, that looked kind of reasonable, so I didn't say nothing against it, because I've seen a frog lay most as many, so of course it could be done. We used to watch the stars that fell, too, and see them streak down. Jim allowed they'd got spoiled and was hove out of the nest.

Once or twice of a night we would see a steamboat slipping along in the dark, and now and then she would belch a whole world of sparks up out of her chimbleys, and they would rain down in the river and look awful pretty; then she would turn a corner and her lights would wink out and her powwow shut off and leave the river still again; and by and by her waves would get to us, a long time after she was gone, and joggle the raft a bit, and after that you wouldn't hear nothing for you couldn't tell how long, except maybe frogs or something.

After midnight the people on shore went to bed, and then for two or three hours the shores was black—no more sparks in the cabin windows. These sparks was our clock—the first one that showed again meant morning was coming, so we hunted a place to hide and tie up right away.

One morning about daybreak I found a canoe and crossed over a chute to the main shore—it was only two hundred yards—and paddled about a mile up a crick amongst the cypress woods, to see if I couldn't get some berries. Just as I was passing a place where a kind of a cowpath crossed the crick, here comes a couple of men tearing up the path as tight as they could foot it. I thought I was a goner, for whenever anybody was after anybody I judged it was *me*—or maybe Jim. I was about to dig out from there in a hurry, but they was pretty close to me then, and sung out and begged me to save their lives—said they hadn't been doing nothing, and was being chased for it—said there was men and dogs a-coming. They wanted to jump right in, but I says:

"Don't you do it. I don't hear the dogs and horses yet; you've got time to crowd through the brush and get up the crick a little ways; then you take to the water and wade down to me and get in—that'll throw the dogs off the scent."

They done it, and soon as they was aboard I lit out for our towhead, and in about five or ten minutes we heard the dogs and the men away off, shouting. We heard them come along towards the crick, but couldn't see them; they seemed to stop and fool around awhile; then, as we got further and further away all the time, we couldn't hardly hear them at all; by the time we had left a mile of woods behind us and struck the river, everything was quiet, and we paddled over to the towhead and hid in the cottonwoods and was safe.

One of these fellows was about seventy or

upwards, and had a bald head and very gray whiskers. He had an old battered-up slouch hat on, and a greasy blue woolen shirt, and ragged old blue jeans britches stuffed into his boot-tops, and home-knit galluses—no, he only had one. He had an old long-tailed blue jeans coat with slick brass buttons flung over his arm, and both of them had big, fat, ratty-looking carpet-bags.

The other fellow was about thirty, and dressed about as ornery. After breakfast we all laid off and talked, and the first thing that come out was that these chaps didn't know one another.

"What got you into trouble?" says the baldhead to t'other chap.

"Well, I'd been selling an article to take the tartar off the teeth—and it does take it off, too, and generly the enamel along with it—but I stayed about one night longer than I ought to, and was just in the act of sliding out when I ran across you on the trail this side of town, and you told me they were coming, and begged me to help you to get off. So I told you I was expecting trouble myself, and would scatter out *with* you. That's the whole yarn—what's yourn?"

"Well, I'd ben a-runnin' a little temperance revival thar 'bout a week, and was the pet of the women folks, big and little, for I was makin' it mighty warm for the rummies, I *tell* you, and takin' as much as five or six dollars a night—ten cents a head, children and niggers free—and business a-growin' all the time, when somehow or another a little report got around last night that I had a way of puttin' in my time with a private jug on the sly. A nigger rousted me out this mornin', and told me the people was getherin' on the quiet with their dogs and horses, and they'd be along pretty soon and give me 'bout half an hour's start, and then run me down if they could; and if they got me they'd tar and feather me and ride me on a rail, sure. I didn't wait for no breakfast—I warn't hungry."

"Old man," said the young one, "I reckon we might double-team it together; what do you think?"

"I ain't undisposed. What's your line—mainly?"

"Jour printer by trade; do a little in patent medicines; theater-actor—tragedy, you know; take a turn to mesmerism and phrenology when there's a chance; teach singing-geography school for a change; sling a lecture sometimes—oh, I do lots of things—most anything that comes handy, so it ain't work. What's your lay?"

"I've done considerble in the doctoring way in my time. Layin' on o' hands is my best holt—for cancer and paralysis, and sich things; and I k'n tell a fortune pretty good when I've got somebody along to find out the facts for me. Preachin's my line, too, and workin' camp-meetin's, and missionaryin' around."

Nobody never said anything for a while; then the young man hove a sigh and says:

"Alas!"

"What 're you alassin' about?" says the baldhead.

"To think I should have lived to be leading such a life, and be degraded down into such company." And he begun to wipe the corner of his eye with a rag.

"Dern your skin, ain't the company good enough for you?" says the baldhead, pretty pert and uppish.

"Yes, it *is* good enough for me; it's as good as I deserve; for who fetched me so low when I was so high? *I* did myself. I don't blame *you*, gentlemen—far from it; I don't blame anybody. I deserve it all. Let the cold world do its worst; one thing I know—there's a grave somewhere for me. The world may go on just as it's always done, and take everything from me—loved ones, property, everything; but it can't take that. Some day I'll lie down in it and forget it all, and my poor broken heart will be at rest." He went on a-wiping.

"Drot your pore broken heart," says the baldhead; "what are you heaving your pore broken heart at *us* f'r? *We* hain't done nothing."

"No, I know you haven't. I ain't blaming you, gentlemen. I brought myself down—yes, I did it myself. It's right I should suffer—perfectly right—I don't make any moan."

"Brought you down from whar? Whar was you brought down from?"

"Ah, you would not believe me; the world never believes—let it pass—'tis no matter. The secret of my birth—"

"The secret of your birth! Do you mean to say—"

"Gentlemen," says the young man, very solemn, "I will reveal it to you, for I feel I may have confidence in you. By rights I am a duke!"

Jim's eyes bugged out when he heard that; and I reckon mine did, too. Then the baldhead says: "No! you can't mean it?"

"Yes. My great-grandfather, eldest son of the Duke of Bridgewater, fled to this country about the end of the last century, to breathe the pure air of freedom; married here, and died, leaving a son, his own father dying about the same time. The second son of the late duke seized the titles and estates—the infant real duke was ignored. I am the lineal descendant of that infant—I am the rightful Duke of Bridgewater; and here am I, forlorn, torn from my high estate, hunted of men, despised by the cold world, ragged, worn, heartbroken, and degraded to the companionship of felons on a raft!"

Jim pitied him ever so much, and so did I. We tried to comfort him, but he said it warn't much use, he couldn't be much comforted; said if we was a mind to acknowledge him, that would do him more good than most anything else; so we said we would, if he would tell us how. He said we ought to bow when we spoke to him, and say "Your Grace," or "My Lord," or "Your Lordship"—and he wouldn't mind it if we called him plain "Bridgewater," which, he said, was a title anyway, and not a name; and one of us ought to wait on him at dinner, and do any little thing for him he wanted done.

Well, that was all easy, so we done it. All through dinner Jim stood around and waited on him, and says, "Will yo' Grace have some o' dis or some o' dat?" and so on, and a body could see it was mighty pleasing to him.

But the old man got pretty silent by and by —didn't have much to say, and didn't look pretty comfortable over all that petting that was going on around that duke. He seemed to have something on his mind. So, along in the afternoon, he says:

"Looky here, Bilgewater," he says, "I'm nation sorry for you, but you ain't the only person that's had troubles like that."

"No?"

"No, you ain't. You ain't the only person that's ben snaked down wrongfully out'n a high place."

"Alas!"

"No, you ain't the only person that's had a secret of his birth." And, by jings, *he* begins to cry.

"Hold! What do you mean?"

"Bilgewater, kin I trust you?" says the old man, still sort of sobbing.

"To the bitter death!" He took the old man by the hand and squeezed it, and says, "That secret of your being: speak!"

"Bilgewater, I am the late Dauphin!"

You bet you, Jim and me stared this time. Then the duke says:

"You are what?"

"Yes, my friend, it is too true—your eyes is lookin' at this very moment on the pore disappeared Dauphin, Looy the Seventeen, son of Looy the Sixteen and Marry Antonette."

"You! At your age! No! You mean you're the late Charlemagne; you must be six or seven hundred years old, at the very least."

"Trouble has done it, Bilgewater, trouble has done it; trouble has brung these gray hairs and this premature balditude. Yes, gentlemen, you see before you, in blue jeans and misery, the wanderin', exiled, trampled-on, and sufferin' rightful King of France."

Well, he cried and took on so that me and Jim didn't know hardly what to do, we was so sorry—and so glad and proud we'd got him with us, too. So we set in, like we done before with the duke, and tried to comfort *him*. But he said it warn't no use, nothing but to be dead and done with it all could do him any good; though he said it often made him feel easier and better for a while if people treated him according to his rights, and got down on one knee to speak to him, and always called him "Your Majesty," and waited on him first at meals, and didn't set down in his presence till he asked them. So Jim and me set to majestying him, and doing this and that and t'other for him, and standing up till he told us we might set down. This done him heaps of good, and so he got cheerful and comfortable. But the duke kind of soured on him, and didn't look a bit satisfied with the way things was going; still, the king acted real friendly towards him, and said the duke's great-grandfather and all the other Dukes of

Bilgewater was a good deal thought of by *his* father, and was allowed to come to the palace considerable; but the duke stayed huffy a good while, till by and by the king says:

"Like as not we got to be together a blamed long time on this h-yer raft, Bilgewater, and so what's the use o' your bein' sour? It'll only make things oncomfortable. It ain't my fault I warn't born a duke, it ain't your fault you warn't born a king—so what's the use to worry? Make the best o' things the way you find 'em, says I—that's my motto. This ain't no bad thing that we've struck here—plenty grub and an easy life—come, give us your hand, duke, and le's all be friends."

The duke done it, and Jim and me was pretty glad to see it. It took away all the uncomfortableness and we felt mighty good over it, because it would 'a' been a miserable business to have any unfriendliness on the raft; for what you want, above all things, on a raft, is for everybody to be satisfied, and feel right and kind towards the others.

It didn't take me long to make up my mind that these liars warn't no kings nor dukes at all, but just low-down humbugs and frauds. But I never said nothing, never let on; kept it to myself; it's the best way; then you don't have no quarrels, and don't get into no trouble. If they wanted us to call them kings and dukes, I hadn't no objections, 'long as it would keep peace in the family; and it warn't no use to tell Jim, so I didn't tell him. If I never learnt nothing else out of pap, I learnt that the best way to get along with his kind of people is to let them have their own way.

## 20. WHAT ROYALTY DID TO PARKVILLE

They asked us considerable many questions; wanted to know what we covered up the raft that way for, and laid by in the daytime instead of running—was Jim a runaway nigger? Says I:

"Goodness sakes! would a runaway nigger run *south*?"

No, they allowed he wouldn't. I had to account for things some way, so I says:

"My folks was living in Pike County, in Missouri, where I was born, and they all died off but me and pa and my brother Ike. Pa, he 'lowed he'd break up and go down and live with Uncle Ben, who's got a little one-horse place on the river forty-four mile below Orleans. Pa was pretty poor, and had some debts; so when he'd squared up there warn't nothing left but sixteen dollars and our nigger, Jim. That warn't enough to take us fourteen hundred mile, deck passage nor no other way. Well, when the river rose pa had a streak of luck one day; he ketched this piece of a raft; so we reckoned we'd go down to Orleans on it. Pa's luck didn't hold out; a steamboat run over the forrard corner of the raft one night, and we all went overboard and dove under the wheel; Jim and me come up all right, but pa was drunk, and Ike was only four years old, so they never come up no more. Well, for the next day or two we had considerable trouble, because people was always coming out in skiffs and trying to take Jim away from me, saying they believed he was a runaway nigger. We don't run daytimes no more now; nights they don't bother us."

The duke says:

"Leave me alone to cipher out a way so we can run in the daytime if we want to. I'll think the thing over—I'll invent a plan that 'll fix it. We'll let it alone for today, because of course we don't want to go by that town yonder in daylight—it mightn't be healthy."

Towards night it begun to darken up and look like rain; the heat-lightning was squirting around low down in the sky, and the leaves was beginning to shiver—it was going to be pretty ugly, it was easy to see that. So the duke and the king went to overhauling our wigwam, to see what the beds was like. My bed was a straw tick—better than Jim's, which was a corn-shuck tick; there's always cobs around about in a shuck tick, and they poke into you and hurt; and when you roll over the dry shucks sound like you was rolling over in a pile of dead leaves; it makes such a rustling that you wake up. Well, the duke allowed he would take my bed; but the king allowed he wouldn't. He says:

"I should 'a' reckoned the difference in rank would 'a' sejested to you that a corn-shuck bed warn't just fitten for me to sleep on. Your Grace 'll take the shuck bed yourself."

Jim and me was in a sweat again for a minute, being afraid there was going to be some

more trouble amongst them; so we was pretty glad when the duke says:

" 'Tis my fate to be always ground into the mire under the iron heel of oppression. Misfortune has broken my once haughty spirit; I yield, I submit; 'tis my fate. I am alone in the world—let me suffer; I can bear it."

We got away as soon as it was good and dark. The king told us to stand well out towards the middle of the river, and not show a light till we got a long ways below the town. We come in sight of the little bunch of lights by and by—that was the town, you know—and slid by, about a half a mile out, all right. When we was three-quarters of a mile below we hoisted up our signal lantern; and about ten o'clock it come on to rain and blow and thunder and lighten like everything; so the king told us to both stay on watch till the weather got better; then him and the duke crawled into the wigwam and turned in for the night. It was my watch below till twelve, but I wouldn't 'a' turned in anyway if I'd had a bed, because a body don't see such a storm as that every day in the week, not by a long sight. My souls, how the wind did scream along! And every second or two there'd come a glare that lit up the white-caps for a half a mile around, and you'd see the islands looking dusty through the rain, and the trees thrashing around in the wind; then comes a *h-whack!*—bum! bum! bumble-umble-um-bum-bum-bum-bum—and the thunder would go rumbling and grumbling away, and quit—and then *rip* comes another flash and another sock-dolager. The waves most washed me off the raft sometimes, but I hadn't any clothes on, and didn't mind. We didn't have no trouble about snags; the lightning was glaring and flittering around so constant that we could see them plenty soon enough to throw her head this way or that and miss them.

I had the middle watch, you know, but I was pretty sleepy by that time, so Jim he said he would stand the first half of it for me; he was always mighty good that way, Jim was. I crawled into the wigwam, but the king and the duke had their legs sprawled around so there warn't no show for me; so I laid outside —I didn't mind the rain, because it was warm, and the waves warn't running so high now. About two they come up again, though, and Jim was going to call me; but he changed his mind, because he reckoned they warn't high enough yet to do any harm; but he was mistaken about that, for pretty soon all of a sudden along comes a regular ripper and washed me overboard. It most killed Jim a-laughing. He was the easiest nigger to laugh that ever was, anyway.

I took the watch, and Jim he laid down and snored away; and by and by the storm let up for good and all; and the first cabin-light that showed I rousted him out, and we slid the raft into hiding-quarters for the day.

The king got out an old ratty deck of cards after breakfast, and him and the duke played seven-up awhile, five cents a game. Then they got tired of it, and allowed they would "lay out a campaign," as they called it. The duke went down into his carpet-bag, and fetched up a lot of little printed bills and read them out loud. One bill said, "The celebrated Dr. Armand de Montalban, of Paris," would "lecture on the Science of Phrenology" at such and such a place, on the blank day of blank, at ten cents admission, and "furnish charts of character at twenty-five cents apiece." The duke said that was *him*. In another bill he was the "world-renowned Shakespearian tragedian, Garrick the Younger, of Drury Lane, London." In other bills he had a lot of other names and done other wonderful things, like finding water and gold with a "diving-rod," "dissipating witch spells," and so on. By and by he says:

"But the histrionic muse is the darling. Have you ever trod the boards, Royalty?"

"No," says the king.

"You shall, then, before you're three days older, Fallen Grandeur," says the duke. "The first good town we come to we'll hire a hall and do the swordfight in 'Richard III.' and the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet.' How does that strike you?"

"I'm in, up to the hub, for anything that will pay, Bilgewater; but, you see, I don't know nothing about play-actin', and hain't ever seen much of it. I was too small when pap used to have 'em at the palace. Do you reckon you can learn me?"

"Easy!"

"All right. I'm jist a-freezin' for something fresh, anyway. Le's commence right away."

So the duke told him all about who Romeo was and who Juliet was, and said he was used to being Romeo, so the king could be Juliet.

"But if Juliet's such a young gal, duke, my peeled head and my white whiskers is goin' to look oncommon odd on her, maybe."

"No, don't you worry; these country jakes won't ever think of that. Besides, you know, you'll be in costume, and that makes all the difference in the world; Juliet's in a balcony, enjoying the moonlight before she goes to bed, and she's got on her nightgown and her ruffled nightcap. Here are the costumes for the parts."

He got out two or three curtain-calico suits, which he said was meedyevil armor for Richard III. and t'other chap, and a long white cotton nightshirt and a ruffled nightcap to match. The king was satisfied; so the duke got out his book and read the parts over in the most splendid spread-eagle way, prancing around and acting at the same time, to show how it had got to be done; then he give the book to the king and told him to get his part by heart.

There was a little one-horse town about three mile down the bend, and after dinner the duke said he had ciphered out his idea about how to run in daylight without it being dangersome for Jim; so he allowed he would go down to the town and fix that thing. The king allowed he would go, too, and see if he couldn't strike something. We was out of coffee, so Jim said I better go along with them in the canoe and get some.

When we got there there warn't nobody stirring; streets empty, and perfectly dead and still, like Sunday. We found a sick nigger sunning himself in a back yard, and he said everybody that warn't too young or too sick or too old was gone to camp-meeting, about two mile back in the woods. The king got the directions, and allowed he'd go and work that camp-meeting for all it was worth, and I might go, too.

The duke said what he was after was a printing-office. We found it; a little bit of a concern, up over a carpenter-shop—carpenters and printers all gone to the meeting, and no doors locked. It was a dirty, littered-up place, and had ink-marks, and handbills with pictures of horses and runaway niggers on them, all over the walls. The duke shed his coat and said he was all right now. So me and the king lit out for the camp-meeting.

We got there in about a half an hour fairly dripping, for it was a most awful hot day. There was as much as a thousand people there from twenty mile around. The woods was full of teams and wagons, hitched everywheres, feeding out of the wagon-troughs and stomping to keep off the flies. There was sheds made out of poles and roofed over with branches, where they had lemonade and gingerbread to sell, and piles of watermelons and green corn and such-like truck.

The preaching was going on under the same kinds of sheds, only they was bigger and held crowds of people. The benches was made out of outside slabs of logs, with holes bored in the round side to drive sticks into for legs. They didn't have no backs. The preachers had high platforms to stand on at one end of the sheds. The women had on sun-bonnets; and some had linsey-woolsey frocks, some gingham ones, and a few of the young ones had on calico. Some of the young men was barefooted, and some of the children didn't have on any clothes but just a tow-linen shirt. Some of the old women was knitting, and some of the young folks was courting on the sly.

The first shed we come to the preacher was lining out a hymn. He lined out two lines, everybody sung it, and it was kind of grand to hear it, there was so many of them and they done it in such a rousing way; then he lined out two more for them to sing—and so on. The people woke up more and more, and sung louder and louder; and towards the end some begun to groan, and some begun to shout. Then the preacher begun to preach, and begun in earnest, too; and went weaving first to one side of the platform and then the other, and then a-leaning down over the front of it, and his arms and his body going all the time, and shouting his words out with all his might; and every now and then he would hold up his Bible and spread it open, and kind of pass it around this way and that, shouting, "It's the brazen serpent in the wilderness! Look upon it and live!" And people would shout out, "Glory!—A-a-*men!*" And so he went on, and the people groaning and crying and saying amen:

"Oh, come to the mourners' bench! come,

black with sin! (*amen!*) come, sick and sore! (*amen!*) come, lame and halt and blind! (*amen!*) come, pore and needy, sunk in shame! (*a-a-men!*) come, all that's worn and soiled and suffering!—come with a broken spirit! come with a contrite heart! come in your rags and sin and dirt! the waters that cleanse is free, the door of heaven stands open—oh, enter in and be at rest!" (*a-a-men! glory, glory hallelujah!*)

And so on. You couldn't make out what the preacher said any more, on account of the shouting and crying. Folks got up everywheres in the crowd, and worked their way just by main strength to the mourners' bench, with the tears running down their faces; and when all the mourners had got up there to the front benches in a crowd, they sung and shouted and flung themselves down on the straw, just crazy and wild.

Well, the first I knowed the king got a-going, and you could hear him over everybody; and next he went a-charging up onto the platform, and the preacher he begged him to speak to the people, and he done it. He told them he was a pirate—been a pirate for thirty years out in the Indian Ocean—and his crew was thinned out considerable last spring in a fight, and he was home now to take out some fresh men, and thanks to goodness he'd been robbed last night and put ashore off of a steamboat without a cent, and he was glad of it; it was the blessedest thing that ever happened to him, because he was a changed man now, and happy for the first time in his life; and, poor as he was, he was going to start right off and work his way back to the Indian Ocean, and put in the rest of his life trying to turn the pirates into the true path; for he could do it better than anybody else, being acquainted with all pirate crews in that ocean; and though it would take him a long time to get there without money, he would get there anyway, and every time he convinced a pirate he would say to him, "Don't you thank me, don't you give me no credit; it all belongs to them dear people in Pokeville camp-meeting, natural brothers and benefactors of the race, and that dear preacher there, the truest friend a pirate ever had!"

And then he busted into tears, and so did everybody. Then somebody sings out, "Take up a collection for him, take up a collection!" Well, a half a dozen made a jump to do it, but somebody sings out, "Let *him* pass the hat around!" Then everybody said it, the preacher too.

So the king went all through the crowd with his hat, swabbing his eyes, and blessing the people and praising them and thanking them for being so good to the poor pirates away off there; and every little while the prettiest kind of girls, with the tears running down their cheeks, would up and ask him would he let them kiss him for to remember him by; and he always done it; and some of them he hugged and kissed as many as five or six times—and he was invited to stay a week; and everybody wanted him to live in their houses, and said they'd think it was an honor; but he said as this was the last day of the camp-meeting he couldn't do no good, and besides he was in a sweat to get to the Indian Ocean right off and go to work on the pirates.

When we got back to the raft and he come to count up he found he had collected eighty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents. And then he had fetched away a three-gallon jug of whisky, too, that he found under a wagon when he was starting home through the woods. The king said, take it all around, it laid over any day he'd ever put in in the missionarying line. He said it warn't no use talking, heathens don't amount to shucks alongside of pirates to work a camp-meeting with.

The duke was thinking *he'd* been doing pretty well till the king come to show up, but after that he didn't think so so much. He had set up and printed off two little jobs for farmers in that printing-office—horse bills—and took the money, four dollars. And he had got in ten dollars' worth of advertisements for the paper, which he said he would put in for four dollars if they would pay in advance—so they done it. The price of the paper was two dollars a year, but he took in three subscriptions for half a dollar apiece on condition of them paying him in advance; they were going to pay in cordwood and onions as usual, but he said he had just bought the concern and knocked down the price as low as he could afford it, and was going to run it for cash. He set up a little piece of poetry,

which he made, himself, out of his own head —three verses—kind of sweet and saddish—the name of it was, "Yes, crush, cold world, this breaking heart"—and he left that all set up and ready to print in the paper, and didn't charge nothing for it. Well, he took in nine dollars and a half, and said he'd done a pretty square day's work for it.

Then he showed us another little job he'd printed and hadn't charged for, because it was for us. It had a picture of a runaway nigger with a bundle on a stick over his shoulder, and "$200 reward" under it. The reading was all about Jim and just described him to a dot. It said he run away from St. Jacques's plantation, forty mile below New Orleans, last winter, and likely went north, and whoever would catch him and send him back he could have the reward and expenses.

"Now," says the duke, "after tonight we can run in the daytime if we want to. Whenever we see anybody coming we can tie Jim hand and foot with a rope, and lay him in the wigwam and show this handbill and say we captured him up the river, and were too poor to travel on a steamboat, so we got this little raft on credit from our friends and are going down to get the reward. Handcuffs and chains would look still better on Jim, but it wouldn't go well with the story of us being so poor. Too much like jewelry. Ropes are the correct thing —we must preserve the unities, as we say on the boards."

We all said the duke was pretty smart, and there couldn't be no trouble about running daytimes. We judged we could make miles enough that night to get out of the reach of the powwow we reckoned the duke's work in the printing-office was going to make in that little town; then we could boom right along if we wanted to.

We laid low and kept still, and never shoved out till nearly ten o'clock; then we slid by, pretty wide away from the town, and didn't hoist our lantern till we was clear out of sight of it.

When Jim called me to take the watch at four in the morning, he says:

"Huck, does you reck'n we gwyne to run acrost any mo' kings on dis trip?"

"No," I says, "I reckon not."

"Well," says he, "dat's all right, den. I doan' mine one er two kings, but dat's enough. Dis one's powerful drunk, en de duke ain' much better."

I found Jim had been trying to get him to talk French, so he could hear what it was like; but he said he had been in this country so long, and had so much trouble, he'd forgot it.

## 21. AN ARKANSAW DIFFICULTY

It was after sun-up now, but we went right on and didn't tie up. The king and the duke turned out by and by looking pretty rusty; but after they'd jumped overboard and took a swim it chippered them up a good deal. After breakfast the king he took a seat on the corner of the raft, and pulled off his boots and rolled up his britches, and let his legs dangle in the water, so as to be comfortable, and lit his pipe, and went to getting his "Romeo and Juliet" by heart. When he had got it pretty good him and the duke begun to practise it together. The duke had to learn him over and over again how to say every speech; and he made him sigh, and put his hand on his heart, and after a while he said he done it pretty well; "only," he says, "you mustn't bellow out *Romeo!* that way, like a bull—you must say it soft and sick and languishy, so—R-o-o-meo! that is the idea; for Juliet's a dear sweet mere child of a girl, you know, and she doesn't bray like a jackass."

Well, next they got out a couple of long swords that the duke made out of oak laths, and begun to practise the sword-fight—the duke called himself Richard III.; and the way they laid on and pranced around the raft was grand to see. But by and by the king tripped and fell overboard, and after that they took a rest, and had a talk about all kinds of adventures they'd had in other times along the river.

After dinner the duke says:

"Well, Capet, we'll want to make this a first-class show, you know, so I guess we'll add a little more to it. We want a little something to answer encores with, anyway."

"What's onkores, Bilgewater?"

The duke told him, and then says:

"I'll answer by doing the Highland fling or the sailor's hornpipe; and you—well, let me see—oh, I've got it—you can do Hamlet's soliloquy."

"Hamlet's which?"

"Hamlet's soliloquy, you know; the most celebrated thing in Shakespeare. Ah, it's sublime, sublime! Always fetches the house. I haven't got it in the book—I've only got one volume—but I reckon I can piece it out from memory. I'll just walk up and down a minute, and see if I can call it back from recollection's vaults."

So he went to marching up and down, thinking, and frowning horrible every now and then; then he would hoist up his eyebrows; next he would squeeze his hand on his forehead and stagger back and kind of moan; next he would sigh, and next he'd let on to drop a tear. It was beautiful to see him. By and by he got it. He told us to give attention. Then he strikes a most noble attitude, with one leg shoved forwards, and his arms stretched away up, and his head tilted back, looking up at the sky; and then he begins to rip and rave and grit his teeth; and after that, all through his speech, he howled, and spread around, and swelled up his chest, and just knocked the spots out of any acting ever *I* see before. This is the speech—I learned it, easy enough, while he was learning it to the king:

To be, or not to be; that is the bare bodkin
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would fardels bear, till Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane,
But that the fear of something after death
Murders the innocent sleep,
Great nature's second course,
And makes us rather sling the arrows of outrageous fortune
Than fly to others that we know not of.
There's the respect must give us pause:
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The law's delay, and the quietus which his pangs might take,
In the dead waste and middle of the night, when churchyards yawn
In customary suits of solemn black,
But that the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns,
Breathes forth contagion on the world,
And thus the native hue of resolution, like the poor cat i' the adage,
Is sicklied o'er with care,
And all the clouds that lowered o'er our housetops,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. But soft you, the fair Ophelia:
Ope not thy ponderous and marble jaws,
But get thee to a nunnery—go!

Well, the old man he liked that speech, and he mighty soon got it so he could do it first rate. It seemed like he was just born for it; and when he had his hand in and was excited, it was perfectly lovely the way he would rip and tear and rair up behind when he was getting it off.

The first chance we got the duke he had some show-bills printed; and after that, for two or three days as we floated along, the raft was a most uncommon lively place, for there warn't nothing but sword-fighting and rehearsing—as the duke called it—going on all the time. One morning, when we was pretty well down the state of Arkansaw, we come in sight of a little one-horse town in a big bend; so we tied up about three-quarters of a mile above it, in the mouth of a crick which was shut in like a tunnel by the cypress trees, and all of us but Jim took the canoe and went down there to see if there was any chance in that place for our show.

We struck it mighty lucky; there was going to be a circus there that afternoon, and the country-people was already beginning to come in, all kinds of old shackly wagons, and on horses. The circus would leave before night, so our show would have a pretty good chance. The duke he hired the court-house, and we went around and stuck up our bills. They read like this:

Shaksperean Revival ! ! !
Wonderful Attraction!
For One Night Only!
The world renowned tragedians,
David Garrick the younger,
of Drury Lane Theatre, London,
and
Edmund Kean the elder, of the Royal Haymarket Theatre, Whitechapel, Pudding Lane, Piccadilly, London, and the Royal Continental Theatres, in their sublime Shaksperean Spectacle entitled

The Balcony Scene
in
Romeo and Juliet ! ! !
Romeo .....Mr. Garrick
Juliet .....Mr. Kean
Assisted by the whole strength of the company!
New costumes, new scenery, new appointments!
Also:
The thrilling, masterly, and blood-curdling
Broad-sword conflict
In Richard III. ! ! !
Richard III .....Mr. Garrick
Richmond .....Mr. Kean
Also:
(by special request)
Hamlet's Immortal Soliloquy ! !
By the Illustrious Kean!
Done by him 300 consecutive nights in Paris!
For One Night Only,
On account of imperative European engagements!
Admission 25 cents; children and servants, 10 cents.

Then we went loafing around town. The stores and houses was most all old, shackly, dried-up frame concerns that hadn't ever been painted; they was set up three or four foot above ground on stilts, so as to be out of reach of the water when the river was overflowed. The houses had little gardens around them, but they didn't seem to raise hardly anything in them but jimpson-weeds, and sunflowers, and ash-piles, and old curled-up boots and shoes, and pieces of bottles, and rags, and played-out tinware. The fences was made of different kinds of boards, nailed on at different times; and they leaned every which way, and had gates that didn't generly have but one hinge—a leather one. Some of the fences had been white-washed some time or another, but the duke said it was in Columbus's time, like enough. There was generly hogs in the garden, and people driving them out.

All the stores was along one street. They had white domestic awnings in front, and the country-people hitched their horses to the awning-posts. There was empty dry-goods boxes under the awnings, and loafers roosting on them all day long, whittling them with their Barlow knives; and chawing tobacco, and gaping and yawning and stretching—a mighty ornery lot. They generly had on yellow straw hats most as wide as an umbrella, but didn't wear no coats nor waistcoats; they called one another Bill, and Buck, and Hank, and Joe, and Andy, and talked lazy and drawly, and used considerable many cuss-words. There was as many as one loafer leaning up against every awning-post, and he most always had his hands in his britches pockets, except when he fetched them out to lend a chaw of tobacco or scratch. What a body was hearing amongst them all the time was:

"Gimme a chaw 'v tobacker, Hank."

"Cain't; I hain't got but one chaw left. Ask Bill."

Maybe Bill he gives him a chaw; maybe he lies and says he ain't got none. Some of them kinds of loafers never has a cent in the world, nor a chaw of tobacco of their own. They get all their chawing by borrowing; they say to a fellow, "I wisht you'd len' me a chaw, Jack, I jist this minute give Ben Thompson the last chaw I had"—which is a lie pretty much every time; it don't fool nobody but a stranger; but Jack ain't no stranger, so he says:

"*You* give him a chaw, did you? So did your sister's cat's grandmother. You pay me back the chaws you've awready borry'd off'n me, Lafe Buckner, then I'll loan you one or two ton of it, and won't charge you no back intrust, nuther."

"Well, I *did* pay you back some of it wunst."

"Yes, you did—'bout six chaws. You borry'd store tobacker and paid back nigger-head."

Store tobacco is flat black plug, but these fellows mostly chaws the natural leaf twisted. When they borrow a chaw they don't generly cut it off with a knife, but set the plug in between their teeth, and gnaw with their teeth and tug at the plug with their hands till they get it in two; then sometimes the one that owns the tobacco looks mournful at it when it's handed back, and says, sarcastic:

"Here, gimme the *chaw,* and you take the *plug.*"

All the streets and lanes was just mud; they warn't nothing else *but* mud—mud as black as tar and nigh about a foot deep in some places, and two or three inches deep in *all* the places. The hogs loafed and grunted around everywheres. You'd see a muddy sow and a litter of pigs come lazying along the street and whollop herself right down in the way, where folks had to walk around her, and she'd stretch out and shut her eyes and wave her ears whilst the pigs was milking her, and

look as happy as if she was on salary. And pretty soon you'd hear a loafer sing out, "Hi! *so* boy! sick him, Tige!" and away the sow would go, squealing most horrible, with a dog or two swinging to each ear, and three or four dozen more a-coming; and then you would see all the loafers get up and watch the thing out of sight, and laugh at the fun and look grateful for the noise. Then they'd settle back again till there was a dog-fight. There couldn't anything wake them up all over, and make them happy all over, like a dog-fight—unless it might be putting turpentine on a stray dog and setting fire to him, or tying a tin pan to his tail and see him run himself to death.

On the river-front some of the houses was sticking out over the bank, and they was bowed and bent, and about ready to tumble in. The people had moved out of them. The bank was caved away under one corner of some others, and that corner was hanging over. People lived in them yet, but it was dangersome, because sometimes a strip of land as wide as a house caves in at a time. Sometimes a belt of land a quarter of a mile deep will start in and cave along and cave along till it all caves into the river in one summer. Such a town as that has to be always moving back, and back, and back, because the river's always gnawing at it.

The nearer it got to noon that day the thicker and thicker was the wagons and horses in the streets, and more coming all the time. Families fetched their dinners with them from the country, and eat them in the wagons. There was considerable whisky-drinking going on, and I seen three fights. By and by somebody sings out:

"Here comes old Boggs!—in from the country for his little old monthly drunk; here he comes, boys!"

All the loafers looked glad; I reckoned they was used to having fun out of Boggs. One of them says:

"Wonder who he's a-gwyne to chaw up this time. If he'd a-chawed up all the men he's ben a-gwyne to chaw up in the last twenty year he'd have considerable reputation now."

Another one says, "I wisht old Boggs 'd threaten me, 'cuz then I'd know I warn't gwyne to die for a thousan' year."

Boggs comes a-tearing along on his horse, whooping and yelling like an Injun, and singing out:

"Cler the track, thar. I'm on the waw-path, and the price uv coffins is a-gwyne to raise."

He was drunk, and weaving about in his saddle; he was over fifty year old, and had a very red face. Everybody yelled at him and laughed at him and sassed him, and he sassed back, and said he'd attend to them and lay them out in their regular turns, but he couldn't wait now because he'd come to town to kill old Colonel Sherburn, and his motto was, "Meat first, and spoon vittles to top off on."

He see me, and rode up and says:

"Whar'd you come f'm, boy? You prepared to die?"

Then he rode on. I was scared, but a man says:

"He don't mean nothing; he's always a-carryin' on like that when he's drunk. He's the best-naturedest old fool in Arkansaw—never hurt nobody, drunk nor sober."

Boggs rode up before the biggest store in town, and bent his head down so he could see under the curtain of the awning and yells:

"Come out here, Sherburn! Come out and meet the man you've swindled. You're the houn' I'm after, and I'm a-gwyne to have you, too!"

And so he went on, calling Sherburn everything he could lay his tongue to, and the whole street packed with people listening and laughing and going on. By and by a proud-looking man about fifty-five—and he was a heap the best-dressed man in that town, too—steps out of the store, and the crowd drops back on each side to let him come. He says to Boggs, mighty ca'm and slow—he says:

"I'm tired of this, but I'll endure it till one o'clock. Till one o'clock, mind—no longer. If you open your mouth against me only once after that time you can't travel so far but I will find you."

Then he turns and goes in. The crowd looked mighty sober; nobody stirred, and there warn't no more laughing. Boggs rode off blackguarding Sherburn as loud as he could yell, all down the street; and pretty soon back he comes and stops before the store, still keeping it up. Some men crowded around him and tried to get him to shut up, but he

wouldn't; they told him it would be one o'clock in about fifteen minutes, and so he *must* go home—he must go right away. But it didn't do no good. He cussed away with all his might, and throwed his hat down in the mud and rode over it, and pretty soon away he went a-raging down the street again, with his gray hair a-flying. Everybody that could get a chance at him tried their best to coax him off of his horse so they could lock him up and get him sober; but it warn't no use—up the street he would tear again, and give Sherburn another cussing. By and by somebody says:

"Go for his daughter!—quick, go for his daughter; sometimes he'll listen to her. If anybody can persuade him, she can."

So somebody started on a run. I walked down street a ways and stopped. In about five or ten minutes here comes Boggs again, but not on his horse. He was a-reeling across the street towards me, bareheaded, with a friend on both sides of him a-holt of his arms and hurrying him along. He was quiet, and looked uneasy; and he warn't hanging back any, but was doing some of the hurrying himself. Somebody sings out:

"Boggs!"

I looked over there to see who said it, and it was that Colonel Sherburn. He was standing perfectly still in the street, and had a pistol raised in his right hand—not aiming it, but holding it out with the barrel tilted up towards the sky. The same second I see a young girl coming on the run, and two men with her. Boggs and the men turned round to see who called him, and when they see the pistol the men jumped to one side, and the pistol-barrel come down slow and steady to a level—both barrels cocked. Boggs throws up both of his hands and says, "O Lord, don't shoot!" Bang! goes the first shot, and he staggers back, clawing at the air—bang! goes the second one, and he tumbles backward onto the ground, heavy and solid, with his arms spread out. That young girl screamed out and comes rushing, and down she throws herself on her father, crying, and saying, "Oh, he's killed him, he's killed him!" The crowd closed up around them, and shouldered and jammed one another, with their necks stretched, trying to see, and people on the inside trying to shove them back and shouting,

"Back, back! give him air, give him air!"

Colonel Sherburn he tossed his pistol onto the ground, and turned around on his heels and walked off.

They took Boggs to a little drug store, the crowd pressing around just the same, and the whole town following, and I rushed and got a good place at the window, where I was close to him and could see in. They laid him on the floor and put one large Bible under his head, and opened another one and spread it on his breast; but they tore open his shirt first, and I seen where one of the bullets went in. He made about a dozen long gasps, his breast lifting the Bible up when he drawed in his breath, and letting it down again when he breathed it out—and after that he laid still; he was dead. Then they pulled his daughter away from him, screaming and crying, and took her off. She was about sixteen, and very sweet and gentle looking, but awful pale and scared.

Well, pretty soon the whole town was there, squirming and scrouging and pushing and shoving to get at the window and have a look, but people that had the places wouldn't give them up, and folks behind them was saying all the time, "Say, now, you've looked enough, you fellows; 'tain't right and 'tain't fair for you to stay thar all the time, and never give nobody a chance; other folks has their rights as well as you."

There was considerable jawing back, so I slid out, thinking maybe there was going to be trouble. The streets was full, and everybody was excited. Everybody that seen the shooting was telling how it happened, and there was a big crowd packed around each one of these fellows, stretching their necks and listening. One long, lanky man, with long hair and a big white fur stovepipe hat on the back of his head, and a crooked-handled cane, marked out the places on the ground where Boggs stood and where Sherburn stood, and the people following him around from one place to t'other and watching everything he done, and bobbing their heads to show they understood, and stooping a little and resting their hands on their thighs to watch him mark the places on the ground with his cane; and

then he stood up straight and stiff where Sherburn had stood, frowning and having his hat-brim down over his eyes, and sung out, "Boggs!" and then fetched his cane down slow to a level, and says "Bang!" staggered backward, says "Bang!" again, and fell down flat on his back. The people that had seen the thing said he done it perfect; said it was just exactly the way it all happened. Then as much as a dozen people got out their bottles and treated him.

Well, by and by somebody said Sherburn ought to be lynched. In about a minute everybody was saying it; so away they went, mad and yelling, and snatching down every clothesline they come to to do the hanging with.

### 22. WHY THE LYNCHING BEE FAILED

They swarmed up towards Sherburn's house, a-whooping and raging like Injuns, and everything had to clear the way or get run over and tromped to mush, and it was awful to see. Children was heeling it ahead of the mob, screaming and trying to get out of the way; and every window along the road was full of women's heads, and there was nigger boys in every tree, and bucks and wenches looking over every fence; and as soon as the mob would get nearly to them they would break and skaddle back out of reach. Lots of the women and girls was crying and taking on, scared most to death.

They swarmed up in front of Sherburn's palings as thick as they could jam together, and you couldn't hear yourself think for the noise. It was a little twenty-foot yard. Some sung out "Tear down the fence! tear down the fence!" Then there was a racket of ripping and tearing and smashing, and down she goes, and the front wall of the crowd begins to roll in like a wave.

Just then Sherburn steps out onto the roof of his little front porch, with a double-barrel gun in his hand, and takes his stand, perfectly ca'm and deliberate, not saying a word. The racket stopped, and the wave sucked back.

Sherburn never said a word—just stood there, looking down. The stillness was awful creepy and uncomfortable. Sherburn run his eyes slow along the crowd; and wherever it struck the people tried a little to outgaze him, but they couldn't; they dropped their eyes and looked sneaky. Then pretty soon Sherburn sort of laughed; not the pleasant kind, but the kind that makes you feel like when you are eating bread that's got sand in it.

Then he says, slow and scornful:

"The idea of *you* lynching anybody! It's amusing. The idea of you thinking you had pluck enough to lynch a *man!* Because you're brave enough to tar and feather poor friendless cast-out women that come along here, did that make you think you had grit enough to lay your hands on a *man?* Why, a *man's* safe in the hands of ten thousand of your kind—as long as it's daytime and you're not behind him.

"Do I know you? I know you clear through. I was born and raised in the South, and I've lived in the North; so I know the average all around. The average man's a coward. In the North he lets anybody walk over him that wants to, and goes home and prays for a humble spirit to bear it. In the South one man, all by himself, has stopped a stage full of men in the daytime, and robbed the lot. Your newspapers call you a brave people so much that you think you *are* braver than any other people—whereas you're just *as* brave, and no braver. Why don't your juries hang murderers? Because they're afraid the man's friends will shoot them in the back, in the dark—and it's just what they *would* do.

"So they always acquit; and then a *man* goes in the night, with a hundred masked cowards at his back, and lynches the rascal. Your mistake is, that you didn't bring a man with you; that's one mistake, and the other is that you didn't come in the dark and fetch your masks. You brought *part* of a man—Buck Harkness, there—and if you hadn't had him to start you, you'd 'a' taken it out in blowing.

"You didn't want to come. The average man don't like trouble and danger. *You* don't like trouble and danger. But if only *half* a man—like Buck Harkness, there—shouts 'Lynch him! lynch him!' you're afraid to back down—afraid you'll be found out to be what you are—*cowards*—and so you raise a yell, and hang yourselves onto that half-a-man's coat-tail, and come raging up here, swearing what big things you're going to do. The pitifulest thing out is a mob; that's what an army is—

a mob; they don't fight with courage that's born in them, but with courage that's borrowed from their mass, and from their officers. But a mob without any *man* at the head of it is *beneath* pitifulness. Now the thing for *you* to do is to droop your tails and go home and crawl in a hole. If any real lynching's going to be done it will be done in the dark, Southern fashion; and when they come they'll bring their masks, and fetch a *man* along. Now *leave*—and take your half-a-man with you"—tossing his gun up across his left arm and cocking it when he says this.

The crowd washed back sudden, and then broke all apart, and went tearing off every which way, and Buck Harkness he heeled it after them, looking tolerable cheap. I could 'a' stayed if I wanted to, but I didn't want to.

I went to the circus and loafed around the back side till the watchman went by, and then dived in under the tent. I had my twenty-dollar gold piece and some other money, but I reckoned I better save it, because there ain't no telling how soon you are going to need it, away from home and amongst strangers that way. You can't be too careful. I ain't opposed to spending money on circuses when there ain't no other way, but there ain't no use in *wasting* it on them.

It was a real bully circus. It was the splendidest sight that ever was when they all come riding in, two and two, and gentleman and lady, side by side, the men just in their drawers and undershirts, and no shoes nor stirrups, and resting their hands on their thighs easy and comfortable—there must 'a' been twenty of them—and every lady with a lovely complexion, and perfectly beautiful, and looking just like a gang of real sure-enough queens, and dressed in clothes that cost millions of dollars, and just littered with diamonds. It was a powerful fine sight; I never see anything so lovely. And then one by one they got up and stood, and went a-weaving around the ring so gentle and wavy and graceful, the men looking ever so tall and airy and straight, with their heads bobbing and skimming along, away up there under the tent-roof, and every lady's rose-leafy dress flapping soft and silky around her hips, and she looking like the most loveliest parasol.

And then faster and faster they went, all of them dancing, first one foot out in the air and then the other, the horses leaning more and more, and the ringmaster going round and round the center pole, cracking his whip and shouting "Hi!—hi!" and the clown cracking jokes behind him; and by and by all hands dropped the reins, and every lady put her knuckles on her hips and every gentleman folded his arms, and then how the horses did lean over and hump themselves. And so one after the other they all skipped off into the ring, and made the sweetest bow I ever see, and then scampered out, and everybody clapped their hands and went just about wild.

Well, all through the circus they done the most astonishing things; and all the time that clown carried on so it most killed the people. The ringmaster couldn't ever say a word to him but he was back at him quick as a wink with the funniest things a body ever said; and how he ever *could* think of so many of them, and so sudden and so pat, was what I couldn't no way understand. Why, I couldn't 'a' thought of them in a year. And by and by a drunken man tried to get into the ring—said he wanted to ride; said he could ride as well as anybody that ever was. They argued and tried to keep him out, but he wouldn't listen, and the whole show come to a standstill. Then the people begun to holler at him and make fun of him, and that made him mad, and he begun to rip and tear; so that stirred up the people, and a lot of men begun to pile down off of the benches and swarm toward the ring, saying, "Knock him down! throw him out!" and one or two women begun to scream. So, then, the ringmaster he made a little speech, and said he hoped there wouldn't be no disturbance, and if the man would promise he wouldn't make no more trouble he would let him ride if he thought he could stay on the horse. So everybody laughed and said all right, and the man got on. The minute he was on, the horse begun to rip and tear and jump and cavort around, with two circus men hanging on to his bridle trying to hold him, and the drunken man hanging on to his neck, and his heels flying in the air every jump, and the whole crowd of people standing up shouting and laughing till tears rolled down. And at last, sure enough, all the circus men could do, the horse broke loose, and away he went

like the very nation, round and round the ring, with that sot laying down on him and hanging to his neck, with first one leg hanging most to the ground on one side, and then t'other one on t'other side, and the people just crazy. It warn't funny to me, though; I was all of a tremble to see his danger. But pretty soon he struggled up astraddle and grabbed the bridle, a-reeling this way and that; and the next minute he sprung up and dropped the bridle and stood! and the horse a-going like a house afire, too. He just stood up there, a-sailing around as easy and comfortable as if he warn't ever drunk in his life—and then he began to pull off his clothes and sling them. He shed them so thick they kind of clogged up the air, and altogether he shed seventeen suits. And, then, there he was, slim and handsome, and dressed the gaudiest and prettiest you ever saw, and he lit into that horse with his whip and made him fairly hum—and finally skipped off, and made his bow and danced off to the dressing-room, and everybody just a-howling with pleasure and astonishment.

Then the ringmaster he see how he had been fooled, and he *was* the sickest ringmaster you ever see, I reckon. Why, it was one of his own men! He had got up that joke all out of his own head, and never let on to nobody. Well, I felt sheepish enough to be took in so, but I wouldn't 'a' been in that ringmaster's place, not for a thousand dollars. I don't know; there may be bullier circuses than what that one was, but I never struck them yet. Anyways, it was plenty good enough for *me;* and wherever I run across it, it can have all of *my* custom every time.

Well, that night we had *our* show; but there warn't only about twelve people there —just enough to pay expenses. And they laughed all the time, and that made the duke mad; and everybody left, anyway, before the show was over, but one boy which was asleep. So the duke said these Arkansaw lunkheads couldn't come up to Shakespeare; what they wanted was low comedy—and maybe something ruther worse than low comedy, he reckoned. He said he could size their style. So next morning he got some big sheets of wrapping-paper and some black paint, and drawed off some handbills, and stuck them up all over the village. The bills said:

AT THE COURT HOUSE!
FOR 3 NIGHTS ONLY!
*The World-Renowned Tragedians*
DAVID GARRICK THE YOUNGER!
AND
EDMUND KEAN THE ELDER!
*Of the London and Continental Theatres,*
In their Thrilling Tragedy of
THE KING'S CAMELEOPARD,
OR
THE ROYAL NONESUCH! ! !
*Admission 50 cents.*

Then at the bottom was the biggest line of all, which said:

LADIES AND CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED

"There," says he, "if that line don't fetch them, I don't know Arkansaw!"

### 23. THE ORNERINESS OF KINGS

Well, all day him and the king was hard at it, rigging up a stage and a curtain and a row of candles for footlights; and that night the house was jam full of men in no time. When the place couldn't hold no more, the duke he quit tending door and went around the back way and come onto the stage and stood up before the curtain and made a little speech, and praised up this tragedy, and said it was the most thrillingest one that ever was; and so he went on a-bragging about the tragedy, and about Edmund Kean the Elder, which was to play the main principal part in it; and at last when he'd got everybody's expectations up high enough, he rolled up the curtain, and the next minute the king come a-prancing out on all fours, naked; and he was painted all over, ring-streaked-and-striped, all sorts of colors, as splendid as a rainbow. And —but never mind the rest of his outfit; it was just wild, but it was awful funny. The people most killed themselves laughing; and when the king got done capering and capered off behind the scenes, they roared and clapped and stormed and haw-hawed till he come back and done it over again, and after that they made him do it another time. Well, it would make a cow laugh to see the shines that old idiot cut.

Then the duke he lets the curtain down, and bows to the people, and says the great tragedy will be performed only two nights more, on accounts of pressing London engagements, where the seats is all sold already for it in Drury Lane; and then he makes them another bow, and says if he has succeeded in pleasing them and instructing them, he will be deeply obleeged if they will mention it to their friends and get them to come and see it.

Twenty people sings out:

"What, is it over? Is that *all?*"

The duke says yes. Then there was a fine time. Everybody sings out, "Sold!" and rose up mad, and was a-going for that stage and them tragedians. But a big, fine-looking man jumps up on a bench and shouts:

"Hold on! Just a word, gentlemen." They stopped to listen. "We are sold—mighty badly sold. But we don't want to be the laughing-stock of this whole town, I reckon, and never hear the last of this thing as long as we live. *No.* What we want is to go out of here quiet, and talk this show up, and sell the *rest* of the town! Then we'll all be in the same boat. Ain't that sensible?" ("You bet it is!—the jedge is right!" everybody sings out.) "All right, then —not a word about any sell. Go along home, and advise everybody to come and see the tragedy."

Next day you couldn't hear nothing around that town but how splendid that show was. House was jammed again that night, and we sold this crowd the same way. When me and the king and the duke got home to the raft we all had a supper; and by and by, about midnight, they made Jim and me back her out and float her down the middle of the river, and fetch her in and hide her about two mile below town.

The third night the house was crammed again—and they warn't new-comers this time, but people that was at the show the other two nights. I stood by the duke at the door, and I see that every man that went in had his pockets bulging, or something muffled up under his coat—and I see it warn't no perfumery, neither, not by a long sight. I smelt sickly eggs by the barrel, and rotten cabbages, and such things; and if I know the signs of a dead cat being around, and I bet I do, there was sixty-four of them went in. I shoved in there for a minute, but it was too various for me; I couldn't stand it. Well, when the place couldn't hold no more people the duke he give a fellow a quarter and told him to tend door for him a minute, and then he started around for the stage door, I after him; but the minute we turned the corner and was in the dark he says:

"Walk fast now till you get away from the houses, and then shin for the raft like the dickens was after you!"

I done it, and he done the same. We struck the raft at the same time, and in less than two seconds we was gliding down-stream, all dark and still, and edging towards the middle of the river, nobody saying a word. I reckoned the poor king was in for a gaudy time of it with the audience, but nothing of the sort; pretty soon he crawls out from under the wigwam, and says:

"Well, how'd the old thing pan out this time, duke?" He hadn't been up-town at all.

We never showed a light till we was about ten mile below the village. Then we lit up and had a supper, and the king and the duke fairly laughed their bones loose over the way they'd served them people. The duke says:

"Greenhorns, flatheads! *I* knew the first house would keep mum and let the rest of the town get roped in; and I knew they'd lay for us the third night, and consider it was *their* turn now. Well, it *is* their turn, and I'd give something to know how much they'd take for it. I *would* just like to know how they're putting in their opportunity. They can turn it into a picnic if they want to—they brought plenty provisions."

Them rapscallions took in four hundred and sixty-five dollars in that three nights. I never see money hauled in by the wagon-load like that before.

By and by, when they was asleep and snoring, Jim says:

"Don't it s'prise you de way dem kings carries on, Huck?"

"No," I says, "it don't."

"Why don't it, Huck?"

"Well, it don't, because it's in the breed. I reckon they're all alike."

"But, Huck, dese kings o' ourn is reglar rapscallions; dat's jist what dey is; dey's reglar rapscallions."

"Well, that's what I'm a-saying; all kings is mostly rapscallions, as fur as I can make out."

"Is dat so?"

"You read about them once—you'll see. Look at Henry the Eight; this 'n' 's a Sunday-school Superintendent to *him*. And look at Charles Second, and Louis Fourteen, and Louis Fifteen, and James Second, and Edward Second, and Richard Third, and forty more; besides all them Saxon heptarchies that used to rip around so in old times and raise Cain. My, you ought to seen old Henry the Eight when he was in bloom. He *was* a blossom. He used to marry a new wife every day, and chop off her head next morning. And he would do it just as indifferent as if he was ordering up eggs. 'Fetch up Nell Gwynn,' he says. They fetch her up. Next morning, 'Chop off her head!' And they chop it off. 'Fetch up Jane Shore,' he says; and up she comes. Next morning, 'Chop off her head'—and they chop it off. 'Ring up Fair Rosamun.' Fair Rosamun answers the bell. Next morning, 'Chop off her head.' And he made every one of them tell him a tale every night; and he kept that up till he had hogged a thousand and one tales that way, and then he put them all in a book, and called it Domesday Book—which was a good name and stated the case. You don't know kings, Jim, but I know them; and this old rip of ourn is one of the cleanest I've struck in history. Well, Henry he takes a notion he wants to get up some trouble with this country. How does he go at it—give notice?—give the country a show? No. All of a sudden he heaves all the tea in Boston Harbor overboard, and whacks out a declaration of independence, and dares them to come on. That was *his* style—he never give anybody a chance. He had suspicions of his father, the Duke of Wellington. Well, what did he do? Ask him to show up? No—drownded him in a butt of mamsey, like a cat. S'pose people left money laying around where he was—what did he do? He collared it. S'pose he contracted to do a thing, and you paid him, and didn't set down there and see that he done it—what did he do? He always done the other thing. S'pose he opened his mouth—what then? If he didn't shut it up powerful quick he'd lose a lie every time. That's the kind of a bug Henry was; and if we'd 'a' had him along 'stead of our kings he'd 'a' fooled that town a heap worse than ourn done. I don't say that ourn is lambs, because they ain't, when you come right down to the cold facts; but they ain't nothing to *that* old ram, anyway. All I say is, kings is kings, and you got to make allowances. Take them all around, they're a mighty ornery lot. It's the way they're raised."

"But dis one do *smell* so like de nation, Huck."

"Well, they all do, Jim. *We* can't help the way a king smells; history don't tell no way."

"Now de duke, he's a tolerble likely man in some ways."

"Yes, a duke's different. But not very different. This one's a middling hard lot for a duke. When he's drunk there ain't no near-sighted man could tell him from a king."

"Well, anyways, I doan' hanker for no mo' un um, Huck. Dese is all I kin stan'."

"It's the way I feel, too, Jim. But we've got them on our hands, and we got to remember what they are, and make allowances. Sometimes I wish we could hear of a country that's out of kings."

What was the use to tell Jim these warn't real kings and dukes? It wouldn't 'a' done no good; and, besides, it was just as I said: you couldn't tell them from the real kind.

I went to sleep, and Jim didn't call me when it was my turn. He often done that. When I waked up just at daybreak he was sitting there with his head down betwixt his knees, moaning and mourning to himself. I didn't take notice nor let on. I knowed what it was about. He was thinking about his wife and his children, away up yonder, and he was low and homesick; because he hadn't ever been away from home before in his life; and I do believe he cared just as much for his people as white folks does for their'n. It don't seem natural, but I reckon it's so. He was often moaning and mourning that way nights, when he judged I was asleep, and saying, "Po' little 'Lizabeth! po' little Johnny! it's mighty hard; I spec' I ain't ever gwyne to see you no mo', no mo'!" He was a mighty good nigger, Jim was.

But this time I somehow got to talking to him about his wife and young ones; and by and by he says:

"What makes me feel so bad dis time 'uz

bekase I hear sumpn over yonder on de bank like a whack, er a slam, while ago, en it mine me er de time I treat my little 'Lizabeth so ornery. She warn't on'y 'bout fo' year ole en she tuck de sk'yarlet fever, en had a powful rough spell; but she got well, en one day she was a-stannin' aroun', en I says to her, I says:

" 'Shet de do'.'

"She never done it; jis' stood dah, kiner smilin' up at me. It make me mad; en I says ag'in, mighty loud, I says:

" 'Doan you hear me? Shet de do'!'

"She jis' stood de same way, kiner smilin' up. I was a-bilin'! I says:

" 'I lay I *make* you mine!'

"En wid dat I fetch' her a slap side de head dat sont her a-sprawlin'. Den I went into de yuther room, en 'uz gone 'bout ten minutes; en when I come back dah was dat do' a-stannin' open *yit,* en dat chile stannin' mos' right in it, a-lookin' down and mournin', en de tears runnin' down. My, but I *wuz* mad! I was a-gwyne for de chile, but jis' den—it was a do' dat open innerds—jis' den, 'long come de wind en slam it to, behine de chile, ker-*blam!*—en my lan', de chile never move'! My breff mos' hop outer me; en I feel so—so—I doan' know *how* I feel. I crope out, all a-tremblin', en crope aroun' en open de do' easy en slow, en poke my head in behine de chile, sof' en still, en all uv a sudden I says *pow!* jis' as loud as I could yell. *She never budge!* Oh, Huck, I bust out a-cryin' en grab her up in my arms, en say, 'Oh, de po' little thing! De Lord God Amighty fogive po' ole Jim, kaze he never gwyne to fogive hisself as long's he live!' Oh, she was plumb deef en dumb, Huck, plumb deef en dumb—en I'd ben a-treat'n her so!"

## 24. THE KING TURNS PARSON

Next day, towards night, we laid up under a little willow towhead out in the middle, where there was a village on each side of the river, and the duke and the king begun to lay out a plan for working them towns. Jim he spoke to the duke, and said he hoped it wouldn't take but a few hours, because it got mighty heavy and tiresome to him when he had to lay all day in the wigwam tied with the rope. You see, when we left him all alone we had to tie him, because if anybody happened on to him all by himself and not tied it wouldn't look much like he was a runaway nigger, you know. So the duke said it *was* kind of hard to have to lay roped all day, and he'd cipher out some way to get around it.

He was uncommon bright, the duke was, and he soon struck it. He dressed Jim up in King Lear's outfit—it was a long curtain-calico gown, and a white horse-hair wig and whiskers; and then he took his theater paint and painted Jim's face and hands and ears and neck all over a dead, dull solid blue, like a man that's been drownded nine days. Blamed if he warn't the horriblest-looking outrage I ever see. Then the duke took and wrote out a sign on a shingle so:

Sick Arab—but harmless when not out of his head.

And he nailed that shingle to a lath, and stood the lath up four or five foot in front of the wigwam. Jim was satisfied. He said it was a sight better than lying tied a couple of years every day, and trembling all over every time there was a sound. The duke told him to make himself free and easy, and if anybody ever come meddling around, he must hop out of the wigwam, and carry on a little, and fetch a howl or two like a wild beast, and he reckoned they would light out and leave him alone. Which was sound enough judgment; but you take the average man, and he wouldn't wait for him to howl. Why, he didn't only look like he was dead, he looked considerable more than that.

These rapscallions wanted to try the Nonesuch again, because there was so much money in it, but they judged it wouldn't be safe, because maybe the news might 'a' worked along down by this time. They couldn't hit no project that suited exactly; so at last the duke said he reckoned he'd lay off and work his brains an hour or two and see if he couldn't put up something on the Arkansaw village; and the king he allowed he would drop over to t'other village without any plan, but just trust in Providence to lead him the profitable way—meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought store clothes where we stopped last; and now the king put his'n on, and he told me to put mine on. I done it, of course. The king's duds was all black, and he did look real swell and starchy. I never knowed how clothes could change a body before. Why,

before, he looked like the orneriest old rip that ever was; but now, when he'd take off his new white beaver and make a bow and do a smile, he looked that grand and good and pious that you'd say he had walked right out of the ark, and maybe was old Leviticus himself. Jim cleaned up the canoe, and I got my paddle ready. There was a big steamboat laying at the shore away up under the point, about three mile above the town—been there a couple of hours, taking on freight. Says the king:

"Seein' how I'm dressed, I reckon maybe I better arrive down from St. Louis or Cincinnati, or some other big place. Go for the steamboat, Huckleberry; we'll come down to the village on her."

I didn't have to be ordered twice to go and take a steamboat ride. I fetched the shore a half a mile above the village, and then went scooting along the bluff bank in the easy water. Pretty soon we come to a nice innocent-looking young country jake setting on a log swabbing the sweat off of his face, for it was powerful warm weather; and he had a couple of big carpet-bags by him.

"Run her nose inshore," says the king. I done it. "Wher' you bound for, young man?"

"For the steamboat; going to Orleans."

"Git aboard," says the king. "Hold on a minute, my servant 'll he'p you with them bags. Jump out and he'p the gentleman, Adolphus" —meaning me, I see.

I done so, and then we all three started on again. The young chap was mighty thankful; said it was tough work toting his baggage such weather. He asked the king where he was going, and the king told him he'd come down the river and landed at the other village this morning, and now he was going up a few mile to see an old friend on a farm up there. The young fellow says:

"When I first see you I says to myself, 'It's Mr. Wilks, sure, and he come mighty near getting here in time.' But then I says again, 'No, I reckon it ain't him, or else he wouldn't be paddling up the river.' You *ain't* him, are you?"

"No, my name's Blodgett—Elexander Blodgett—*Reverend* Elexander Blodgett, I s'pose I must say, as I'm one o' the Lord's poor servants. But still I'm jist as able to be sorry for Mr. Wilks for not arriving in time, all the same, if he's missed anything by it—which I hope he hasn't."

"Well, he don't miss any property by it, because he'll get that all right; but he's missed seeing his brother Peter die—which he mayn't mind, nobody can tell as to that—but his brother would 'a' give anything in this world to see *him* before he died; never talked about nothing else all these three weeks; hadn't seen him since they was boys together —and hadn't ever seen his brother William at all—that's the deef and dumb one—William ain't more than thirty or thirty-five. Peter and George were the only ones that come out here; George was the married brother; him and his wife both died last year. Harvey and William's the only ones that's left now; and, as I was saying, they haven't got here in time."

"Did anybody send 'em word?"

"Oh, yes; a month or two ago, when Peter was first took; because Peter said then that he sorter felt like he warn't going to get well this time. You see, he was pretty old, and George's g'yirls was too young to be much company for him, except Mary Jane, the red-headed one; and so he was kinder lonesome after George and his wife died, and didn't seem to care much to live. He most desperately wanted to see Harvey—and William, too, for that matter—because he was one of them kind that can't bear to make a will. He left a letter behind for Harvey, and said he'd told in it where his money was hid, and how he wanted the rest of the property divided up so George's g'yirls would be all right—for George didn't leave nothing. And that letter was all they could get him to put a pen to."

"Why do you reckon Harvey don't come? Wher' does he live?"

"Oh, he lives in England—Sheffield—preaches there—hasn't ever been in this country. He hasn't had any too much time—and besides he mightn't 'a' got the letter at all, you know."

"Too bad, too bad he couldn't 'a' lived to see his brothers, poor soul. You going to Orleans, you say?"

"Yes, but that ain't only a part of it. I'm going in a ship, next Wednesday, for Ryo Janeero, where my uncle lives."

"It's a pretty long journey. But it 'll be

lovely; I wisht I was a-going. Is Mary Jane the oldest? How old is the others?"

"Mary Jane's nineteen, Susan's fifteen, and Joanna's about fourteen—that's the one that gives herself to good works and has a hare-lip."

"Poor things! to be left alone in the cold world so."

"Well, they could be worse off. Old Peter had friends, and they ain't going to let them come to no harm. There's Hobson, the Baptis' preacher; and Deacon Lot Hovey, and Ben Rucker, and Abner Shackleford, and Levi Bell, the lawyer; and Dr. Robinson, and their wives, and the widow Bartley, and—well, there's a lot of them; but these are the ones that Peter was thickest with, and used to write about sometimes, when he wrote home; so Harvey 'll know where to look for friends when he gets here."

Well, the old man went on asking questions till he just fairly emptied that young fellow. Blamed if he didn't inquire about everybody and everything in that blessed town, and all about the Wilkses; and about Peter's business—which was a tanner; and about George's—which was a carpenter; and about Harvey's—which was a dissentering minister; and so on, and so on. Then he says:

"What did you want to walk all the way up to the steamboat for?"

"Because she's a big Orleans boat, and I was afeared she mightn't stop there. When they're deep they won't stop for a hail. A Cincinnati boat will, but this is a St. Louis one."

"Was Peter Wilks well off?"

"Oh, yes, pretty well off. He had houses and land, and it's reckoned he left three or four thousand in cash hid up som'ers."

"When did you say he died?"

"I didn't say, but it was last night."

"Funeral tomorrow, likely?"

"Yes, 'bout the middle of the day."

"Well, it's all terrible sad; but we've all got to go, one time or another. So what we want to do is to be prepared; then we're all right."

"Yes, sir, it's the best way. Ma used to always say that."

When we struck the boat she was about done loading, and pretty soon she got off. The king never said nothing about going aboard, so I lost my ride, after all. When the boat was gone the king made me paddle up another mile to a lonesome place, and then he got ashore and says:

"Now hustle back, right off, and fetch the duke up here, and the new carpet-bags. And if he's gone over to t'other side, go over there and git him. And tell him to git himself up regardless. Shove along, now."

I see what *he* was up to; but I never said nothing, of course. When I got back with the duke we hid the canoe, and then they set down on a log, and the king told him everything, just like the young fellow had said it—every last word of it. And all the time he was a-doing it he tried to talk like an Englishman; and he done it pretty well, too, for a slouch. I can't imitate him, and so I ain't a-going to try to; but he really done it pretty good. Then he says:

"How are you on the deef and dumb, Bilgewater?"

The duke said, leave him alone for that; said he had played a deef and dumb person on the histrionic boards. So then they waited for a steamboat.

About the middle of the afternoon a couple of little boats come along, but they didn't come from high enough up the river; but at last there was a big one, and they hailed her. She sent out her yawl, and we went aboard, and she was from Cincinnati; and when they found we only wanted to go four or five mile they were booming mad, and gave us a cussing, and said they wouldn't land us. But the king was ca'm. He says:

"If gentlemen kin afford to pay a dollar a mile apiece to be took on and put off in a yawl, a steamboat kin afford to carry 'em, can't it?"

So they softened down and said it was all right; and when we got to the village they yawled us ashore. About two dozen men flocked down when they see the yawl a-coming, and when the king says:

"Kin any of you gentlemen tell me wher' Mr. Peter Wilks lives?" they give a glance at one another, and nodded their heads, as much as to say, "What 'd I tell you?" Then one of them says, kind of soft and gentle:

"I'm sorry, sir, but the best we can do is to tell you where he *did* live yesterday evening."

Sudden as winking the ornery old cretur

went all to smash, and fell up against the man, and put his chin on his shoulder, and cried down his back, and says:

"Alas, alas, our poor brother—gone, and we never got to see him; oh, it's too, *too* hard!"

Then he turns around, blubbering, and makes a lot of idiotic signs to the duke on his hands, and blamed if *he* didn't drop a carpet-bag and bust out a-crying. If they warn't the beatenest lot, them two frauds, that ever I struck.

Well, the men gathered around and sympathized with them, and said all sorts of kind things to them, and carried their carpet-bags up the hill for them, and let them lean on them and cry, and told the king all about his brother's last moments, and the king he told it all over again on his hands to the duke, and both of them took on about that dead tanner like they'd lost the twelve disciples. Well, if ever I struck anything like it, I'm a nigger. It was enough to make a body ashamed of the human race.

### 25. ALL FULL OF TEARS AND FLAPDOODLE

The news was all over town in two minutes, and you could see the people tearing down on the run from every which way, some of them putting on their coats as they come. Pretty soon we was in the middle of a crowd, and the noise of the tramping was like a soldier march. The windows and dooryards was full; and every minute somebody would say, over a fence:

"Is it *them?*"

And somebody trotting along with the gang would answer back and say:

"You bet it is."

When we got to the house the street in front of it was packed, and the three girls was standing in the door. Mary Jane *was* red-headed, but that don't make no difference, she was most awful beautiful, and her face and her eyes was all lit up like glory, she was so glad her uncles was come. The king he spread his arms, and Mary Jane she jumped for them, and the hare-lip jumped for the duke, and there they *had* it! Everybody most, leastways women, cried for joy to see them meet again at last and have such good times.

Then the king he hunched the duke private —I see him do it—and then he looked around and see the coffin, over in the corner on two chairs; so then him and the duke, with a hand across each other's shoulder, and t'other hand to their eyes, walked slow and solemn over there, everybody dropping back to give them room, and all the talk and noise stopping, people saying " 'Sh!" and all the men taking their hats off and drooping their heads, so you could 'a' heard a pin fall. And when they got there they bent over and looked in the coffin, and took one sight, and then they bust out a-crying so you could 'a' heard them to Orleans, most; and then they put their arms around each other's necks, and hung their chins over each other's shoulders; and then for three minutes, or maybe four, I never seen two men leak the way they done. And, mind you, everybody was doing the same; and the place was that damp I never see anything like it. Then one of them got on one side of the coffin, and t'other on t'other side, and they kneeled down and rested their foreheads on the coffin, and let on to pray all to themselves. Well, when it come to that it worked the crowd like you never see anything like it, and everybody broke down and went to sobbing right out loud—the poor girls, too; and every woman, nearly, went up to the girls, without saying a word, and kissed them, solemn, on the forehead, and then put their hand on their head, and looked up towards the sky, with the tears running down, and then busted out and went off sobbing and swabbing, and give the next woman a show. I never see anything so disgusting.

Well, by and by the king he gets up and comes forward a little, and works himself up and slobbers out a speech, all full of tears and flapdoodle, about its being a sore trial for him and his poor brother to lose the diseased, and to miss seeing diseased alive after the long journey of four thousand mile, but it's a trial that's sweetened and sanctified to us by this dear sympathy and these holy tears, and so he thanks them out of his heart and out of his brother's heart, because out of their mouths they can't, words being too weak and cold, and all that kind of rot and slush, till it was just sickening; and then he blubbers out a pious goody-goody Amen, and turns himself loose and goes to crying fit to bust.

And the minute the words were out of his mouth somebody over in the crowd struck up the doxolojer and everybody joined in with all their might, and it just warmed you up and made you feel as good as church letting out. Music *is* a good thing; and after all that soul-butter and hogwash I never see it freshen up things so, and sound so honest and bully.

Then the king begins to work his jaw again, and says how him and his nieces would be glad if a few of the main principal friends of the family would take supper here with them this evening, and help set up with the ashes of the diseased; and says if his poor brother laying yonder could speak he knows who he would name, for they was names that was very dear to him, and mentioned often in his letters, and so he will name the same, to wit, as follows, viz.:—Rev. Mr. Hobson, and Deacon Lot Hovey, and Mr. Ben Rucker, and Abner Shackleford, and Levi Bell, and Dr. Robinson, and their wives, and the widow Bartley.

Rev. Hobson and Dr. Robinson was down to the end of the town a-hunting together—that is, I mean the doctor was shipping a sick man to t'other world, and the preacher was pinting him right. Lawyer Bell was away up to Louisville on business. But the rest was on hand, and so they all come and shook hands with the king and thanked him and talked to him; and then they shook hands with the duke and didn't say nothing, but just kept a-smiling and bobbing their heads like a passel of sapheads whilst he made all sorts of signs with his hands and said "Goo-goo—goo-goo-goo" all the time, like a baby that can't talk.

So the king he blattered along, and managed to inquire about pretty much everybody and dog in town, by his name, and mentioned all sorts of little things that happened one time or another in the town, or to George's family, or to Peter. And he always let on that Peter wrote him the things; but that was a lie: he got every blessed one of them out of that young flathead that we canoed up to the steamboat.

Then Mary Jane she fetched the letter her father left behind, and the king he read it out loud and cried over it. It give the dwelling-house and three thousand dollars, gold, to the girls; and it give the tanyard (which was doing a good business), along with some other houses and land (worth about seven thousand), and three thousand dollars in gold to Harvey and William, and told where the six thousand cash was hid down cellar. So these two frauds said they'd go and fetch it up, and have everything square and above-board; and told me to come with a candle. We shut the cellar door behind us, and when they found the bag they spilt it out on the floor, and it was a lovely sight, all them yaller-boys. My, the way the king's eyes did shine! He slaps the duke on the shoulder and says:

"Oh, *this* ain't bully nor noth'n'! Oh, no, I reckon not! Why, Biljy, it beats the Nonesuch, *don't* it?"

The duke allowed it did. They pawed the yaller-boys, and sifted them through their fingers and let them jingle down on the floor; and the king says:

"It ain't no use talkin'; bein' brothers to a rich dead man and representatives of furrin heirs that's got left is the line for you and me, Bilge. Thish yer comes of trust'n to Providence. It's the best way, in the long run. I've tried 'em all, and ther' ain't no better way."

Most everybody would 'a' been satisfied with the pile, and took it on trust; but no, they must count it. So they counts it, and it comes out four hundred and fifteen dollars short. Says the king:

"Dern him, I wonder what he done with that four hundred and fifteen dollars?"

They worried over that awhile, and ransacked all around for it. Then the duke says:

"Well, he was a pretty sick man, and likely he made a mistake—I reckon that's the way of it. The best way's to let it go, and keep still about it. We can spare it."

"Oh, shucks, yes, we can *spare* it. I don't k'yer noth'n 'bout that—it's the *count* I'm thinkin' about. We want to be awful square and open and above-board here, you know. We want to lug this h'yer money up-stairs and count it before everybody—then ther' ain't noth'n suspicious. But when the dead man says ther's six thous'n dollars, you know, we don't want to—"

"Hold on," says the duke. "Le's make up the deffisit," and he begun to haul out yaller-boys out of his pocket.

"It's a most amaz'n' good idea, duke—you

*have* got a rattlin' clever head on you," says the king. "Blest if the old Nonesuch ain't a-heppin' us out ag'in," and *he* begun to haul out yaller-jackets and stack them up.

It most busted them, but they made up the six thousand clean and clear.

"Say," says the duke, "I got another idea. Le's go up-stairs and count this money, and then take and *give it to the girls.*"

"Good land, duke, lemme hug you! It's the most dazzling idea 'at ever a man struck. You have cert'nly got the most astonishin' head I ever see. Oh, this is the boss dodge, ther' ain't no mistake 'bout it. Let 'em fetch along their suspicions now if they want to—this 'll lay 'em out."

When we got up-stairs everybody gethered around the table, and the king he counted it and stacked it up, three hundred dollars in a pile—twenty elegant little piles. Everybody looked hungry at it, and licked their chops. Then they raked it into the bag again, and I see the king begin to swell himself up for another speech. He says:

"Friends all, my poor brother that lays yonder has done generous by them that's left behind in the vale of sorrers. He has done generous by these yer poor little lambs that he loved and sheltered, and that's left fatherless and motherless. Yes, and we that knowed him knows that he would 'a' done *more* generous by 'em if he hadn't ben afeard o' woundin' his dear William and me. Now, *wouldn't* he? Ther' ain't no question 'bout it in *my* mind. Well, then, what kind o' brothers would it be that 'd stand in his way at sech a time? And what kind o' uncles would it be that 'd rob—yes, *rob*—sech poor sweet lambs as these 'at he loved so at sech a time? If I know William—and I *think* I do—he—well, I'll jest ask him." He turned around and began to make a lot of signs to the duke with his hands, and the duke he looks at him stupid and leather-headed awhile; then all of a sudden he seems to catch his meaning, and jumps for the king, goo-gooing with all his might for joy, and hugs him about fifteen times before he lets up. Then the king says, "I knowed it; I reckon *that* 'll convince anybody the way *he* feels about it. Here, Mary Jane, Susan, Joanner, take the money—take it *all.* It's the gift of him that lays yonder, cold but joyful."

Mary Jane she went for him, Susan and the hare-lip went for the duke, and then such another hugging and kissing I never see yet. And everybody crowded up with the tears in their eyes, and most shook the hands off of them frauds, saying all the time:

"You *dear* good souls!—how *lovely!*—how *could* you!"

Well, then, pretty soon all hands got to talking about the diseased again, and how good he was, and what a loss he was, and all that; and before long a big iron-jawed man worked himself in there from outside, and stood a-listening and looking, and not saying anything; and nobody saying anything to him either, because the king was talking and they was all busy listening. The king was saying—in the middle of something he'd started in on—

"—they bein' partickler friends o' the diseased. That's why they're invited here this evenin'; but tomorrow we want *all* to come—everybody; for he respected everybody, he liked everybody, and so it's fitten that his funeral orgies sh'd be public."

And so he went a-mooning on and on, liking to hear himself talk, and every little while he fetched in his funeral orgies again, till the duke he couldn't stand it no more; so he writes on a little scrap of paper, "*Obsequies,* you old fool," and folds it up, and goes to goo-gooing and reaching it over people's heads to him. The king he reads it and puts it in his pocket, and says:

"Poor William, afflicted as he is, his *heart's* aluz right. Asks me to invite everybody to come to the funeral—wants me to make 'em all welcome. But he needn't 'a' worried—it was jest what I was at."

Then he weaves along again, perfectly ca'm, and goes to dropping in his funeral orgies again every now and then, just like he done before. And when he done it the third time he says:

"I say orgies, not because it's the common term, because it ain't—obsequies bein' the common term—but because orgies is the right term. Obsequies ain't used in England no more now—it's gone out. We say orgies now in England. Orgies is better, because it means the thing you're after more exact. It's a word that's made up out'n the Greek *orgo,* outside,

open, abroad; and the Hebrew *jeesum,* to plant, cover up; hence in*ter.* So, you see, funeral orgies is an open er public funeral."

He was the *worst* I ever struck. Well, the iron-jawed man he laughed right in his face. Everybody was shocked. Everybody says, "Why, *doctor!*" and Abner Shackleford says:

"Why, Robinson, hain't you heard the news? This is Harvey Wilks."

The king he smiled eager, and shoved out his flapper, and says:

"*Is* it my poor brother's dear good friend and physician? I—"

"Keep your hands off me!" says the doctor. "*You* talk like an Englishman, *don't* you? It's the worst imitation I ever heard. *You* Peter Wilks's brother! You're a fraud, that's what you are!"

Well, how they all took on! They crowded around the doctor and tried to quiet him down, and tried to explain to him and tell him how Harvey's showed in forty ways that he *was* Harvey, and knowed everybody by name, and the names of the very dogs, and begged and *begged* him not to hurt Harvey's feelings and the poor girls' feelings, and all that. But it warn't no use; he stormed right along, and said any man that pretended to be an Englishman and couldn't imitate the lingo no better than what he did was a fraud and a liar. The poor girls was hanging to the king and crying; and all of a sudden the doctor ups and turns on *them.* He says:

"I was your father's friend, and I'm your friend; and I warn you *as* a friend, and an honest one that wants to protect you and keep you out of harm and trouble, to turn your backs on that scoundrel and have nothing to do with him, the ignorant tramp, with his idiotic Greek and Hebrew, as he calls it. He is the thinnest kind of an impostor—has come here with a lot of empty names and facts which he picked up somewheres; and you take them for *proofs,* and are helped to fool yourselves by these foolish friends here, who ought to know better. Mary Jane Wilks, you know me for your friend, and for your unselfish friend, too. Now listen to me; turn this pitiful rascal out—I *beg* you to do it. Will you?"

Mary Jane straightened herself up, and my, but she was handsome! She says:

"*Here* is my answer." She hove up the bag of money and put it in the king's hands, and says, "Take this six thousand dollars, and invest for me and my sisters any way you want to, and don't give us no receipt for it."

Then she put her arm around the king on one side, and Susan and the hare-lip done the same on the other. Everybody clapped their hands and stomped on the floor like a perfect storm, whilst the king held up his head and smiled proud. The doctor says:

"All right; I wash *my* hands of the matter. But I warn you all that a time's coming when you're going to feel sick whenever you think of this day." And away he went.

"All right, doctor," says the king, kinder mocking him; "we'll try and get 'em to send for you"; which made them all laugh, and they said it was a prime good hit.

### 26. I STEAL THE KING'S PLUNDER

Well, when they was all gone the king he asks Mary Jane how they was off for spare rooms, and she said she had one spare room, which would do for Uncle William, and she'd give her own room to Uncle Harvey, which was a little bigger, and she would turn into the room with her sisters and sleep on a cot; and up garret was a little cubby, with a pallet in it. The king said the cubby would do for his valley—meaning me.

So Mary Jane took us up, and she showed them their rooms, which was plain but nice. She said she'd have her frocks and a lot of other traps took out of her room if they was in Uncle Harvey's way, but he said they warn't. The frocks was hung along the wall, and before them was a curtain made out of calico that hung down to the floor. There was an old hair trunk in one corner, and a guitar-box in another, and all sorts of little knick-knacks and jimcracks around, like girls brisken up a room with. The king said it was all the more homely and more pleasanter for these fixings, and so don't disturb them. The duke's room was pretty small, but plenty good enough, and so was my cubby.

That night they had a big supper, and all them men and women was there, and I stood behind the king and the duke's chairs and waited on them, and the niggers waited on the rest. Mary Jane she set at the head of the table, with Susan alongside of her, and said

how bad the biscuits was, and how mean the preserves was, and how ornery and tough the fried chickens was—and all that kind of rot, the way women always do for to force out compliments; and the people all knowed everything was tiptop, and said so—said "How *do* you get biscuits to brown so nice?" and "Where, for the land's sake, *did* you get these amaz'n pickles?" and all that kind of humbug talky-talk, just the way people always does at a supper, you know.

And when it was all done me and the hare-lip had supper in the kitchen off of the leavings, whilst the others was helping the niggers clean up the things. The hare-lip she got to pumping me about England, and blest if I didn't think the ice was getting mighty thin sometimes. She says:

"Did you ever see the king?"

"Who? William Fourth? Well, I bet I have —he goes to our church." I knowed he was dead years ago, but I never let on. So when I says he goes to our church, she says:

"What—regular?"

"Yes—regular. His pew's right over opposite ourn—on t'other side the pulpit."

"I thought he lived in London?"

"Well, he does. Where *would* he live?"

"But I thought *you* lived in Sheffield?"

I see I was up a stump. I had to let on to get choked with a chicken-bone, so as to get time to think how to get down again. Then I says:

"I mean he goes to our church regular when he's in Sheffield. That's only in the summer-time, when he comes there to take the sea baths."

"Why, how you talk—Sheffield ain't on the sea."

"Well, who said it was?"

"Why, you did."

"I *didn't,* nuther."

"You did!"

"I didn't."

"You did."

"I never said nothing of the kind."

"Well, what *did* you say, then?"

"Said he come to take the sea *baths*—that's what I said."

"Well, then, how's he going to take the sea baths if it ain't on the sea?"

"Looky here," I says; "did you ever see any Congress-water?"

"Yes."

"Well, did you have to go to Congress to get it?"

"Why, no."

"Well, neither does William Fourth have to go to the sea to get a sea bath."

"How does he get it, then?"

"Gets it the way people down here gets Congress-water—in barrels. There in the palace at Sheffield they've got furnaces, and he wants his water hot. They can't bile that amount of water away off there at the sea. They haven't got no conveniences for it."

"Oh, I see, now. You might 'a' said that in the first place and saved time."

When she said that I see I was out of the woods again, and so I was comfortable and glad. Next, she says:

"Do you go to church, too?"

"Yes—regular."

"Where do you set?"

"Why, in our pew."

"*Whose* pew?"

"Why, *ourn*—your Uncle Harvey's."

"His'n? What does *he* want with a pew?"

"Wants it to set in. What did you *reckon* he wanted with it?"

"Why, I thought he'd be in the pulpit."

Rot him, I forgot he was a preacher. I see I was up a stump again, so I played another chicken-bone and got another think. Then I says:

"Blame it, do you suppose there ain't but one preacher to a church?"

"Why, what do they want with more?"

"What!—to preach before a king? I never did see such a girl as you. They don't have no less than seventeen."

"Seventeen! My land! Why, I wouldn't set out such a string as that, not if I *never* got to glory. It must take 'em a week."

"Shucks, they don't *all* of 'em preach the same day—only *one* of 'em."

"Well, then, what does the rest of 'em do?"

"Oh, nothing much. Loll around, pass the plate—and one thing or another. But mainly they don't do nothing."

"Well, then, what are they *for*?"

"Why, they're for *style.* Don't you know nothing?"

"Well, I don't *want* to know no such foolishness as that. How is servants treated in England? Do they treat 'em better 'n we treat our niggers?"

"*No!* A servant ain't nobody there. They treat them worse than dogs."

"Don't they give 'em holidays, the way we do, Christmas and New Year's week, and Fourth of July?"

"Oh, just listen! A body could tell *you* hain't ever been to England by that. Why, Hare-l—why, Joanna, they never see a holiday from year's end to year's end; never go to the circus, nor theater, nor nigger shows, nor nowheres."

"Nor church?"

"Nor church."

"But *you* always went to church."

Well, I was gone up again. I forgot I was the old man's servant. But next minute I whirled in on a kind of an explanation how a valley was different from a common servant, and *had* to go to church whether he wanted to or not, and set with the family, on account of its being the law. But I didn't do it pretty good, and when I got done I see she warn't satisfied. She says:

"Honest injun, now, hain't you been telling me a lot of lies?"

"Honest injun," says I.

"None of it at all?"

"None of it at all. Not a lie in it," says I.

"Lay your hand on this book and say it."

I see it warn't nothing but a dictionary, so I laid my hand on it and said it. So then she looked a little better satisfied, and says:

"Well, then, I'll believe some of it; but I hope to gracious if I'll believe the rest."

"What is it you won't believe, Jo?" says Mary Jane, stepping in with Susan behind her. "It ain't right nor kind for you to talk so to him, and him a stranger and so far from his people. How would you like to be treated so?"

"That's always your way, Maim—always sailing in to help somebody before they're hurt. I hain't done nothing to him. He's told some stretchers, I reckon, and I said I wouldn't swallow it all; and that's every bit and grain I *did* say. I reckon he can stand a little thing like that, can't he?"

"I don't care whether 'twas little or whether 'twas big; he's here in our house and a stranger, and it wasn't good of you to say it. If you was in his place it would make you feel ashamed; and so you oughtn't to say a thing to another person that will make *them* feel ashamed."

"Why, Maim, he said—"

"It don't make no difference what he *said*—that ain't the thing. The thing is for you to treat him *kind,* and not be saying things to make him remember he ain't in his own country and amongst his own folks."

I says to myself, *this* is a girl that I'm letting that old reptile rob her of her money!

Then Susan *she* waltzed in; and if you'll believe me, she did give Hare-lip hark from the tomb!

Says I to myself, and this is *another* one that I'm letting him rob her of her money!

Then Mary Jane she took another inning, and went in sweet and lovely again—which was her way; but when she got done there warn't hardly anything left o' poor Hare-lip. So she hollered.

"All right, then," says the other girls; "you just ask his pardon."

She done it, too; and she done it beautiful. She done it so beautiful it was good to hear; and I wished I could tell her a thousand lies, so she could do it again.

I says to myself, this is *another* one that I'm letting him rob her of her money. And when she got through they all jest laid theirselves out to make me feel at home and know I was amongst friends. I felt so ornery and low down and mean that I says to myself, my mind's made up; I'll hive that money for them or bust.

So then I lit out—for bed, I said, meaning some time or another. When I got by myself I went to thinking the thing over. I says to myself, shall I go to that doctor, private, and blow on these frauds? No—that won't do. He might tell who told him; then the king and the duke would make it warm for me. Shall I go, private, and tell Mary Jane? No—I dasn't do it. Her face would give them a hint, sure; they've got the money, and they'd slide right out and get away with it. If she was to fetch in help I'd get mixed up in the business before it was done with, I judge. No; there ain't no good way but one. I got to steal that money, somehow; and I got to steal it some way that

they won't suspicion that I done it. They've got a good thing here, and they ain't a-going to leave till they've played this family and this town for all they're worth, so I'll find a chance time enough. I'll steal it and hide it; and by and by, when I'm away down the river, I'll write a letter and tell Mary Jane where it's hid. But I better hive it tonight if I can, because the doctor maybe hasn't let up as much as he lets on he has; he might scare them out of here yet.

So, thinks I, I'll go and search them rooms. Up-stairs the hall was dark, but I found the duke's room, and started to paw around it with my hands; but I recollected it wouldn't be much like the king to let anybody else take care of that money but his own self; so then I went to his room and begun to paw around there. But I see I couldn't do nothing without a candle, and I dasn't light one, of course. So I judged I'd got to do the other thing—lay for them and eavesdrop. About that time I hears their footsteps coming, and was going to skip under the bed; I reached for it, but it wasn't where I thought it would be; but I touched the curtain that hid Mary Jane's frocks, so I jumped in behind that and snuggled in amongst the gowns, and stood there perfectly still.

They come in and shut the door; and the first thing the duke done was to get down and look under the bed. Then I was glad I hadn't found the bed when I wanted it. And yet, you know, it's kind of natural to hide under the bed when you are up to anything private. They sets down then, and the king says:

"Well, what is it? And cut it middlin' short, because it's better for us to be down there a-whooping up the mournin' than up here givin' 'em a chance to talk us over."

"Well, this is it, Capet. I ain't easy; I ain't comfortable. That doctor lays on my mind. I wanted to know your plans. I've got a notion, and I think it's a sound one."

"What is it, duke?"

"That we better glide out of this before three in the morning, and clip it down the river with what we've got. Specially, seeing we got it so easy—*given* back to us, flung at our heads, as you may say, when of course we allowed to have to steal it back. I'm for knocking off and lighting out."

That made me feel pretty bad. About an hour or two ago it would 'a' been a little different, but now it made me feel bad and disappointed. The king rips out and says:

"What! And not sell out the rest o' the property? March off like a passel of fools and leave eight or nine thous'n' dollars' worth o' property layin' around jest sufferin' to be scooped in?—and all good, salable stuff, too."

The duke he grumbled; said the bag of gold was enough, and he didn't want to go no deeper—didn't want to rob a lot of orphans of *everything* they had.

"Why, how you talk!" says the king. "We sha'n't rob 'em of nothing at all but jest this money. The people that *buys* the property is the suff'rers; because as soon 's it's found out 'at we didn't own it—which won't be long after we've slid—the sale won't be valid, and it 'll all go back to the estate. These yer orphans 'll git their house back ag'in, and that's enough for *them;* they're young and spry, and k'n easy earn a livin'. *They* ain't a-goin' to suffer. Why, jest think—there's thous'n's and thous'n's that ain't nigh so well off. Bless you, *they* ain't got noth'n' to complain of."

Well, the king he talked him blind; so at last he give in, and said all right, but said he believed it was blamed foolishness to stay, and that doctor hanging over them. But the king says:

"Cuss the doctor! What do we k'yer for *him?* Hain't we got all the fools in town on our side? And ain't that a big enough majority in any town?"

So they got ready to go down-stairs again. The duke says:

"I don't think we put that money in a good place."

That cheered me up. I'd begun to think I warn't going to get a hint of no kind to help me. The king says:

"Why?"

"Because Mary Jane 'll be in mourning from this out; and first you know the nigger that does up the rooms will get an order to box these duds up and put 'em away; and do you reckon a nigger can run across money and not borrow some of it?"

"Your head's level ag'in, duke," says the king; and he comes a-fumbling under the cur-

tain two or three foot from where I was. I stuck tight to the wall and kept mighty still, though quivery; and I wondered what them fellows would say to me if they catched me; and I tried to think what I'd better do if they did catch me. But the king he got the bag before I could think more than about a half a thought, and he never suspicioned I was around. They took and shoved the bag through a rip in the straw tick that was under the feather-bed, and crammed it in a foot or two amongst the straw and said it was all right now, because a nigger only makes up the feather-bed, and don't turn over the straw tick only about twice a year, and so it warn't in no danger of getting stole now.

But I knowed better. I had it out of there before they was half-way down-stairs. I groped along up to my cubby, and hid it there till I could get a chance to do better. I judged I better hide it outside of the house somewheres, because if they missed it they would give the house a good ransacking: I knowed that very well. Then I turned in, with my clothes all on; but I couldn't 'a' gone to sleep if I'd 'a' wanted to, I was in such a sweat to get through with the business. By and by I heard the king and the duke come up; so I rolled off my pallet and laid with my chin at the top of my ladder, and waited to see if anything was going to happen. But nothing did.

So I held on till all the late sounds had quit and the early ones hadn't begun yet; and then I slipped down the ladder.

## 27. DEAD PETER HAS HIS GOLD

I crept to their doors and listened; they was snoring. So I tiptoed along, and got down-stairs all right. There warn't a sound anywheres. I peeped through a crack of the dining-room door, and see the men that was watching the corpse all sound asleep on their chairs. The door was open into the parlor, where the corpse was laying, and there was a candle in both rooms. I passed along, and the parlor door was open; but I see there warn't nobody in there but the remainders of Peter; so I shoved on by; but the front door was locked, and the key wasn't there. Just then I heard somebody coming down the stairs, back behind me. I run in the parlor and took a swift look around, and the only place I see to hide the bag was in the coffin. The lid was shoved along about a foot, showing the dead man's face down in there, with a wet cloth over it, and his shroud on. I tucked the money-bag in under the lid, just down beyond where his hands was crossed, which made me creep, they was so cold, and then I run back across the room and in behind the door.

The person coming was Mary Jane. She went to the coffin, very soft, and kneeled down and looked in; then she put up her handkerchief, and I see she begun to cry, though I couldn't hear her, and her back was to me. I slid out, and as I passed the dining-room I thought I'd make sure them watchers hadn't seen me; so I looked through the crack, and everything was all right. They hadn't stirred.

I slipped up to bed, feeling ruther blue, on accounts of the thing playing out that way after I had took so much trouble and run so much resk about it. Says I, if it could stay where it is, all right; because when we get down the river a hundred mile or two I could write back to Mary Jane, and she could dig him up again and get it; but that ain't the thing that's going to happen; the thing that's going to happen is, the money'll be found when they come to screw on the lid. Then the king 'll get it again, and it 'll be a long day before he gives anybody another chance to smouch it from him. Of course I *wanted* to slide down and get it out of there, but I dasn't try it. Every minute it was getting earlier now, and pretty soon some of them watchers would begin to stir, and I might get catched—catched with six thousand dollars in my hands that nobody hadn't hired me to take care of. I don't wish to be mixed up in no such business as that, I says to myself.

When I got down-stairs in the morning the parlor was shut up, and the watchers was gone. There warn't nobody around but the family and the widow Bartley and our tribe. I watched their faces to see if anything had been happening, but I couldn't tell.

Towards the middle of the day the undertaker come with his man, and they set the coffin in the middle of the room on a couple of chairs, and then set all our chairs in rows, and borrowed more from the neighbors till the hall and the parlor and the dining-room

was full. I see the coffin lid was the way it was before, but I dasn't go to look in under it, with folks around.

Then the people begun to flock in, and the beats and the girls took seats in the front row at the head of the coffin, and for a half an hour the people filed around slow, in single rank, and looked down at the dead man's face a minute, and some dropped in a tear, and it was all very still and solemn, only the girls and the beats holding handkerchiefs to their eyes and keeping their heads bent, and sobbing a little. There warn't no other sound but the scraping of the feet on the floor and blowing noses—because people always blows them more at a funeral than they do at other places except church.

When the place was packed full the undertaker he slid around in his black gloves with his softy soothering ways, putting on the last touches, and getting people and things all ship-shape and comfortable, and making no more sound than a cat. He never spoke; he moved people around, he squeezed in late ones, he opened up passageways, and done it with nods, and signs with his hands. Then he took his place over against the wall. He was the softest, glidingest, stealthiest man I ever see; and there warn't no more smile to him than there is to a ham.

They had borrowed a melodeum—a sick one; and when everything was ready a young woman set down and worked it, and it was pretty skreeky and colicky, and everybody joined in and sung, and Peter was the only one that had a good thing, according to my notion. Then the Reverend Hobson opened up, slow and solemn, and begun to talk; and straight off the most outrageous row busted out in the cellar a body ever heard; it was only one dog, but he made a most powerful racket, and he kept it up right along; the parson he had to stand there, over the coffin, and wait—you couldn't hear yourself think. It was right down awkward, and nobody didn't seem to know what to do. But pretty soon they see that long-legged undertaker make a sign to the preacher as much as to say, "Don't you worry—just depend on me." Then he stooped down and begun to glide along the wall, just his shoulders showing over the people's heads. So he glided along, and the powwow and racket getting more and more outrageous all the time; and at last, when he had gone around two sides of the room, he disappears down cellar. Then in about two seconds we heard a whack, and the dog he finished up with a most amazing howl or two, and then everything was dead still, and the parson begun his solemn talk where he left off. In a minute or two here comes this undertaker's back and shoulders gliding along the wall again; and so he glided and glided around three sides of the room, and then rose up, and shaded his mouth with his hands, and stretched his neck out towards the preacher, over the people's heads, and says, in a kind of a coarse whisper, *"He had a rat!"* Then he drooped down and glided along the wall again to his place. You could see it was a great satisfaction to the people, because naturally they wanted to know. A little thing like that don't cost nothing, and it's just the little things that makes a man to be looked up to and liked. There warn't no more popular man in town than what that undertaker was.

Well, the funeral sermon was very good, but pison long and tiresome; and then the king he shoved in and got off some of his usual rubbage, and at last the job was through, and the undertaker begun to sneak up on the coffin with his screw-driver. I was in a sweat then, and watched him pretty keen. But he never meddled at all; just slid the lid along as soft as mush, and screwed it down tight and fast. So there I was! I didn't know whether the money was in there or not. So, says I, s'pose somebody has hogged that bag on the sly?—now how do *I* know whether to write to Mary Jane or not? S'pose she dug him up and didn't find nothing, what would she think of me? Blame it, I says, I might get hunted up and jailed; I'd better lay low and keep dark, and not write at all; the thing's awful mixed now; trying to better it, I've worsened it a hundred times, and I wish to goodness I'd just let it alone, dad fetch the whole business!

They buried him, and we come back home, and I went to watching faces again—I couldn't help it, and I couldn't rest easy. But nothing come of it; the faces didn't tell me nothing.

The king he visited around in the evening, and sweetened everybody up, and made himself ever so friendly; and he give out the idea

that his congregation over in England would be in a sweat about him, so he must hurry and settle up the estate right away and leave for home. He was very sorry he was so pushed, and so was everybody; they wished he could stay longer, but they said they could see it couldn't be done. And he said of course him and William would take the girls home with them; and that pleased everybody too, because then the girls would be well fixed and amongst their own relations; and it pleased the girls, too—tickled them so they clean forgot they ever had a trouble in the world; and told him to sell out as quick as he wanted to, they would be ready. Them poor things was that glad and happy it made my heart ache to see them getting fooled and lied to so, but I didn't see no safe way for me to chip in and change the general tune.

Well, blamed if the king didn't bill the house and the niggers and all the property for auction straight off—sale two days after the funeral; but anybody could buy private beforehand if they wanted to.

So the next day after the funeral, along about noontime, the girls' joy got the first jolt. A couple of nigger-traders come along, and the king sold them the niggers reasonable, for three-day drafts as they called it, and away they went, the two sons up the river to Memphis, and their mother down the river to Orleans. I thought them poor girls and them niggers would break their hearts for grief; they cried around each other, and took on so it most made me down sick to see it. The girls said they hadn't ever dreamed of seeing the family separated or sold away from the town. I can't ever get it out of my memory, the sight of them poor miserable girls and niggers hanging around each other's necks and crying; and I reckoned I couldn't 'a' stood it all, but would 'a' had to bust out and tell on our gang if I hadn't knowed the sale warn't no account and the niggers would be back home in a week or two.

The thing made a big stir in the town, too, and a good many come out flatfooted and said it was scandalous to separate the mother and the children that way. It injured the frauds some; but the old fool he bulled right along, spite of all the duke could say or do, and I tell you the duke was powerful uneasy.

Next day was auction day. About broad day in the morning the king and the duke come up in the garret and woke me up, and I see by their look that there was trouble. The king says:

"Was you in my room night before last?"

"No, your majesty"—which was the way I always called him when nobody but our gang warn't around.

"Was you in there yisterday er last night?"

"No, your majesty."

"Honor bright, now—no lies."

"Honor bright, your majesty, I'm telling you the truth. I hain't been a-near your room since Miss Mary Jane took you and the duke and showed it to you."

The duke says:

"Have you seen anybody else go in there?"

"No, your grace, not as I remember, I believe."

"Stop and think."

I studied awhile and see my chance; then I says:

"Well, I see the niggers go in there several times."

Both of them gave a little jump, and looked like they hadn't ever expected it, and then like they *had*. Then the duke says:

"What, *all* of them?"

"No—leastways, not all at once—that is, I don't think I ever see them all come *out* at once but just one time."

"Hello! When was that?"

"It was the day we had the funeral. In the morning. It warn't early, because I overslept. I was just staring down the ladder, and I see them."

"Well, go on, *go* on! What did they do? How'd they act?"

"They didn't do nothing. And they didn't act anyway much, as fur as I see. They tiptoed away; so I seen, easy enough, that they'd shoved in there to do up your majesty's room, or something, s'posing you was up; and found you *warn't* up, and so they was hoping to slide out of the way of trouble without waking you up, if they hadn't already waked you up."

"Great guns, *this* is a go!" says the king; and both of them looked pretty sick and tolerable silly. They stood there a-thinking and scratching their heads a minute, and the duke he

bust into a kind of a little raspy chuckle, and says:

"It does beat all how neat the niggers played their hand. They let on to be *sorry* they was going out of this region! And I believed they *was* sorry, and so did you, and so did everybody. Don't ever tell *me* any more that a nigger ain't got any histrionic talent. Why, the way they played that thing it would fool *anybody*. In my opinion, there's a fortune in 'em. If I had capital and a theater, I wouldn't want a better lay-out than that—and here we've gone and sold 'em for a song. Yes, and ain't privileged to sing the song yet. Say, where *is* that song—that draft?"

"In the bank for to be collected. Where *would* it be?"

"Well, *that's* all right then, thank goodness."

Says I, kind of timid-like:

"Is something gone wrong?"

The king whirls on me and rips out:

"None o' your business! You keep your head shet, and mind y'r own affairs—if you got any. Long as you're in this town don't you forgit *that*—you hear?" Then he says to the duke, "We got to jest swaller it and say noth'n': mum's the word for *us*."

As they was starting down the ladder the duke he chuckles again, and says:

"Quick sales *and* small profits! It's a good business—yes."

The king snarls around on him and says:

"I was trying to do for the best in sellin' 'em out so quick. If the profits has turned out to be none, lackin' considable, and none to carry, is it my fault any more'n it's yourn?"

"Well, *they'd* be in this house yet and we *wouldn't* if I could 'a' got my advice listened to."

The king sassed back as much as was safe for him, and then swapped around and lit into *me* again. He give me down the banks for not coming and *telling* him I see the niggers come out of his room acting that way—said any fool would 'a' *knowed* something was up. And then waltzed in and cussed *himself* awhile, and said it all come of him not laying late and taking his natural rest that morning, and he'd be blamed if he'd ever do it again. So they went off a-jawing; and I felt dreadful glad I'd worked it all off onto the niggers, and yet hadn't done the niggers no harm by it.

### 28. OVERREACHING DON'T PAY

By and by it was getting-up time. So I come down the ladder and started for down-stairs; but as I come to the girls' room the door was open, and I see Mary Jane setting by her old hair trunk, which was open and she'd been packing things in it—getting ready to go to England. But she had stopped now with a folded gown in her lap, and had her face in her hands, crying. I felt awful bad to see it; of course anybody would. I went in there and says:

"Miss Mary Jane, you can't a-bear to see people in trouble, and *I* can't—most always. Tell me about it."

So she done it. And it was the niggers—I just expected it. She said the beautiful trip to England was most about spoiled for her; she didn't know *how* she was ever going to be happy there, knowing the mother and the children warn't ever going to see each other no more—and then busted out bitterer than ever, and flung up her hands, and says:

"Oh, dear, dear, to think they ain't *ever* going to see each other any more!"

"But they *will*—and inside of two weeks—and I *know* it!" says I.

Laws, it was out before I could think! And before I could budge she throws her arms around my neck and told me to say it *again*, say it *again*, say it *again!*

I see I had spoke too sudden and said too much, and was in a close place. I asked her to let me think a minute; and she set there, very impatient and excited and handsome, but looking kind of happy and cased-up, like a person that's had a tooth pulled out. So I went to studying it out. I says to myself, I reckon a body that ups and tells the truth when he is in a tight place is taking considerable many resks, though I ain't had no experience, and can't say for certain; but it looks so to me, anyway; and yet here's a case where I'm blest if it don't look to me like the truth is better and actuly *safer* than a lie. I must lay it by in my mind, and think it over some time or other, it's so kind of strange and unregular. I never see nothing like it. Well, I says to myself at last, I'm a-going to chance it; I'll up

and tell the truth this time, though it does seem most like setting down on a kag of powder and touching it off just to see where you'll go to. Then I says:

"Miss Mary Jane, is there any place out of town a little ways where you could go and stay three or four days?"

"Yes; Mr. Lothrop's. Why?"

"Never mind why yet. If I'll tell you how I know the niggers will see each other again—inside of two weeks—here in this house—and *prove* how I know it—will you go to Mr. Lothrop's and stay four days?"

"Four days!" she says; "I'll stay a year!"

"All right," I says, "I don't want nothing more out of *you* than just your word—I druther have it than another man's kiss-the-Bible." She smiled and reddened up very sweet, and I says, "If you don't mind it, I'll shut the door—and bolt it."

Then I come back and set down again, and says:

"Don't you holler. Just set still and take it like a man. I got to tell the truth, and you want to brace up, Miss Mary, because it's a bad kind, and going to be hard to take, but there ain't no help for it. These uncles of yours ain't no uncles at all; they're a couple of frauds—regular dead-beats. There, now we're over the worst of it, you can stand the rest middling easy."

It jolted her up like everything, of course; but I was over the shoal water now, so I went right along, her eyes a-blazing higher and higher all the time, and told her every blame thing, from where we first struck that young fool going up to the steamboat, clear through to where she flung herself onto the king's breast at the front door and he kissed her sixteen or seventeen times—and then up she jumps, with her face afire like sunset, and says:

"The brute! Come, don't waste a minute—not a *second*—we'll have them tarred and feathered, and flung in the river!"

Says I:

"Cert'nly. But do you mean *before* you go to Mr. Lothrop's, or—"

"Oh," she says, "what am I *thinking* about!" she says, and set right down again. "Don't mind what I said—please don't—you *won't*, now, *will* you?" Laying her silky hand on mine in that kind of a way that I said I would die first. "I never thought, I was so stirred up," she says; "now go on, and I won't do so any more. You tell me what to do, and whatever you say I'll do it."

"Well," I says, "it's a rough gang, them two frauds, and I'm fixed so I got to travel with them a while longer, whether I want to or not—I druther not tell you why; and if you was to blow on them this town would get me out of their claws, and *I'd* be all right; but there'd be another person that you don't know about who'd be in big trouble. Well, we got to save *him*, hain't we? Of course. Well, then, we won't blow on them."

Saying them words put a good idea in my head. I see how maybe I could get me and Jim rid of the frauds; get them jailed here, and then leave. But I didn't want to run the raft in the daytime without anybody aboard to answer questions but me; so I didn't want the plan to begin working till pretty late to-night. I says:

"Miss Mary Jane, I'll tell you what we'll do, and you won't have to stay at Mr. Lothrop's so long, nuther. How fur is it?"

"A little short of four miles—right out in the country, back here."

"Well, that'll answer. Now you go along out there, and lay low till nine or half past tonight, and then get them to fetch you home again—tell them you've thought of something. If you get here before eleven put a candle in this window, and if I don't turn up wait *till* eleven, and *then* if I don't turn up it means I'm gone, and out of the way, and safe. Then you come out and spread the news around, and get these beats jailed."

"Good," she says, "I'll do it."

"And if it just happens so that I don't get away, but get took up along with them, you must up and say I told you the whole thing beforehand, and you must stand by me all you can."

"Stand by you! indeed I will. They sha'n't touch a hair of your head!" she says, and I see her nostrils spread and her eyes snap when she said it, too.

"If I get away I sha'n't be here," I says, "to prove these rapscallions ain't your uncles, and I couldn't do it if I *was* here. I could swear they was beats and bummers, that's all, though

that's worth something. Well, there's others can do that better than what I can, and they're people that ain't going to be doubted as quick as I'd be. I'll tell you how to find them. Gimme a pencil and a piece of paper. There—*'Royal Nonesuch, Bricksville.'* Put it away, and don't lose it. When the court wants to find out something about these two, let them send up to Bricksville and say they've got the man that played the 'Royal Nonesuch,' and ask for some witnesses—why, you'll have that entire town down here before you can hardly wink, Miss Mary. And they'll come a-biling, too."

I judged we had got everything fixed about right now. So I says:

"Just let the auction go right along, and don't worry. Nobody don't have to pay for the things they buy till a whole day after the auction on accounts of the short notice, and they ain't going out of this till they get that money; and the way we've fixed it the sale ain't going to count, and they ain't going to *get* no money. It's just like the way it was with the niggers —it warn't no sale, and the niggers will be back before long. Why, they can't collect the money for the *niggers* yet—they're in the worst kind of a fix, Miss Mary."

"Well," she says, "I'll run down to breakfast now, and then I'll start straight for Mr. Lothrop's."

"'Deed, *that* ain't the ticket, Miss Mary Jane," I says, "by no manner of means; go *before* breakfast."

"Why?"

"What did you reckon I wanted you to go at all for, Miss Mary?"

"Well, I never thought—and come to think, I don't know. What was it?"

"Why, it's because you ain't one of these leather-face people. I don't want no better book than what your face is. A body can set down and read it off like coarse print. Do you reckon you can go and face your uncles when they come to kiss you good-morning, and never—"

"There, there, don't! Yes, I'll go before breakfast—I'll be glad to. And leave my sisters with them?"

"Yes; never mind about them. They've got to stand it yet awhile. They might suspicion something if all of you was to go. I don't want you to see them, nor your sisters, nor nobody in this town; if a neighbor was to ask how is your uncles this morning your face would tell something. No, you go right along, Miss Mary Jane, and I'll fix it with all of them. I'll tell Miss Susan to give your love to your uncles and say you've went away for a few hours for to get a little rest and change, or to see a friend, and you'll be back tonight or early in the morning."

"Gone to see a friend is all right, but I won't have my love given to them."

"Well, then, it sha'n't be." It was well enough to tell *her* so—no harm in it. It was only a little thing to do, and no trouble; and it's the little things that smooths people's roads the most, down here below; it would make Mary Jane comfortable, and it wouldn't cost nothing. Then I says: "There's one more thing—that bag of money."

"Well, they've got that; and it makes me feel pretty silly to think *how* they got it."

"No, you're out, there. They hain't got it."

"Why, who's got it?"

"I wish I knowed, but I don't. I *had* it, because I stole it from them; and I stole it to give to you; and I know where I hid it, but I'm afraid it ain't there no more. I'm awful sorry, Miss Mary Jane, I'm just as sorry as I can be; but I done the best I could; I did honest. I come nigh getting caught, and I had to shove it into the first place I come to, and run—and it warn't a good place."

"Oh, stop blaming yourself—it's too bad to do it, and I won't allow it—you couldn't help it; it wasn't your fault. Where did you hide it?"

I didn't want to set her to thinking about her troubles again; and I couldn't seem to get my mouth to tell her what would make her see that corpse laying in the coffin with that bag of money on his stomach. So for a minute I didn't say nothing; then I says:

"I'd ruther not *tell* you where I put it, Miss Mary Jane, if you don't mind letting me off; but I'll write it for you on a piece of paper, and you can read it along the road to Mr. Lothrop's, if you want to. Do you reckon that 'll do?"

"Oh, yes."

So I wrote: "I put it in the coffin. It was in there when you was crying there, away in the

night. I was behind the door, and I was mighty sorry for you, Miss Mary Jane."

It made my eyes water a little to remember her crying there all by herself in the night, and them devils laying there right under her own roof, shaming her and robbing her; and when I folded it up and give it to her I see the water come into her eyes, too; and she shook me by the hand, hard, and says:

"*Good*-by. I'm going to do everything just as you've told me; and if I don't ever see you again, I sha'n't ever forget you, and I'll think of you a many and a many a time, and I'll *pray* for you, too!"—and she was gone.

Pray for me! I reckoned if she knowed me she'd take a job that was more nearer her size. But I bet she done it, just the same—she was just that kind. She had the grit to pray for Judus if she took the notion—there warn't no backdown to her, I judge. You may say what you want to, but in my opinion she had more sand in her than any girl I ever see; in my opinion she was just full of sand. It sounds like flattery, but it ain't no flattery. And when it comes to beauty—and goodness, too—she lays over them all. I hain't ever seen her since that time that I see her go out of that door; no, I hain't ever seen her since, but I reckon I've thought of her a many and a many a million times, and of her saying she would pray for me; and if ever I'd 'a' thought it would do any good for me to pray for *her,* blamed if I wouldn't 'a' done it or bust.

Well, Mary Jane she lit out the back way, I reckon; because nobody see her go. When I struck Susan and the hare-lip, I says:

"What's the name of them people over on t'other side of the river that you all goes to see sometimes?"

They says:

"There's several; but it's the Proctors, mainly."

"That's the name," I says; "I most forgot it. Well, Miss Mary Jane she told me to tell you she's gone over there in a dreadful hurry —one of them's sick."

"Which one?"

"I don't know; leastways, I kinder forgot: but I thinks it's—"

"Sakes alive, I hope it ain't *Hanner?*"

"I'm sorry to say it," I says, "but Hanner's the very one."

"My goodness, and she so well only last week! Is she took bad?"

"It ain't no name for it. They set up with her all night, Miss Mary Jane said, and they don't think she'll last many hours."

"Only think of that, now! What's the matter with her?"

I couldn't think of anything reasonable, right off that way, so I says:

"Mumps."

"Mumps your granny! They don't set up with people that's got the mumps."

"They don't, don't they? You better bet they do with *these* mumps. These mumps is different. It's a new kind, Miss Mary Jane said."

"How's it a new kind?"

"Because it's mixed up with other things."

"What other things?"

"Well, measles, and whooping-cough, and erysiplas, and consumption, and yaller janders, and brain fever, and I don't know what all."

"My land! And they call it the *mumps?*"

"That's what Miss Mary Jane said."

"Well, what in the nation do they call it the *mumps* for?"

"Why, because it *is* the mumps. That's what it starts with."

"Well, ther' ain't no sense in it. A body might stump his toe, and take pison, and fall down the well, and break his neck, and bust his brains out, and somebody come along and ask what killed him, and some numskull up and say, 'Why, he stumped his *toe.*' Would ther' be any sense in that? *No.* And ther' ain't no sense in *this,* nuther. Is it ketching?"

"Is it *ketching?* Why, how you talk. Is a *harrow* catching—in the dark? If you don't hitch on to one tooth, you're bound to on another, ain't you? And you can't get away with that tooth without fetching the whole harrow along, can you? Well, these kind of mumps is a kind of a harrow, as you may say —and it ain't no slouch of a harrow, nuther, you come to get it hitched on good."

"Well, it's awful, *I* think," says the hare-lip. "I'll go to Uncle Harvey and—"

"Oh, yes," I says, "I *would.* Of *course* I would. I wouldn't lose no time."

"Well, why wouldn't you?"

"Just look at it a minute, and maybe you can see. Hain't your uncles obleeged to get

along home to England as fast as they can? And do you reckon they'd be mean enough to go off and leave you to go all that journey by yourselves? *You* know they'll wait for you. So fur, so good. Your Uncle Harvey's a preacher, ain't he? Very well, then; is a *preacher* going to deceive a steamboat clerk? is he going to deceive a *ship clerk*?—so as to get them to let Miss Mary Jane go aboard? Now *you* know he ain't. What *will* he do, then? Why, he'll say, 'It's a great pity, but my church matters has got to get along the best way they can; for my niece has been exposed to the dreadful pluribus-unum mumps, and so it's my bounden duty to set down here and wait the three months it takes to show on her if she's got it.' But never mind, if you think it's best to tell your Uncle Harvey—"

"Shucks, and stay fooling around here when we could all be having good times in England whilst we was waiting to find out whether Mary Jane's got it or not? Why, you talk like a muggins."

"Well, anyway, maybe you'd better tell some of the neighbors."

"Listen at that, now. You do beat all for natural stupidness. Can't you *see* that *they'd* go and tell? Ther' ain't no way but just to not tell anybody at *all*."

"Well, maybe you're right—yes, I judge you *are* right."

"But I reckon we ought to tell Uncle Harvey she's gone out awhile, anyway, so he won't be uneasy about her?"

"Yes, Miss Mary Jane she wanted you to do that. She says, 'Tell them to give Uncle Harvey and William my love and a kiss, and say I've run over the river to see Mr.'—Mr.—what *is* the name of that rich family your uncle Peter used to think so much of?—I mean the one that—"

"Why, you must mean the Apthorps, ain't it?"

"Of course; bother them kind of names, a body can't ever seem to remember them, half the time, somehow. Yes, she said, say she has run over for to ask the Apthorps to be sure and come to the auction and buy this house, because she allowed her uncle Peter would ruther they had it than anybody else; and she's going to stick to them till they say they'll come, and then, if she ain't too tired, she's coming home; and if she is, she'll be home in the morning anyway. She said, don't say nothing about the Proctors, but only about the Apthorps—which 'll be perfectly true, because she *is* going there to speak about their buying the house; I know it, because she told me so herself."

"All right," they said, and cleared out to lay for their uncles, and give them the love and the kisses, and tell them the message.

Everything was all right now. The girls wouldn't say nothing because they wanted to go to England; and the king and the duke would ruther Mary Jane was off working for the auction than around in reach of Doctor Robinson. I felt very good; I judged I had done it pretty neat—I reckoned Tom Sawyer couldn't 'a' done it no neater himself. Of course he would 'a' throwed more style into it, but I can't do that very handy, not being brung up to it.

Well, they held the auction in the public square, along towards the end of the afternoon, and it strung along, and strung along, and the old man he was on hand and looking his level pisonest, up there longside of the auctioneer, and chipping in a little Scripture now and then, or a little goody-goody saying of some kind, and the duke he was around goo-gooing for sympathy all he knowed how, and just spreading himself generly.

But by and by the thing dragged through, and everything was sold—everything but a little old trifling lot in the graveyard. So they'd got to work *that* off—I never see such a giraffe as the king was for wanting to swallow *everything*. Well, whilst they was at it a steamboat landed, and in about two minutes up comes a crowd a-whooping and yelling and laughing and carrying on, and singing out:

"*Here's* your opposition line! here's your two sets o' heirs to old Peter Wilks—and you pays your money and you takes your choice!"

### 29. I LIGHT OUT IN THE STORM

They was fetching a very nice-looking old gentleman along, and a nice-looking younger one, with his right arm in a sling. And, my souls, how the people yelled and laughed, and kept it up. But I didn't see no joke about it, and I judged it would strain the duke and the king some to see any. I reckoned they'd

turn pale. But no, nary a pale did *they* turn. The duke he never let on he suspicioned what was up, but just went a goo-gooing around, happy and satisfied, like a jug that's googling out buttermilk; and as for the king, he just gazed and gazed down sorrowful on them newcomers like it give him the stomache-ache in his very heart to think there could be such frauds and rascals in the world. Oh, he done it admirable. Lots of the principal people gethered around the king, to let him see they was on his side. That old gentleman that had just come looked all puzzled to death. Pretty soon he begun to speak, and I see straight off he pronounced *like* an Englishman—not the king's way, though the king's *was* pretty good for an imitation. I can't give the old gent's words, nor I can't imitate him; but he turned around to the crowd, and says, about like this:

"This is a surprise to me which I wasn't looking for; and I'll acknowledge, candid and frank, I ain't very well fixed to meet it and answer it; for my brother and me has had misfortunes; he's broke his arm, and our baggage got put off at a town above here last night in the night by a mistake. I am Peter Wilks's brother Harvey, and this is his brother William, which can't hear nor speak—and can't even make signs to amount to much, now't he's only got one hand to work them with. We are who we say we are; and in a day or two, when I get the baggage, I can prove it. But up till then I won't say nothing more, but go to the hotel and wait."

So him and the new dummy started off; and the king he laughs, and blethers out:

"Broke his arm—*very* likely, *ain't* it?—and very convenient, too, for a fraud that's got to make signs, and ain't learnt how. Lost their baggage! That's *mighty* good!—and mighty ingenious—under the *circumstances!*"

So he laughed again; and so did everybody else, except three or four, or maybe half a dozen. One of these was that doctor; another one was a sharp-looking gentleman, with a carpet-bag of the old-fashioned kind made out of carpet-stuff, that had just come off of the steamboat and was talking to him in a low voice, and glancing towards the king now and then and nodding their heads—it was Levi Bell, the lawyer that was gone up to Louisville; and another one was a big rough husky that come along and listened to all the old gentlemen said, and was listening to the king now. And when the king got done this husky up and says:

"Say, looky here; if you are Harvey Wilks, when'd you come to this town?"

"The day before the funeral, friend," says the king.

"But what time o' day?"

"In the evenin'—'bout an hour er two before sundown."

"How'd you come?"

"I come down on the *Susan Powell* from Cincinnati."

"Well, then, how'd you come to be up at the Pint in the *mornin'*—in a canoe?"

"I warn't up at the Pint in the mornin'."

"It's a lie."

Several of them jumped for him and begged him not to talk that way to an old man and a preacher.

"Preacher be hanged, he's a fraud and a liar. He was up at the Pint that mornin'. I live up there, don't I? Well, I was up there, and he was up there. I *see* him there. He come in a canoe, along with Tim Collins and a boy."

The doctor he up and says:

"Would you know the boy again if you was to see him, Hines?"

"I reckon I would, but I don't know. Why, yonder he is, now. I know him perfectly easy."

It was me he pointed at. The doctor says:

"Neighbors, I don't know whether the new couple is frauds or not; but if *these* two ain't frauds, I am an idiot, that's all. I think it's our duty to see that they don't get away from here till we've looked into this thing. Come along, Hines; come along, the rest of you. We'll take these fellows to the tavern and affront them with t'other couple, and I reckon we'll find out *something* before we get through."

It was nuts for the crowd, though maybe not for the king's friends; so we all started. It was about sundown. The doctor he led me along by the hand, and was plenty kind enough, but he never let *go* my hand.

We all got in a big room in the hotel, and lit up some candles, and fetched in the new couple. First, the doctor says:

"I don't wish to be too hard on these two

men, but *I* think they're frauds, and they may have complices that we don't know nothing about. If they have, won't the complices get away with that bag of gold Peter Wilks left? It ain't unlikely. If these men ain't frauds, they won't object to sending for that money and letting us keep it till they prove they're all right—ain't that so?"

Everybody agreed to that. So I judged they had our gang in a pretty tight place right at the outstart. But the king he only looked sorrowful, and says:

"Gentlemen, I wish the money was there, for I ain't got no disposition to throw anything in the way of a fair, open, out-and-out investigation o' this misable business; but, alas, the money ain't there; you k'n send and see, if you want to."

"Where is it, then?"

"Well, when my niece give it to me to keep for her I took and hid it inside o' the straw tick o' my bed, not wishin' to bank it for the few days we'd be here, and considerin' the bed a safe place, we not bein' used to niggers, and suppos'n' 'em honest, like servants in England. The niggers stole it the very next mornin' after I had went down-stairs; and when I sold 'em I hadn't missed the money yit, so they got clean away with it. My servant here k'n tell you 'bout it, gentlemen."

The doctor and several said "Shucks!" and I see nobody didn't altogether believe him. One man asked me if I see the niggers steal it. I said no, but I see them sneaking out of the room and hustling away, and I never thought nothing, only I reckoned they was afraid they had waked up my master and was trying to get away before he made trouble with them. That was all they asked me. Then the doctor whirls on me and says:

"Are *you* English, too?"

I says yes; and him and some others laughed, and said, "Stuff!"

Well, then they sailed in on the general investigation, and there we had it, up and down, hour in, hour out, and nobody never said a word about supper, nor ever seemed to think about it—and so they kept it up, and kept it up; and it *was* the worst mixed-up thing you ever see. They made the king tell his yarn, and they made the old gentleman tell his'n; and anybody but a lot of prejudiced chuckleheads would 'a' *seen* that the old gentleman was spinning truth and t'other one lies. And by and by they had me up to tell what I knowed. The king he give me a left-handed look out of the corner of his eye, and so I knowed enough to talk on the right side. I begun to tell about Sheffield, and how we lived there, and all about the English Wilkses, and so on; but I didn't get pretty fur till the doctor begun to laugh; and Levi Bell, the lawyer, says:

"Set down, my boy; I wouldn't strain myself if I was you. I reckon you ain't used to lying, it don't seem to come handy; what you want is practice. You do it pretty awkward."

I didn't care nothing for the compliment, but I was glad to be let off, anyway.

The doctor he started to say something, and turns and says:

"If you'd been in town at first, Levi Bell—"

The king broke in and reached out his hand, and says:

"Why, is this my poor dead brother's old friend that he's wrote so often about?"

The lawyer and him shook hands, and the lawyer smiled and looked pleased, and they talked right along awhile, and then got to one side and talked low; and at last the lawyer speaks up and says:

"That 'll fix it. I'll take the order and send it, along with your brother's, and then they'll know it's all right."

So they got some paper and a pen, and the king he set down and twisted his head to one side, and chawed his tongue, and scrawled off something; and then they give the pen to the duke—and then for the first time the duke looked sick. But he took the pen and wrote. So then the lawyer turns to the new old gentleman and says:

"You and your brother please write a line or two and sign your names."

The old gentleman wrote, but nobody couldn't read it. The lawyer looked powerful astonished, and says:

"Well, it beats *me*—" and snaked a lot of old letters out of his pocket, and examined them, and then examined the old man's writing, and then *them* again; and then says: "These old letters is from Harvey Wilks; and here's *these* two handwritings, and anybody

can see *they* didn't write them" (the king and the duke looked sold and foolish, I tell you, to see how the lawyer had took them in), "and here's *this* old gentleman's handwriting, and anybody can tell, easy enough, *he* didn't write them—fact is, the scratches he makes ain't properly *writing* at all. Now, here's some letters from—"

The new old gentleman says:

"If you please, let me explain. Nobody can read my hand but my brother there—so he copies for me. It's *his* hand you've got there, not mine."

*"Well!"* says the lawyer, "this *is* a state of things. I've got some of William's letters, too; so if you'll get him to write a line or so we can com—"

"He *can't* write with his left hand," says the old gentleman. "If he could use his right hand, you would see that he wrote his own letters and mine too. Look at both, please—they're by the same hand."

The lawyer done it, and says:

"I believe it's so—and if it ain't so, there's a heap stronger resemblance than I'd noticed before, anyway. Well, well, well! I thought we was right on the track of a solution, but it's gone to grass, partly. But anyway, *one* thing is proved—*these* two ain't either of 'em Wilkses"—and he wagged his head towards the king and the duke.

Well, what do you think? That mule-headed old fool wouldn't give in *then!* Indeed he wouldn't. Said it warn't no fair test. Said his brother William was the cussedest joker in the world, and hadn't *tried* to write—*he* see William was going to play one of his jokes the minute he put the pen to paper. And so he warmed up and went warbling right along till he was actuly beginning to believe what he was saying *himself;* but pretty soon the new gentleman broke in, and says:

"I've thought of something. Is there anybody here that helped to lay out my br—helped to lay out the late Peter Wilks for burying?"

"Yes," says somebody, "me and Ab Turner done it. We're both here."

Then the old man turns toward the king, and says:

"Peraps this gentleman can tell me what was tattooed on his breast?"

Blamed if the king didn't have to brace up mighty quick, or he'd 'a' squshed down like a bluff bank that the river has cut under, it took him so sudden; and, mind you, it was a thing that was calculated to make most *anybody* sqush to get fetched such a solid one as that without any notice, because how was *he* going to know what was tattooed on the man? He whitened a little; he couldn't help it; and it was mighty still in there, and everybody bending a little forwards and gazing at him. Says I to myself, *Now* he'll throw up the sponge—there ain't no more use. Well, did he? A body can't hardly believe it, but he didn't. I reckon he thought he'd keep the thing up till he tired them people out, so they'd thin out, and him and the duke could break loose and get away. Anyway, he set there, and pretty soon he begun to smile, and says:

"Mf! It's a *very* tough question, *ain't* it! *Yes,* sir, I k'n tell you what's tattooed on his breast. It's jest a small, thin, blue arrow—that's what it is; and if you don't look close, you can't see it. *Now* what do you say—hey?"

Well, *I* never see anything like that old blister for clean out-and-out cheek.

The new old gentleman turns brisk towards Ab Turner and his pard, and his eye lights up like he judged he'd got the king *this* time, and says:

"There—you've heard what he said! Was there any such mark on Peter Wilks's breast?"

Both of them spoke up and says:

"We didn't see no such mark."

"Good!" says the old gentleman. "Now, what you *did* see on his breast was a small dim P, and a B (which is an initial he dropped when he was young), and a W, and dashes between them, so: P—B—W"—and he marked them that way on a piece of paper. "Come, ain't that what you saw?"

Both of them spoke up again, and says:

"No, we *didn't.* We never seen any marks at all."

Well, everybody *was* in a state of mind now, and they sings out:

"The whole *bilin'* of 'm 's frauds! Le's duck 'em! le's drown 'em! le's ride 'em on a rail!" and everybody was whooping at once, and there was a rattling powwow. But the lawyer he jumps on the table and yells, and says:

"Gentlemen—gentle*men!* Hear me just a

word—just a *single* word—if you PLEASE! There's one way yet—let's go and dig up the corpse and look."

That took them.

"Hooray!" they all shouted, and was starting right off; but the lawyer and the doctor sung out:

"Hold on, hold on! Collar all these four men and the boy, and fetch *them* along, too!"

"We'll do it!" they all shouted; "and if we don't find them marks we'll lynch the whole gang!"

I *was* scared, now, I tell you. But there warn't no getting away, you know. They gripped us all, and marched us right along, straight for the graveyard, which was a mile and a half down the river, and the whole town at our heels, for we made noise enough, and it was only nine in the evening.

As we went by our house I wished I hadn't sent Mary Jane out of town; because now if I could tip her the wink she'd light out and save me, and blow on our dead-beats.

Well, we swarmed along down the river road, just carrying on like wildcats; and to make it more scary the sky was darking up, and the lightning beginning to wink and flitter, and the wind to shiver amongst the leaves. This was the most awful trouble and most dangersome I ever was in; and I was kinder stunned; everything was going so different from what I had allowed for; stead of being fixed so I could take my own time if I wanted to, and see all the fun, and have Mary Jane at my back to save me and set me free when the close-fit come, here was nothing in the world betwixt me and sudden death but just them tattoo-marks. If they didn't find them—

I couldn't bear to think about it; and yet, somehow, I couldn't think about nothing else. It got darker and darker, and it was a beautiful time to give the crowd the slip; but that big husky had me by the wrist—Hines—and a body might as well try to give Goliar the slip. He dragged me right along, he was so excited, and I had to run to keep up.

When they got there they swarmed into the graveyard and washed over it like an overflow. And when they got to the grave they found they had about a hundred times as many shovels as they wanted, but nobody hadn't thought to fetch a lantern. But they sailed into digging anyway by the flicker of the lightning, and sent a man to the nearest house, a half a mile off, to borrow one.

So they dug and dug like everything; and it got awful dark, and the rain started, and the wind swished and swushed along, and the lightning come brisker and brisker, and the thunder boomed; but them people never took no notice of it, they was so full of this business; and one minute you could see everything and every face in that big crowd, and the shovelfuls of dirt sailing up out of the grave, and the next second the dark wiped it all out, and you couldn't see nothing at all.

At last they got out the coffin and begun to unscrew the lid, and then such another crowding and shouldering and shoving as there was, to scrouge in and get a sight, you never see; and in the dark, that way, it was awful. Hines he hurt my wrist dreadful pulling and tugging so, and I reckon he clean forgot I was in the world, he was so excited and panting.

All of a sudden the lightning let go a perfect sluice of white glare, and somebody sings out:

"By the living jingo, here's the bag of gold on his breast!"

Hines let out a whoop, like everybody else, and dropped my wrist and give a big surge to bust his way in and get a look, and the way I lit out and shinned for the road in the dark there ain't nobody can tell.

I had the road all to myself, and I fairly flew—leastways, I had it all to myself except the solid dark, and the now-and-then glares, and the buzzing of the rain, and the thrashing of the wind, and the splitting of the thunder; and sure as you are born I did clip it along!

When I struck the town I see there warn't nobody out in the storm, so I never hunted for no back streets, but humped it straight through the main one; and when I begun to get towards our house I aimed my eye and set it. No light there; the house all dark—which made me feel sorry and disappointed, I didn't know why. But at last, just as I was sailing by, *flash* comes the light in Mary Jane's window! and my heart swelled up sudden, like to bust; and the same second the house

and all was behind me in the dark, and wasn't ever going to be before me no more in this world. She *was* the best girl I ever see, and had the most sand.

The minute I was far enough above the town to see I could make the towhead, I begun to look sharp for a boat to borrow, and the first time the lightning showed me one that wasn't chained I snatched it and shoved. It was a canoe, and warn't fastened with nothing but a rope. The towhead was a rattling big distance off, away out there in the middle of the river, but I didn't lose no time; and when I struck the raft at last I was so fagged I would 'a' just laid down to blow and gasp if I could afforded it. But I didn't. As I sprung aboard I sung out:

"Out with you, Jim, and set her loose! Glory be to goodness, we're shut of them!"

Jim lit out, and was a-coming for me with both arms spread, he was so full of joy; but when I glimpsed him in the lightning my heart shot up in my mouth and I went overboard backwards; for I forgot he was old King Lear and a drownded A-rab all in one, and it most scared the livers and lights out of me. But Jim fished me out, and was going to hug me and bless me, and so on, he was so glad I was back and we was shut of the king and the duke, but I says:

"Not now; have it for breakfast, have it for breakfast! Cut loose and let her slide!"

So in two seconds away we went a-sliding down the river, and it *did* seem so good to be free again and all by ourselves on the big river, and nobody to bother us. I had to skip around a bit, and jump up and crack my heels a few times—I couldn't help it; but about the third crack I noticed a sound that I knowed mighty well, and held my breath and listened and waited; and sure enough, when the next flash busted out over the water, here they come!—and just a-laying to their oars and making their skiff hum! It was the king and duke.

So I wilted right down onto the planks then, and give up; and it was all I could do to keep from crying.

### 30. THE GOLD SAVES THE THIEVES

When they got aboard the king went for me, and shook me by the collar, and says:

"Tryin' to give us the slip, was ye, you pup! Tired of our company, hey?"

I says:

"No, your majesty, we warn't—*please* don't, your majesty!"

"Quick, then, and tell us what *was* your idea, or I'll shake the insides out o' you!"

"Honest, I'll tell you everything just as it happened, your majesty. The man that had a-holt of me was very good to me, and kept saying he had a boy about as big as me that died last year, and he was sorry to see a boy in such a dangerous fix; and when they was all took by surprise by finding the gold, and made a rush for the coffin, he lets go of me and whispers, 'Heel it now, or they'll hang ye, sure!' and I lit out. It didn't seem no good for *me* to stay—*I* couldn't do nothing, and I didn't want to be hung if I could get away. So I never stopped running till I found the canoe; and when I got here I told Jim to hurry, or they'd catch me and hang me yet, and said I was afeared you and the duke wasn't alive now, and I was awful sorry, and so was Jim, and was awful glad when we see you coming; you may ask Jim if I didn't."

Jim said it was so; and the king told him to shut up, and said, "Oh, yes, it's *mighty* likely!" and shook me up again, and said he reckoned he'd drownd me. But the duke says:

"Leggo the boy, you old idiot! Would *you* 'a' done any different? Did you inquire around for *him* when you got loose? *I* don't remember it."

So the king let go of me, and begun to cuss that town and everybody in it. But the duke says:

"You better a blame' sight give *yourself* a good cussing, for you're the one that's entitled to it most. You hain't done a thing from the start that had any sense in it, except coming out so cool and cheeky with that imaginary blue-arrow mark. That *was* bright—it was right down bully; and it was the thing that saved us. For if it hadn't been for that they'd 'a' jailed us till them Englishmen's baggage come—and then—the penitentiary, you bet! But that trick took 'em to the graveyard, and the gold done us a still bigger kindness; for if the excited fools hadn't let go all holts and made that rush to get a look we'd 'a' slept

in our cravats tonight—cravats warranted to *wear,* too—longer than *we'd* need 'em."

They was still a minute—thinking; then the king says, kind of absent-minded like:

"Mf! And we reckoned the *niggers* stole it!"

That made me squirm!

"Yes," says the duke, kinder slow and deliberate and sarcastic, "*we* did."

After about a half a minute the king drawls out:

"Leastways, *I* did."

The duke says, the same way:

"On the contrary, *I* did."

The king kind of ruffles up, and says:

"Looky here, Bilgewater, what'r you referrin' to?" The duke says, pretty brisk:

"When it comes to that, maybe you'll let me ask what was *you* referring to?"

"Shucks!" says the king, very sarcastic; "but *I* don't know—maybe you was asleep, and didn't know what you was about."

The duke bristles up now, and says:

"Oh, let *up* on this cussed nonsense; do you take me for a blame' fool? Don't you reckon *I* know who hid that money in that coffin?"

"*Yes,* sir! I know you *do* know, because you done it yourself!"

"It's a lie!"—and the duke went for him. The king sings out:

"Take y'r hands off!—leggo my throat!—I take it all back!"

The duke says:

"Well, you just own up, first, that you *did* hide that money there, intending to give me the slip one of these days, and come back and dig it up, and have it all to yourself."

"Wait jest a minute, duke—answer me this one question, honest and fair; if you didn't put the money there, say it, and I'll b'lieve you, and take back everything I said."

"You old scoundrel, I didn't, and you know I didn't. There, now!"

"Well, then, I b'lieve you. But answer me only jest this one more—now *don't* git mad; didn't you have it in your *mind* to hook the money and hide it?"

The duke never said nothing for a little bit; then he says:

"Well, I don't care if I *did,* I didn't *do* it, anyway. But you not only had it in mind to do it, but you *done* it."

"I wisht I never die if I done it, duke, and that's honest. I won't say I warn't *goin'* to do it, because I *was;* but you—I mean somebody—got in ahead o' me."

"It's a lie! You done it, and you got to *say* you done it, or—"

The king began to gurgle, and then he gasps out:

" 'Nough!—I *own up!*"

I was very glad to hear him say that; it made me feel much more easier than what I was feeling before. So the duke took his hands off and says:

"If you ever deny it again I'll drown you. It's *well* for you to set there and blubber like a baby—it's fitten for you, after the way you've acted. I never see such an old ostrich for wanting to gobble everything—and I a-trusting you all the time, like you was my own father. You ought to been ashamed of yourself to stand by and hear it saddled on to a lot of poor niggers, and you never say a word for 'em. It makes me feel ridiculous to think I was soft enough to *believe* that rubbage. Cuss you, I can see now why you was so anxious to make up the deffisit—you wanted to get what money I'd got out of the 'Nonesuch' and one thing or another, and scoop it *all!*"

The king says, timid, and still a-snuffling:

"Why, duke, it was you that said make up the deffersit; it warn't me."

"Dry up! I don't want to hear no more *out* of you!" says the duke. "And *now* you see what you *got* by it. They've got all their own money back, and all of *ourn* but a shekel or two *besides.* G'long to bed, and don't you deffersit *me* no more deffersits, long's *you* live!"

So the king sneaked into the wigwam and took to his bottle for comfort, and before long the duke tackled *his* bottle; and so in about a half an hour they was as thick as thieves again, and the tighter they got the lovinger they got, and went off a-snoring in each other's arms. They both got powerful mellow, but I noticed the king didn't get mellow enough to forget to remember to not deny about hiding the money-bag again. That made me feel easy and satisfied. Of course when they got to snoring we had a long gabble, and I told Jim everything.

## 31. YOU CAN'T PRAY A LIE

We dasn't stop again at any town for days and days; kept right along down the river. We was down south in the warm weather now, and a mighty long ways from home. We begun to come to trees with Spanish moss on them, hanging down from the limbs like long, gray beards. It was the first I ever see it growing, and it made the woods look solemn and dismal. So now the frauds reckoned they was out of danger, and they begun to work the villages again.

First they done a lecture on temperance; but they didn't make enough for them both to get drunk on. Then in another village they started a dancing-school; but they didn't know no more how to dance than a kangaroo does; so the first prance they made the general public jumped in and pranced them out of town. Another time they tried to go at yellocution; but they didn't yellocute long till the audience got up and give them a solid good cussing, and made them skip out. They tackled missionarying, and mesmerizing, and doctoring, and telling fortunes, and a little of everything; but they couldn't seem to have no luck. So at last they got just about dead broke, and laid around the raft as she floated along, thinking and thinking, and never saying nothing, by the half a day at a time, and dreadful blue and desperate.

And at last they took a change and begun to lay their heads together in the wigwam and talk low and confidential two or three hours at a time. Jim and me got uneasy. We didn't like the look of it. We judged they was studying up some kind of worse deviltry than ever. We turned it over and over, and at last we made up our minds they was going to break into somebody's house or store, or was going into the counterfeit-money business, or something. So then we was pretty scared, and made up an agreement that we wouldn't have nothing in the world to do with such actions, and if we ever got the least show we would give them the cold shake and clear out and leave them behind. Well, early one morning we hid the raft in a good, safe place about two mile below a little bit of a shabby village named Pikesville, and the king he went ashore and told us all to stay hid whilst he went up to town and smelt around to see if anybody had got any wind of the "Royal Nonesuch" there yet. ("House to rob, you *mean*," says I to myself; "and when you get through robbing it you'll come back here and wonder what has become of me and Jim and the raft —and you'll have to take it out in wondering.") And he said if he warn't back by midday the duke and me would know it was all right, and we was to come along.

So we stayed where we was. The duke he fretted and sweated around, and was in a mighty sour way. He scolded us for everything, and we couldn't seem to do nothing right; he found fault with every little thing. Something was a-brewing, sure. I was good and glad when midday come and no king; we could have a change, anyway—and maybe a chance for *the* chance on top of it. So me and the duke went up to the village, and hunted around there for the king, and by and by we found him in the back room of a little low doggery, very tight, and a lot of loafers bullyragging him for sport, and he a-cussing and a-threatening with all his might, and so tight he couldn't walk, and couldn't do nothing to them. The duke he begun to abuse him for an old fool, and the king begun to sass back, and the minute they was fairly at it I lit out and shook the reefs out of my hind legs, and spun down the river road like a deer, for I see our chance; and I made up my mind that it would be a long day before they ever see me and Jim again. I got down there all out of breath but loaded up with joy, and sung out:

"Set her loose, Jim; we're all right now!"

But there warn't no answer, and nobody come out of the wigwam. Jim was gone! I set up a shout—and then another—and then another one; and run this way and that in the woods, whooping and screeching; but it warn't no use—old Jim was gone. Then I set down and cried; I couldn't help it. But I couldn't set still long. Pretty soon I went out on the road, trying to think what I better do, and I run across a boy walking, and asked him if he'd seen a strange nigger dressed so and so, and he says:

"Yes."

"Whereabouts?" says I.

"Down to Silas Phelps's place, two mile below here. He's a runaway nigger, and they've got him. Was you looking for him?"

"You bet I ain't! I run across him in the woods about an hour or two ago, and he said if I hollered he'd cut my livers out—and told me to lay down and stay where I was; and I done it. Been there ever since; afeared to come out."

"Well," he says, "you needn't be afeared no more, becuz they've got him. He run off f'm down South, som'ers."

"It's a good job they got him."

"Well, I *reckon!* There's two hundred dollars' reward on him. It's like picking up money out'n the road."

"Yes, it is—and *I* could 'a' had it if I'd been big enough; I see him *first*. Who nailed him?"

"It was an old fellow—a stranger—and he sold out his chance in him for forty dollars, becuz he's got to go up the river and can't wait. Think o' that, now! You bet *I'd* wait, if it was seven year."

"That's me, every time," says I. "But maybe his chance ain't worth no more than that, if he'll sell it so cheap. Maybe there's something ain't straight about it."

"But it *is*, though—straight as a string. I see the handbill myself. It tells all about him, to a dot—paints him like a picture, and tells the plantation he's frum, below New*leans*. No-sirree-*bob*, they ain't no trouble 'bout *that* speculation, you bet you. Say, gimme a chaw tobacker, won't ye?"

I didn't have none, so he left. I went to the raft, and set down in the wigwam to think. But I couldn't come to nothing. I thought till I wore my head sore, but I couldn't see no way out of the trouble. After all this long journey, and after all we'd done for them scoundrels, here it was all come to nothing, everything all busted up and ruined, because they could have the heart to serve Jim such a trick as that, and make him a slave again all his life, and amongst strangers, too, for forty dirty dollars.

Once I said to myself it would be a thousand times better for Jim to be a slave at home where his family was, as long as he'd *got* to be a slave, and so I'd better write a letter to Tom Sawyer and tell him to tell Miss Watson where he was. But I soon give up that notion for two things: she'd be mad and disgusted at his rascality and ungratefulness for leaving her, and so she'd sell him straight down the river again; and if she didn't, everybody naturally despises an ungrateful nigger, and they'd make Jim feel it all the time, and so he'd feel ornery and disgraced. And then think of *me!* It would get all around that Huck Finn helped a nigger to get his freedom; and if I was ever to see anybody from that town again I'd be ready to get down and lick his boots for shame. That's just the way: a person does a low-down thing, and then he don't want to take no consequences of it. Thinks as long as he can hide, it ain't no disgrace. That was my fix exactly. The more I studied about this the more my conscience went to grinding me, and the more wicked and low-down and ornery I got to feeling. And at last, when it hit me all of a sudden that here was the plain hand of Providence slapping me in the face and letting me know my wickedness was being watched all the time from up there in heaven, whilst I was stealing a poor old woman's nigger that hadn't ever done me no harm, and now was showing me there's One that's always on the lookout, and ain't a-going to allow no such miserable doings to go only just so fur and no further, I most dropped in my tracks I was so scared. Well, I tried the best I could to kinder soften it up somehow for myself by saying I was brung up wicked, and so I warn't so much to blame; but something inside of me kept saying, "There was the Sunday-school, you could 'a' gone to it; and if you'd 'a' done it they'd 'a' learnt you there that people that acts as I'd been acting about that nigger goes to everlasting fire."

It made me shiver. And I about made up my mind to pray, and see if I couldn't try to quit being the kind of a boy I was and be better. So I kneeled down. But the words wouldn't come. Why wouldn't they? It warn't no use to try and hide it from Him. Nor from *me*, neither. I knowed very well why they wouldn't come. It was because my heart warn't right; it was because I warn't square; it was because I was playing double. I was letting *on* to give up sin, but away inside of me I was holding on to the biggest one of all. I was trying to make my mouth *say* I would do the right thing and the clean thing, and go and write to that nigger's owner and tell where he was; but deep down in me I knowed it was

a lie, and He knowed it. You can't pray a lie —I found that out.

So I was full of trouble, full as I could be; and didn't know what to do. At last I had an idea; and I says, I'll go and write the letter—and *then* see if I can pray. Why, it was astonishing, the way I felt as light as a feather right straight off, and my troubles all gone. So I got a piece of paper and a pencil, all glad and excited, and set down and wrote:

> Miss Watson, your runaway nigger Jim is down here two mile below Pikesville, and Mr. Phelps has got him and he will give him up for the reward if you send. HUCK FINN.

I felt good and all washed clean of sin for the first time I had ever felt so in my life, and I knowed I could pray now. But I didn't do it straight off, but laid the paper down and set there thinking—thinking how good it was all this happened so, and how near I come to being lost and going to hell. And went on thinking. And got to thinking over our trip down the river; and I see Jim before me all the time: in the day and in the night-time, sometimes moonlight, sometimes storms, and we a-floating along, talking and singing and laughing. But somehow I couldn't seem to strike no places to harden me against him, but only the other kind. I'd see him standing my watch on top of his'n, 'stead of calling me, so I could go on sleeping; and see him how glad he was when I come back out of the fog; and when I come to him again in the swamp, up there where the feud was; and such-like times; and would always call me honey, and pet me, and do everything he could think of for me, and how good he always was; and at last I struck the time I saved him by telling the men we had smallpox aboard, and he was so grateful, and said I was the best friend old Jim ever had in the world, and the *only* one he's got now; and then I happened to look around and see that paper.

It was a close place. I took it up, and held it in my hand. I was a-trembling, because I'd got to decide, forever, betwixt two things, and I knowed it. I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself:

"All right, then, I'll *go* to hell"—and tore it up.

It was awful thoughts and awful words, but they was said. And I let them stay said; and never thought no more about reforming. I shoved the whole thing out of my head, and said I would take up wickedness again, which was in my line, being brung up to it, and the other warn't. And for a starter I would go to work and steal Jim out of slavery again; and if I could think up anything worse, I would do that, too; because as long as I was in, and in for good, I might as well go the whole hog.

Then I set to thinking over how to get at it, and turned over some considerable many ways in my mind; and at last fixed up a plan that suited me. So then I took the bearings of a woody island that was down the river a piece, and as soon as it was fairly dark I crept out with my raft and went for it, and hid it there, and then turned in. I slept the night through, and got up before it was light, and had my breakfast, and put on my store clothes, and tied up some others and one thing or another in a bundle, and took the canoe and cleared for shore. I landed below where I judged was Phelps's place, and hid my bundle in the woods, and then filled up the canoe with water, and loaded rocks into her and sunk her where I could find her again when I wanted her, about a quarter of a mile below a little steam-sawmill that was on the bank.

Then I struck up the road, and when I passed the mill I see a sign on it, "Phelps's Sawmill," and when I come to the farm-houses, two or three hundred yards further along, I kept my eyes peeled, but didn't see nobody around, though it was good day-light now. But I didn't mind, because I didn't want to see nobody just yet—I only wanted to get the lay of the land. According to my plan, I was going to turn up there from the village, not from below. So I just took a look, and shoved along, straight for town. Well, the very first man I see when I got there was the duke. He was sticking up a bill for the "Royal Nonesuch" —three-night performance, like that other time. *They* had the cheek, them frauds! I was right on him before I could shirk. He looked astonished, and says:

"Hel-*lo!* where'd *you* come from?" Then he says, kind of glad and eager, "Where's the raft?—got her in a good place?"

I says:

"Why, that's just what I was going to ask your grace."

Then he didn't look so joyful, and says:

"What was your idea for asking *me?*" he says.

"Well," I says, "when I see the king in that doggery yesterday I says to myself, we can't get him home for hours, till he's soberer; so I went a-loafing around town to put in the time and wait. A man up and offered me ten cents to help him pull a skiff over the river and back to fetch a sheep, and so I went along; but when we was dragging him to the boat, and the man left me a-holt of the rope and went behind him to shove him along, he was too strong for me and jerked loose and run, and we after him. We didn't have no dog, and so we had to chase him all over the country till we tired him out. We never got him till dark; then we fetched him over, and I started down for the raft. When I got there and see it was gone, I says to myself, 'They've got into trouble and had to leave; and they've took my nigger, which is the only nigger I've got in the world, and now I'm in a strange country, and ain't got no property no more, nor nothing, and no way to make my living'; so I set down and cried. I slept in the woods all night. But what *did* become of the raft, then?—and Jim—poor Jim!"

"Blamed if *I* know—that is, what's become of the raft. That old fool had made a trade and got forty dollars, and when we found him in the doggery the loafers had matched half-dollars with him and got every cent but what he'd spent for whisky; and when I got him home late last night and found the raft gone, we said, 'That little rascal has stole our raft and shook us, and run off down the river.' "

"I wouldn't shake my *nigger,* would I?—the only nigger I had in the world, and the only property."

"We never thought of that. Fact is, I reckon we'd come to consider him *our* nigger; yes, we did consider him so—goodness knows we had trouble enough for him. So when we see the raft was gone and we flat broke, there warn't anything for it but to try the 'Royal Nonesuch' another shake. And I've pegged along ever since, dry as a powder-horn. Where's that ten cents? Give it here."

I had considerable money, so I give him ten cents, but begged him to spend it for something to eat, and give me some, because it was all the money I had, and I hadn't had nothing to eat since yesterday. He never said nothing. The next minute he whirls on me and says:

"Do you reckon that nigger would blow on us? We'd skin him if he done that!"

"How can he blow? Hain't he run off?"

"No! That old fool sold him, and never divided with me, and the money's gone."

"*Sold* him?" I says, and begun to cry; "why, he was *my* nigger, and that was my money. Where is he?—I want my nigger."

"Well, you can't *get* your nigger, that's all—so dry up your blubbering. Looky here—do you think *you'd* venture to blow on us? Blamed if I think I trust you. Why, if you *was* to blow on us—"

He stopped, but I never seen the duke look so ugly out of his eyes before. I went on a-whimpering, and says:

"I don't want to blow on nobody; and I ain't got no time to blow, nohow; I got to turn out and find my nigger."

He looked kinder bothered, and stood there with his bills fluttering on his arm, thinking, and wrinkling up his forehead. At last he says:

"I'll tell you something. We got to be here three days. If you'll promise you won't blow, and won't let the nigger blow, I'll tell you where to find him."

So I promised, and he says:

"A farmer by the name of Silas Ph—" and then he stopped. You see, he started to tell me the truth; but when he stopped that way, and begun to study and think again, I reckoned he was changing his mind. And so he was. He wouldn't trust me; he wanted to make sure of having me out of the way the whole three days. So pretty soon he says:

"The man that brought him is named Abram Foster—Abram G. Foster—and he lives forty mile back here in the country, on the road to Lafayette."

"All right," I says, "I can walk it in three days. And I'll start this very afternoon."

"No, you won't, you'll start *now;* and don't you lose any time about it, neither, nor do any gabbling by the way. Just keep a tight tongue in your head and move right along,

and then you won't get into trouble with *us*, d'ye hear?"

That was the order I wanted, and that was the one I played for. I wanted to be left free to work my plans.

"So clear out," he says; "and you can tell Mr. Foster whatever you want to. Maybe you can get him to believe that Jim *is* your nigger —some idiots don't require documents—leastways I've heard there's such down South here. And when you tell him the handbill and the reward's bogus, maybe he'll believe you when you explain to him what the idea was for getting 'em out. Go 'long now, and tell him anything you want to; but mind you don't work your jaw any *between* here and there."

So I left, and struck for the back country. I didn't look around, but I kinder felt like he was watching me. But I knowed I could tire him out at that. I went straight out in the country as much as a mile before I stopped; then I doubled back through the woods towards Phelps's. I reckoned I better start in on my plan straight off without fooling around, because I wanted to stop Jim's mouth till these fellows could get away. I didn't want no trouble with their kind. I'd seen all I wanted to of them, and wanted to get entirely shut of them.

### 32. I HAVE A NEW NAME

When I got there it was all still and Sunday-like, and hot and sunshiny; the hands was gone to the fields; and there was them kind of faint dronings of bugs and flies in the air that makes it seem so lonesome and like everybody's dead and gone; and if a breeze fans along and quivers the leaves it makes you feel mournful, because you feel like it's spirits whispering—spirits that's been dead ever so many years—and you always think they're talking about *you*. As a general thing it makes a body wish *he* was dead, too, and done with it all.

Phelps's was one of these little one-horse cotton plantations, and they all look alike. A rail fence round a two-acre yard; a stile made out of logs sawed off and up-ended in steps, like barrels of a different length, to climb over the fence with, and for the women to stand on when they are going to jump onto a horse; some sickly grass-patches in the big yard, but mostly it was bare and smooth, like an old hat with the nap rubbed off; big double log house for the white folks—hewed logs, with the chinks stopped up with mud or mortar, and these mud-stripes been whitewashed some time or another; round-log kitchen, with a big broad, open but roofed passage joining it to the house; log smokehouse back of the kitchen; three little log nigger cabins in a row t'other side of the smokehouse; one little hut all by itself away down against the back fence, and some outbuildings down a piece the other side; ash-hopper and big kettle to bile soap in by the little hut; bench by the kitchen door, with bucket of water and a gourd; hound asleep there in the sun; more hounds asleep round about; about three shade trees away off in a corner; some currant bushes and gooseberry bushes in one place by the fence; outside of the fence a garden and a watermelon patch; then the cottonfields begins, and after the fields the woods.

I went around and clumb over the back stile by the ash-hopper, and started for the kitchen. When I got a little ways I heard the dim hum of a spinning-wheel wailing along up and sinking along down again; and then I knowed for certain I wished I was dead—for that *is* the lonesomest sound in the whole world.

I went right along, not fixing up any particular plan, but just trusting to Providence to put the right words in my mouth when the time come; for I'd noticed that Providence always did put the right words in my mouth if I left it alone.

When I got half-way, first one hound and then another got up and went for me, and of course I stopped and faced them, and kept still. And such another powwow as they made! In a quarter of a minute I was a kind of a hub of a wheel, as you may say—spokes made out of dogs—circle of fifteen of them packed together around me, with their necks and noses stretched up towards me, a-barking and howling; and more a-coming; you could see them sailing over fences and around corners from everywheres.

A nigger woman come tearing out of the kitchen with a rolling-pin in her hand, singing out, "Begone! *you* Tige! you Spot! begone sah!" and she fetched first one and then an-

other of them a clip and sent them howling, and then the rest followed; and the next second half of them come back, wagging their tails around me, and making friends with me. There ain't no harm in a hound, nohow.

And behind the woman comes a little nigger girl and two little nigger boys without anything on but tow-linen shirts, and they hung on to their mother's gown, and peeped out from behind her at me, bashful, the way they always do. And here comes the white woman running from the house, about forty-five or fifty year old, bareheaded, and her spinning-stick in her hand; and behind her comes her little white children, acting the same way the little niggers was going. She was smiling all over so she could hardly stand—and says:

"It's *you,* at last!—*ain't* it?"

I out with a "Yes'm" before I thought.

She grabbed me and hugged me tight; and then gripped me by both hands and shook and shook; and the tears come in her eyes, and run down over; and she couldn't seem to hug and shake enough, and kept saying, "You don't look as much like your mother as I reckoned you would; but law sakes, I don't care for that, I'm *so* glad to see you! Dear, dear, it does seem like I could eat you up! Children, it's your cousin Tom!—tell him howdy."

But they ducked their heads, and put their fingers in their mouths, and hid behind her. So she run on:

"Lize, hurry up and get him a hot breakfast right away—or did you get your breakfast on the boat?"

I said I had got it on the boat. So then she started for the house, leading me by the hand, and the children tagging after. When we got there she set me down in a split-bottomed chair, and set herself down on a little low stool in front of me, holding both of my hands, and says:

"Now I can have a *good* look at you; and, laws-a-me, I've been hungry for it a many and a many a time, all these long years, and it's come at last! We been expecting you a couple of days and more. What kep' you?—boat get aground?"

"Yes'm—she—"

"Don't say yes'm—say Aunt Sally. Where'd she get aground?"

I didn't rightly know what to say, because I didn't know whether the boat would be coming up the river or down. But I go a good deal on instinct; and my instinct said she would be coming up—from down towards Orleans. That didn't help me much, though; for I didn't know the names of bars down that way. I see I'd got to invent a bar, or forget the name of the one we got aground on—or—Now I struck an idea, and fetched it out:

"It warn't the grounding—that didn't keep us back but a little. We blowed out a cylinder-head."

"Good gracious! anybody hurt?"

"No'm. Killed a nigger."

"Well, it's lucky; because sometimes people do get hurt. Two years ago last Christmas your uncle Silas was coming up from Newrleans on the old *Lally Rook,* and she blowed out a cylinder-head and crippled a man. And I think he died afterwards. He was a Baptist. Your uncle Silas knowed a family in Baton Rouge that knowed his people very well. Yes, I remember now, he *did* die. Mortification set in, and they had to amputate him. But it didn't save him. Yes, it was mortification—that was it. He turned blue all over, and died in the hope of a glorious resurrection. They say he was a sight to look at. Your uncle's been up to the town every day to fetch you. And he's gone again, not more'n an hour ago; he'll be back any minute now. You must 'a' met him on the road, didn't you?—oldish man, with a—"

"No, I didn't see nobody, Aunt Sally. The boat landed just at daylight, and I left my baggage on the wharf-boat and went looking around the town and out a piece in the country, to put in the time and not get here too soon; and so I come down the back way."

"Who'd you give the baggage to?"

"Nobody."

"Why, child, it'll be stole!"

"Not where *I* hid it I reckon it won't," I says.

"How'd you get your breakfast so early on the boat?"

It was kinder thin ice, but I says:

"The captain see me standing around, and told me I better have something to eat be-

fore I went ashore; so he took me in the texas to the officers' lunch, and give me all I wanted."

I was getting so uneasy I couldn't listen good. I had my mind on the children all the time; I wanted to get them out to one side and pump them a little, and find out who I was. But I couldn't get no show, Mrs. Phelps kept it up and run on so. Pretty soon she made the cold chills streak all down my back, because she says:

"But here we're a-running on this way, and you hain't told me a word about Sis, nor any of them. Now I'll rest my works a little, and you start up yourn; just tell me *everything*—tell me all about 'm all—every one of 'em; and how they are, and what they're doing, and what they told you to tell me; and every last thing you can think of."

Well, I see I was up a stump—and up it good. Providence had stood by me this fur all right, but I was hard and tight aground now. I see it warn't a bit of use to try to go ahead—I'd *got* to throw up my hand. So I says to myself, here's another place where I got to resk the truth. I opened my mouth to begin; but she grabbed me and hustled me in behind the bed, and says:

"Here he comes! Stick your head down lower—there, that 'll do; you can't be seen now. Don't you let on you're here. I'll play a joke on him. Children, don't you say a word."

I see I was in a fix now. But it warn't no use to worry; there warn't nothing to do but just hold still, and try and be ready to stand from under when the lightning struck.

I had just one little glimpse of the old gentleman when he come in; then the bed hid him. Mrs. Phelps she jumps for him, and says:

"Has he come?"

"No," says her husband.

"Good-*ness* gracious!" she says, "what in the world *can* have become of him?"

"I can't imagine," says the old gentleman; "and I must say it makes me dreadful uneasy."

"Uneasy!" she says; "I'm ready to go distracted! He *must* 'a' come; and you've missed him along the road. I *know* it's so—something *tells* me so."

"Why, Sally, I *couldn't* miss him along the road—*you* know that."

"But oh, dear, dear, what *will* Sis say! He must 'a' come! You must 'a' missed him. He—"

"Oh, don't distress me any more'n I'm already distressed. I don't know what in the world to make of it. I'm at my wit's end, and I don't mind acknowledging 't I'm right down scared. But there's no hope that he's come; for he *couldn't* come and me miss him. Sally, it's terrible—just terrible—something's happened to the boat, sure!"

"Why, Silas! Look yonder!—up the road!—ain't that somebody coming?"

He sprung to the window at the head of the bed, and that give Mrs. Phelps the chance she wanted. She stooped down quick at the foot of the bed and give me a pull, and out I come; and when he turned back from the window there she stood, a-beaming and a-smiling like a house afire, and I standing pretty meek and sweaty alongside. The old gentleman stared, and says:

"Why, who's that?"

"Who do you reckon 'tis?"

"I hain't no idea. Who *is* it?"

"It's *Tom Sawyer!*"

By jings, I most slumped through the floor! But there warn't no time to swap knives; the old man grabbed me by the hand and shook, and kept on shaking; and all the time how the woman did dance around and laugh and cry; and then how they both did fire off questions about Sid, and Mary, and the rest of the tribe.

But if they was joyful, it warn't nothing to what I was; for it was like being born again, I was so glad to find out who I was. Well, they froze to me for two hours; and at last, when my chin was so tired it couldn't hardly go any more, I had told them more about my family—I mean the Sawyer family—than ever happened to any six Sawyer families. And I explained all about how we blowed out a cylinder-head at the mouth of White River and it took us three days to fix it. Which was all right, and worked first-rate; because *they* didn't know but what it would take three days to fix it. If I'd 'a' called it a bolt-head it would 'a' done just as well.

Now I was feeling pretty comfortable all down one side, and pretty uncomfortable all up the other. Being Tom Sawyer was easy and comfortable, and it stayed easy and comfortable till by and by I hear a steamboat

coughing along down the river. Then I says to myself, s'pose Tom Sawyer comes down on that boat? And s'pose he steps in here any minute, and sings out my name before I can throw him a wink to keep quiet?

Well, I couldn't *have* it that way; it wouldn't do at all. I must go up the road and waylay him. So I told the folks I reckoned I would go up to the town and fetch down my baggage. The old gentleman was for going along with me, but I said no, I could drive the horse myself, and I druther he wouldn't take no trouble about me.

### 33. THE PITIFUL ENDING OF ROYALTY

So I started for town in the wagon, and when I was half-way I see a wagon coming, and sure enough it was Tom Sawyer, and I stopped and waited till he come along. I says "Hold on!" and it stopped alongside, and his mouth opened up like a trunk, and stayed so; and he swallowed two or three times like a person that's got a dry throat, and then says:

"I hain't ever done you no harm. You know that. So, then, what you want to come back and ha'nt *me* for?"

I says:

"I hain't come back—I hain't been *gone.*"

When he heard my voice it righted him up some, but he warn't quite satisfied yet. He says:

"Don't you play nothing on me, because I wouldn't on you. Honest injun, you ain't a ghost?"

"Honest injun, I ain't," I says.

"Well—I—I—well, that ought to settle it, of course; but I can't somehow seem to understand it no way. Looky here, warn't you ever murdered *at all?*"

"No. I warn't ever murdered at all—I played it on them. You come in here and feel of me if you don't believe me."

So he done it; and it satisfied him; and he was that glad to see me again he didn't know what to do. And he wanted to know all about it right off, because it was a grand adventure, and mysterious, and so it hit him where he lived. But I said, leave it alone till by and by; and told his driver to wait, and we drove off a little piece, and I told him the kind of a fix I was in, and what did he reckon we better do? He said, let him alone a minute, and don't disturb him. So he thought and thought, and pretty soon he says:

"It's all right; I've got it. Take my trunk in your wagon, and let on it's yourn; and you turn back and fool along slow, so as to get to the house about the time you ought to; and I'll go towards town a piece, and take a fresh start, and get there a quarter or a half an hour after you; and you needn't let on to know me at first."

I says:

"All right; but wait a minute. There's one more thing—a thing that *nobody* don't know but me. And that is, there's a nigger here that I'm a-trying to steal out of slavery, and his name is *Jim*—old Miss Watson's Jim."

He says:

"What! Why, Jim is—"

He stopped and went to studying. I says:

"*I* know what you'll say. You'll say it's dirty, low-down business; but what if it is? *I'm* low down; and I'm a-going to steal him, and I want you to keep mum and not let on. Will you?"

His eye lit up, and he says:

"I'll *help* you steal him!"

Well, I let go all holts then, like I was shot. It was the most astonishing speech I ever heard—and I'm bound to say Tom Sawyer fell considerable in my estimation. Only I couldn't believe it. Tom Sawyer a *nigger-stealer!*

"Oh, shucks!" I says; "you're joking."

"I ain't joking, either."

"Well, then," I says, "joking or no joking, if you hear anything said about a runaway nigger, don't forget to remember that *you* don't know nothing about him, and *I* don't know nothing about him."

Then he took the trunk and put it in my wagon, and he drove off his way and I drove mine. But of course I forgot all about driving slow on accounts of being glad and full of thinking; so I got home a heap too quick for that length of a trip. The old gentleman was at the door, and he says:

"Why, this is wonderful! Whoever would 'a' thought it was in that mare to do it? I wish we'd 'a' timed her. And she hain't sweated a hair—not a hair. It's wonderful. Why, I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for that horse

now—I wouldn't, honest; and yet I'd 'a' sold her for fifteen before, and thought 'twas all she was worth."

That's all he said. He was the innocentest, best old soul I ever see. But it warn't surprising; because he warn't only just a farmer, he was a preacher, too, and had a little one-horse log church down back of the plantation, which he built it himself at his own expense, for a church and schoolhouse, and never charged nothing for his preaching, and it was worth it, too. There was plenty other farmer-preachers like that, and done the same way, down South.

In about half an hour Tom's wagon drove up to the front stile, and Aunt Sally she see it through the window, because it was only about fifty yards, and says:

"Why, there's somebody come! I wonder who 'tis? Why, I do believe it's a stranger. Jimmy" (that's one of the children), "run and tell Lize to put on another plate for dinner."

Everybody made a rush for the front door, because, of course, a stranger don't come *every* year, and so he lays over the yaller-fever, for interest, when he does come. Tom was over the stile and starting for the house, the wagon was spinning up the road for the village, and we was all bunched in the front door. Tom had his store clothes on, and an audience—and that was always nuts for Tom Sawyer. In them circumstances it warn't no trouble to him to throw in an amount of style that was suitable. He warn't a boy to meeky along up that yard like a sheep; no, he come ca'm and important, like the ram. When he got a-front of us he lifts his hat ever so gracious and dainty, like it was the lid of a box that had butterflies asleep in it and he didn't want to disturb them, and says:

"Mr. Archibald Nichols, I presume?"

"No, my boy," says the old gentleman, "I'm sorry to say 't your driver has deceived you; Nichols's place is down a matter of three mile more. Come in, come in."

Tom he took a look back over his shoulder, and says, "Too late—he's out of sight."

"Yes, he's gone, my son, and you must come in and eat your dinner with us; and then we'll hitch up and take you down to Nichols's."

"Oh, I *can't* make you so much trouble; I couldn't think of it. I'll walk—I don't mind the distance."

"But we won't *let* you walk—it wouldn't be Southern hospitality to do it. Come right in."

"Oh, *do*," says Aunt Sally; "it ain't a bit of trouble to us, not a bit in the world. You *must* stay. It's a long, dusty three mile, and we *can't* let you walk. And, besides, I've already told 'em to put on another plate when I see you coming; so you mustn't disappoint us. Come right in and make yourself at home."

So Tom he thanked them very hearty and handsome, and let himself be persuaded, and come in; and when he was in he said he was a stranger from Hicksville, Ohio, and his name was William Thompson—and he made another bow.

Well, he run on, and on, and on, making up stuff about Hicksville and everybody in it he could invent, and I getting a little nervous, and wondering how this was going to help me out of my scrape; and at last, still talking along, he reached over and kissed Aunt Sally right on the mouth, and then settled back again in his chair comfortable, and was going on talking; but she jumped up and wiped it off with the back of her hand, and says:

"You owdacious puppy!"

He looked kind of hurt, and says:

"I'm surprised at you, m'am."

"You're s'rp— Why, what do you reckon *I* am? I've a good notion to take and— Say, what do you mean by kissing me?"

He looked kind of humble, and says:

"I didn't mean nothing, m'am. I didn't mean no harm. I—I—thought you'd like it."

"Why, you born fool!" She took up the spinning-stick, and it looked like it was all she could do to keep from giving him a crack with it. "What made you think I'd like it?"

"Well, I don't know. Only, they—they—told me you would."

"*They* told you I would. Whoever told you's *another* lunatic. I never heard the beat of it. Who's *they?*"

"Why, everybody. They all said so, m'am."

It was all she could do to hold in; and her eyes snapped, and her fingers worked like she wanted to scratch him; and she says:

"Who's 'everybody'? Out with their names, or ther'll be an idiot short."

He got up and looked distressed, and fumbled his hat, and says:

"I'm sorry, and I warn't expecting it. They told me to. They all told me to. They all said, kiss her; and said she'd like it. They all said it—every one of them. But I'm sorry, m'am, and I won't do it no more—I won't, honest."

"You won't, won't you? Well, I sh'd *reckon* you won't!"

"No'm, I'm honest about it; I won't ever do it again—till you ask me."

"Till I *ask* you! Well, I never see the beat of it in my born days! I lay you'll be the Methusalem-numskull of creation before ever *I* ask you—or the likes of you."

"Well," he says, "it does surprise me so. I can't make it out, somehow. They said you would, and I thought you would. But—" He stopped and looked around slow, like he wished he could run across a friendly eye somewheres, and fetched up on the old gentleman's, and says, "Didn't *you* think she'd like me to kiss her, sir?"

"Why, no; I—I—well, no, I b'lieve I didn't."

Then he looks on around the same way to me, and says:

"Tom, didn't *you* think Aunt Sally 'd open out her arms and say, 'Sid Sawyer—'"

"My land!" she says, breaking in and jumping for him, "you impudent young rascal, to fool a body so—" and was going to hug him, but he fended her off, and says:

"No, not till you've asked me first."

So she didn't lose no time, but asked him; and hugged him and kissed him over and over again, and then turned him over to the old man, and he took what was left. And after they got a little quiet again she says:

"Why, dear me, I never see such a surprise. We warn't looking for *you* at all, but only Tom. Sis never wrote to me about anybody coming but him."

"It's because it warn't *intended* for any of us to come but Tom," he says; "but I begged and begged, and at the last minute she let me come, too; so, coming down the river, me and Tom thought it would be a first-rate surprise for him to come here to the house first, and for me to by and by tag along and drop in, and let on to be a stranger. But it was a mistake, Aunt Sally. This ain't no healthy place for a stranger to come."

"No—not impudent whelps, Sid. You ought to had your jaws boxed; I hain't been so put out since I don't know when. But I don't care, I don't mind the terms—I'd be willing to stand a thousand such jokes to have you here. Well, to think of that performance! I don't deny it, I was most putrified with astonishment when you give me that smack."

We had dinner out in that broad open passage betwixt the house and the kitchen; and there was things enough on that table for seven families—and all hot, too; none of your flabby, tough meat that's laid in a cupboard in a damp cellar all night and tastes like a hunk of old cold cannibal in the morning. Uncle Silas he asked a pretty long blessing over it, but it was worth it; and it didn't cool it a bit, neither, the way I've seen them kind of interruptions do lots of times.

There was a considerable good deal of talk all the afternoon, and me and Tom was on the lookout all the time; but it warn't no use, they didn't happen to say nothing about any runaway nigger, and we was afraid to try to work up to it. But at supper, at night, one of the little boys says:

"Pa, mayn't Tom and Sid and me go to the show?"

"No," says the old man, "I reckon there ain't going to be any; and you couldn't go if there was; because the runaway nigger told Burton and me all about that scandalous show, and Burton said he would tell the people; so I reckon they've drove the owdacious loafers out of town before this time."

So there it was!—but *I* couldn't help it. Tom and me was to sleep in the same room and bed; so, being tired, we bid good night and went up to bed right after supper, and clumb out of the window and down the lightning-rod, and shoved for the town; for I didn't believe anybody was going to give the king and the duke a hint, and so if I didn't hurry up and give them one they'd get into trouble sure.

On the road Tom told me all about how it was reckoned I was murdered, and how pap disappeared pretty soon, and didn't come back no more, and what a stir there was when Jim run away; and I told Tom all about our "Royal Nonesuch" rapscallions, and as much of the raft voyage as I had time to; and as

we struck into the town and up through the middle of it—it was as much as half after eight then—here comes a raging rush of people with torches, and an awful whooping and yelling, and banging tin pans and blowing horns; and we jumped to one side to let them go by; and as they went by I see they had the king and the duke astraddle of a rail—that is, I knowed it *was* the king and the duke, though they was all over tar and feathers, and didn't look like nothing in the world that was human—just looked like a couple of monstrous big soldier-plumes. Well, it made me sick to see it; and I was sorry for them poor pitiful rascals, it seemed like I couldn't ever feel any hardness against them any more in the world. It was a dreadful thing to see. Human beings *can* be awful cruel to one another.

We see we was too late—couldn't do no good. We asked some stragglers about it, and they said everybody went to the show looking very innocent; and laid low and kept dark till the poor old king was in the middle of his cavortings on the stage; then somebody give a signal, and the house rose up and went for them.

So we poked along back home, and I warn't feeling so brash as I was before, but kind of ornery, and humble, and to blame, somehow—though *I* hadn't done nothing. But that's always the way; it don't make no difference whether you do right or wrong, a person's conscience ain't got no sense, and just goes for him *anyway*. If I had a yaller dog that didn't know no more than a person's conscience does I would pison him. It takes up more room than all the rest of a person's insides, and yet ain't no good, nohow. Tom Sawyer he says the same.

### 34. WE CHEER UP JIM

We stopped talking, and got to thinking. By and by Tom says:

"Looky here, Huck, what fools we are to not think of it before! I bet I know where Jim is."

"No! Where?"

"In that hut down by the ash-hopper. Why, looky here. When we was at dinner, didn't you see a nigger man go in there with some vittles?"

"Yes."

"What did you think the vittles was for?"

"For a dog."

"So 'd I. Well, it wasn't for a dog."

"Why?"

"Because part of it was watermelon."

"So it was—I noticed it. Well, it does beat all that I never thought about a dog not eating watermelon. It shows how a body can see and don't see at the same time."

"Well, the nigger unlocked the padlock when he went in, and he locked it again when he came out. He fetched uncle a key about the time we got up from table—same key, I bet. Watermelon shows man, lock shows prisoner; and it ain't likely there's two prisoners on such a little plantation, and where the people's all so kind and good. Jim's the prisoner. All right—I'm glad we found it out detective fashion; I wouldn't give shucks for any other way. Now you work your mind, and study out a plan to steal Jim, and I will study out one, too; and we'll take the one we like the best."

What a head for just a boy to have! If I had Tom Sawyer's head I wouldn't trade it off to be a duke, nor mate of a steamboat, nor clown in a circus, nor nothing I can think of. I went to thinking out a plan, but only just to be doing something; I knowed very well where the right plan was going to come from. Pretty soon Tom says:

"Ready?"

"Yes," I says.

"All right—bring it out."

"My plan is this," I says. "We can easy find out if it's Jim in there. Then get up my canoe tomorrow night, and fetch my raft over from the island. Then the first dark night that comes steal the key out of the old man's britches after he goes to bed, and shove off down the river on the raft with Jim, hiding daytimes and running nights, the way me and Jim used to do before. Wouldn't that plan work?"

"*Work?* Why, cert'nly it would work, like rats a-fighting. But it's too blame' simple; there ain't nothing *to* it. What's the good of a plan that ain't no more trouble than that? It's as mild as goosemilk. Why, Huck, it wouldn't make no more talk than breaking into a soap factory."

I never said nothing, because I warn't ex-

pecting nothing different; but I knowed mighty well that whenever he got *his* plan ready it wouldn't have none of them objections to it.

And it didn't. He told me what it was, and I see in a minute it was worth fifteen of mine for style, and would make Jim just as free a man as mine would, and maybe get us all killed besides. So I was satisfied, and said we would waltz in on it. I needn't tell what it was here, because I knowed it wouldn't stay the way it was. I knowed he would be changing it around every which way as we went along, and heaving in new bullinesses wherever he got a chance. And that is what he done.

Well, one thing was dead sure, and that was that Tom Sawyer was in earnest, and was actuly going to help steal that nigger out of slavery. That was the thing that was too many for me. Here was a boy that was respectable and well brung up; and had a character to lose; and folks at home that had characters; and he was bright and not leather-headed; and knowing and not ignorant; and not mean, but kind; and yet here he was, without any more pride, or rightness, or feeling, than to stoop to this business, and make himself a shame, and his family a shame, before everybody. I *couldn't* understand it no way at all. It was outrageous, and I knowed I ought to just up and tell him so; and so be his true friend, and let him quit the thing right where he was and save himself. And I *did* start to tell him; but he shut me up and says:

"Don't you reckon I know what I'm about? Don't I generly know what I'm about?"

"Yes."

"Didn't I *say* I was going to help steal the nigger?"

"Yes."

"*Well,* then."

That's all he said, and that's all I said. It warn't no use to say any more; because when he said he'd do a thing, he always done it. But *I* couldn't make out how he was willing to go into this thing; so I just let it go, and never bothered no more about it. If he was bound to have it so, *I* couldn't help it.

When we got home the house was all dark and still; so we went on down to the hut by the ash-hopper for to examine it. We went through the yard so as to see what the hounds would do. They knowed us, and didn't make no more noise than country dogs is always doing when anything comes by in the night. When we got to the cabin we took a look at the front and the two sides; and on the side I warn't acquainted with—which was the north side—we found a square window-hole, up tolerable high, with just one stout board nailed across it. I says:

"Here's the ticket. This hole's big enough for Jim to get through if we wrench off the board."

Tom says:

"It's as simple as tit-tat-toe, three-in-a-row, and as easy as playing hooky. I should *hope* we can find a way that's a little more complicated than *that,* Huck Finn."

"Well, then," I says, "how'll it do to saw him out, the way I done before I was murdered that time?"

"That's more *like,*" he says. "It's real mysterious, and troublesome, and good," he says; "but I bet we can find a way that's twice as long. There ain't no hurry; le's keep on looking around."

Betwixt the hut and the fence, on the back side, was a lean-to that joined the hut at the eaves, and was made out of plank. It was as long as the hut, but narrow—only about six foot wide. The door to it was at the south end, and was padlocked. Tom he went to the soap-kettle and searched around, and fetched back the iron thing they lift the lid with; so he took it and prized out one of the staples. The chain fell down, and we opened the door and went in, and shut it, and struck a match, and see the shed was only built against a cabin and hadn't no connection with it; and there warn't no floor to the shed, nor nothing in it but some old rusty played-out hoes and spades and picks and a crippled plow. The match went out, and so did we, and shoved in the staple again, and the door was locked as good as ever. Tom was joyful. He says:

"Now we're all right. We'll *dig* him out. It 'll take about a week!"

Then we started for the house, and I went in the back door—you only have to pull a buckskin latchstring, they don't fasten the doors—but that warn't romantical enough for

Tom Sawyer; no way would do him but he must climb up the lightning-rod. But after he got up half-way about three times, and missed fire and fell every time, and the last time most busted his brains out, he thought he'd got to give it up; but after he was rested he allowed he would give her one more turn for luck, and this time he made the trip.

In the morning we was up at break of day, and down to the nigger cabins to pet the dogs and make friends with the nigger that fed Jim—if it *was* Jim that was being fed. The niggers was just getting through breakfast and starting for the fields; and Jim's nigger was piling up a tin pan with bread and meat and things; and whilst the others was leaving, the key come from the house.

This nigger had a good-natured, chuckle-headed face, and his wool was all tied up in little bunches with thread. That was to keep witches off. He said the witches was pestering him awful these nights, and making him see all kinds of strange things, and hear all kinds of strange words and noises, and he didn't believe he was ever witched so long before in his life. He got so worked up, and got to running on so about his troubles, he forgot all about what he'd been a-going to do. So Tom says:

"What's the vittles for? Going to feed the dogs?"

The nigger kind of smiled around graduly over his face, like when you heave a brickbat in a mud-puddle, and he says:

"Yes, Mars Sid, *a* dog. Cur'us dog, too. Does you want to go en look at 'im?"

"Yes."

I hunched Tom, and whispers:

"You going, right here in the daybreak? *That* warn't the plan."

"No, it warn't; but it's the plan *now.*"

So, drat him, we went along, but I didn't like it much. When we got in we couldn't hardly see anything, it was so dark; but Jim was there, sure enough, and could see us; and he sings out:

"Why, *Huck!* En good *lan'!* ain' dat Misto Tom?"

I just knowed how it would be; I just expected it. *I* didn't know nothing to do; and if I had I couldn't 'a' done it, because that nigger busted in and says;

"Why, de gracious sakes! do he know you genlmen?"

We could see pretty well now. Tom he looked at the nigger, steady and kind of wondering, and says:

"Does *who* know us?"

"Why, dis-yer runaway nigger."

"I don't reckon he does; but what put that into your head?"

"What *put* it dar? Didn't he jis' dis minute sing out like he knowed you?"

Tom says, in a puzzled-up kind of way:

"Well, that's mighty curious. *Who* sung out? *When* did he sing out? *What* did he sing out?" And turns to me, perfectly ca'm, and says, "Did *you* hear anybody sing out?"

Of course there warn't nothing to be said but the one thing, so I says:

"No; *I* ain't heard nobody say nothing."

Then he turns to Jim, and looks him over like he never see him before, and says:

"Did you sing out?"

"No, sah," says Jim; "*I* hain't said nothing, sah."

"Not a word?"

"No, sah, I hain't said a word."

"Did you ever see us before?"

"No, sah; not as *I* knows on."

So Tom turns to the nigger, which was looking wild and distressed, and says, kind of severe:

"What do you reckon's the matter with you, anyway? What made you think somebody sung out?"

"Oh, it's de dad-blame' witches, sah, en I wisht I was dead, I do. Dey's awluz at it, sah, en dey do mos' kill me, dey sk'yers me so. Please to don't tell nobody 'bout it, sah, er ole Mars Silas he'll scole me; 'kase he say dey *ain't* no witches. I jis' wish to goodness he was heah now—*den* what would he say! I jis' bet he couldn' fine no way to git aroun' it *dis* time. But it's awluz jis' so; people dat's *sot,* stays sot; dey won't look into noth'n' en fine it out f'r deyselves, en when *you* fine it out en tell um 'bout it, dey doan' b'lieve you."

Tom give him a dime, and said we wouldn't tell nobody; and told him to buy some more thread to tie up his wool with; and then looks at Jim, and says:

"I wonder if Uncle Silas is going to hang this nigger. If I was to catch a nigger that was

ungrateful enough to run away, *I* wouldn't give him up, I'd hang him." And whilst the nigger stepped to the door to look at the dime and bite it to see if it was good, he whispers to Jim and says:

"Don't ever let on to know us. And if you hear any digging going on nights, it's us; we're going to set you free."

Jim only had time to grab us by the hand and squeeze it; then the nigger come back, and we said we'd come again some time if the nigger wanted us to; and he said he would, more particular if it was dark, because the witches went for him mostly in the dark, and it was good to have folks around then.

### 35. DARK, DEEP-LAID PLANS

It would be most an hour yet till breakfast, so we left and struck down into the woods; because Tom said we got to have *some* light to see how to dig by, and a lantern makes too much, and might get us into trouble; what we must have was a lot of them rotten chunks that's called fox-fire, and just makes a soft kind of a glow when you lay them in a dark place. We fetched an armful and hid it in the weeds, and set down to rest, and Tom says, kind of dissatisfied:

"Blame it, this whole thing is just as easy and awkward as it can be. And so it makes it so rotten difficult to get up a difficult plan. There ain't no watchman to be drugged—now there *ought* to be a watchman. There ain't even a dog to give a sleeping-mixture to. And there's Jim chained by one leg, with a ten-foot chain, to the leg of his bed; why, all you got to do is to lift up the bedstead and slip off the chain. And Uncle Silas he trusts everybody; sends the key to the punkin-headed nigger, and don't send nobody to watch the nigger. Jim could 'a' got out of that window-hole before this, only there wouldn't be no use trying to travel with a ten-foot chain on his leg. Why, drat it, Huck, it's the stupidest arrangement I ever see. You got to invent *all* the difficulties. Well, we can't help it; we got to do the best we can with the materials we've got. Anyhow, there's one thing—there's more honor in getting him out through a lot of difficulties and dangers, where there warn't one of them furnished to you by the people who it was their duty to furnish them, and you had to contrive them all out of your own head. Now look at just that one thing of the lantern. When you come down to the cold facts, we simply got to *let on* that a lantern's resky. Why, we could work with a torchlight procession if we wanted to, *I* believe. Now, whilst I think of it, we got to hunt up something to make a saw out of the first chance we get."

"What do we want of a saw?"

"What do we *want* of a saw? Hain't we got to saw the leg of Jim's bed off, so as to get the chain loose?"

"Why, you just said a body could lift up the bedstead and slip the chain off."

"Well, if that ain't just like you, Huck Finn. You *can* get up the infant-schooliest ways of going at a thing. Why, hain't you ever read any books at all?—Baron Trenck, nor Casanova, nor Benvenuto Chelleeny, nor Henri IV., nor none of them heroes? Who ever heard of getting a prisoner loose in such an old-maidy way as that? No; the way all the best authorities does is to saw the bed-leg in two, and leave it just so, and swallow the sawdust, so it can't be found, and put some dirt and grease around the sawed place so the very keenest seneskal can't see no sign of its being sawed, and thinks the bed-leg is perfectly sound. Then, the night you're ready, fetch the leg a kick, down she goes; slip off your chain, and there you are. Nothing to do but hitch your rope ladder to the battlements, shin down it, break your leg in the moat—because a rope ladder is nineteen foot too short, you know—and there's your horses and your trusty vassles, and they scoop you up and fling you across a saddle, and away you go to your native Langudoc, or Navarre, or wherever it is. It's gaudy, Huck. I wish there was a moat to this cabin. If we get time, the night of the escape, we'll dig one."

I says:

"What do we want of a moat when we're going to snake him out from under the cabin?"

But he never heard me. He had forgot me and everything else. He had his chin in his hand, thinking. Pretty soon he sighs and shakes his head; then sighs again, and says:

"No, it wouldn't do—there ain't necessity enough for it."

"For what?" I says.

"Why, to saw Jim's leg off," he says.

"Good land!" I says; "why, there ain't *no* necessity for it. And what would you want to saw his leg off for, anyway?"

"Well, some of the best authorities has done it. They couldn't get the chain off, so they just cut their hand off and shoved. And a leg would be better still. But we got to let that go. There ain't necessity enough in this case; and, besides, Jim's a nigger, and wouldn't understand the reasons for it, and how it's the custom in Europe; so we'll let it go. But there's one thing—he can have a rope ladder; we can tear up our sheets and make him a rope ladder easy enough. And we can send it to him in a pie; it's mostly done that way. And I've et worse pies."

"Why, Tom Sawyer, how you talk," I says; "Jim ain't got no use for a rope ladder."

"He *has* got use for it. How *you* talk, you better say; you don't know nothing about it. He's *got* to have a rope ladder; they all do."

"What in the nation can he *do* with it?"

"*Do* with it? He can hide it in his bed, can't he? That's what they all do; and *he's* got to, too. Huck, you don't ever seem to want to do anything that's regular; you want to be starting something fresh all the time. S'pose he *don't* do nothing with it? ain't it there in his bed, for a clue, after he's gone? and don't you reckon they'll want clues? Of course they will. And you wouldn't leave them any? That would be a *pretty* howdy-do, *wouldn't* it! I never heard of such a thing."

"Well," I says, "if it's in the regulations, and he's got to have it, all right, let him have it; because I don't wish to go back on no regulations; but there's one thing, Tom Sawyer—if we go to tearing up our sheets to make Jim a rope ladder, we're going to get into trouble with Aunt Sally, just as sure as you're born. Now, the way I look at it, a hickry-bark ladder don't cost nothing, and don't waste nothing, and is just as good to load up a pie with, and hide in a straw tick, as any rag ladder you can start; and as for Jim, he ain't had no experience, and so *he* don't care what kind of a—"

"Oh, shucks, Huck Finn, if I was as ignorant as you I'd keep still—that's what *I'd* do. Who ever heard of a state prisoner escaping by a hickry-bark ladder? Why, it's perfectly ridiculous."

"Well, all right, Tom, fix it your own way; but if you'll take my advice, you'll let me borrow a sheet off of the clothes-line."

He said that would do. And that gave him another idea, and he says:

"Borrow a shirt, too."

"What do we want of a shirt, Tom?"

"Want it for Jim to keep a journal on."

"Journal your granny—*Jim* can't write."

"S'pose he *can't* write—he can make marks on the shirt, can't he, if we make him a pen out of an old pewter spoon or a piece of an old iron barrel-hoop?"

"Why, Tom, we can pull a feather out of a goose and make him a better one; and quicker, too."

"*Prisoners* don't have geese running around the donjon-keep to pull pens out of, you muggins. They *always* make their pens out of the hardest, toughest, troublesomest piece of old brass candlestick or something like that they can get their hands on; and it takes them weeks and weeks and months and months to file it out, too, because they've got to do it by rubbing it on the wall. *They* wouldn't use a goose-quill if they had it. It ain't regular."

"Well, then, what'll we make him the ink out of?"

"Many makes it out of iron-rust and tears; but that's the common sort and women; the best authorities uses their own blood. Jim can do that; and when he wants to send any little common ordinary mysterious message to let the world know where he's captivated, he can write it on the bottom of a tin plate with a fork and throw it out of the window. The Iron Mask always done that, and it's a blame' good way, too."

"Jim ain't got no tin plate. They feed him in a pan."

"That ain't nothing; we can get him some."

"Can't nobody *read* his plates."

"That ain't got anything to *do* with it, Huck Finn. All *he's* got to do is to write on the plate and throw it out. You don't *have* to be able to read it. Why, half the time you can't read anything a prisoner writes on a tin plate, or anywhere else."

"Well, then, what's the sense in wasting the plates?"

"Why, blame it all, it ain't the *prisoner's* plates."

"But it's *somebody's* plates, ain't it?"

"Well, spos'n it is? What does the *prisoner* care whose—"

He broke off there, because we heard the breakfast-horn blowing. So we cleared out for the house.

Along during the morning I borrowed a sheet and a white shirt off of the clothes-line; and I found an old sack and put them in it, and we went down and got the fox-fire, and put that in too. I called it borrowing, because that was what pap always called it; but Tom said it warn't borrowing, it was stealing. He said we was representing prisoners; and prisoners don't care how they get a thing so they get it, and nobody don't blame them for it, either. It ain't no crime in a prisoner to steal the thing he needs to get away with, Tom said; it's his right; and so, as long as we was representing a prisoner, we had a perfect right to steal anything on this place we had the least use for to get ourselves out of prison with. He said if we warn't prisoners it would be a very different thing, and nobody but a mean, ornery person would steal when he warn't a prisoner. So we allowed we would steal everything there was that come handy. And yet he made a mighty fuss, one day, after that, when I stole a watermelon out of the nigger patch and eat it; and he made me go and give the niggers a dime without telling them what it was for. Tom said that what he meant was, we could steal anything we *needed*. Well, I says, I needed the watermelon. But he said I didn't need it to get out of prison with; there's where the difference was. He said if I'd 'a' wanted it to hide a knife in, and smuggle it to Jim to kill the seneskal with, it would 'a' been all right. So I let it go at that, though I couldn't see no advantage in my representing a prisoner if I got to set down and chaw over a lot of gold-leaf distinctions like that everytime I see a chance to hog a watermelon.

Well, as I was saying, we waited that morning till everybody was settled down to business, and nobody in sight around the yard; then Tom he carried the sack into the lean-to whilst I stood off a piece to keep watch. By and by he come out, and we went and set down on the woodpile to talk. He says:

"Everything's all right now except tools; and that's easy fixed."

"Tools?" I says.

"Yes."

"Tools for what?"

"Why, to dig with. We ain't a-going to *gnaw* him out, are we?"

"Ain't them old crippled picks and things in there good enough to dig a nigger out with?" I says.

He turns on me, looking pitying enough to make a body cry, and says:

"Huck Finn, did you *ever* hear of a prisoner having picks and shovels, and all the modern conveniences in his wardrobe to dig himself out with? Now I want to ask you—if you got any reasonableness in you at all—what kind of a show would *that* give him to be a hero? Why, they might as well lend him the key and done with it. Picks and shovels—why, they wouldn't furnish 'em to a king."

"Well, then," I says, "if we don't want the picks and shovels, what do we want?"

"A couple of case-knives."

"To dig the foundations out from under that cabin with?"

"Yes."

"Confound it, it's foolish, Tom."

"It don't make no difference how foolish it is, it's the *right* way—and it's the regular way. And there ain't no *other* way, that ever *I* heard of, and I've read all the books that gives any information about these things. They always dig out with a case-knife—and not through dirt, mind you; generly it's through solid rock. And it takes them weeks and weeks and weeks, and for ever and ever. Why, look at one of them prisoners in the bottom dungeon of the Castle Deef, in the harbor of Marseilles, that dug himself out that way; how long was *he* at it, you reckon?"

"I don't know."

"Well, guess."

"I don't know. A month and a half."

"*Thirty-seven year*—and he come out in China. *That's* the kind. I wish the bottom of *this* fortress was solid rock."

"*Jim* don't know nobody in China."

"What's *that* got to do with it? Neither did that other fellow. But you're always a-wander-

ing off on a side issue. Why can't you stick to the main point?"

"All right—*I* don't care where he comes out, so he *comes* out; and Jim don't, either, I reckon. But there's one thing, anyway—Jim's too old to be dug out with a case-knife. He won't last."

"Yes he will *last*, too. You don't reckon it's going to take thirty-seven years to dig out through a *dirt* foundation, do you?"

"How long will it take, Tom?"

"Well, we can't resk being as long as we ought to, because it mayn't take very long for Uncle Silas to hear from down there by New Orleans. He'll hear Jim ain't from there. Then his next move will be to advertise Jim, or something like that. So we can't resk being as long digging him out as we ought to. By rights I reckon we ought to be a couple of years; but we can't. Things being so uncertain, what I recommend is this: that we really dig right in, as quick as we can; and after that, we can *let on*, to ourselves, that we was at it thirty-seven years. Then we can snatch him out and rush him away the first time there's an alarm. Yes, I reckon that 'll be the best way."

"Now, there's *sense* in that," I says. "Letting on don't cost nothing; letting on ain't no trouble; and if it's any object, I don't mind letting on we was at it a hundred and fifty year. It wouldn't strain me none, after I got my hand in. So I'll mosey along now, and smouch a couple of case-knives."

"Smouch three," he says; "we want one to make a saw out of."

"Tom, if it ain't unregular and irreligious to sejest it," I says, "there's an old rusty saw-blade around yonder sticking under the weather-boarding behind the smokehouse."

He looked kind of weary and discouraged-like, and says:

"It ain't no use to try to learn you nothing, Huck. Run along and smouch the knives—three of them." So I done it.

### 36. TRYING TO HELP JIM

As soon as we reckoned everybody was asleep that night we went down the lightning-rod, and shut ourselves up in the lean-to, and got out our pile of fox-fire, and went to work. We cleared everything out of the way, about four or five foot along the middle of the bottom log. Tom said we was right behind Jim's bed now, and we'd dig in under it, and when we got through there couldn't nobody in the cabin ever know there was any hole there, because Jim's counterpin hung down most to the ground, and you'd have to raise it up and look under to see the hole. So we dug and dug with the case-knives till most midnight; and then we was dog-tired, and our hands was blistered, and yet you couldn't see we'd done anything hardly. At last I says:

"This ain't no thirty-seven-year job; this is a thirty-eight-year job, Tom Sawyer."

He never said nothing. But he sighed, and pretty soon he stopped digging, and then for a good little while I knowed that he was thinking. Then he says:

"It ain't no use, Huck, it ain't a-going to work. If we was prisoners it would, because then we'd have as many years as we wanted, and no hurry; and we wouldn't get but a few minutes to dig, every day, while they was changing watches, and so our hands wouldn't get blistered, and we could keep it up right along, year in and year out, and do it right, and the way it ought to be done. But *we* can't fool along; we got to rush; we ain't got no time to spare. If we was to put in another night this way we'd have to knock off for a week to let our hands get well—couldn't touch a case-knife with them sooner."

"Well, then, what we going to do, Tom?"

"I'll tell you. It ain't right, and it ain't moral, and I wouldn't like it to get out; but there ain't only just the one way: we got to dig him out with the picks, and *let on* it's case-knives."

"*Now* you're *talking!*" I says; "your head gets leveler and leveler all the time, Tom Sawyer," I says. "Picks is the thing, moral or no moral; and as for me, I don't care shucks for the morality of it, nohow. When I start in to steal a nigger, or a watermelon, or a Sunday-school book, I ain't no ways particular how it's done so it's done. What I want is my nigger; or what I want is my watermelon; or what I want is my Sunday-school book; and if a pick's the handiest thing, that's the thing I'm a-going to dig that nigger or that watermelon or that Sunday-school book out with;

and I don't give a dead rat what the authorities thinks about it nuther."

"Well," he says, "there's excuse for picks and letting on in a case like this; if it warn't so, I wouldn't approve of it, nor I wouldn't stand by and see the rules broke—because right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a body ain't got no business doing wrong when he ain't ignorant and knows better. It might answer for *you* to dig Jim out with a pick, *without* any letting on, because you don't know no better; but it wouldn't for me, because I do know better. Gimme a case-knife."

He had his own by him, but I handed him mine. He flung it down, and says:

"Gimme a *case-knife.*"

I didn't know just what to do—but then I thought. I scratched around amongst the old tools, and got a pickax and give it to him, and he took it and went to work, and never said a word.

He was always just that particular. Full of principle.

So then I got a shovel, and then we picked and shoveled, turn about, and made the fur fly. We stuck to it about a half an hour, which was as long as we could stand up; but we had a good deal of a hole to show for it. When I got up-stairs I looked out at the window and see Tom doing his level best with the lightning-rod, but he couldn't come it, his hands was so sore. At last he says:

"It ain't no use, it can't be done. What you reckon I better do? Can't you think of no way?"

"Yes," I says, "but I reckon it ain't regular. Come up the stairs, and let on it's a lightning-rod."

So he done it.

Next day Tom stole a pewter spoon and a brass candle-stick in the house, for to make some pens for Jim out of, and six tallow candles; and I hung around the nigger cabins and laid for a chance, and stole three tin plates. Tom says it wasn't enough; but I said nobody wouldn't ever see the plates that Jim throwed out, because they'd fall in the dog-fennel and jimpson weeds under the window-hole—then we could tote them back and he could use them over again. So Tom was satisfied. Then he says:

"Now, the thing to study out is, how to get the things to Jim."

"Take them in through the hole," I says, "when we get it done."

He only just looked scornful, and said something about nobody ever heard of such an idiotic idea, and then he went to studying. By and by he said he had ciphered out two or three ways, but there warn't no need to decide on any of them yet. Said we'd got to post Jim first.

That night we went down the lightning-rod a little after ten, and took one of the candles along, and listened under the window-hole and heard Jim snoring; so we pitched it in, and it didn't wake him. Then we whirled in with the pick and shovel, and in about two hours and a half the job was done. We crept in under Jim's bed and into the cabin, and pawed around and found the candle and lit it, and stood over Jim awhile, and found him looking hearty and healthy, and then we woke him up gentle and gradual. He was so glad to see us he most cried; and called us honey, and all the pet names he could think of; and was for having us hunt up a cold-chisel to cut the chain off of his leg with right away, and clearing out without losing any time. But Tom he showed him how unregular it would be, and set down and told him all about our plans, and how we could alter them in a minute any time there was an alarm; and not to be the least afraid, because we would see he got away, *sure.* So Jim he said it was all right, and we set there and talked over old times awhile, and then Tom asked a lot of questions, and when Jim told him Uncle Silas come in every day or two to pray with him, and Aunt Sally come in to see if he was comfortable and had plenty to eat, and both of them was kind as they could be, Tom says:

"*Now* I know how to fix it. We'll send you some things by them."

I said, "Don't do nothing of the kind; it's one of the most jackass ideas I ever struck"; but he never paid no attention to me; went right on. It was his way when he'd got his plans set.

So he told Jim how we'd have to smuggle in the rope-ladder pie and other large things by Nat, the nigger that fed him, and he must be on the lookout, and not be surprised, and

not let Nat see him open them; and we would put small things in uncle's coat pockets and he must steal them out; and we would tie things to aunt's apron-strings or put them in her apron pocket, if we got a chance; and told him what they would be and what they was for. And told him how to keep a journal on the shirt with his blood, and all that. He told him everything. Jim he couldn't see no sense in the most of it, but he allowed we was white folks and knowed better than him; so he was satisfied, and said he would do it all just as Tom said.

Jim had plenty of corn-cob pipes and tobacco; so we had a right down good sociable time; then we crawled out through the hole, and so home to bed, with hands that looked like they'd been chawed. Tom was in high spirits. He said it was the best fun he ever had in his life, and the most intellectural; and said if he only could see his way to it we would keep it up all the rest of our lives and leave Jim to our children to get out; for he believed Jim would come to like it better and better the more he got used to it. He said that in that way it could be strung out to as much as eighty year, and would be the best time on record. And he said it would make us all celebrated that had a hand in it.

In the morning we went out to the woodpile and chopped up the brass candlesticks into handy sizes, and Tom put them and the pewter spoon in his pocket. Then we went to the nigger cabins, and while I got Nat's notice off, Tom shoved a piece of candlestick into the middle of a corn-pone that was in Jim's pan, and we went along with Nat to see how it would work, and it just worked noble; when Jim bit into it it most mashed all his teeth out; and there warn't ever anything could 'a' worked better. Tom said so himself. Jim he never let on but what it was only just a piece of rock or something like that that's always getting into bread, you know; but after that he never bit into nothing but what he jabbed his fork into it in three or four places first.

And whilst we was a-standing there in the dimmish light, here comes a couple of the hounds bulging in from under Jim's bed; and they kept on piling in till there was eleven of them, and there warn't hardly room in there to get your breath. By jings, we forgot to fasten that lean-to door! The nigger Nat he only just hollered "Witches" once, and keeled over onto the floor amongst the dogs, and begun to groan like he was dying. Tom jerked the door open and flung out a slab of Jim's meat, and the dogs went for it, and in two seconds he was out himself and back again and shut the door, and I knowed he'd fixed the other door too. Then he went to work on the nigger, coaxing him and petting him, and asking him if he'd been imagining he saw something again. He raised up, and blinked his eyes around, and says:

"Mars Sid, you'll say I's a fool, but if I didn't b'lieve I see most a million dogs, er devils, er some'n, I wisht I may die right heah in dese tracks. I did, mos' sholy. Mars Sid, I *felt* um—I *felt* um, sah; dey was all over me. Dad fetch it, I jis' wisht I could git my han's on one er dem witches jis' wunst—on'y jis' wunst—it's all *I'd* ast. But mos'ly I wisht dey'd lemme 'lone, I does."

Tom says:

"Well, I tell you what *I* think. What makes them come here just at this runaway nigger's breakfast-time? It's because they're hungry; that's the reason. You make them a witch pie; that's the thing for *you* to do."

"But my lan', Mars Sid, how's I gwyne to make 'm a witch pie? I doan' know how to make it. I hain't ever hearn er sich a thing b'fo'."

"Well, then, I'll have to make it myself."

"Will you do it, honey?—will you? I'll wusshup de groun' und' yo' foot, I will!"

"All right, I'll do it, seeing it's you, and you've been good to us and showed us the runaway nigger. But you got to be mighty careful. When we come around, you turn your back; and then whatever we've put in the pan, don't you let on you see it at all. And don't you look when Jim unloads the pan—something might happen, I don't know what. And above all, don't you *handle* the witch things."

"*Hannel* 'm, Mars Sid? What *is* you a-talkin' 'bout? I wouldn' lay de weight er my finger on um, not f'r ten hund'd thous'n billion dollars, I wouldn't."

## 37. JIM GETS HIS WITCH-PIE

That was all fixed. So then we went away and went to the rubbage-pile in the back yard, where they keep the old boots, and rags, and pieces of bottles, and wore-out tin things, and all such truck, and scratched around and found an old tin washpan, and stopped up the holes as well as we could, to bake the pie in, and took it down cellar and stole it full of flour and started for breakfast, and found a couple of shingle-nails that Tom said would be handy for a prisoner to scrabble his name and sorrows on the dungeon walls with, and dropped one of them in Aunt Sally's apron pocket which was hanging on a chair, and t'other we stuck in the band of Uncle Silas's hat, which was on the bureau, because we heard the children say their pa and ma was going to the runaway nigger's house this morning, and then went to breakfast, and Tom dropped the pewter spoon in Uncle Silas's coat pocket, and Aunt Sally wasn't come yet, so we had to wait a little while.

And when she come she was hot and red and cross, and couldn't hardly wait for the blessing; and then she went to sluicing out coffee with one hand and cracking the handiest child's head with her thimble with the other, and says:

"I've hunted high and I've hunted low, and it does beat all what *has* become of your other shirt."

My heart fell down amongst my lungs and livers and things, and a hard piece of corn-crust started down my throat after it and got met on the road with a cough, and was shot across the table, and took one of the children in the eye and curled him up like a fishing-worm, and let a cry out of him the size of a war-whoop, and Tom he turned kinder blue around the gills, and it all amounted to a considerable state of things for about a quarter of a minute or as much as that, and I would 'a' sold out for half price if there was a bidder. But after that we was all right again —it was the sudden surprise of it that knocked us so kind of cold. Uncle Silas he says:

"It's most uncommon curious, I can't understand it. I know perfectly well I took it *off*, because—"

"Because you ain't got but one *on*. Just *listen* at the man! I know you took it off, and know it by a better way than your wool-gethering memory, too, because it was on the clo's-line yesterday—I see it there myself. But it's gone, that's the long and the short of it, and you'll just have to change to a red flann'l one till I can get time to make a new one. And it 'll be the third I've made in two years. It just keeps a body on the jump to keep you in shirts; and whatever you do manage to *do* with 'm all is more'n *I* can make out. A body'd think you *would* learn to take some sort of care of 'em at your time of life."

"I know it, Sally, and I do try all I can. But it oughtn't to be altogether my fault, because, you know, I don't see them nor have nothing to do with them except when they're on me; and I don't believe I've ever lost one of them *off* of me."

"Well, it ain't *your* fault if you haven't, Silas; you'd 'a' done it if you could, I reckon. And the shirt ain't all that's gone, nuther. Ther's a spoon gone; and *that* ain't all. There was ten, and now ther's only nine. The calf got the shirt, I reckon, but the calf never took the spoon, *that's* certain."

"Why, what else is gone, Sally?"

"Ther's six *candles* gone—that's what. The rats could 'a' got the candles, and I reckon they did; I wonder they don't walk off with the whole place, the way you're always going to stop their holes and don't do it; and if they warn't fools they'd sleep in your hair, Silas—*you'd* never find it out; but you can't lay the *spoon* on the rats, and that I *know*."

"Well, Sally, I'm in fault, and I acknowledge it; I've been remiss; but I won't let tomorrow go by without stopping up them holes."

"Oh, I wouldn't hurry; next year 'll do. Matilda Angelina Araminta *Phelps!*"

Whack comes the thimble, and the child snatches her claws out of the sugar-bowl without fooling around any. Just then the nigger woman steps onto the passage, and says:

"Missus, dey's a sheet gone."

"A *sheet* gone! Well, for the land's sake!"

"I'll stop up them holes today," says Uncle Silas, looking sorrowful.

"Oh, *do* shet up!—s'pose the rats took the *sheet? Where's* it gone, Lize?"

"Clah to goodness I hain't no notion, Miss'

Sally. She wuz on de clo's-line yistiddy, but she done gone: she ain' dah no mo' now."

"I reckon the world *is* coming to an end. I *never* see the beat of it in all my born days. A shirt, and a sheet, and a spoon, and six can—"

"Missus," comes a young yaller wench, "dey's a brass cannelstick mis'n."

"Cler out from here, you hussy, er I'll take a skillet to ye!"

Well, she was just a-biling. I begun to lay for a chance; I reckoned I would sneak out and go for the woods till the weather moderated. She kept a-raging right along, running her insurrection all by herself, and everybody else mighty meek and quiet; and at last Uncle Silas, looking kind of foolish, fishes up that spoon out of his pocket. She stopped, with her mouth open and her hands up; and as for me, I wished I was in Jerusalem or somewheres. But not long, because she says:

"It's *just* as I expected. So you had it in your pocket all the time; and like as not you've got the other things there, too. How'd it get there?"

"I reely don't know, Sally," he says, kind of apologizing, "or you know I would tell. I was a-studying over my text in Acts Seventeen before breakfast, and I reckon I put it in there, not noticing, meaning to put my Testament in, and it must be so, because my Testament ain't in; but I'll go and see; and if the Testament is where I had it, I'll know I didn't put it in, and that will show that I laid the Testament down and took up the spoon, and—"

"Oh, for the land's sake! Give a body a rest! Go 'long now, the whole kit and biling of ye; and don't come nigh me again till I've got back my peace of mind."

*I'd* 'a' heard her if she'd 'a' said it to herself, let alone speaking it out; and I'd 'a' got up and obeyed her if I'd 'a' been dead. As we was passing through the setting-room the old man he took up his hat, and the shingle-nail fell out on the floor, and he just merely picked it up and laid it on the mantel-shelf, and never said nothing, and went out. Tom see him do it, and remembered about spoon, and says:

"Well, it ain't no use to send things by *him* no more, he ain't reliable." Then he says: "But he done us a good turn with the spoon, anyway, without knowing it, and so we'll go and do him one without *him* knowing it—stop up his rat-holes."

There was a noble good lot of them down cellar, and it took us a whole hour, but we done the job tight and good and shipshape. Then we heard steps on the stairs, and blowed out our light and hid; and here comes the old man, with a candle in one hand and a bundle of stuff in t'other, looking as absent-minded as year before last. He went a-mooning around, first to one rat-hole and then another, till he'd been to them all. Then he stood about five minutes, picking tallow-drip off of his candle and thinking. Then he turns off slow and dreamy towards the stairs, saying:

"Well, for the life of me I can't remember when I done it. I could show her now that I warn't to blame on account of the rats. But never mind—let it go. I reckon it wouldn't do no good."

And so he went on a-mumbling up-stairs, and then we left. He was a mighty nice old man. And always is.

Tom was a good deal bothered about what to do for a spoon, but he said we'd got to have it; so he took a think. When he had ciphered it out he told me how we was to do; then we went and waited around the spoon-basket till we see Aunt Sally coming, and then Tom went to counting the spoons and laying them out to one side, and I slid one of them up my sleeve, and Tom says:

"Why, Aunt Sally, there ain't but nine spoons *yet*."

She says:

"Go 'long to your play, and don't bother me. I know better, I counted 'm myself."

"Well, I've counted them twice, Aunty, and *I* can't make but nine."

She looked out of all patience, but of course she come to count—anybody would.

"I declare to gracious ther' *ain't* but nine!" she says. "Why, what in the world—plague *take* the things, I'll count 'm again."

So I slipped back the one I had, and when she got done counting, she says:

"Hang the troublesome rubbage, ther's *ten* now!" and she looked huffy and bothered both. But Tom says:

"Why, Aunty, *I* don't think there's ten."

"You numskull, didn't you see me *count* 'm?"

"I know, but—"

"Well, I'll count 'm again."

So I smouched one, and they come out nine, same as the other time. Well, she *was* in a tearing way—just a-trembling all over, she was so mad. But she counted and counted till she got that addled she'd start to count in the *basket* for a spoon sometimes; and so, three times they come out right, and three times they come out wrong. Then she grabbed up the basket and slammed it across the house and knocked the cat galley-west; and she said cler out and let her have some peace, and if we come bothering around her again betwixt that and dinner she'd skin us. So we had the odd spoon, and dropped it in her apron pocket whilst she was a-giving us our sailing orders, and Jim got it all right, along with her shingle-nail, before noon. We was very well satisfied with this business, and Tom allowed it was worth twice the trouble it took, because he said *now* she couldn't ever count them spoons twice alike again to save her life; and wouldn't believe she'd counted them right if she *did;* and said that after she'd about counted her head off for the next three days he judged she'd give it up and offer to kill anybody that wanted her to ever count them any more.

So we put the sheet back on the line that night, and stole one out of her closet; and kept on putting it back and stealing it again for a couple of days till she didn't know how many sheets she had any more, and she didn't *care,* and warn't a-going to bullyrag the rest of her soul out about it, and wouldn't count them again not to save her life; she druther die first.

So we was all right now, as to the shirt and the sheet and the spoon and the candles, by the help of the calf and the rats and the mixed-up counting; and as to the candlestick, it warn't no consequence, it would blow over by and by.

But that pie was a job; we had no end of trouble with that pie. We fixed it up away down in the woods, and cooked it there; and we got it done at last, and very satisfactory, too; but not all in one day; and we had to use up three washpans full of flour before we got through, and we got burnt pretty much all over, in places, and eyes put out with the smoke; because, you see, we didn't want nothing but a crust, and we couldn't prop it up right, and she would always cave in. But of course we thought of the right way at last —which was to cook the ladder, too, in the pie. So then we laid in with Jim the second night, and tore up the sheet all in little strings and twisted them together, and long before daylight we had a lovely rope that you could 'a' hung a person with. We let on it took nine months to make it.

And in the forenoon we took it down to the woods, but it wouldn't go into the pie. Being made of a whole sheet, that way, there was rope enough for forty pies if we'd 'a' wanted them, and plenty left over for soup, or sausages, or anything you choose. We could 'a' had a whole dinner.

But we didn't need it. All we needed was just enough for the pie, and so we throwed the rest away. We didn't cook none of the pies in the washpan—afraid the solder would melt; but Uncle Silas he had a noble brass warming-pan which he thought considerable of, because it belonged to one of his ancestors with a long wooden handle that come over from England with William the Conqueror in the *Mayflower* or one of them early ships and was hid away up garret with a lot of other old pots and things that was valuable, not on account of being any account, because they warn't, but on account of them being relicts, you know, and we snaked her out, private, and took her down there, but she failed on the first pies, because we didn't know how, but she come up smiling on the last one. We took and lined her with dough, and set her in the coals, and loaded her up with rag rope, and put on a dough roof, and shut down the lid, and put hot embers on top, and stood off five foot, with the long handle, cool and comfortable, and in fifteen minutes she turned out a pie that was a satisfaction to look at. But the person that et it would want to fetch a couple of kags of toothpicks along, for if that rope ladder wouldn't cramp him down to business I don't know nothing what I'm talking about, and lay him in enough stomach-ache to last him till next time, too.

Nat didn't look when we put the witch pie in Jim's pan; and we put the three tin plates in the bottom of the pan under the vittles; and so Jim got everything all right, and as

soon as he was by himself he busted into the pie and hid the rope ladder inside of his straw tick, and scratched some marks on a tin plate and throwed it out of the window-hole.

## 38. "HERE A CAPTIVE HEART BUSTED"

Making them pens was a distressid tough job, and so was the saw; and Jim allowed the inscription was going to be the toughest of all. That's the one which the prisoner has to scribble on the wall. But he had to have it; Tom said he'd *got* to; there warn't no case of a state prisoner not scrabbling his inscription to leave behind, and his coat of arms.

"Look at Lady Jane Grey," he says; "look at Gilford Dudley; look at old Northumberland! Why, Huck, s'pose it *is* considerble trouble?—what you going to do?—how you going to get around it? Jim's *got* to do his inscription and coat of arms. They all do."

Jim says:

"Why, Mars Tom, I hain't got no coat o' arm; I hain't got nuffn but dish yer ole shirt, en you knows I got to keep de journal on dat."

"Oh, you don't understand, Jim; a coat of arms is very different."

"Well," I says, "Jim's right, anyway, when he says he ain't got no coat of arms, because he hain't."

"I reckon *I* knowed that," Tom says, "but you bet he'll have one before he goes out of this—because he's going out *right,* and there ain't going to be no flaws in his record."

So whilst me and Jim filed away at the pens on a brickbat apiece, Jim a-making his'n out of the brass and I making mine out of the spoon, Tom set to work to think out the coat of arms. By and by he said he'd struck so many good ones he didn't hardly know which to take, but there was one which he reckoned he'd decide on. He says:

"On the scutcheon we'll have a bend *or* in the dexter base, a saltire *murrey* in the fess, with a dog, couchant, for common charge, and under his foot a chain embattled, for slavery, with a chevron *vert* in a chief engrailed, and three invected lines on a field *azure,* with the nombril points rampant on a dancette indented; crest, a runaway nigger, *sable,* with his bundle over his shoulder on a bar sinister; and a couple of gules for supporters, which is you and me; motto, *Maggiore fretta, minore atto.* Got it out of a book—means the more haste the less speed."

"Geewhillikins," I says, "but what does the rest of it mean?"

"We ain't got no time to bother over that," he says; "we got to dig in like all git-out."

"Well, anyway," I says, "what's *some* of it? What's a fess?"

"A fess—a fess is—*you* don't need to know what a fess is. I'll show him how to make it when he gets to it."

"Shucks, Tom," I says, "I think you might tell a person. What's a bar sinister?"

"Oh, *I* don't know. But he's got to have it. All the nobility does."

That was just his way. If it didn't suit him to explain a thing to you, he wouldn't do it. You might pump at him a week, it wouldn't make no difference.

He'd got all that coat-of-arms business fixed, so now he started in to finish up the rest of that part of the work, which was to plan out a mournful inscription—said Jim got to have one, like they all done. He made up a lot, and wrote them out on a paper, and read them off, so:

1. Here a captive heart busted.
2. Here a poor prisoner, forsook by the world and friends, fretted his sorrowful life.
3. Here a lonely heart broke, and a worn spirit went to its rest, after thirty-seven years of solitary captivity.
4. Here, homeless and friendless, after thirty-seven years of bitter captivity, perished a noble stranger, natural son of Louis XIV.

Tom's voice trembled whilst he was reading them, and he most broke down. When he got done he couldn't no way make up his mind which one for Jim to scrabble onto the wall, they was all so good; but at last he allowed he would let him scrabble them all on. Jim said it would take him a year to scrabble such a lot of truck onto the logs with a nail, and he didn't know how to make letters, besides; but Tom said he would block them out for him, and then he wouldn't have nothing to do but just follow the lines. Then pretty soon he says:

"Come to think, the logs ain't a-going to do; they don't have log walls in a dungeon: we

got to dig the inscriptions into a rock. We'll fetch a rock."

Jim said the rock was worse than the logs; he said it would take him such a pison long time to dig them into a rock he wouldn't ever get out. But Tom said he would let me help him do it. Then he took a look to see how me and Jim was getting along with the pens. It was most pesky tedious hard work and slow, and didn't give my hands no show to get well of the sores, and we didn't seem to make no headway, hardly; so Tom says:

"I know how to fix it. We got to have a rock for the coat of arms and mournful inscriptions, and we can kill two birds with that same rock. There's a gaudy big grindstone down at the mill, and we'll smouch it, and carve the things on it, and file out the pens and the saw on it, too."

It warn't no slouch of an idea; and it warn't no slouch of a grindstone nuther; but we allowed we'd tackle it. It warn't quite midnight yet, so we cleared out for the mill, leaving Jim at work. We smouched the grindstone, and set out to roll her home, but it was a most nation tough job. Sometimes, do what we could, we couldn't keep her from falling over, and she come mighty near mashing us every time. Tom said she was going to get one of us, sure, before we got through. We got her halfway; and then we was plumb played out, and most drownded with sweat. We see it warn't no use; we got to go and fetch Jim. So he raised up his bed and slid the chain off of the bed-leg, and wrapt it round and round his neck, and we crawled out through our hole and down there, and Jim and me laid into that grindstone and walked her along like nothing; and Tom superintended. He could out-superintend any boy I ever see. He knowed how to do everything.

Our hole was pretty big, but it warn't big enough to get the grindstone through; but Jim he took the pick and soon made it big enough. Then Tom marked out them things on it with the nail, and set Jim to work on them, with the nail for a chisel and an iron bolt from the rubbage in the lean-to for a hammer, and told him to work till the rest of his candle quit on him, and then he could go to bed, and hide the grindstone under his straw tick and sleep on it. Then we helped him fix his chain back on the bed-leg, and was ready for bed ourselves. But Tom thought of something, and says:

"You got any spiders in here, Jim?"

"No, sah, thanks to goodness I hain't, Mars Tom."

"All right, we'll get you some."

"But bless you, honey, I doan' *want* none. I's afeard un um. I jis' 's soon have rattlesnakes aroun'."

Tom thought a minute or two, and says:

"It's a good idea. And I reckon it's been done. It *must* 'a' been done; it stands to reason. Yes, it's a prime good idea. Where could you keep it?"

"Keep what, Mars Tom?"

"Why, a rattlesnake."

"De goodness gracious alive, Mars Tom! Why, if dey was a rattlesnake to come in heah I'd take en bust right out thoo dat log wall, I woud, wid my head."

"Why, Jim, you wouldn't be afraid of it after a little. You could tame it."

"*Tame* it!"

"Yes—easy enough. Every animal is grateful for kindness and petting, and they wouldn't *think* of hurting a person that pets them. Any book will tell you that. You try—that's all I ask; just try for two or three days. Why, you can get him so in a little while that he'll love you; and sleep with you; and won't stay away from you a minute; and will let you wrap him round your neck and put his head in your mouth."

"*Please,* Mars Tom—*doan'* talk so! I can't *stan'* it! He'd *let* me shove his head in my mouf—fer a favor, hain't it? I lay he'd wait a pow'ful long time 'fo' I *ast* him. En mo' en dat, I doan' *want* him to sleep with me."

"Jim, don't act so foolish. A prisoner's *got* to have some kind of a dumb pet, and if a rattlesnake hain't ever been tried, why, there's more glory to be gained in your being the first to ever try it than any other way you could ever think of to save your life."

"Why, Mars Tom, I doan' *want* no sich glory. Snake take 'n bite Jim's chin off, den *whah* is de glory? No, sah, I doan' want no sich doin's."

"Blame it, can't you *try?* I only *want* you to try—you needn't keep it up if it don't work."

"But de trouble all *done* ef de snake bite me while I's a-tryin' him. Mars Tom, I's willin' to tackle mos' anything 'at ain't onreasonable, but ef you en Huck fetches a rattlesnake in heah for me to tame, I's gwyne to *leave,* dat's *shore.*"

"Well, then, let it go, let it go, if you're so bullheaded about it. We can get you some gartersnakes, and you can tie some buttons on their tails, and let on they're rattlesnakes, and I reckon that 'll have to do."

"I k'n stan' *dem,* Mars Tom, but blame' 'f I couldn' get along widout um, I tell you dat. I never knowed b'fo' 'twas so much bother and trouble to be a prisoner."

"Well, it *always* is when it's done right. You got any rats around here?"

"No, sah, I hain't seed none."

"Well, we'll get you some rats."

"Why, Mars Tom, I doan' *want* no rats. Dey's de dad-blamedest creturs to 'sturb a body, en rustle roun' over 'im, en bite his feet, when he's tryin' to sleep, I ever see. No, sah, gimme g'yarter-snakes, 'f I's got to have 'm, but doan' gimme no rats; I hain't got no use f'r um, skasely."

"But, Jim, you *got* to have 'em—they all do. So don't make no more fuss about it. Prisoners ain't ever without rats. There ain't no instance of it. And they train them, and pet them, and learn them tricks, and they get to be as sociable as flies. But you got to play music to them. You got anything to play music on?"

"I ain' got nuffin but a coase comb en a piece o' paper, en a juice-harp; but I reck'n dey wouldn' take no stock in a juice-harp."

"Yes they would. *They* don't care what kind of music 'tis. A jew's-harp's plenty good enough for a rat. All animals like music—in a prison they dote on it. Specially, painful music; and you can't get no other kind out of a jew's-harp. It always interests them; they come out to see what's the matter with you. Yes, you're all right; you're fixed very well. You want to set on your bed nights before you go to sleep, and early in the mornings, and play your jew's-harp; play 'The Last Link is Broken'—that's the thing that 'll scoop a rat quicker 'n anything else; and when you've played about two minutes you'll see all the rats, and the snakes, and spiders and things begin to feel worried about you, and come. And they'll just fairly swarm over you, and have a noble good time."

"Yes, *dey* will, I reck'n, Mars Tom, but what kine er time is *Jim* havin'? Blest if I kin see de pint. But I'll do it ef I got to. I reck'n I better keep de animals satisfied, en not have no trouble in de house."

Tom waited to think it over, and see if there wasn't nothing else; and pretty soon he says:

"Oh, there's one thing I forgot. Could you raise a flower here, do you reckon?"

"I doan' know but maybe I could, Mars Tom; but it's tolable dark in heah, en I ain' got no use f'r no flower, nohow, en she'd be a pow'ful sight o' trouble."

"Well, you try it, anyway. Some other prisoners has done it."

"One er dem big cat-tail-lookin' mullen-stalks would grow in heah, Mars Tom, I reck'n, but she wouldn't be wuth half de trouble she'd coss."

"Don't you believe it. We'll fetch you a little one, and you plant it in the corner over there, and raise it. And don't call it mullen, call it Pitchiola—that's its right name when it's in a prison. And you want to water it with your tears."

"Why, I got plenty spring water, Mars Tom."

"You don't *want* spring water; you want to water it with your tears. It's the way they always do."

"Why, Mars Tom, I lay I kin raise one er dem mullen-stalks twyste wid spring water whiles another man's a *start'n* one wid tears."

"That ain't the idea. You *got* to do it with tears."

"She'll die on my han's, Mars Tom, she sholy will; kase I doan' skasely ever cry."

So Tom was stumped. But he studied it over, and then said Jim would have to worry along the best he could with an onion. He promised he would go to the nigger cabins and drop one, private, in Jim's coffee-pot, in the morning. Jim said he would "jis' 's soon have tobacker in his coffee"; and found so much fault with it, and with the work and bother of raising the mullen, and jew's-harping the rats, and petting and flattering up the snakes and spiders and things, on top of all

the other work he had to do on pens, and inscriptions, and journals, and things, which made it more trouble and worry and responsibility to be a prisoner than anything he ever undertook, that Tom most lost all patience with him; and said he was just loadened down with more gaudier chances than a prisoner ever had in the world to make a name for himself, and yet he didn't know enough to appreciate them, and they was just about wasted on him. So Jim he was sorry, and said he wouldn't behave so no more, and then me and Tom shoved for bed.

### 39. TOM WRITES NONNAMOUS LETTERS

In the morning we went up to the village and bought a wire rat-trap and fetched it down, and unstopped the best rat-hole, and in about an hour we had fifteen of the bulliest kind of ones; and then we took it and put it in a safe place under Aunt Sally's bed. But while we was gone for spiders little Thomas Franklin Benjamin Jefferson Elexander Phelps found it there, and opened the door of it to see if the rats would come out, and they did; and Aunt Sally she come in, and when we got back she was a-standing on top of the bed raising Cain, and the rats was doing what they could to keep off the dull times for her. So she took and dusted us both with the hickry, and we was as much as two hours catching another fifteen or sixteen, drat that meddlesome cub, and they warn't the likeliest, nuther, because the first haul was the pick of the flock. I never see a likelier lot of rats than what that first haul was.

We got a splendid stock of sorted spiders, and bugs, and frogs, and caterpillars, and one thing or another; and we like to got a hornet's nest, but we didn't. The family was at home. We didn't give it right up, but stayed with them as long as we could; because we allowed we'd tire them out or they'd got to tire us out, and they done it. Then we got allycumpain and rubbed on the places, and was pretty near all right again, but couldn't set down convenient. And so we went for the snakes, and grabbed a couple of dozen garters and house-snakes, and put them in a bag, and put it in our room, and by that time it was suppertime, and a rattling good honest day's work: and hungry?—oh, no, I reckon not! And there warn't a blessed snake up there when we went back—we didn't half tie the sack, and they worked out somehow, and left. But it didn't matter much, because they was still on the premises somewheres. So we judged we could get some of them again. No, there warn't no real scarcity of snakes about the house for a considerable spell. You'd see them dripping from the rafters and places every now and then; and they generly landed in your plate, or down the back of your neck, and most of the time where you didn't want them. Well, they was handsome and striped, and there warn't no harm in a million of them; but that never made no difference to Aunt Sally; she despised snakes, be the breed what they might, and she couldn't stand them no way you could fix it; and every time one of them flopped down on her, it didn't make no difference what she was doing, she would just lay that work down and light out. I never see such a woman. And you could hear her whoop to Jericho. You couldn't get her to take a-holt of one of them with the tongs. And if she turned over and found one in bed she would scramble out and lift a howl that you would think the house was afire. She disturbed the old man so that he said he could most wish there hadn't ever been no snakes created. Why, after every last snake had been gone clear out of the house for as much as a week Aunt Sally warn't over it yet; she warn't near over it; when she was setting thinking about something you could touch her on the back of her neck with a feather and she would jump right out of her stockings. It was very curious. But Tom said all women was just so. He said they was made that way for some reason or other.

We got a licking every time one of our snakes come in her way, and she allowed these lickings warn't nothing to what she would do if we ever loaded up the place again with them. I didn't mind the lickings, because they didn't amount to nothing; but I minded the trouble we had to lay in another lot. But we got them laid in, and all the other things; and you never see a cabin as blithesome as Jim's was when they'd all swarm out for music and go for him. Jim didn't like the spiders, and the spiders didn't like Jim; and so they'd

lay for him, and make it mighty warm for him. And he said that between the rats and the snakes and the grindstone there warn't no room in bed for him, skasely; and when there was, a body couldn't sleep, it was so lively, and it was always lively, he said, because *they* never all slept at one time, but took turn about, so when the snakes was asleep the rats was on deck, and when the rats turned in the snakes come on watch, so he always had one gang under him, in his way, and t'other gang having a circus over him, and if he got up to hunt a new place the spiders would take a chance at him as he crossed over. He said if he ever got out this time he wouldn't ever be a prisoner again, not for a salary.

Well, by the end of three weeks everything was in pretty good shape. The shirt was sent in early, in a pie, and every time a rat bit Jim he would get up and write a line in his journal whilst the ink was fresh; the pens was made, the inscriptions and so on was all carved on the grindstone; the bed-leg was sawed in two, and we had et up the sawdust, and it give us a most amazing stomach-ache. We reckoned we was all going to die, but didn't. It was the most undigestible sawdust I ever see; and Tom said the same. But as I was saying, we'd got all the work done now, at last; and we was all pretty much fagged out, too, but mainly Jim. The old man had wrote a couple of times to the plantation below Orleans to come and get their runaway nigger, but hadn't got no answer, because there warn't no such plantation; so he allowed he would advertise Jim in the St. Louis and New Orleans papers; and when he mentioned the St. Louis ones it give me the cold shivers, and I see we hadn't no time to lose. So Tom said, now for the nonnamous letters.

"What's them?" I says.

"Warnings to the people that something is up. Sometimes it's done one way, sometimes another. But there's always somebody spying around that gives notice to the governor of the castle. When Louis XVI. was going to light out of the Tooleries a servant-girl done it. It's a very good way, and so is the nonnamous letters. We'll use them both. And it's usual for the prisoner's mother to change clothes with him, and she stays in, and he slides out in her clothes. We'll do that, too."

"But looky here, Tom, what do we want to *warn* anybody for that something's up? Let them find it out for themselves—it's their lookout."

"Yes, I know; but you can't depend on them. It's the way they've acted from the very start—left us to do *everything*. They're so confiding and mullet-headed they don't take notice of nothing at all. So if we don't *give* them notice there won't be nobody nor nothing to interfere with us, and so after all our hard work and trouble this escape'll go off perfectly flat; won't amount to nothing—won't be nothing *to* it."

"Well, as for me, Tom, that's the way I'd like."

"Shucks!" he says, and looked disgusted. So I says:

"But I ain't going to make no complaint. Any way that suits you suits me. What you going to do about the servant-girl?"

"You'll be her. You slide in, in the middle of the night, and hook that yaller girl's frock."

"Why, Tom, that 'll make trouble next morning; because, of course, she prob'bly hain't got any but that one."

"I know; but you don't want it but fifteen minutes, to carry the nonnamous letter and shove it under the front door."

"All right, then, I'll do it; but I could carry it just as handy in my own togs."

"You wouldn' look like a servant-girl *then*, would you?"

"No, but there won't be nobody to see what I look like, *anyway*."

"That ain't got nothing to do with it. The thing for us to do is just to do our *duty*, and not worry about whether anybody *sees* us do it or not. Hain't you got no principle at all?"

"All right, I ain't saying nothing; I'm the servant-girl. Who's Jim's mother?"

"I'm his mother. I'll hook a gown from Aunt Sally."

"Well, then, you'll have to stay in the cabin when me and Jim leaves."

"Not much. I'll stuff Jim's clothes full of straw and lay it on his bed to represent his mother in disguise, and Jim 'll take the nigger woman's gown off of me and wear it, and we'll all evade together. When a prisoner of style escapes it's called an evasion. It's always called so when a king escapes, f'r instance.

And the same with a king's son; it don't make no difference whether he's a natural one or an unnatural one."

So Tom he wrote the nonnamous letter, and I smouched the yaller wench's frock that night, and put it on, and shoved it under the front door, the way Tom told me to. It said:

Beware. Trouble is brewing. Keep a sharp look-out. UNKNOWN FRIEND.

Next night we struck a picture, which Tom drawed in blood, of a skull and crossbones on the front door; and next night another one of a coffin on the back door. I never see a family in such a sweat. They couldn't 'a' been worse scared if the place had 'a' been full of ghosts laying for them behind everything and under the beds and shivering through the air. If a door banged, Aunt Sally she jumped and said "ouch!" if anything fell, she jumped and said "ouch!" if you happened to touch her, when she warn't noticing, she done the same; she couldn't face no way and be satisfied, because she allowed there was something behind her every time—so she was always a-whirling around sudden, and saying "ouch," and before she'd got two-thirds around she'd whirl back again, and say it again; and she was afraid to go to bed, but she dasn't set up. So the thing was working very well, Tom said; he said he never see a thing work more satisfactory. He said it showed it was done right.

So he said, now for the grand bulge! So the very next morning at the streak of dawn we got another letter ready, and was wondering what we better do with it, because we heard them say at supper they was going to have a nigger on watch at both doors all night. Tom he went down the lightning-rod to spy around; and the nigger at the back door was asleep, and he stuck it in the back of his neck and come back. This letter said:

Don't betray me, I wish to be your friend. There is a desperate gang of cutthroats from over in the Indian Territory going to steal your runaway nigger tonight, and they have been trying to scare you so as you will stay in the house and not bother them. I am one of the gang, but have got religgion and wish to quit it and lead an honest life again, and will betray the helish design. They will sneak down from northards, along the fence, at midnight exact, with a false key, and go in the nigger's cabin to get him. I am to be off a piece and blow a tin horn if I see any danger; but stead of that I will BA like a sheep soon as they get in and not blow at all; then whilst they are getting his chains loose, you slip there and lock them in, and can kill them at your leasure. Don't do anything but just the way I am telling you; if you do they will suspicion something and raise whoop-jamboreehoo. I do not wish any reward but to know I have done the right thing. UNKNOWN FRIEND.

## 40. A MIXED-UP AND SPLENDID RESCUE

We was feeling pretty good after breakfast, and took my canoe and went over the river a-fishing, with a lunch, and had a good time, and took a look at the raft and found her all right, and got home late to supper, and found them in such a sweat and worry they didn't know which end they was standing on, and made us go right off to bed the minute we was done supper, and wouldn't tell us what the trouble was, and never let on a word about the new letter, but didn't need to, because we knowed as much about it as anybody did, and as soon as we was half up-stairs and her back was turned we slid for the cellar cupboard and loaded up a good lunch and took it up to our room and went to bed, and got up about half past eleven, and Tom put on Aunt Sally's dress that he stole and was going to start with the lunch, but says:

"Where's the butter?"

"I laid out a hunk of it," I says, "on a piece of a corn-pone."

"Well, you *left* it laid out, then—it ain't here."

"We can get along without it," I says.

"We can get along *with* it, too," he says; "just you slide down cellar and fetch it. And then mosey right down the lightning-rod and come along. I'll go and stuff the straw into Jim's clothes to represent his mother in disguise, and be ready to *ba* like a sheep and shove soon as you get there."

So out he went, and down cellar went I. The hunk of butter, big as a person's fist, was where I had left it, so I took up the slab of corn-pone with it on, and blowed out my light, and started up-stairs very stealthy, and got up to the main floor all right, but here comes Aunt Sally with a candle, and I clapped

the truck in my hat, and clapped my hat on my head, and the next second she see me; and she says:

"You been down cellar?"

"Yes'm."

"What you been doing down there?"

"Noth'n."

"*Noth'n!*"

"No'm."

"Well, then, what possessed you to go down there this time of night?"

"I don't know 'm."

"You don't *know?* Don't answer me that way. Tom, I want to know what you been *doing* down there."

"I hain't been doing a single thing, Aunt Sally, I hope to gracious if I have."

I reckoned she'd let me go now, and as a generl thing she would; but I s'pose there was so many strange things going on she was just in a sweat about every little thing that warn't yard-stick straight; so she says, very decided:

"You just march into that sitting-room and stay there till I come. You been up to something you no business to, and I lay I'll find out what it is before *I'm* done with you."

So she went away as I opened the door and walked into the setting-room. My, but there was a crowd there! Fifteen farmers, and every one of them had a gun. I was most powerful sick, and slunk to a chair and set down. They was setting around, some of them talking a little, in a low voice, and all of them fidgety and uneasy, but trying to look like they warn't; but I knowed they was, because they was always taking off their hats, and putting them on, and scratching their heads, and changing their seats, and fumbling with their buttons. I warn't easy myself, but I didn't take my hat off, all the same.

I did wish Aunt Sally would come, and get done with me, and lick me, if she wanted to, and let me get away and tell Tom how we'd overdone this thing, and what a thundering hornet's nest we'd got ourselves into, so we could stop fooling around straight off, and clear out with Jim before these rips got out of patience and come for us.

At last she come and begun to ask me questions, but I *couldn't* answer them straight, I didn't know which end of me was up; because these men was in such a fidget now that some was wanting to start right *now* and lay for them desperadoes, and saying it warn't but a few minutes to midnight; and others was trying to get them to hold on and wait for the sheep-signal; and here was Aunty pegging away at the questions, and me a-shaking all over and ready to sink down in my tracks I was that scared; and the place getting hotter and hotter, and the butter beginning to melt and run down my neck and behind my ears; and pretty soon, when one of them says, *"I'm* for going and getting in the cabin *first* and right *now,* and catching them when they come," I most dropped; and a streak of butter comes a-trickling down my forehead, and Aunt Sally she see it, and turns white as a sheet, and says:

"For the land's sake, what *is* the matter with the child? He's got the brain-fever as shore as you're born, and they're oozing out!"

And everybody runs to see, and she snatches off my hat, and out comes the bread and what was left of the butter, and she grabbed me, and hugged me, and says:

"Oh, what a turn you did give me! and how glad and grateful I am it ain't no worse; for luck's against us, and it never rains but it pours, and when I see that truck I thought we'd lost you, for I knowed by the color and all it was just like your brains would be if—Dear, dear, whyd'n't you *tell* me that was what you'd been down there for, *I* wouldn't 'a' cared. Now cler out to bed, and don't lemme see no more of you till morning!"

I was up-stairs in a second, and down the lightning-rod in another one, and shinning through the dark for the lean-to. I couldn't hardly get my words out, I was so anxious; but I told Tom as quick as I could we must jump for it now, and not a minute to lose—the house full of men, yonder, with guns!

His eyes just blazed; and he says:

"No!—is that so? *Ain't* it bully! Why, Huck, if it was to do over again, I bet I could fetch two hundred! If we could put it off till—"

"Hurry! *hurry!*" I says. "Where's Jim?"

"Right at your elbow; if you reach out your arm you can touch him. He's dressed, and everything's ready. Now we'll slide out and give the sheep-signal."

But when we heard the tramp of men coming to the door, and heard them begin to

fumble with the padlock, and heard a man say:

"I *told* you we'd be too soon; they haven't come—the door is locked. Here, I'll lock some of you into the cabin, and you lay for 'em in the dark and kill 'em when they come; and the rest scatter around a piece, and listen if you can hear 'em coming."

So in they come, but couldn't see us in the dark, and most trod on us whilst we was hustling to get under the bed. But we got under all right, and out through the hole, swift but soft—Jim first, me next, and Tom last, which was according to Tom's orders. Now we was in the lean-to, and heard trampings close by outside. So we crept to the door, and Tom stopped us there and put his eye to the crack, but couldn't make out nothing, it was so dark; and whispered and said he would listen for the steps to get further, and when he nudged us Jim must glide out first, and him last. So he set his ear to the crack and listened, and listened, and listened, and the steps a-scraping around out there all the time; and at last he nudged us, and we slid out, and stooped down, not breathing, and not making the least noise, and slipped stealthy towards the fence in Injun file, and got to it all right, and me and Jim over it; but Tom's britches catched fast on a splinter on the top rail, and then he hear the steps coming, so he had to pull loose, which snapped the splinter and made a noise; and as he dropped on our tracks and started somebody sings out:

"Who's that? Answer, or I'll shoot!"

But we didn't answer; we just unfurled our heels and shoved. Then there was a rush, and a *bang, bang, bang!* and the bullets fairly whizzed around us! We heard them sing out:

"Here they are! They've broke for the river! After 'em, boys, and turn loose the dogs!"

So here they come, full tilt. We could hear them because they wore boots and yelled, but we didn't wear no boots and didn't yell. We was in the path to the mill; and when they got pretty close onto us we dodged into the bush and let them go by, and then dropped in behind them. They'd had all the dogs shut up, so they wouldn't scare off the robbers; but by this time somebody had let them loose, and here they come, making powwow enough for a million; but they was our dogs; so we stopped in our tracks till they catched up; and when they see it warn't nobody but us, and no excitement to offer them, they only just said howdy, and tore right ahead towards the shouting and clattering; and then we upsteam again, and whizzed along after them till we was nearly to the mill, and then struck up through the bush to where my canoe was tied, and hopped in and pulled for dear life towards the middle of the river, but didn't make no more noise than we was obleeged to. Then we struck out, easy and comfortable for the island where my raft was; and we could hear them yelling and barking at each other all up and down the bank, till we was so far away the sounds got dim and died out. And when we stepped onto the raft I says:

"*Now,* old Jim, you're a free man *again,* and I bet you won't ever be a slave no more."

"En a mighty good job it wuz, too, Huck. It 'uz planned beautiful, en it 'uz *done* beautiful; en dey ain't *nobody* kin git up a plan dat's mo' mixed up en splendid den what dat one wuz."

We was all glad as we could be, but Tom was the gladdest of all because he had a bullet in the calf of his leg.

When me and Jim heard that we didn't feel as brash as what we did before. It was hurting him considerable, and bleeding; so we laid him in the wigwam and tore up one of the duke's shirts for to bandage him, but he says:

"Gimme the rags; I can do it myself. Don't stop now; don't fool around here, and the evasion booming along so handsome; man the sweeps, and set her loose! Boys, we done it elegant!—'deed we did. I wish *we'd* 'a' had the handling of Louis XVI., there wouldn't 'a' been no 'Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!' wrote down in *his* biography; no, sir, we'd 'a' whooped him over the *border*—that's what we'd 'a' done with *him*—and done it just as slick as nothing at all, too. Man the sweeps—man the sweeps!"

But me and Jim was consulting—and thinking. And after we'd thought a minute, I says:

"Say it, Jim."

So he says:

"Well, den, dis is de way it look to me, Huck. Ef it wuz *him* dat 'uz bein' sot free, en one er de boys wuz to git shot, would he say, 'Go on en save me, nemmine 'bout a doc-

tor f'r to save dis one'? Is dat like Mars Tom Sawyer? Would he say dat? You *bet* he wouldn't! *Well,* den, is *Jim* gwyne to say it? No, sah—I doan' budge a step out'n dis place 'dout a *doctor;* not if it's forty year!"

I knowed he was white inside, and I reckoned he'd say what he did say—so it was all right now, and I told Tom I was a-going for a doctor. He raised considerable row about it, but me and Jim stuck to it and wouldn't budge; so he was for crawling out and setting the raft loose himself; but we wouldn't let him. Then he give us a piece of his mind, but it didn't do no good.

So when he sees me getting the canoe ready, he says:

"Well, then, if you're bound to go, I'll tell you the way to do when you get to the village. Shut the door and blindfold the doctor tight and fast, and make him swear to be silent as the grave, and put a purse full of gold in his hand, and then take and lead him all around the back alleys and everywheres in the dark, and then fetch him here in the canoe, in a roundabout way amongst the islands, and search him and take his chalk away from him, and don't give it back to him till you get him back to the village, or else he will chalk this raft so he can find it again. It's the way they all do."

So I said I would, and left, and Jim was to hide in the woods when he see the doctor coming till he was gone again.

### 41. "MUST 'A' BEEN SPERITS"

The doctor was an old man; a very nice, kind-looking old man when I got him up. I told him me and my brother was over on Spanish Island hunting yesterday afternoon, and camped on a piece of a raft we found, and about midnight he must 'a' kicked his gun in his dreams, for it went off and shot him in the leg, and we wanted him to go over there and fix it and not say nothing about it, nor let anybody know, because we wanted to come home this evening and surprise the folks.

"Who is your folks?" he says.

"The Phelpses, down yonder."

"Oh," he says. And after a minute, he says: "How'd you say he got shot?"

"He had a dream," I says, "and it shot him."

"Singular dream," he says.

So he lit up his lantern, and got his saddlebags, and we started. But when he see the canoe he didn't like the look of her—said she was big enough for one, but didn't look pretty safe for two. I says:

"Oh, you needn't be afeard, sir, she carried the three of us easy enough."

"What three?"

"Why, me and Sid, and—and—and *the guns;* that's what I mean."

"Oh," he says.

But he put his foot on the gunnel and rocked her, and shook his head, and said he reckoned he'd look around for a bigger one. But they was all locked and chained; so he took my canoe, and said for me to wait till he come back, or I could hunt around further, or maybe I better go down home and get them ready for the surprise if I wanted to. But I said I didn't; so I told him just how to find the raft, and then he started.

I struck an idea pretty soon. I says to myself, spos'n he can't fix that leg just in three shakes of a sheep's tail, as the saying is? spos'n it takes him three or four days? What are we going to do?—lay around there till he lets the cat out of the bag? No, sir; I know what *I'll* do. I'll wait, and when he comes back if he says he's got to go any more I'll get down there, too, if I swim; and we'll take and tie him, and keep him, and shove out down the river; and when Tom's done with him we'll give him what it's worth, or all we got, and then let him get ashore.

So then I crept into a lumber-pile to get some sleep; and next time I waked up the sun was away up over my head! I shot out and went for the doctor's house, but they told me he'd gone away in the night some time or other, and warn't back yet. Well, thinks I, that looks powerful bad for Tom, and I'll dig out for the island right off. So away I shoved, and turned the corner, and nearly rammed my head into Uncle Silas's stomach! He says:

"Why, *Tom!* Where you been all this time, you rascal?"

"*I* hain't been nowheres," I said, "only just hunting for the runaway nigger—me and Sid."

"Why, where ever did you go?" he says. "Your aunt's been mighty uneasy."

"She needn't," I says, "because we was all right. We followed the men and the dogs, but

they outrun us, and we lost them; but we thought we heard them on the water, so we got a canoe and took out after them and crossed over, but couldn't find nothing of them; so we cruised along up-shore till we got kind of tired and beat out; and tied up the canoe and went to sleep, and never waked up till about an hour ago; then we paddled over here to hear the news, and Sid's at the post-office to see what he can hear, and I'm a-branching out to get something to eat for us, and then we're going home."

So then we went to the post-office to get "Sid"; but just as I suspicioned, he warn't there; so the old man he got a letter out of the office, and we waited awhile longer, but Sid didn't come; so the old man said, come along, let Sid foot it home, or canoe it, when he got done fooling around—but we would ride. I couldn't get him to let me stay and wait for Sid; and he said there warn't no use in it, and I must come along, and let Aunt Sally see we was all right.

When we got home Aunt Sally was that glad to see me she laughed and cried both, and hugged me, and give me one of them lickings of hern that don't amount to shucks, and said she'd serve Sid the same when he come.

And the place was plumb full of farmers and farmers' wives, to dinner; and such another clack a body never heard. Old Mrs. Hotchkiss was the worst; her tongue was a-going all the time. She says:

"Well, Sister Phelps, I've ransacked that-air cabin over, an' I b'lieve the nigger was crazy. I says to Sister Damrell—didn't I, Sister Damrell?—s'I, he's crazy, s'I—them's the very words, I said. You all hearn me: he's crazy, s'I; everything shows it, s'I. Look at that-air grindstone, s'I; want to tell *me't* any cretur 't's in his right mind 's a-goin' to scrabble all them crazy things onto a grindstone? s'I. Here sich 'n' sich a person busted his heart; 'n' here so 'n' so pegged along for thirty-seven year, 'n' all that—natcherl son o' Louis somebody, 'n' sich everlast'n rubbage. He's plumb crazy, s'I; it's what I says in the fust place, it's what I says in the middle, 'n' it's what I says last 'n' all the time—the nigger's crazy—crazy 's Nebokoodnezzer, s'I."

"An' look at that-air ladder made out'n rags, Sister Hotchkiss," says old Mrs. Damrell; "what in the name o' goodness *could* he ever want of—"

"The very words I was a-sayin' no longer ago th'n this minute to Sister Utterback, 'n' she'll tell you so herself. Sh-she, look at that-air rag ladder, sh-she; 'n' s'I, yes, *look* at it, s'I—what *could* he 'a' wanted of it? s'I. Sh-she, Sister Hotchkiss, sh-she—"

"But how in the nation'd they ever *git* that grindstone *in* there, *anyway?* 'n' who dug that-air *hole?* 'n' who—"

"My very *words,* Brer Penrod! I was a-sayin'—pass that-air sasser o' m'lasses, won't ye?—I was a-sayin' to Sister Dunlap, jist this minute, how *did* they git that grindstone in there? s'I. Without *help,* mind you—'thout *help! Thar's* where 'tis. Don't tell *me,* s'I; there *wuz* help, s'I; 'n' ther' wuz a *plenty* help, too, s'I; ther's ben a *dozen* a-helpin' that nigger, 'n' I lay I'd skin every last nigger on this place but *I'd* find out who done it, s'I; 'n' moreover, s'I—"

"A *dozen* says you!—*forty* couldn't 'a' done everything that's been done. Look at them case-knife saws and things, how tedious they've been made; look at that bed-leg sawed off with 'm, a week's work for six men: look at that nigger made out'n straw on the bed; and look at—"

"You may *well* say it, Brer Hightower! It's jist as I was a-sayin' to Brer Phelps, his own self. S'e, what do *you* think of it, Sister Hotchkiss? s'e. 'Think o' what, Brer Phelps? s'I. Think o' that bed-leg sawed off that a way? s'e. *Think* of it? s'I. I lay it never sawed *itself* off, s'I—somebody *sawed* it, s'I; that's my opinion, take it or leave it, it mayn't be no 'count, s'I, but sich as 't is, it's my opinion, s'I, 'n' if anybody k'n start a better one, s'I, let him *do* it, s'I, that's all. I says to Sister Dunlap, s'I—"

"Why, dog my cats, they must 'a' ben a house-full o' niggers in there every night for four weeks to 'a' done all that work, Sister Phelps. Look at that shirt—every last inch of it kivered over with secret African writ'n done with blood! Must 'a' ben a raft uv 'm at it right along, all the time, amost. Why, I'd give two dollars to have it read to me; 'n' as for the niggers that wrote it, I 'low I'd take 'n' lash 'm t'll—"

"People to *help* him, Brother Marples! Well, I reckon you'd *think* so if you'd 'a' been

in this house for a while back. Why, they've stole everything they could lay their hands on —and we a-watching all the time, mind you. They stole that shirt right off o' the line! and as for that sheet they made the rag ladder out of, ther' ain't no telling how many times they *didn't* steal that; and flour, and candles, and candlesticks, and spoons, and the old warming-pan, and most a thousand things that I disremember now, and my new calico dress; and me and Silas and my Sid and Tom on the constant watch day *and* night, as I was a-telling you, and not a one of us could catch hide nor hair nor sight nor sound of them; and here at the last minute, lo and behold you, they slides right in under our noses and fools us, and not only fools *us* but the Injun Territory robbers too, and actuly gets *away* with that nigger safe and sound, and that with sixteen men and twenty-two dogs right on their very heels at that very time! I tell you, it just bangs anything I ever *heard* of. Why, *sperits* couldn't 'a' done better and been no smarter. And I reckon they must 'a' *been* sperits—because, *you* know our dogs, and ther' ain't no better; well, them dogs never even got on the *track* of 'm once! You explain *that* to me if you can!—*any* of you!"

"Well, it does beat—"

"Laws alive, I never—"

"So help me, I wouldn't 'a' be—"

"*House*-thieves as well as—"

"Goodnessgracioussakes, I'd 'a' ben afeard to *live* in sich a—"

"'Fraid to *live!*—why, I was that scared I dasn't hardly go to bed, or get up, or lay down, or *set* down, Sister Ridgeway. Why, they'd steal the very—why, goodness sakes, you can guess what kind of a fluster *I* was in by the time midnight come last night. I hope to gracious if I warn't afraid they'd steal some o' the family! I was just to that pass I didn't have no reasoning faculties no more. It looks foolish enough *now,* in the daytime; but I says to myself, there's my two poor boys asleep, 'way up-stairs in that lonesome room, and I declare to goodness I was that uneasy 't I crep' up there and locked 'em in! I *did.* And anybody would. Because, you know, when you get scared that way, and it keeps running on, and getting worse and worse all the time, and your wits gets to addling, and you get to doing all sorts o' wild things, and by and by you think to yourself, spos'n *I* was a boy, and was away up there, and the door ain't locked, and you—" She stopped, looking kind of wondering, and then she turned her head around slow, and when her eye lit on me—I got up and took a walk.

Says I to myself, I can explain better how we come to not be in that room this morning if I go out to one side and study over it a little. So I done it. But I dasn't go fur, or she'd 'a' sent for me. And when it was late in the day the people all went, and then I come in and told her the noise and shooting waked up me and "Sid," and the door was locked, and we wanted to see the fun, so we went down the lightning-rod, and both of us got hurt a little, and we didn't never want to try *that* no more. And then I went on and told her all what I told Uncle Silas before; and then she said she'd forgive us, and maybe it was all right enough anyway, and about what a body might expect of boys, for all boys was a pretty harum-scarum lot as fur as she could see; and so, as long as no harm hadn't come of it, she judged she better put in her time being grateful we was alive and well and she had us still, stead of fretting over what was past and done. So then she kissed me, and patted me on the head, and dropped into a kind of a brown-study; and pretty soon jumps up, and says:

"Why, lawsamercy, it's most night, and Sid not come yet! What *has* become of that boy?"

I see my chance; so I skips up and says:

"I'll run right up to town and get him," I says.

"No, you won't," she says. "You'll stay right wher' you are; *one's* enough to be lost at a time. If he ain't here to supper, your uncle 'll go."

Well, he warn't there to supper; so right after supper uncle went.

He come back about ten a little bit uneasy; hadn't run across Tom's track. Aunt Sally was a good *deal* uneasy; but Uncle Silas he said there warn't no occasion to be—boys will be boys, he said, and you'll see this one turn up in the morning all sound and right. So she had to be satisfied. But she said she'd set up for him awhile anyway, and keep a light burning so he could see it.

And then when I went up to bed she come up with me and fetched her candle, and tucked me in, and mothered me so good I felt mean, and like I couldn't look her in the face; and she set down on the bed and talked with me a long time, and said what a splendid boy Sid was, and didn't seem to want to ever stop talking about him; and kept asking me every now and then if I reckoned he could 'a' got lost, or hurt, or maybe drownded, and might be laying at this minute somewheres suffering or dead, and she not by him to help him, and so the tears would drip down silent, and I would tell her that Sid was all right, and would be home in the morning, sure; and she would squeeze my hand, or maybe kiss me, and tell me to say it again, and keep on saying it, because it done her good, and she was in so much trouble. And when she was going away she looked down in my eyes so steady and gentle, and says:

"The door ain't going to be locked, Tom, and there's the window and the rod; but you'll be good, *won't* you? And you won't go? For *my* sake."

Laws knows I *wanted* to go bad enough to see about Tom, and was all intending to go; but after that I wouldn't 'a' went, not for kingdoms.

But she was on my mind and Tom was on my mind, so I slept very restless. And twice I went down the rod away in the night, and slipped around front, and see her setting there by her candle in the window with her eyes towards the road and the tears in them; and I wished I could do something for her, but I couldn't, only to swear that I wouldn't never do nothing to grieve her any more. And the third time I waked up at dawn, and slid down, and she was there yet, and her candle was most out, and her old gray head was resting on her hands, and she was asleep.

### 42. WHY THEY DIDN'T HANG JIM

The old man was up-town again before breakfast, but couldn't get no track of Tom; and both of them set at the table thinking, and not saying nothing, and looking mournful, and their coffee getting cold, and not eating anything. And by and by the old man says:

"Did I give you the letter?"

"What letter?"

"The one I got yesterday out of the post-office."

"No, you didn't give me no letter."

"Well, I must 'a' forgot it."

So he rummaged his pockets, and then went off somewheres where he had laid it down, and fetched it, and give it to her. She says:

"Why, it's from St. Petersburg—it's from Sis."

I allowed another walk would do me good; but I couldn't stir. But before she could break it open she dropped it and run—for she see something. And so did I. It was Tom Sawyer on a mattress; and that old doctor; and Jim, in *her* calico dress, with his hands tied behind him; and a lot of people. I hid the letter behind the first thing that come handy, and rushed. She flung herself at Tom, crying, and says:

"Oh, he's dead, he's dead, I know he's dead!"

And Tom he turned his head a little, and muttered something or other, which showed he warn't in his right mind; then she flung up her hands, and says:

"He's alive, thank God! And that's enough!" and she snatched a kiss of him, and flew for the house to get the bed ready, and scattering orders right and left at the niggers and everybody else, as fast as her tongue could go, every jump of the way.

I followed the men to see what they was going to do with Jim; and the old doctor and Uncle Silas followed after Tom into the house. The men was very huffy, and some of them wanted to hang Jim for an example to all the other niggers around there, so they wouldn't be trying to run away like Jim done, and making such a raft of trouble, and keeping a whole family scared most to death for days and nights. But the others said, don't do it, it wouldn't answer at all; he ain't our nigger, and his owner would turn up and make us pay for him, sure. So that cooled them down a little, because the people that's always the most anxious for to hang a nigger that hain't done just right is always the very ones that ain't the most anxious to pay for him when they've got their satisfaction out of him.

They cussed Jim considerable, though, and

give him a cuff or two side the head once in a while, but Jim never said nothing, and he never let on to know me, and they took him to the same cabin, and put his own clothes on him, and chained him again, and not to no bed-leg this time, but to a big staple drove into the bottom log, and chained his hands, too, and both legs, and said he warn't to have nothing but bread and water to eat after this till his owner come, or he was sold at auction because he didn't come in a certain length of time, and filled up our hole, and said a couple of farmers with guns must stand watch around about the cabin every night, and a bulldog tied to the door in the daytime; and about this time they was through with the job and was tapering off with a kind of generl good-by cussing, and then the old doctor comes and takes a look, and says:

"Don't be no rougher on him than you're obleeged to, because he ain't a bad nigger. When I got to where I found the boy I see I couldn't cut the bullet out without some help, and he warn't in no condition for me to leave to go and get help; and he got a little worse and a little worse, and after a long time he went out of his head, and wouldn't let me come a-nigh him any more, and said if I chalked his raft he'd kill me, and no end of wild foolishness like that, and I see I couldn't do anything at all with him; so I says, I got to have *help* somehow; and the minute I says it out crawls this nigger from somewheres and says he'll help, and he done it, too, and done it very well. Of course I judged he must be a runaway nigger, and there I *was!* and there I had to stick right straight along all the rest of the day and all night. It was a fix, I tell you! I had a couple of patients with the chills, and of course I'd of liked to run up to town and see them, but I dasn't, because the nigger might get away, and then I'd be to blame; and yet never a skiff come close enough for me to hail. So there I had to stick plumb until daylight this morning; and I never see a nigger that was a better nuss or faithfuler, and yet he was risking his freedom to do it, and was all tired out, too, and I see plain enough he'd been worked main hard lately. I liked the nigger for that; I tell you, gentlemen, a nigger like that is worth a thousand dollars—and kind treatment, too. I had everything I needed, and the boy was doing as well there as he would 'a' done at home—better, maybe, because it was so quiet; but there I *was,* with both of 'm on my hands, and there I had to stick till about dawn this morning; then some men in a skiff come by, and as good luck would have it the nigger was setting by the pallet with his head propped on his knees sound asleep; so I motioned them in quiet, and they slipped up on him and grabbed him and tied him before he knowed what he was about, and we never had no trouble. And the boy being in a kind of a flighty sleep, too, we muffled the oars and hitched the raft on, and towed her over very nice and quiet, and the nigger never made the least row nor said a word from the start. He ain't no bad nigger, gentlemen; that's what I think about him."

Somebody says:

"Well, it sounds very good, doctor, I'm obleeged to say."

Then the others softened up a little, too, and I was mighty thankful to that old doctor for doing Jim that good turn; and I was glad it was according to my judgment of him, too; because I thought he had a good heart in him and was a good man the first time I see him. Then they all agreed that Jim had acted very well, and was deserving to have some notice took of it, and reward. So every one of them promised, right out and hearty, that they wouldn't cuss him no more.

Then they come out and locked him up. I hoped they was going to say he could have one or two of the chains took off, because they was rotten heavy, or could have meat and greens with his bread and water; but they didn't think of it, and I reckoned it warn't best for me to mix in, but I judged I'd get the doctor's yarn to Aunt Sally somehow or other as soon as I'd got through the breakers that was laying just ahead of me—explanations, I mean, of how I forgot to mention about Sid being shot when I was telling how him and me put in that dratted night paddling around hunting the runaway nigger.

But I had plenty time. Aunt Sally she stuck to the sick-room all day and all night, and every time I see Uncle Silas mooning around I dodged him.

Next morning I heard Tom was a good

deal better, and they said Aunt Sally was gone to get a nap. So I slips to the sick-room, and if I found him awake I reckoned we could put up a yarn for the family that would wash. But he was sleeping, and sleeping very peaceful, too; and pale, not fire-faced the way he was when he come. So I set down and laid for him to wake. In about half an hour Aunt Sally comes gliding in, and there I was, up a stump again! She motioned me to be still, and set down by me, and begun to whisper, and said we could all be joyful now, because all the symptoms was first-rate, and he'd been sleeping like that for ever so long, and looking better and peacefuler all the time, and ten to one he'd wake up in his right mind.

So we set there watching, and by and by he stirs a bit, and opens his eyes very natural, and takes a look, and says:

"Hello!—why, I'm at *home!* How's that? Where's the raft?"

"It's all right," I says.

"And *Jim?*"

"The same," I says, but couldn't say it pretty brash. But he never noticed, but says:

"Good! Splendid! *Now* we're all right and safe! Did you tell Aunty?"

I was going to say yes; but she chipped in and says:

"About what, Sid?"

"Why, about the way the whole thing was done."

"What whole thing?"

"Why, *the* whole thing. There ain't but one; how we set the runaway nigger free—me and Tom."

"Good land! Set the run— What *is* the child talking about! Dear, dear, out of his head again!"

"*No,* I ain't out of my HEAD; I know all what I'm talking about. We *did* set him free—me and Tom. We laid out to do it, and we *done* it. And we done it elegant, too." He'd got a start, and she never checked him up, just set and stared and stared, and let him clip along, and I see it warn't no use for *me* to put in. "Why, Aunty, it cost us a power of work—weeks of it—hours and hours, every night, whilst you was all asleep. And we had to steal candles, and the sheet, and the shirt, and your dress, and spoons, and tin plates, and case-knives, and the warming-pan, and the grindstone, and flour, and just no end of things, and you can't think what work it was to make the saws, and pens, and inscriptions, and one thing or another, and you can't think *half* the fun it was. And we had to make up the pictures of coffins and things, and nonnamous letters from the robbers, and get up and down the lightning-rod, and dig the hole into the cabin, and make the rope ladder and send it in cooked up in a pie, and send in spoons and things to work with in your apron pocket—"

"Mercy sakes!"

"—and load up the cabin with rats and snakes and so on, for company for Jim; and then you kept Tom here so long with the butter in his hat that you come near spiling the whole business, because the men come before we was out of the cabin, and we had to rush, and they heard us and let drive at us, and I got my share, and we dodged out of the path and let them go by, and when the dogs come they warn't interested in us, but went for the most noise, and we got our canoe, and made for the raft, and was all safe, and Jim was a free man, and we done it all by ourselves, and *wasn't* it bully, Aunty!"

"Well, I never heard the likes of it in all my born days! So it was *you,* you little rapscallions, that's been making all this trouble, and turned everybody's wits clean inside out and scared us all most to death. I've as good a notion as ever I had in my life to take it out o' you this very minute. To think, here I've been, night after night, a—*you* just get well once, you young scamp, and I lay I'll tan the Old Harry out o' both o' ye!"

But Tom, he *was* so proud and joyful, he just *couldn't* hold in, and his tongue just *went* it—she a-chipping in, and spitting fire all along, and both of them going it at once, like a cat convention; and she says:

"*Well,* you get all the enjoyment you can out of it *now,* for mind I tell you if I catch you meddling with him again—"

"Meddling with *who?*" Tom says, dropping his smile and looking surprised.

"With *who?* Why, the runaway nigger, of course. Who'd you reckon?"

Tom looks at me very grave, and says:

"Tom, didn't you just tell me he was all right? Hasn't he got away?"

"*Him?*" says Aunt Sally; "the runaway nig-

ger? 'Deed he hasn't. They've got him back, safe and sound, and he's in that cabin again, on bread and water, and loaded down with chains, till he's claimed or sold!"

Tom rose square up in bed, with his eye hot, and his nostrils opening and shutting like gills, and sings out to me:

"They hain't no *right* to shut him up! *Shove!*—and don't you lose a minute. Turn him loose! he ain't no slave; he's as free as any cretur that walks this earth!"

"What *does* the child mean?"

"I mean every word I *say*, Aunt Sally, and if somebody don't go, *I'll* go. I've knowed him all his life, and so has Tom, there. Old Miss Watson died two months ago, and she was ashamed she ever was going to sell him down the river, and *said* so; and she set him free in her will."

"Then what on earth did *you* want to set him free for, seeing he was already free?"

"Well, that *is* a question, I must say; and *just* like women! Why, I wanted the *adventure* of it; and I'd 'a' waded neck-deep in blood to—goodness alive, AUNT POLLY!"

If she warn't standing right there, just inside the door, looking as sweet and contented as an angel half full of pie, I wish I may never!

Aunt Sally jumped for her, and most hugged the head off of her, and cried over her, and I found a good enough place for me under the bed, for it was getting pretty sultry for *us*, seemed to me. And I peeped out, and in a little while Tom's Aunt Polly shook herself loose and stood there looking across at Tom over her spectacles—kind of grinding him into the earth, you know. And then she says:

"Yes, you *better* turn y'r head away—I would if I was you, Tom."

"Oh, deary me!" says Aunt Sally; "*is* he changed so? Why, that ain't *Tom*, it's Sid; Tom's—Tom's—why, where is Tom? He was here a minute ago."

"You mean where's Huck *Finn*—that's what you mean! I reckon I hain't raised such a scamp as my Tom all these years not to know him when I *see* him. That *would* be a pretty howdy-do. Come out from under that bed, Huck Finn."

So I done it. But not feeling brash.

Aunt Sally she was one of the mixed-upest-looking persons I ever see—except one, and that was Uncle Silas, when he come in and they told it all to him. It kind of made him drunk, as you may say, and he didn't know nothing at all the rest of the day, and preached a prayer-meeting sermon that night that give him a rattling ruputation, because the oldest man in the world couldn't 'a' understood it. So Tom's Aunt Polly, she told all about who I was, and what; and I had to up and tell how I was in such a tight place that when Mrs. Phelps took me for Tom Sawyer—she chipped in and says, "Oh, go on and call me Aunt Sally, I'm used to it now, and 'taint no need to change"—that when Aunt Sally took me for Tom Sawyer I had to stand it—there warn't no other way, and I knowed he wouldn't mind, because it would be nuts for him, being a mystery, and he'd make an adventure out of it, and be perfectly satisfied. And so it turned out, and he let on to be Sid, and made things as soft as he could for me.

And his Aunt Polly she said Tom was right about old Miss Watson setting Jim free in her will; and so, sure enough, Tom Sawyer had gone and took all that trouble and bother to set a free nigger free! and I couldn't ever understand before, until that minute and that talk, how he *could* help a body set a nigger free with his bringing-up.

Well, Aunt Polly she said that when Aunt Sally wrote to her that Tom and *Sid* had come all right and safe, she says to herself:

"Look at that, now! I might have expected it, letting him go off that way without anybody to watch him. So now I got to go and trapse all the way down the river, eleven hundred mile, and find out what that creetur's up to *this* time, as long as I couldn't seem to get any answer out of you about it."

"Why, I never heard nothing from you," says Aunt Sally.

"Well, I wonder! Why, I wrote you twice to ask you what you could mean by Sid being here."

"Well, I never got 'em, Sis."

Aunt Polly she turns around slow and severe, and says:

"You, Tom!"

"Well—*what?*" he says, kind of pettish.

"Don't you what *me,* you impudent thing —hand out them letters."

"What letters?"

"*Them* letters. I be bound, if I have to take a-holt of you I'll—"

"They're in the trunk. There, now. And they're just the same as they was when I got them out of the office. I hain't looked into them, I hain't touched them. But I knowed they'd make trouble, and I thought if you warn't in no hurry, I'd—"

"Well, you *do* need skinning, there ain't no mistake about it. And I wrote another one to tell you I was coming; and I s'pose he—"

"No, it come yesterday; I hain't read it yet, but *it's* all right, I've got that one."

I wanted to offer to bet two dollars she hadn't, but I reckoned maybe it was just as safe to not to. So I never said nothing.

*Chapter the Last*

NOTHING MORE TO WRITE

The first time I catched Tom private I asked him what was his idea, time of the evasion?—what it was he'd planned to do if the evasion worked all right and he managed to set a nigger free that was already free before? And he said, what he had planned in his head from the start, if we got Jim out all safe, was for us to run him down the river on the raft, and have adventures plumb to the mouth of the river, and then tell him about his being free, and take him back up home on a steamboat, in style, and pay him for his lost time, and write word ahead and get out all the niggers around, and have them waltz him into town with a torch-light procession and a brass-band, and then he would be a hero, and so would we. But I reckoned it was about as well the way it was.

We had Jim out of the chains in no time, and when Aunt Polly and Uncle Silas and Aunt Sally found out how good he helped the doctor nurse Tom, they made a heap of fuss over him, and fixed him up prime, and give him all he wanted to eat, and a good time, and nothing to do. And we had him up to the sick-room, and had a high talk; and Tom give Jim forty dollars for being prisoner for us so patient, and doing it up so good, and Jim was pleased most to death, and busted out, and says:

"*Dah,* now, Huck, what I tell you?—what I tell you up dah on Jackson Islan'? I *tole* you I got a hairy breas', en what's de sign un it; en I *tole* you I ben rich wunst, en gwineter be rich *ag'in;* en it's come true; en heah she *is! Dah,* now! doan' talk to *me*—signs is *signs,* mine I tell you; en I knowed jis' 's well 'at I 'uz gwineter be rich ag'in as I's a-stannin' heah dis minute!"

And then Tom he talked along and talked along, and says, le's all three slide out of here one of these nights and get an outfit, and go for howling adventures amongst the Injuns, over in the territory, for a couple of weeks or two; and I says, all right, that suits me, but I ain't got no money for to buy the outfit, and I reckon I couldn't get none from home, because it's likely pap's been back before now, and got it all away from Judge Thatcher and drunk it up.

"No, he hain't," Tom says; "it's all there yet—six thousand dollars and more; and your pap hain't ever been back since. Hadn't when I come away, anyhow."

Jim says, kind of solemn:

"He ain't a-comin' back no mo', Huck."

I says:

"Why, Jim?"

"Nemmine why, Huck—but he ain't comin' back no mo'."

But I kept at him; so at last he says:

"Doan' you 'member de house dat was float'n down de river, en dey wuz a man in dah, kivered up, en I went in en unkivered him and didn' let you come in? Well, den, you kin git yo' money when you wants it, kase dat wuz him."

Tom's most well now, and got his bullet around his neck on a watch-guard for a watch, and is always seeing what time it is, and so there ain't nothing more to write about, and I am rotten glad of it, because if I'd 'a' knowed what a trouble it was to make a book I wouldn't 'a' tackled it, and ain't a-going to no more. But I reckon I got to light out for the territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and civilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.

# Drama

## INTRODUCTION

DRAMA has its genesis in several closely related human characteristics, most important of which perhaps are the urge to imitate and the love of make-believe. Such tendencies are everywhere apparent, in the games small children play—cowboys and Indians, or cops and robbers—and in the entertainments older people often enjoy—masquerades and costume parties. To lose oneself, for a short time, within the identity of some imagined creature—a Lone Ranger or a Queen of the Pirates—seems to answer a deeply felt need in the human heart. And both this tendency to imitate and this love of make-believe culminate in what is in effect drama—the impulse to make a story live again through action.

The two widely separated developments of European drama stem from such motivation. The ancient Greeks, an agricultural people, met on semi-annual feast days to honor the god Dionysus, who ruled over the harvest and winepress. At first, their worship of Dionysus seems to have been expressed in choral songs and dances performed by elaborately trained and costumed choruses; but with time, more and more of a dramatic element crept in. During an intermission, perhaps, the leader of the chorus would tell of some exploit in the life of Dionysus; and at a later date he came to *represent* the god himself and tell his story in the first person. Finally, some minor member of the chorus answered the rhetorical utterances of Dionysus, and thus dramatic dialogue and impersonation came into being. To describe this activity, the word *drama,* derived from a Greek verb *dran,* meaning *to act* or *to do,* was used. By its own etymology, *drama* implies action, the essence of every dramatic composition.

Greek comedy and tragedy both originated in such seasonal festivals. From the broad jesting and burlesque natural to a rustic carnival developed comedy. From the serious side of such worship developed tragedy, which reached its culmination in three great writers—Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides—all of whose works emphasize the Greek ideal of artistic restraint and balance.

During the Dark Ages, when Greek drama was temporarily forgotten, another form of drama emerged in Western Europe in the morality plays of the medieval Christian Church. Everywhere confronted by ignorance and lack of schooling, the priests realized that the easiest way to tell the Christian story to the masses was through the dramatic representation of the Easter and Christmas stories in the cathedrals. What started out

as devices for religious instruction became so popular as entertainment that it was necessary to find a larger place for their presentation. Once outside the church, these plays soon fell into secular hands, as when the trade guilds in certain cities produced an elaborate series of pageants telling the Biblical story from the Creation to the Crucifixion and Resurrection.

Out of these religious plays of the late Middle Ages and out of the school and university revivals of long-neglected Greek and Roman dramas during the Renaissance grew the new drama of Western Europe. In the English tradition this means pre-eminently the dramas of William Shakespeare; but there were many other playwrights who contributed their share toward making English drama worthy of comparison with drama anywhere in the world. After Goldsmith and Sheridan in the late eighteenth century, British drama went into a decline that lasted until Henrik Ibsen revolutionized the drama of all Europe. Profiting in part from this foreign influence, writers like Shaw and Pinero re-established British drama in the world's esteem, and so it has continued to our own day. In the United States a powerful and original drama scarcely emerged until after the First World War, when Eugene O'Neill began producing the plays that were to win for him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1936. By this latter date such writers as Maxwell Anderson, Sidney Howard, Robert Sherwood, and Thornton Wilder had clearly demonstrated that American drama was not inferior to the best contemporary drama found anywhere in the world.

Each type of drama, whether comedy or tragedy, is likely to be built around a central figure involved in some kind of conflict. Generally speaking, if the central character is in the end defeated, the play is tragic; if he is triumphant, the play is comic. Aristotle, the ancient Greek philosopher, believed that tragedy must excite the emotions of pity and fear. To accomplish this end, it must be single and complete in action, must present a reversal of fortune involving persons renowned and of superior attainments, and finally must be written in poetry of the highest sort.

Later tragedy, particularly Shakespearean, compelled some adjustment of these requirements. It has been observed that the action of tragedy is based upon some sort of conflict of wills—the wills of two persons who oppose each other, the will of a person to win out over unfavorable circumstances, or the internally conflicting emotions of a person torn between two irreconcilable desires. The interest that can be aroused in such a conflict is usually in direct proportion to the impressiveness of character displayed by the central figure in the drama. Comedies can be written about trivial people, but a typical tragedy centers around a great personality going down in defeat before forces too great even for him to match. It is doubtless this need for a certain magnitude in the central character that long compelled dramatists to center their tragedies around people of exalted rank, such as kings and princesses. Shakespeare to some extent demonstrated that people of humbler station can be fit subjects for tragedy, and subsequently Ibsen set the example for modern dramatists not only by choosing tragic characters from common life but also by utilizing prose instead of poetry as the language of tragedy.

In contrast with tragedy, comedy, by conventional definition at least, is light and amusing. Where amusement is all, it becomes farce or burlesque. But at its best comedy is scarcely less serious than tragedy, and is equally exacting in plot, dialogue, and characterization. Since the comic effect derives primarily from the exposure of some kind of incongruity, it is comedy that reveals to us whatever is absurd, illogical, or pretentious in speech, action, or character. The function of comedy, as George Meredith observed, is to provoke thoughtful laughter, the sort that arises out of our realization of human foibles and inconsistencies. Consequently, comedy lends itself well to satire and becomes a means whereby the dramatist chastises the world for its vices and shortcomings.

The categories of tragedy and comedy, however, cannot be rigidly applied to all three plays contained in this book. *Darkness at Noon* is a modern adaptation of Aristotle's definition of tragedy; but *Cyrano de Bergerac,* a play describing the frustration of the hero's life-long love and filled with tragic irony, is so completely fused with comic elements and exaggeration that it is necessary to designate it as a romantic tragedy. On the other hand, *The Male Animal,* with its accent of gay satire on aspects of modern living, is from beginning to end a type of comedy known as farce.

The skilled performance of a good drama has always been and will probably continue to be the most impressive type of literary presentation. Dramas were, with few exceptions, written to be enjoyed in the theater with actors and actresses interpreting the play by speech and action. Nevertheless, a person who wishes to become familiar with dramatic literature need not postpone his acquaintanceship with *Cyrano de Bergerac,* or *The Male Animal,* or *Darkness at Noon,* or any other masterpiece until such time as he can see the play presented on the stage. For every person who has had extended experience with Shakespeare in the theater, there are many thousands who have learned to love Shakespeare through reading. Since plays are written to be acted on a stage or screen, the technique of play-reading is somewhat different from that of reading a short story or a novel, which were written exclusively to be read; and enjoyment of plays can therefore be increased greatly if one stops to consider some special problem that the reading of plays presents.

If plays are to be read successfully—that is, with the fullest degree of understanding and enjoyment—the reader is compelled, with his own creative imagination, to visualize characters speaking, gesticulating, and moving about in a setting, which playwrights, especially the modern ones, describe in detail. If the reader does this, the play begins to come alive in the ever available theater of his own mind. Another helpful suggestion is to observe the play's structure. In the conventional play much of the first scene is devoted to getting the play under way. It is important, therefore, that this portion of the play—the "exposition" as it is technically called—be read most thoughtfully in order that one may get his bearings early. As soon as the exposition is finished, most playwrights get their main plot started. In many modern dramas new scenes indicate the introduction of a new character or a new element in the story. Watch for these

developments as they unfold. From the cast of characters and from the stage directions, the reader determines many things about the people of the play, particularly the main characters—what they look like, how old they are, what relation exists between one and the other, and what their special mannerisms and peculiarities imply. Of especial importance is the interpretation to be put upon what the characters say. The reader must ask himself how these lines should be read in order to convey the intended effect, and then try, imaginatively at least, to read them that way. He is, moreover, challenged to create in his mind's eye the stage settings, with sound and lighting effects worthy of the play's greatness. If one learns to do these things well, the experience of reading a play will rival, if not surpass, the experience of seeing all but the very best performance.

*Edmond Rostand*

# CYRANO DE BERGERAC

*Translation by* Brian Hooker

*Edmond Rostand (1868-1918), French dramatist and poet, was born in Marseilles. His father, a well-known economist and journalist, wanted his son to enter government service and educated him in law. While still a student, however, young Rostand showed literary inclinations. He was awarded a prize for an essay and collaborated on a drama. Although he finished his legal training and was admitted to the bar, he never practiced but concentrated entirely on writing. His literary career may be said to have begun with a volume of verse* Les Musardises, *1890. During the following decade, he wrote five dramas:* Les Romanesques, *1894 (his first success);* La Princesse Lointaine, *1895;* La Samaritaine, *1897;* Cyrano de Bergerac, *1897;* L'Aiglon, *1900.* Cyrano de Bergerac, *produced when Rostand was only twenty-nine, established his position among the foremost European playwrights. At the age of thirty-three he was elected to the French Academy, the youngest writer ever to be accorded this honor.*

Cyrano *was an immediate success on its first appearance not only because of its merit but also because it marked a complete reaction against the realism of the problem plays then in vogue. In the midst of a period of naturalism, Rostand had revived and given new vitality to poetic drama and romantic tragedy. In* Cyrano de Bergerac, *the playgoers of 1897 found a fresh, romantic drama with a spectacular hero masterfully impersonated by the able French actor Coquelin.*

*Although the play was based on fact, Rostand freely romanticized his sources. The scenes are laid in Paris and Arras, and the time is the middle of the seventeenth century. Cyrano, the central figure, was a poet, a contemporary of Molière, born in 1619 of Gascon origin. These and other details of the play are matters of record. But while of interest to the reader, or viewer, of* Cyrano, *these facts are by no means essential to his understanding and enjoyment of the play. Whenever presented—through the medium of the stage, motion picture, or radio—* Cyrano de Bergerac *has been enthusiastically received for more than fifty years. Its variety of action and rapid changes of mood partly account for this appeal. Elements of comedy, tragedy, character delineation, and poetry are skillfully combined for dramatic enjoyment. Indeed, it may not be too extravagant to claim that Rostand's formula for* Cyrano *has much in common with the dramaturgy that has perpetually made Shakespeare's plays "good theater."*

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## THE PERSONS

CYRANO DE BERGERAC
CHRISTIAN DE NEUVILLETTE
COMTE DE GUICHE
RAGUENEAU
LE BRET
CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX
*The Cadets*
LIGNIÈRE
VICOMTE DE VALVERT
A MARQUIS
*Second Marquis*
*Third Marquis*
*Montfleury*
*Bellerose*
*Jodelet*
CUIGY
BRISSAILLE
*A Meddler*
*A Musketeer*
*Another Musketeer*
*A Spanish Officer*
*A Cavalier*
*The Porter*
*A Citizen*
*His Son*
*A Cut-Purse*
*A Spectator*
*A Sentry*
*Bertrandou the Fifer*
*A Capuchin*
*Two Musicians*
*The Poets*
*The Pastrycooks*
*The Pages*
ROXANE
HER DUENNA
LISE
THE ORANGE GIRL
MOTHER MARGUÉRITE DE JÉSUS
SISTER MARTHE
SISTER CLAIRE
*An Actress*
*A Soubrette*
*The Flower Girl*

The Crowd, Citizens, Marquis, Musketeers, Thieves, Pastrycooks, Poets, Cadets of Gascoyne, Actors, Violins, Pages, Children, Spanish Soldiers, Spectators, Intellectuals, Academicians, Nuns, etc.

(The first four Acts in 1640; the fifth in 1655.)

FIRST ACT: A Performance at the Hôtel de Bourgogne.
SECOND ACT: The Bakery of the Poets.
THIRD ACT: Roxane's Kiss.
FOURTH ACT: The Cadets of Gascoyne.
FIFTH ACT: Cyrano's Gazette.

## THE FIRST ACT

### *A Performance at the Hôtel de Bourgogne*

THE HALL OF THE HÔTEL DE BOURGOGNE *in* 1640. *A sort of Tennis Court, arranged and decorated for Theatrical productions.*

*The Hall is a long rectangle; we see it diagonally, in such a way that one side of it forms the back scene, which begins at the First Entrance on the Right and runs up to the Last Entrance on the Left, where it makes a right angle with the Stage which is seen obliquely.*

*This Stage is provided on either hand with benches placed along the wings. The curtain is formed by two lengths of Tapestry which can be drawn apart. Above a Harlequin cloak, the Royal Arms. Broad steps lead from the Stage down to the floor of the Hall. On either side of these steps, a place for the Musicians. A row of candles serves as footlights. Two tiers of Galleries along the side of the Hall; the upper one divided into boxes.*

*There are no seats upon the Floor, which is the actual stage of our theatre; but toward the back of the Hall, on the right, a few benches are arranged; and underneath a stairway on the extreme right, which leads up to the galleries, and of which only the lower portion is visible, there is a sort of Sideboard, decorated with little tapers, vases of flowers, bottles and glasses, plates of cake, et cetera.*

*Farther along, toward the centre of our stage, is the Entrance to the Hall: a great double door which opens only slightly to admit the Audience. On one of the panels of this door, as also in other places about the Hall, and in particular just over the Sideboard, are Playbills in red, upon which we may read the title* LA CLORISE.

*As the* CURTAIN RISES, *the Hall is dimly lighted and still empty. The Chandeliers are lowered to the floor, in the middle of the Hall, ready for lighting.*

(*Sounds of voices outside the door. Then a* CAVALIER *enters abruptly.*)

PORTER. (*Follows him*) Hallo there!—Fifteen sols!
CAV. I enter free.
PORT. Why?

CAV. Soldier of the Household of the King!

PORT. (*Turns to* ANOTHER CAVALIER *who has just entered*) You?

2ND CAV. I pay nothing.

PORT. Why not?

2ND CAV. Musketeer!

1ST CAV. (*To the Second*)
The play begins at two. Plenty of time—
And here's the whole floor empty. Shall we try
Our exercise? (*They fence with the foils which they have brought*)

LACKEY. (*Enters*) —Pst! . . . Flanquin! . . .

ANOTHER. (*Already on stage*) What, Champagne?

1ST LACK. (*Showing games which he takes out of his doublet*) Cards. Dice. Come on.
(*Sits on the floor*)

2ND LACK. (*Same action*) Come on, old cock!

1ST LACK. (*Takes from his pocket a bit of candle, lights it, sets it on the floor*) I have stolen
A little of my master's fire.

A GUARDSMAN. (*To a* FLOWER GIRL *who comes forward*) How sweet
Of you, to come before they light the hall!
(*Puts his arm around her*)

1ST CAV. (*Receives a thrust of the foil*)
A hit!

2ND LACK. A club!

GUARD (*Pursuing the* GIRL) A kiss!

GIRL. (*Pushing away from him*) They'll see us!—

GUARD. (*Draws her into a dark corner*) No danger!

A MAN. (*Sits on the floor, together with several others who have brought packages of food*)
When we come early, we have time to eat.

A CITIZEN. (*Escorting his son, a* BOY *of sixteen*)
Sit here, my son.

1ST LACK. Mark the Ace!

ANOTHER MAN. (*Draws a bottle from under his cloak and sits down with the others*) Here's the spot
For a jolly old sot to suck his Burgundy— (*Drinks*)
Here—in the house of the Burgundians!

CIT. (*To his son*)
Would you not think you were in some den of vice?
(*Points with his cane at the drunkard*)
Drunkards— (*In stepping back, one of the* CAVALIERS *trips him up*)
Bullies!— (*He falls between the* LACKEYS)
Gamblers!—

GUARD. (*Behind him as he rises, still struggling with the* FLOWER GIRL) One kiss—

CIT. (*Draws his son quickly away*) Good God!—
Here!—And to think, my son, that in this hall
They play Rotrou!

BOY. Yes, father—and Corneille!

PAGES. (*Dance in, holding hands and singing*)
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-lère . . .

PORT. You pages there—no nonsense!

1ST PAGE. (*With wounded dignity*) Oh, Monsieur!
Really! How could you? (*To the* SECOND, *the moment the* PORTER *turns his back*) Pst!—a bit of string?

2ND PAGE. (*Shows fishline with hook*)
Yes—and a hook.

1ST PAGE. Up in the gallery,
And fish for wigs!

A CUT-PURSE. (*Gathers around him several evil-looking young fellows*) Now then, you picaroons,
Perk up, and hear me mutter. Here's your bout—
Bustle around some cull, and bite his bung . . .

2ND PAGE. (*Calls to other* PAGES *already in the gallery*) Hey! Brought your pea-shooters?

3RD PAGE. (*From above*) And our peas, too!
(*Blows, and showers them with peas*)

BOY. What is the play this afternoon?

CIT. *Clorise.*

BOY. Who wrote that?

CIT. Balthasar Baro. What a play! . . .
(*He takes the* BOY's *arm and leads him upstage*)

CUT-PURSE. (*To his pupils*)
Lace now, on those long sleeves, you cut it off—
(*Gesture with thumb and finger, as if using scissors*)

SPECTATOR. (*To another, pointing upward toward the gallery*)
Ah, *Le Cid!*—Yes, the first night, I sat there—

CUT-PURSE. Watches—
(*Gesture as of picking a pocket*)

CIT. (*Coming down with his son*)
Great actors we shall see today—

CUT-PURSE. Handkerchiefs— (*Gesture of holding the pocket with left hand, and drawing out handkerchief with right*)

CIT. Montfleury—

A VOICE. (*In the gallery*) Lights! Light the lights!

CIT. Bellerose, l'Epy, Beaupré, Jodelet—

PAGE. (*On the floor*) Here comes the orange-girl.

ORANGE-GIRL. Oranges, milk,
Raspberry syrup, lemonade— (*Noise at the door*)

A FALSETTO VOICE. (*Outside*) Make way,
Brutes!

1ST LACK. What, the Marquis—on the floor?
(*The* MARQUIS *enters in a little group*)

2ND LACK. Not long—
Only a few moments; they'll go and sit
On the stage presently.

1ST MARQ. (*Seeing the hall half empty*)
How now! We enter
Like tradespeople—no crowding, no disturbance!—
No treading on the toes of citizens?
Oh fie! Oh fie! (*He encounters two gentlemen who have already arrived*)
Cuigy! Brissaille! (*Great embracings*)
CUIGY. The faithful! (*Looks around him*)
We are here before the candles.
1ST MARQ. Ah, be still!
You put me in a temper.
2ND MARQ. Console yourself,
Marquis— The lamplighter!
THE CROWD. (*Applauding the appearance of the lamplighter*) Ah! . . .
(*A group gathers around the chandelier while he lights it. A few people have already taken their place in the gallery.* LIGNIÈRE *enters the hall, arm in arm with* CHRISTIAN DE NEUVILLETTE. LIGNIÈRE *is a slightly disheveled figure, dissipated and yet distinguished looking.* CHRISTIAN, *elegantly but rather unfashionably dressed, appears pre-occupied and keeps looking up at the boxes.*)
CUIGY. Lignière!—
BRISSAILLE. (*Laughing*) Still sober—at this hour?
LIG. (*To* CHRISTIAN) May I present you?
(CHRISTIAN *assents*)
Baron Christian de Neuvillette. (*They salute*)
THE CROWD. (*Applauding as the lighted chandelier is hoisted into place*) Ah!—
CUIGY. (*Aside to* BRISSAILLE, *looking at* CHRISTIAN)
Rather
A fine head, is it not? The profile . . .
1ST MARQ. (*Who has overheard*) Peuh!
LIG. (*Presenting them to* CHRISTIAN)
Messieurs de Cuigy . . . de Brissaille . . .
CHRIS. (*Bows*) Enchanted!
1ST MARQ. (*To the second*)
He is not ill-looking; possibly a shade
Behind the fashion.
LIG. (*To* CUIGY) Monsieur is recently
From the Touraine.
CHRIS. Yes, I have been in Paris
Two or three weeks only. I join the Guards
Tomorrow.
1ST MARQ. (*Watching the people who come into the boxes*) Look—Madame la Présidente
Aubry!
OR. GIRL. Oranges, milk—
THE VIOLINS. (*Tuning up*) La . . . la . . .
CUIGY. (*To* CHRISTIAN, *calling his attention to the increasing crowd*) We have
An audience today!
CHRIS. A brilliant one.
1ST MARQ. Oh, yes, all our own people—the gay world!
(*They name the ladies who enter the boxes elaborately dressed. Bows and smiles are exchanged.*)
2ND MARQ. Madame de Guéméné . . .
CUIGY. De Bois-Dauphin . . .
1ST MARQ. Whom we adore—
BRIS. Madame de Chavigny . . .
2ND MARQ. Who plays with all our hearts—
LIG. Why, there's Corneille
Returned from Rouen!
BOY. (*To his father*) Are the Academy
All here?
CIT. I see some of them . . . there's Boudu—
Boissat—Cureau—Porchères—Colomby—
Bourzeys—Bourdon—Arbaut—
Ah, those great names,
Never to be forgotten!
1ST MARQ. Look—at last!
Our Intellectuals! Barthénoide,
Urimédonte, Félixérie . . .
2ND MARQ. (*Languishing*) Sweet heaven!
How exquisite their surnames are! Marquis,
You know them all?
1ST MARQ. I know them all, Marquis!
LIG. (*Draws* CHRISTIAN *aside*)
My dear boy, I came here to serve you— Well,
But where's the lady? I'll be going.
CHRIS. Not yet—
A little longer! She is always here.
Please! I must find some way of meeting her.
I am dying of love! And you—you know
Everyone, the whole court and the whole town,
And put them all into your songs—at least
You can tell me her name!
FIRST VIOLIN. (*Raps on his desk with his bow*)
Pst— Gentlemen! (*Raises his bow*)
OR. GIRL. Macaroons, lemonade—
CHRIS. Then she may be
One of those aesthetes . . . Intellectuals,
You call them— How can I talk to a woman
In that style? I have no wit. This fine manner
Of speaking and of writing nowadays—
Not for me! I am a soldier—and afraid.
That's her box, on the right—the empty one.
LIG. (*Starts for the door*) I am going.
CHRIS. (*Restrains him*) No—wait!

LIG. Not I. There's a tavern
Not far away—and I am dying of thirst.
OR.-GIRL. (*Passes with her tray*)
Orange juice?
LIG. No!
OR. GIRL. Milk?
LIG. Pouah!
OR. GIRL. Muscatel?
LIG. Here! Stop! (*To* CHRISTIAN) I'll stay a little.
(*To the* GIRL) Let me see
Your Muscatel. (*He sits down by the sideboard. The* GIRL *pours out wine for him.*)
VOICES. (*In the crowd about the door, upon the entrance of a spruce little man, rather fat, with a beaming smile*) Ragueneau!
LIG. (*To* CHRISTIAN) Ragueneau,
Poet and pastrycook—a character!
RAGUENEAU. (*Dressed like a confectioner in his Sunday clothes, advances quickly to* LIGNIÈRE)
Sir, have you seen Monsieur de Cyrano?
LIG. (*Presents him to* CHRISTIAN)
Permit me . . . Ragueneau, confectioner,
The chief support of modern poetry.
RAG. (*Bridling*) Oh—too much honor!
LIG. Patron of the Arts—
Maecenas! Yes, you are—
RAG. Undoubtedly,
The poets gather round my hearth.
LIG. On credit—
Himself a poet—
RAG. So they say—
LIG. Maintains
The Muses.
RAG. It is true that for an ode—
LIG. You give a tart—
RAG. A tartlet—
LIG. Modesty!
And for a triolet you give—
RAG. Plain bread!
LIG. (*Severely*)
Bread and milk! And you love the theatre?
RAG. I adore it!
LIG. Well, pastry pays for all.
Your place today now— Come, between ourselves,
What did it cost you?
RAG. (*Looking about*) Four pies; fourteen cakes
But— Cyrano not here? Astonishing!
LIG. Why so?
RAG. Why— Montfleury plays!
LIG. Yes, I hear
That hippopotamus assumes the rôle
Of Phédon. What is that to Cyrano?
RAG. Have you not heard? Monsieur de Bergerac
So hates Montfleury, he has forbidden him
For three weeks to appear upon the stage.
LIG. (*Who is, by this time, at his fourth glass*)
Well?
RAG. Montfleury plays!—
CUIGY. (*Strolls over to them*) Yes—what then?
RAG. Ah! That
Is what I came to see.
1ST MARQ. This Cyrano—
Who is he?
CUIGY. Oh, he is the lad with the long sword.
2ND MARQ. Noble?
CUIGY. Sufficiently; he is in the Guards.
(*Points to a gentleman who comes and goes about the hall as though seeking for someone*)
His friend Le Bret can tell you more.
(*Calls to him*) Le Bret!
(LE BRET *comes down to them*)
Looking for Bergerac?
LE BRET. Yes. And for trouble.
CUIGY. Is he not an extraordinary man?
LE B. The best friend and the bravest soul alive!
RAG. Poet—
CUIGY. Swordsman—
LE B. Musician—
BRIS. Philosopher—
LIG. Such a remarkable appearance, too!
RAG. Truly, I should not look to find his portrait
By the grave hand of Philippe de Champagne.
He might have been a model for Callot—
One of those wild swashbucklers in a masque—
Hat with three plumes, and doublet with six points—
His cloak behind him over his long sword
Cocked, like the tail of strutting Chanticleer—
Prouder than all the swaggering Tamburlaines
Hatched out of Gascony. And to complete
This Punchinello figure—such a nose!—
My lords, there is no such nose as that nose—
You cannot look upon it without crying: "Oh, no,
Impossible! Exaggerated!" Then
You smile, and say: "Of course— I might have known;
Presently he will take it off." But that
Monsieur de Bergerac will never do.
LIG. (*Grimly*)
He keeps it—and God help the man who smiles!
RAG. His sword is one half of the shears of Fate!
1ST MARQ. (*Shrugs*) He will not come.
RAG. Will he not? Sir, I'll lay you
A pullet à la Ragueneau!

1ST MARQ. (*Laughing*) Done!
(*Murmurs of admiration;* ROXANE *has just appeared in her box. She sits at the front of the box, and her Duenna takes a seat toward the rear.* CHRISTIAN, *busy paying the* ORANGE-GIRL, *does not see her at first.*)
2ND MARQ. (*With little excited cries*) Ah!
Oh! Oh! Sweet sirs, look yonder! Is she not
Frightfully ravishing?
1ST MARQ. Bloom of the peach—
Blush of the strawberry—
2ND MARQ. So fresh—so cool,
That our hearts, grown all warm with loving her,
May catch their death of cold!
CHRIS (*Looks up, sees* ROXANE, *and seizes* LIGNIÈRE *by the arm*) There! Quick—up there—
In the box! Look!—
LIG. (*Coolly*) Herself?
CHRIS. Quickly— Her name?
LIG. (*Sipping his wine, and speaking between sips*) Madeleine Robin, called Roxane . . .
refined . . .
Intellectual . . .
CHRIS. Ah!—
LIG. Unmarried . . .
CHRIS. Oh!—
LIG. No title . . . rich enough . . . an orphan . . . cousin
To Cyrano . . . of whom we spoke just now . . .
(*At this point, a very distinguished looking gentleman, the Cordon Bleu around his neck, enters the box, and stands a moment talking with* ROXANE)
CHRIS. (*Starts*) And the man? . . .
LIG. (*Beginning to feel his wine a little; cocks his eye at them*)
Oho! That man? . . . Comte de Guiche . . .
In love with her . . . married himself, however,
To the niece of the Cardinal—Richelieu . . .
Wishes Roxane, therefore, to marry one
Monsieur de Valvert . . . Vicomte . . . friend of his . . .
A somewhat melancholy gentleman . . .
But . . . well, accommodating! . . . She says No . . .
Nevertheless, de Guiche is powerful . . .
Not above persecuting . . .
(*He rises, swaying a little, and very happy*)
I have written
A little song about his little game . . .
Good little song, too . . . Here, I'll sing it for you . . .
Make de Guiche furious . . . naughty little song . . .
Not so bad, either— Listen! . . . (*He stands with his glass held aloft, ready to sing*)
CHRIS. No. Adieu.
LIG. Whither away?
CHRIS. To Monsieur de Valvert!
LIG. Careful! The man's a swordsman . . .
(*Nods toward* ROXANE, *who is watching* CHRISTIAN)
Wait! Someone
Looking at you—
CHRIS. Roxane! . . .
(*He forgets everything, and stands spellbound, gazing toward* ROXANE. *The* CUT-PURSE *and his crew, observing him transfixed, his eyes raised and his mouth half open, begin edging in his direction.*)
LIG. Oh! Very well,
Then I'll be leaving you . . . Good day . . . Good day! . . . (CHRISTIAN *remains motionless*)
Everywhere else, they like to hear me sing!—
Also, I am thirsty.
(*He goes out, navigating carefully.* LE BRET, *having made the circuit of the hall, returns to* RAGUENEAU, *somewhat reassured.*)
LE B. No sign anywhere
Of Cyrano!
RAG. (*Incredulous*) Wait and see!
LE B. Humph! I hope
He has not seen the bill.
THE CROWD. The play!—The play!—
1ST MARQ. (*Observing* DE GUICHE, *as he descends from* ROXANE'S *box and crosses the floor, followed by a knot of obsequious gentlemen, the* VICOMTE DE VALVERT *among them*)
This man de Guiche—what ostentation!
2ND MARQ. Bah!—
Another Gascon!
1ST MARQ. Gascon, yes—but cold
And calculating—certain to succeed—
My word for it. Come, shall we make our bow?
We shall be none the worse, I promise you . . .
(*They go toward* DE GUICHE)
2ND MARQ. Beautiful ribbons, Count! That color, now,
What is it—*Kiss-me-Dear* or *Startled-Fawn?*
DE GUICHE. I call that shade *The Dying Spaniard.*
1ST MARQ. Ha!
And no false colors either—thanks to you
And your brave troops, in Flanders before long
The Spaniard will die daily.
DE G. Shall we go
And sit upon the stage? Come, Valvert.

CHRIS. (*Starts at the name*) Valvert!—
The Vicomte— Ah, that scoundrel! Quick—my glove—
I'll throw it in his face— (*Reaching into his pocket for his glove, he catches the hand of the* CUT-PURSE)
CUT-PURSE. Oh!—
CHRIS. (*Holding fast to the man's wrist*) Who are you?
I was looking for a glove—
CUT-PURSE. (*Cringing*) You found a hand.
(*Hurriedly*) Let me go—I can tell you something—
CHRIS. (*Still holding him*) Well?
CUT-PURSE. Lignière—that friend of yours—
CHRIS. (*Same business*) Well?
CUT-PURSE. Good as dead—
Understand? Ambuscaded. Wrote a song
About—no matter. There's a hundred men
Waiting for him tonight—I'm one of them.
CHRIS. A hundred! Who arranged this?
CUT-PURSE. Secret.
CHRIS. Oh!
CUT-PURSE. (*With dignity*) Professional secret.
CHRIS. Where are they to be?
CUT-PURSE. Porte de Nesle. On his way home. Tell him so.
Save his life.
CHRIS. (*Releases the man*) Yes, but where am I to find him?
CUT-PURSE. Go round the taverns. There's the Golden Grape,
The Pineapple, The Bursting Belt, The Two Torches, The Three Funnels—in every one
You leave a line of writing—understand?
To warn him.
CHRIS (*Starts for the door*) I'll go! God, what swine—a hundred
Against one man! . . .
(*Stops and looks longingly at* ROXANE) Leave *her* here!—
(*Savagely, turning toward* VALVERT) And leave *him!*—
(*Decidedly*) I must save Lignière! (*Exit*)
(DE GUICHE, VALVERT, *and all the* MARQUIS *have disappeared through the curtains, to take their seats upon the stage. The floor is entirely filled; not a vacant seat remains in the gallery or in the boxes.*)
CROWD. The play! The play!
Begin the play!
CIT. (*As his wig is hoisted into the air on the end of a fishline, in the hands of a page in the gallery*) My wig!!
CRIES OF JOY. He's bald! Bravo,
You pages! Ha ha ha!
CIT. (*Furious, shakes his fist at the boy*) Here, you young villain!
CRIES AND LAUGHTER. (*Beginning very loud, then suddenly repressed*)
HA HA! Ha Ha! ha ha. . . . (*Complete silence*)
LE B. (*Surprised*) That sudden hush! . . .
(*A* SPECTATOR *whispers in his ear*)
Yes?
SPECTATOR. I was told on good authority . . .
MURMURS. (*Here and there*)
What? . . . Here? . . . No . . . Yes . . . Look—in the latticed box—
The Cardinal! . . . The Cardinal! . . .
PAGE. The Devil!—
Now we shall all have to behave ourselves!
(*Three raps on the stage. The audience becomes motionless. Silence.*)
VOICE OF A MARQUIS. (*From the stage, behind the curtains*) Snuff that candle!
ANOTHER MARQUIS. (*Puts his head out through the curtains*) A chair! . . .
(*A chair is passed from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd. He takes it, and disappears behind the curtains, not without having blown a few kisses to the occupants of the boxes.*)
SPECTATOR. Silence!
VOICES. Hssh! . . . Hssh! . . .
(*Again the three raps on the stage. The curtains part.* TABLEAU. *The* MARQUIS *seated on their chairs to right and left of the stage, insolently posed. Back drop representing a pastoral scene, bluish in tone. Four little crystal chandeliers light up the stage. The violins play softly.*)
LE B. (*In a low tone to* RAGUENEAU)
Montfleury enters now?
RAG. (*Nods*) Opens the play.
LE B. (*Much relieved*)
Then Cyrano is not here!
RAG. I lose . . .
LE B. Humph!
So much the better!
(*The melody of a Musette is heard.* MONTFLEURY *appears upon the scene, a ponderous figure in the costume of a rustic shepherd, a hat garlanded with roses tilted over one ear, playing upon a bemboned pastoral pipe.*)
CROWD. (*Applauds*) Montfleury! . . . Bravo! . . .

MONTFLEURY. (*After bowing to the applause, begins the rôle of Phédon*)
"Thrice happy he who hides from pomp and power
In sylvan shade or solitary bower;
Where balmy zephyrs fan his burning cheeks—"
VOICE. (*From the midst of the hall*)
Wretch! Have I not forbade you these three weeks?
(*Sensation. Every one turns to look. Murmurs.*)
SEVERAL VOICES. What? . . . Where? . . . Who is it? . . .
CUIGY. Cyrano!
LE B. (*In alarm*) Himself!
VOICE. King of clowns! Leave the stage—*at once!*
CROWD. Oh!
MONT. Now, Now, now—
VOICE. You disobey me?
SEVERAL VOICES. (*From the floor, from the boxes*) Hsh! Go on—
Quiet!—Go on, Montfleury!—Who's afraid?—
MONT. (*In a voice of no great assurance*)
"Thrice happy he who hides from . . ."
VOICE. (*More menacingly*) Well? Well? Well? . . .
Monarch of mountebanks! Must I come and plant
A forest on your shoulders? (*A cane at the end of a long arm shakes above the heads of the crowd*)
MONT. (*In a voice increasingly feeble*)
"Thrice hap—" (*The cane is violently agitated*)
VOICE. *GO!!!*
CROWD. Ah! . . .
CYRANO. (*Arises in the centre of the floor, erect upon a chair, his arms folded, his hat cocked ferociously, his moustache bristling, his nose terrible*)
Presently I shall grow angry!
(*Sensation at his appearance*)
MONT. (*To the* MARQUIS) Messieurs, If you protect me—
MARQ. (*Nonchalantly*) Well—proceed!
CYR. Fat swine!
If you dare breathe one balmy zephyr more,
*I'll* fan your cheeks for you!
MARQ. Quiet down there!
CYR. Unless these gentlemen retain their seats,
My cane may bite their ribbons!
ALL THE MARQUIS. (*On their feet*) That will do!—Montfleury—
CYR. Fly, goose! Shoo! Take to your wings,
Before I pluck your plumes, and draw your gorge!
VOICE. See here!—
CYR. Off stage!
ANOTHER VOICE. One moment—
CYR. What—still there?
(*Turns back his cuffs deliberately*)
Very good—then I enter—*Left—with knife—*
To carve this large Italian sausage.
MONT. (*Desperately attempting dignity*) Sir,
When you insult me, you insult the Muse!
CYR. (*With great politeness*)
Sir, if the Muse, who never knew your name,
Had the honor to meet you—then be sure
That after one glance at that face of yours,
That figure of a mortuary urn—
She would apply her buskin—toward the rear!
CROWD. Montfleury! . . . Montfleury! . . . The play! The play!
CYR. (*To those who are shouting and crowding about him*)
Pray you, be gentle with my scabbard here—
She'll put her tongue out at you presently!—
(*The circle enlarges*)
CROWD. (*Recoiling*) Keep back—
CYR. (*To* MONTFLEURY) Begone!
CROWD. (*Pushing in closer, and growling*) Ahr! . . . ahr! . . .
CYR. (*Turns upon them*) Did some one speak?
(*They recoil again*)
VOICE. (*In the back of the hall, sings*)
Monsieur de Cyrano
Must be another Caesar—
Let Brutus lay him low,
And play us La Clorise!
ALL THE CROWD. (*Singing*)
La Clorise! La Clorise!
CYR. Let me hear one more word of that same song,
And I destroy you all!
CIT. Who might you be?
Samson?—
CYR. Precisely. Would you kindly lend me
Your jawbone?
LADY. (*In one of the boxes*) What an outrage!
NOBLE. Scandalous!
CIT. Annoying!
PAGE. What a game!
CROWD. Kss! Montfleury!
Cyrano!
CYR. Silence!
CROWD. (*Delirious*) Woof! Woof! Baaa! Cock-a-doo!
CYR. I—
PAGE. Meow!

CYR. I say be silent!—
(*His voice dominates the uproar. Momentary hush.*)
And I offer
One universal challenge to you all!
Approach, young heroes—I will take your names.
Each in his turn—no crowding! One, two, three—
Come, get your numbers—who will head the list—
You, sir? No— You? Ah, no. To the first man
Who falls I'll build a monument! . . . Not one?
Will all who wish to die, please raise their hands? . . .
I see. You are so modest, you might blush
Before a sword naked. Sweet innocence! . . .
Not one name? Not one finger? . . . Very well,
Then I go on: (*Turning back toward the stage, where* MONTFLEURY *waits in despair*)
I'd have our theatre cured
Of this carbuncle. Or if not, why then—
(*His hand on his sword hilt*)
The lancet!

MONT. I—

CYR. (*Descends from his chair, seats himself comfortably in the centre of the circle which has formed around him, and makes himself quite at home*) Attend to me—full moon!
I clap my hands, three times—thus. At the third
You will eclipse yourself.

CROWD. (*Amused*) Ah!

CYR. Ready? *One.*

MONT. I—

VOICE. (*From the boxes*) No!

CROWD. He'll go— He'll stay—

MONT. I really think,
Gentlemen—

CYR. *Two.*

MONT. Perhaps I had better—

CYR. *Three!*

(MONTFLEURY *disappears, as if through a trap-door. Tempest of laughter, hoots and hisses.*)

CROWD. Yah!—Coward— Come back—

CYR. (*Beaming, drops back in his chair and crosses his legs*) Let him—if he dare!

CIT. The Manager! Speech! Speech!
(BELLEROSE *advances and bows*)

BOXES. Ah! Bellerose!

BELLEROSE (*With elegance*)
Most noble—most fair—

CROWD. No! The Comedian—
Jodelet!—

JODELET. (*Advances, and speaks through his nose*)
Lewd fellows of the baser sort—

CROWD. Ha! Ha! Not bad! Bravo!

JOD. No Bravos here!
Our heavy tragedian with the voluptuous bust
Was taken suddenly—

CROWD. Yah! Coward!

JOD. I mean . . .
He had to be excused—

CROWD. Call him back— No!—
Yes!—

BOY. (*To* CYRANO)
After all, Monsieur, what reason have you
To hate this Montfleury?

CYR. (*Graciously, still seated*)
My dear young man,
I have two reasons, either one alone
Conclusive. *Primo:* A lamentable actor,
Who mouths his verse and moans his tragedy,
And heaves up— Ugh!—like a hod-carrier, lines
That ought to soar on their own wings. *Secundo:*—
Well—that's my secret.

OLD CITIZEN (*Behind him*)
But you close the play—
*La Clorise*—by Baro! Are we to miss
Our entertainment, merely—

CYR. (*Respectfully, turns his chair toward the old man*) My dear old boy,
The poetry of Baro being worth
Zero, or less, I feel that I have done
Poetic justice!

INTELLECTUALS. (*In the boxes*)
Really!—our Baro!—
My dear!—Who ever?—Ah, dieu! The idea!—

CYR. (*Gallantly, turns his chair toward the boxes*)
Fair ladies—shine upon us like the sun,
Blossom like flowers around us—be our songs,
Heard in a a dream— Make sweet the hour of death,
Smiling upon us as you close our eyes—
Inspired, but do not try to criticize!

BEL. Quite so!—and the mere money—possibly
You would like that returned— Yes?

CYR. Bellerose,
You speak the first word of intelligence!
I will not wound the mantle of the Muse—
Here, catch!— (*Throws him a purse*)
And hold your tongue.

CROWD. (*Astonished*) Ah! Ah!

JOD. (*Deftly catches the purse, weighs it in his hand*) Monsieur.
You are hereby authorized to close our play
Every night, on the same terms.

CROWD. Boo!

JOD. And welcome!
Let us be booed together, you and I!
BEL. Kindly pass out quietly . . .
JOD. (*Burlesquing* BELLEROSE) Quietly . . .
(*They begin to go out, while* CYRANO *looks about him with satisfaction. But the exodus ceases presently during the ensuing scene. The ladies in the boxes who have already risen and put on their wraps, stop to listen, and finally sit down again.*)
LE B. (*To* CYRANO) Idiot!
MEDDLER. (*Hurries up to* CYRANO)
But what a scandal! Montfleury—
The great Montfleury! Did you know the Duc
De Candale was his patron? Who is yours?
CYR. No one.
MED. No one—no patron?
CYR. I said no.
MED. What, no great lord, to cover with his name—
CYR. (*With visible annoyance*)
No, I have told you twice. Must I repeat?
No sir, no patron— (*His hand on his sword*)
But a patroness!
MED. And when do you leave Paris?
CYR. That's as may be.
MED. The Duc de Candale has a long arm.
CYR. Mine
Is longer (*Drawing his sword*), by three feet of steel.
MED. Yes, yes,
But do you dream of daring—
CYR. I do dream
Of daring . . .
MED. But—
CYR. You may go now.
MED. But—
CYR. You may go—
Or tell me why are you staring at my nose!
MED. (*In confusion*) No—I—
CYR. (*Stepping up to him*) Does it astonish you?
MED. (*Drawing back*) Your grace
Misunderstands my—
CYR. Is it long and soft
And dangling, like a trunk?
MED. (*Same business*) I never said—
CYR. Or crooked, like an owl's beak?
MED. I—
CYR. Perhaps
A pimple ornaments the end of it?
MED. No—
CYR. Or a fly parading up and down?
What is this portent?
MED. Oh!—
CYR. This phenomenon?
MED. But I have been careful not to look—
CYR. And why
Not, if you please?
MED. Why—
CYR. It disgusts you, then?
MED. My dear sir—
CYR. Does its color appear to you
Unwholesome?
MED. Oh, by no means!
CYR. Or its form
Obscene?
MED. Not in the least—
CYR. Then why assume
This deprecating manner? Possibly
You find it just a trifle large?
MED. (*Babbling*) Oh, no!—
Small, very small, infinitesimal—
CYR. (*Roars*) What!
How? You accuse me of absurdity?
Small—*my nose?* Why—
MED. (*Breathless*) My God!—
CYR. Magnificent,
My nose! . . . You pug, you knob, you button-head,
Know that I glory in this nose of mine,
For a great nose indicates a great man—
Genial, courteous, intellectual,
Virile, courageous—as I am—and such
As you—poor wretch—will never dare to be
Even in imagination. For that face—
That blank, inglorious concavity
Which my right hand finds— (*He strikes him*)
MED. Ow!
CYR. —on top of you,
Is as devoid of pride, of poetry,
Of soul, of picturesqueness, of contour,
Of character, of NOSE in short—as that
(*Takes him by the shoulders and turns him around suiting the action to the word*)
Which at the end of that limp spine of yours
My left foot—
MED. (*Escaping*) Help! The Guard!
CYR. Take notice, all
Who find this feature of my countenance
A theme for comedy! When the humorist
Is noble, then my custom is to show
Appreciation proper to his rank—
More heartfelt . . . and more pointed. . . .
DE GUICHE. (*Who has come down from the stage, surrounded by the* MARQUIS) Presently
This fellow will grow tiresome.

VALVERT. (*Shrugs*) Oh, he blows
His trumpet!
DE G. Well—will no one interfere?
VAL. No one? (*Looks round*)
Observe. I myself will proceed
To put him in his place. (*He walks up to* CYRANO, *who has been watching him, and stands there, looking him over with an affected air*)
Ah . . . your nose . . . hem! . . .
Your nose is . . . rather large!
CYR. (*Gravely*) Rather.
VAL. (*Simpering*) Oh, well—
CYR. (*Coolly*) Is that all?
VAL. (*Turns away, with a shrug*)
Well, of course—
CYR. Ah, no, young sir!
You are too simple. Why, you might have said—
Oh, a great many things! Mon dieu, why waste
Your opportunity? For example, thus:—
AGGRESSIVE: I, sir, if that nose were mine,
I'd have it amputated—on the spot!
FRIENDLY: How do you drink with such a nose?
You ought to have a cup made specially.
DESCRIPTIVE: 'Tis a rock—a crag—a cape—
A cape? say rather, a peninsula!
INQUISITIVE: What is that receptacle—
A razor-case or a portfolio?
KINDLY: Ah, do you love the little birds
So much that when they come and sing to you,
You give them this to perch on? INSOLENT:
Sir, when you smoke, the neighbors must suppose
Your chimney is on fire. CAUTIOUS: Take care—
A weight like that might make you topheavy.
THOUGHTFUL: Somebody fetch my parasol—
Those delicate colors fade so in the sun!
PEDANTIC: Does not Aristophanes
Mention a mythologic monster called
Hippocampelephantocamelos?
Surely we have here the original!
FAMILIAR: Well, old torchlight! Hang your hat
Over that chandelier—it hurts my eyes.
ELOQUENT: When it blows, the typhoon howls,
And the clouds darken. DRAMATIC: When it bleeds—
The Red Sea! ENTERPRISING: What a sign
For some perfumer! LYRIC: Hark—the horn
Of Roland calls to summon Charlemagne!—
SIMPLE: When do they unveil the monument?
RESPECTFUL: Sir, I recognize in you
A man of parts, a man of prominence—
RUSTIC: Hey? What? Call that a nose? Na, na—
I be no fool like what you think I be—
That there's a blue cucumber! MILITARY:
Point against cavalry! PRACTICAL: Why not
A lottery with this for the grand prize?
Or—parodying Faustus in the play—
"Was this the nose that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"
These, my dear sir, are things you might have said
Had you some tinge of letters, or of wit
To color your discourse. But wit,—not so,
You never had an atom—and of letters,
You need but three to write you down—an Ass.
Moreover,—if you had the invention, here
Before these folk to make a jest of me—
Be sure you would not then articulate
The twentieth part of half a syllable
Of the beginning! For I say these things
Lightly enough myself, about myself,
But I allow none else to utter them.
DE G. (*Tries to lead away the amazed* VALVERT)
Vicomte—come.
VAL. (*Choking*) Oh— These arrogant grand airs!—
A clown who—look at him—not even gloves!
No ribbons—no lace—no buckles on his shoes—
CYR. I carry my adornments on my soul.
I do not dress up like a popinjay;
But inwardly, I keep my daintiness.
I do not bear with me, by any chance,
An insult not yet washed away—a conscience
Yellow with unpurged bile—an honor frayed
To rags, a set of scruples badly worn.
I go caparisoned in gems unseen,
Trailing white plumes of freedom, garlanded
With my good name—no figure of a man,
But a soul clothed in shining armor, hung
With deeds for decorations, twirling—thus—
A bristling wit, and swinging at my side
Courage, and on the stones of this old town
Making the sharp truth ring, like golden spurs!
VAL. But—
CYR. But I have no gloves! A pity too!
I had one—the last one of an old pair—
And lost that. Very careless of me. Some
Gentleman offered me an impertinence.
I left it—in his face.
VAL. Dolt, bumpkin, fool.
Insolent puppy, jobbernowl!
CYR. (*Removes his hat and bows*) Ah, yes?
And I—Cyrano-Savinien-Hercule
De Bergerac!
VAL. (*Turns away*) Buffoon!
CYR. (*Cries out as if suddenly taken with a cramp*)
Oh!

VAL. (*Turns back*) Well, what now?
CYR. (*With grimaces of anguish*)
I must do something to relieve these cramps—
This is what comes of lack of exercise—
Ah!—
VAL. What is all this?
CYR. My sword has gone to sleep!
VAL. (*Draws*) So be it!
CYR. You shall die exquisitely.
VAL. (*Contemptuously*) Poet!
CYR. Why, yes, a poet, if you will;
So while we fence, I'll make you a Ballade
Extempore.
VAL. A Ballade?
CYR. Yes. You know
What that is?
VAL. I—
CYR. The Ballade, sir, is formed
Of three stanzas of eight lines each—
VAL. Oh, come!
CYR. And a refrain of four.
VAL. You—
CYR. I'll compose
One, while I fight with you; and at the end
Of the last line—thrust home!
VAL. Will you?
CYR. I will. (*Declaims*)
"Ballade of the duel at the Hôtel de Bourgogne
Between de Bergerac and a Boeotian."
VAL. (*Sneering*) What do you mean by that?
CYR. Oh, that? The title.
CROWD. (*Excited*) Come on—
A circle—
Quiet—
Down in front!

(TABLEAU. *A ring of interested spectators in the centre of the floor, the* MARQUIS *and the Officers mingling with the citizens and common folk. Pages swarming up on men's shoulders to see better; the Ladies in the boxes standing and leaning over. To the right,* DE GUICHE *and his following; to the left,* LE BRET, CUIGY, RAGUENEAU, *and others of* CYRANO'S *friends.*)

CYR. (*Closes his eyes for an instant*) Stop . . .
Let me choose my rimes. . . . Now! Here we
go— (*He suits the action to the word, throughout the following*)

Lightly I toss my hat away,
Languidly over my arm let fall
The cloak that covers my bright array—
Then out swords, and to work withal!
A Launcelot, in his Lady's hall . . .
A Spartacus, at the Hippodrome! . . .
I dally awhile with you, dear jackal,
Then, as I end the refrain, thrust home.
(*The swords cross—the fight is on*)

Where shall I skewer my peacock? . . . Nay,
Better for you to have shunned this brawl!—
Here, in the heart, thro' your ribbons gay?
—In the belly, under your silken shawl?
Hark, how the steel rings musical!
Mark how my point floats, light as the foam,
Ready to drive you back to the wall,
Then, as I end the refrain, thrust home!

Ho, for a rime! . . . You are white as whey—
You break, you cower, you cringe, you . . .
crawl!
Tac!—and I parry your last essay:
So may the turn of a hand forestall
Life with its honey, death with its gall;
So may the turn of my fancy roam
Free, for a time, till the rimes recall,
Then, as I end the refrain, thrust home!
(*He announces solemnly*)

REFRAIN

Prince! Pray God, that is Lord of all,
Pardon your soul, for your time has come!
Beat—pass—fling you aslant, asprawl—
Then, as I end the refrain . . .
(*He lunges;* VALVERT *staggers back and falls into the arms of his friends.* CYRANO *recovers, and salutes.*)
—Thrust home!

(*Shouts. Applause from the boxes. Flowers and handkerchiefs come fluttering down. The Officers surround* CYRANO *and congratulate him.* RAGUENEAU *dances for joy.* LE BRET *is unable to conceal his enthusiasm. The friends of* VALVERT *hold him up and help him away.*)

CROWD. (*In one long cry*) Ah-h!
CAV. Superb!
WOMAN. Simply sweet!
RAG. Magnelephant!
MARQ. A novelty!
LE B. Bah!
CROWD. (*Thronging around* CYRANO)
Compliments—regards—
Bravo!—
WOMAN'S VOICE. Why, he's a hero!
MUSKETEER. (*Advances quickly to* CYRANO, *with outstretched hands*) Monsieur, will you

Permit me?—It was altogether fine!
I think I may appreciate these things—
Moreover, I have been stamping for pure joy!
*(He retires quickly)*
CYR. *(To* CUIGY*)*
What was that gentleman's name?
CUIGY. Oh . . . D'Artagnan.
LE B. *(Takes* CYRANO'S *arm)*
Come here and tell me—
CYR. Let this crowd go first—
*(To* BELLEROSE*)* May we stay?
BEL. *(With great respect)* Certainly!
*(Cries and catcalls off stage)*
JOD. *(Comes down from the door where he has been looking out)* Hark!— Montfleury—
They are hooting him.
BEL. *(Solemnly)* *Sic transit gloria!*
*(Changes his tone and shouts to the* PORTER *and the* LAMPLIGHTER*)*
—Strike! . . . Close the house! . . . Leave the lights— We rehearse
The new farce after dinner. (JODELET *and* BELLEROSE *go out after elaborately saluting* CYRANO*)*
PORTER. *(To* CYRANO*)* You do not dine?
CYR. I?—No! *(The* PORTER *turns away)*
LE B. Why not?
CYR. *(Haughtily)* Because—
*(Changing his tone when he sees the* PORTER *has gone)*
Because I have
No money.
LE B. *(Gesture of tossing)* But—the purse of gold?
CYR. Farewell,
Paternal pension!
LE B. So you have, until
The first of next month—?
CYR. Nothing.
LE B. What a fool!—
CYR. But—what a gesture!
OR. GIRL. *(Behind her little counter; coughs)* Hem!
(CYRANO *and* LE BRET *look around; she advances timidly)*
Pardon, Monsieur . . .
A man ought never to go hungry . . .
*(Indicating the sideboard)*
See,
I have everything here . . . *(Eagerly)*
Please!—
CYR. *(Uncovers)* My dear child,
I cannot bend this Gascon pride of mine
To accept such a kindness— Yet, for fear
That I may give you pain if I refuse,
I will take . . .
*(He goes to the sideboard and makes his selection)*
Oh, not very much! A grape . . .
*(She gives him the bunch; he removes a single grape)*
One only! And a glass of water . . .
*(She starts to pour wine into it; he stops her)*
Clear!
And . . . half a macaroon!
*(He gravely returns the other half)*
LE B. Old idiot!
OR. GIRL. Please!—Nothing more?
CYR. Why, yes— Your hand to kiss.
*(He kisses the hand which she holds out, as he would the hand of a princess)*
OR. GIRL. Thank you, sir. *(She curtseys)*
Good-night. *(She goes out)*
CYR. Now, I am listening.
*(Plants himself before the sideboard and arranges thereon—)*
Dinner!— *(—the macaroon)*
Drink!— *(—the glass of water)*
Dessert!— *(—the grape)*
There—now I'll sit down.
*(Seats himself)*
Lord, I was hungry! Abominably! *(Eating)*
Well!
LE B. These fatheads with the bellicose grand airs
Will have you ruined if you listen to them;
Talk to a man of sense and hear how all
Your swagger impresses him.
CYR. *(Finishes his macaroon)* Enormously.
LE B. The Cardinal—
CYR. *(Beaming)* Was he there?
LE B. He must have thought you—
CYR. Original.
LE B. Well, but—
CYR. He is himself
A playwright. He will not be too displeased
That I have closed another author's play.
LE B. But look at all the enemies you have made!
CYR. *(Begins on the grape)*
How many—do you think?
LE B. Just forty-eight
Without the women.
CYR. Count them.
LE. B. Montfleury,
Baro, de Guiche, the Vicomte, the Old Man,
All the Academy—
CYR. Enough! You make me
Happy!

LE B. But where is all this leading you?
What is your plan?
CYR. I have been wandering—
Wasting my force upon too many plans.
Now I have chosen one.
LE B What one?
CYR. The simplest—
To make myself in all things admirable!
LE B. Hmph!—Well, then, the real reason why you hate
Montfleury— Come, the truth, now!
CYR. (*Rises*) That Silenus,
Who cannot hold his belly in his arms,
Still dreams of being sweetly dangerous
Among the women—sighs and languishes
Making sheeps' eyes out of his great frog's face—
I hate him ever since one day he dared
Smile upon—
Oh, my friend, I seemed to see
Over some flower a great snail crawling!
LE B. (*Amazed*) How?
What? Is it possible?—
CYR. (*With a bitter smile*)
For me to love? . . .
(*Changing his tone; seriously*)
I love.
LE B. May I know? You have never said—
CYR. Whom I love? Think a moment. Think of me—
Me, whom the plainest woman would despise—
Me, with this nose of mine that marches on
Before me by a quarter of an hour!
Whom should I love? Why—of course—it must be
The woman in the world most beautiful.
LE B. Most beautiful?
CYR. In all this world—most sweet
Also; most wise; most witty, and most fair!
LE B. Who and what is this woman?
CYR. Dangerous
Mortally, without meaning; exquisite
Without imagining. Nature's own snare
To allure manhood. A white rose wherein
Love lies in ambush for his natural prey.
Who knows her smile has known a perfect thing.
She creates grace in her own image, brings
Heaven to earth in one movement of her hand—
Nor thou, O Venus! balancing thy shell
Over the Mediterranean blue, nor thou,
Diana! marching through broad, blossoming woods,
Art so divine as when she mounts her chair,
And goes abroad through Paris!
LE B. Oh, well—of course,
That makes everything clear!
CYR. Transparently.
LE B. Madeleine Robin—your cousin?
CYR. Yes; Roxane.
LE B. And why not? If you love her, tell her so!
You have covered yourself with glory in her eyes
This very day.
CYR. My old friend—look at me,
And tell me how much hope remains for me
With its protuberance! Oh, I have no more
Illusions! Now and then—bah! I may grow
Tender, walking alone in the blue cool
Of evening, through some garden fresh with flowers
After the benediction of the rain;
My poor big devil of a nose inhales
April . . . and so I follow with my eyes
Where some boy, with a girl upon his arm,
Passes a patch of silver . . . and I feel
Somehow, I wish I had a woman too,
Walking with little steps under the moon,
And holding my arm so, and smiling. Then
I dream—and I forget. . . .
And then I see
The shadow of my profile on the wall!
LE B. My friend! . . .
CYR. My friend, I have my bitter days,
Knowing myself so ugly, so alone.
Sometimes—
LE B. You weep?
CYR. (*Quickly*) Oh, not that ever! No,
That would be too grotesque—tears trickling down
All the long way along this nose of mine?
I will not so profane the dignity
Of sorrow. Never any tears for me!
Why, there is nothing more sublime than tears,
Nothing!—Shall I make them ridiculous
In my poor person?
LE B. Love's no more than chance!
CYR. (*Shakes his head*)
No. I love Cleopatra; do I appear
Caesar? I adore Beatrice; have I
The look of Dante?
LE B. But your wit—your courage—
Why, that poor child who offered you just now
Your dinner!—She—you saw with your own eyes,
Her eyes did not avoid you.
CYR. (*Thoughtful*) That is true . . .
LE B. Well then! Roxane herself, watching your duel,
Paler than—

CYR. Pale?—
LE B. Her lips parted, her hand
Thus at her breast— I saw it! Speak to her
Speak, man!
CYR. Through my nose? She might laugh at me.
That is the one thing in this world I fear!
PORTER. (*Followed by the* DUENNA, *approaches* CYRANO *respectfully*) A lady asking for Monsieur.
CYR. Mon dieu . . .
Her Duenna!—
DUENNA (*A sweeping curtsey*) Monsieur . . .
A message for you:
From our good cousin we desire to know
When and where we may see him privately.
CYR. (*Amazed*) To see me?
DUEN. (*An elaborate reverence*)
To see you. We have certain things
To tell you.
CYR. Certain—
DUEN. Things.
CYR. (*Trembling*) Mon dieu! . . .
DUEN. We go
Tomorrow, at the first flush of the dawn,
To hear Mass at St. Roch. Then afterwards,
Where can we meet and talk a little?
CYR. (*Catching* LE BRET's *arm*) Where?
I— Ah, mon dieu! . . . mon dieu! . . .
DUEN. Well?
CYR. I am thinking . . .
DUEN. And you think?
CYR. I . . . The shop of Ragueneau . . .
Ragueneau—pastrycook . . .
DUEN. Who dwells?—
CYR. Mon dieu! . . .
Oh, yes . . . Ah, mon dieu! . . . Rue St.-Honoré.
DUEN. We are agreed. Remember—seven o'clock.
(*Reverence*) Until then—
CYR. I'll be there. (*The* DUENNA *goes out.* CYRANO *falls into the arms of* LE BRET.)
Me . . . to see me! . . .
LE B. You are not quite so gloomy.
CYR. After all,
She knows that I exist—no matter why!
LE B. So now, you are going to be happy.
CYR. Now! . . . (*Beside himself*)
I—I am going to be a storm—a flame—
I need to fight whole armies all alone;
I have ten hearts; I have a hundred arms; I feel
Too strong to war with mortals—
(*He shouts at the top of his voice*)
BRING ME GIANTS!
(*A moment since, the shadows of the comedians have been visible moving and posturing upon the stage. The violins have taken their places.*)
VOICE. (*From the stage*)
Hey—pst—less noise! We are rehearsing here!
CYR. (*Laughs*) We are going.
(*He turns up stage. Through the street door enter* CUIGY, BRISSAILLE, *and a number of officers, supporting* LIGNIÈRE, *who is now thoroughly drunk.*)
CUIGY. Cyrano!
CYR. What is it?
CUIGY. Here—
Here's your stray lamb!
CYR. (*Recognizes* LIGNIÈRE)
Lignière—What's wrong with him?
CUIGY. He wants you.
BRIS. He's afraid to go home.
CYR. Why?
LIG. (*Showing a crumpled scrap of paper and speaking with the elaborate logic of profound intoxication*)
This letter—hundred against one—that's me—
I'm the one—all because of little song—
Good song— Hundred men, waiting, understand?
Porte de Nesle—way home— Might be dangerous—
Would you permit me spend the night with you?
CYR. A hundred—is that all? You are going home!
LIG. (*Astonished*) Why—
CYR. (*In a voice of thunder, indicating the lighted lantern which the* PORTER *holds up curiously as he regards the scene*)
Take that lantern!
(LIGNIÈRE *precipitately seizes the lantern*)
Forward march! I say
I'll be the man tonight that sees you home.
(*To the officers*)
You others follow—I want an audience!
CUIGY. A hundred against one—
CYR. Those are the odds
Tonight! (*The Comedians in their costumes are descending from the stage and joining the group*)
LE B. But why help this—
CYR. There goes Le Bret
Growling!
LE B. —This drunkard here?
CYR. (*His hand on* LE BRET's *shoulder*)
Because this drunkard—
This tun of sack, this butt of Burgundy—
Once in his life has done one lovely thing:
After the Mass, according to the form,
He saw, one day, the lady of his heart
Take holy water for a blessing. So

This one, who shudders at a drop of rain,
This fellow here—runs headlong to the font
Bends down and drinks it dry!
SOUBRETTE. I say that was
A pretty thought!
CYR. Ah, was it not?
SOUBRETTE. (*To the others*) But why
Against one poor poet, a hundred men?
CYR. March! (*To the officers*)
And you gentlemen, remember now,
No rescue— Let me fight alone.
COMEDIENNE (*Jumps down from the stage*)
Come on!
I'm going to watch—
CYR. Come along!
ANOTHER COMEDIENNE. (*Jumps down, speaks to a Comedian costumed as an old man*)
You, Cassandre?
CYR. Come all of you—the Doctor, Isabelle,
Léandre—the whole company—a swarm
Of murmuring, golden bees—we'll parody
Italian farce and Tragedy-of-Blood;
Ribbons for banners, masks for blazonry,
And tambourines to be our rolling drums!
ALL THE WOMEN. (*Jumping for joy*)
Bravo!—My hood— My cloak— Hurry!
JOD. (*Mock heroic*) Lead on!—
CYR. (*To the violins*)
You violins—play us an overture—
(*The violins join the procession which is forming. The lighted candles are snatched from the stage and distributed; it becomes a torchlight procession.*)
Bravo!—Officers— Ladies in costume—
And twenty paces in advance. . . .
(*He takes his station as he speaks*)
Myself,
Alone, with glory fluttering over me,
Alone as Lucifer at war with heaven!
Remember—no one lifts a hand to help—
Ready there? One . . . two . . . three! Porter, the doors! . . .
(*The* PORTER *flings wide the great doors. We see in the dim moonlight a corner of old Paris, purple and picturesque.*)
Look—Paris dreams—nocturnal, nebulous,
Under blue moonbeams hung from wall to wall—
Nature's own setting for the scene we play!—
Yonder, behind her veil of mist, the Seine,
Like a mysterious and magic mirror
Trembles—
And you shall see what you shall see!
ALL. To the Porte de Nesle!
CYR. (*Erect upon the threshold*)
To the Porte de Nesle!
(*He turns back for a moment to the* SOUBRETTE)
Did you not ask, my dear, why against one
Singer they send a hundred swords?
(*Quietly, drawing his own sword*)
Because
They know this one man for a friend of mine!
(*He goes out. The procession follows:* LIGNIÈRE *zigzagging at its head, then, the* COMEDIENNES *on the arms of the* OFFICERS, *then the* COMEDIANS, *leaping and dancing as they go. It vanishes into the night to the music of the violins, illuminated by the flickering glimmer of the candles.*)

[CURTAIN]

## THE SECOND ACT

### *The Bakery of the Poets*

THE SHOP OF RAGUENEAU, *Baker and Pastrycook: a spacious affair at the corner of the Rue St.-Honoré and the Rue de l'Arbre Sec. The street, seen vaguely through the glass panes in the door at the back, is grey in the first light of dawn.*

*In the foreground, at the Left, a Counter is surmounted by a Canopy of wrought iron from which are hanging ducks, geese, and white peacocks. Great crockery jars hold bouquets of common flowers, yellow sunflowers in particular. On the same side farther back, a huge fireplace; in front of it, between great andirons, of which each one supports a little saucepan, roast fowls revolve and weep into their dripping-pans. To the Right at the First Entrance, a door. Beyond it, Second Entrance, a staircase leads up to a little dining-room under the eaves, its interior visible through open shutters. A table is set there and a tiny Flemish candlestick is lighted; there one may retire to eat and drink in private. A wooden gallery, extending from the head of the stairway, seems to lead to other little dining-rooms.*

*In the centre of the shop, an iron ring hangs by a rope over a pulley so that it can be raised or lowered; adorned with game of various kinds hung from it by hooks, it has the appearance of a sort of gastronomic chandelier.*

*In the shadow under the staircase, ovens are glowing. The spits revolve; the copper pots and pans gleam ruddily. Pastries in pyramids. Hams hanging from the rafters. The morning baking is*

*in progress: a bustle of tall cooks and timid scullions and scurrying apprentices; a blossoming of white caps adorned with cock's feathers or the wings of guinea fowl. On wicker trays or on great metal platters they bring in rows of pastries and fancy dishes of various kinds.*

*Tables are covered with trays of cakes and rolls; others with chairs placed about them are set for guests.*

*One little table in a corner disappears under a heap of papers. At the* CURTAIN RISE RAGUENEAU *is seated there. He is writing poetry.*

PASTRYCOOK. (*Brings in a dish*)
Fruits *en gelée!*

2ND PASTRYCOOK. (*Brings dish*) Custard!

3RD PASTRYCOOK. (*Brings roast peacock ornamented with feathers*) Peacock *roti!*

4TH PASTRYCOOK. (*Brings tray of cakes*)
Cakes and confections!

5TH PASTRYCOOK. (*Brings earthen dish*)
Beef *en casserole!*

RAG. (*Raises his head; returns to mere earth*)
Over the coppers of my kitchen flows
The frost-silver dawn. Silence awhile
The god who sings within thee, Ragueneau!
Lay down the lute—the oven calls for thee!
(*Rises; goes to one of the cooks*)
Here's a hiatus in your sauce; fill up
The measure.

COOK. How much?

RAG. (*Measures on his finger*) One more dactyl.

COOK. Huh? . . .

1ST PASTRYCOOK. Rolls!

2ND PASTRYCOOK. Roulades!

RAG. (*Before the fireplace*)
Veil, O Muse, thy virgin eyes
From the lewd gleam of these terrestrial fires!
(*To* 1ST PASTRYCOOK)
Your rolls lack balance. Here's the proper form—
An equal hemistich on either side,
And the caesura in between.
(*To another, pointing out an unfinished pie*)
Your house
Of crust should have a roof upon it.
(*To another, who is seated on the hearth, placing poultry on a spit*)
And you—
Along the interminable spit, arrange
The modest pullet and the lordly Turk
Alternately, my son—as great Malherbe
Alternates male and female rimes. Remember,
A couplet, or a roast, should be well turned.

APPRENTICE. (*Advances with a dish covered by a napkin*) Master, I thought of you when I designed
This, hoping it might please you.

RAG. Ah! A Lyre—

APPRENTICE. In puff-paste—

RAG. And the jewels—candied fruit!

APPRENTICE. And the strings, barley-sugar!

RAG. (*Gives him money*) Go and drink
My health. (LISE *enters*)
St!—My wife— Circulate, and hide
That money!
(*Shows the Lyre to* LISE, *with a languid air*)
Graceful—yes?

LISE. Ridiculous!

(*She places on the counter a pile of paper bags*)

RAG. Paper bags? Thank you . . .
(*He looks at them*)
Ciel! My manuscripts!
The sacred verses of my poets—rent
Asunder, limb from limb—butchered to make
Base packages of pastry! Ah, you are one
Of those insane Bacchantes who destroyed
Orpheus!

LISE. Your dirty poets left them here
To pay for eating half our stock-in-trade:
We ought to make some profit out of them!

RAG. Ant! Would you blame the locust for his song?

LISE. I blame the locust for his appetite!
There used to be a time—before you had
Your hungry friends—you never called me Ants—
No, nor Bacchantes!

RAG. What a way to use
Poetry!

LISE. Well, what is the use of it?

RAG. But, my dear girl, what would you do with prose? (*Two* CHILDREN *enter*)
Well, dears?

CHILD. Three little patties.

RAG. (*Serves them*) There we are!
All hot and brown.

CHILD. Would you mind wrapping them?

RAG. One of my paper bags! . . .
Oh, certainly.
(*Reads from the bag, as he is about to wrap the patties in it*)
"Ulysses, when he left Penelope"—
Not that one! (*Takes another bag; reads*)
"Phoebus, golden-crowned"—
Not that one.

LISE. Well? They are waiting!

RAG. Very well, very well!—
The Sonnet to Phyllis . . .
Yet—it does seem hard . . .
LISE. Made up your mind—at last! Mph! Jack o'-Dreams!
RAG. (*As her back is turned, calls back the* CHILDREN, *who are already at the door*)
Pst!—Children— Give me back the bag. Instead
Of three patties, you shall have six of them!
(*Makes the exchange. The* CHILDREN *go out. He reads from the bag, as he smoothes it out tenderly.*)
"Phyllis"—
A spot of butter on her name!—
"Phyllis"—
CYR. (*Enters hurriedly*) What is the time?
RAG. Six o'clock.
CYR. One
Hour more . . .
RAG. Felicitations!
CYR. And for what?
RAG. Your victory! I saw it all—
CYR. Which one?
RAG. At the Hôtel de Bourgogne.
CYR. Oh—the duel!
RAG. The duel in Rime!
LISE. He talks of nothing else.
CYR. Nonsense!
RAG. (*Fencing and foining with a spit, which he snatches up from the hearth*)
"Then, as I end the refrain, thrust home!"
"Then, as I end the refrain"—
Gods! What a line!
"Then, as I end"—
CYR. What time now, Ragueneau?
RAG. (*Petrified at the full extent of a lunge, while he looks at the clock*)
Five after six— (*Recovers*)
"—thrust home!"
A Ballade, too!
LISE. (*To* CYRANO, *who in passing has mechanically shaken hands with her*)
Your hand—what have you done?
CYR. Oh, my hand?—Nothing.
RAG. What danger now—
CYR. No danger.
LISE I believe
He is lying.
CYR. Why? Was I looking down my nose!
That must have been a devil of a lie!
(*Changing his tone; to* RAGUENEAU)
I expect someone. Leave us here alone,
When the time comes.
RAG. How can I? In a moment,
My poets will be here.
LISE. To break their . . . fast!
CYR. Take them away, then, when I give the sign.
—What time?
RAG. Ten minutes after.
CYR. Have you a pen?
RAG. (*Offers him a pen*)
An eagle's feather!
MUSKETEER. (*Enters, and speaks to* LISE *in a stentorian voice*) . Greeting!
CYR. (*To* RAGUENEAU) Who is this?
RAG. My wife's friend. A terrific warrior,
So he says.
CYR. Ah— I see. (*Takes up the pen; waves* RAGUENEAU *away*)
Only to write—
To fold— To give it to her—and to go . . .
(*Throws down the pen*)
Coward! And yet—the Devil take my soul
If I dare speak one word to her . . .
(*To* RAGUENEAU) What time now?
RAG. A quarter after six.
CYR. (*Striking his breast*)—One little word
Of all the many thousand I have here!
Whereas in writing . . . (*Takes up the pen*)
Come, I'll write to her
That letter I have written on my heart,
Torn up, and written over many times—
So many times . . . that all I have to do
Is to remember, and to write it down.
(*He writes. Through the glass of the door appear vague and hesitating shadows. The* POETS *enter clothed in rusty black and spotted with mud.*)
LISE. (*To* RAGUENEAU)
Here come your scarecrows!
1ST POET. Comrade!
2ND POET. (*Takes both* RAGUENEAU'S *hands*)
My dear brother!
3RD POET. (*Sniffing*)
O Lord of Roasts, how sweet thy dwellings are!
4TH POET. Phoebus Apollo of the Silver Spoon!
5TH POET. Cupid of Cookery!
RAG. (*Surrounded, embraced, beaten on the back*)
These geniuses,
They put one at one's ease!
1ST POET. We were delayed
By the crowd at the Porte de Nesle.
2ND POET. Dead men
All scarred and gory, scattered on the stones,
Villainous-looking scoundrels—eight of them.

CYR. (*Looks up an instant*)
Eight? I thought only seven—
RAG. Do you know
The hero of this hecatomb?
CYR. I? . . . No.
LISE. (*To the* MUSKETEER) Do you?
MUSK. Hmm—perhaps!
1ST POET. They say one man alone
Put to flight all this crowd.
2ND POET Everywhere lay
Swords, daggers, pikes, bludgeons—
CYR. (*Writing*) "Your eyes . . ."
3RD POET. As far
As the Quai des Orfevres, hats and cloaks—
1ST POET. Why, that man must have been the devil!
CYR. "Your lips . . ."
1ST POET. Some savage monster might have done this thing!
CYR. "Looking upon you, I grow faint with fear . . ."
2ND POET. What have you written lately, Ragueneau?
CYR. "Your Friend—Who loves you . . ."
So. No signature;
I'll give it to her myself.
RAG. A Recipe
In Rime.
3RD POET. Read us your rimes!
4TH POET. Here's a brioche
Cocking its hat at me. (*He bites off the top of it*)
1ST POET. Look how those buns
Follow the hungry poet with their eyes—
Those almond eyes!
2ND POET. We are listening—
3RD POET. See this cream-puff—
Fat little baby, drooling while it smiles!
2ND POET. (*Nibbling at the pastry Lyre*)
For the first time, the Lyre is my support.
RAG. (*Coughs, adjusts his cap, strikes an attitude*)
A Recipe in Rime—
2ND POET. (*Gives* FIRST POET *a dig with his elbow*)
Your breakfast?
1ST POET. Dinner!
RAG. (*Declaims*)

A Recipe for Making Almond Tarts.

Beat your eggs, the yolk and white,
Very light;
Mingle with their creamy fluff
Drops of lime-juice, cool and green;
Then pour in
Milk of Almonds, just enough.

Dainty patty-pans, embraced
In puff-paste—
Have these ready within reach;
With your thumb and finger, pinch
Half an inch
Up around the edge of each—

Into these, a score or more,
Slowly pour
All your store of custard; so
Take them, bake them golden-brown—
Now sit down! . . .
Almond tartlets, Ragueneau!

POET. Delicious! Melting!
POET (*Chokes*) Humph!
CYR. (*To* RAGUENEAU) Do you not see
Those fellows fattening themselves?—
RAG. I know.
I would not look—it might embarrass them—
You see, I love a friendly audience.
Besides—another vanity—I am pleased
When they enjoy my cooking.
CYR. (*Slaps him on the back*) Be off with you!—
(RAGUENEAU *goes up stage*)
Good little soul! (*Calls to* LISE)
Madame!—
(*She leaves the* MUSKETEER *and comes down to him*)
This musketeer—
He is making love to you?
LISE. (*Haughtily*) If any man
Offends my virtue—all I have to do
Is look at him—once!
CYR. (*Looks at her gravely; she drops her eyes*)
I do not find
Those eyes of yours unconquerable.
LISE. (*Panting*) —Ah!
CYR. (*Raising his voice a little*)
Now listen— I am fond of Ragueneau;
I allow no one—do you understand?—
To . . . take his name in vain!
LISE. You think—
CYR. (*Ironic emphasis*) I think
I interrupt you.
(*He salutes the* MUSKETEER, *who has heard without daring to resent the warning.* LISE *goes to the* MUSKETEER *as he returns* CYRANO'S *salute*)
LISE. You—you swallow that?—
You ought to have pulled his nose!

MUSK. His nose? His nose! . . .
(*He goes out hurriedly.* ROXANE *and the* DUENNA *appear outside the door.*)
CYR. (*Nods to* RAGUENEAU) Pst!—
RAG. (*To the* POETS) Come inside—
CYR. (*Impatient*) Pst! . . . Pst! . . .
RAG. We shall be more
Comfortable . . .
(*He leads the* POETS *into inner room*)
1ST POET. The cakes!
2ND POET. Bring them along! (*They go out*)
CYR. If I can see the faintest spark of hope,
Then— (*Throws door open—bows*)
Welcome! (ROXANE *enters, followed by the* DUENNA, *whom* CYRANO *detains*)
Pardon me—one word—
DUEN. Take two.
CYR. Have you a good digestion?
DUEN. Wonderful!
CYR. Good. Here are two sonnets, by Benserade—
DUEN. Euh?
CYR. Which I fill for you with éclairs.
DUEN. Ooo!
CYR. Do you like cream-puffs?
DUEN. Only with whipped cream.
CYR. Here are three . . . six—embosomed in a poem
By Saint-Amant. This ode of Chapelin
Looks deep enough to hold—a jelly roll.
—Do you love Nature?
DUEN. Mad about it.
CYR. Then
Go out and eat these in the street. Do not
Return—
DUEN. Oh, but—
CYR. Until you finish them.
(*Down to* ROXANE)
Blessed above all others be the hour
When you remembered to remember me,
And came to tell me . . . what?
ROX. (*Takes off her mask*) First let me thank you
Because . . . That man . . . that creature, whom your sword
Made sport of yesterday— His patron, one—
CYR. De Guiche?—
ROX. —who thinks himself in love with me
Would have forced that man upon me for—a husband—
CYR. I understand—so much the better then!
I fought, not for my nose, but your bright eyes.
ROX. And then, to tell you—but before I can
Tell you— Are you, I wonder, still the same
Big brother—almost—that you used to be
When we were children, playing by the pond
In the old garden down there—
CYR. I remember—
Every summer you came to Bergerac! . . .
ROX. You used to make swords out of bulrushes—
CYR. You dandelion-dolls with golden hair—
ROX. And those green plums—
CYR. And those black mulberries—
ROX. In those days, you did everything I wished!
CYR. Roxane, in short skirts, was called Madeleine.
ROX. Was I pretty?
CYR. Oh—not too plain!
ROX. Sometimes
When you had hurt your hand you used to come
Running to me—and I would be your mother,
And say— Oh, in a very grown-up voice:
(*She takes his hand*)
"*Now,* what have you been doing to yourself?
Let me see—" (*She sees the hand—starts*)
Oh!—
Wait—I said *Let me see!*
Still—at your age! How did you do that?
CYR. Playing
With the big boys, down by the Porte de Nesle.
ROX. (*Sits at a table and wets her handkerchief in a glass of water*) Come here to me.
CYR. —Such a wise little mother!
ROX. And tell me, while I wash this blood away,
How many you—played with?
CYR. Oh, about a hundred.
ROX. Tell me.
CYR. No. Let me go. Tell me what *you*
Were going to tell *me*—if you dared?
ROX. (*Still holding his hand*) I think
I do dare—now. It seems like long ago
When I could tell you things. Yes—I dare . . .
Listen:
I . . . love someone.
CYR. Ah! . . .
ROX. Someone who does not know.
CYR. Ah! . . .
ROX. At least—not yet.
CYR. Ah! . . .
ROX. But he will know
Some day.
CYR. Ah! . . .
ROX. A big boy who loves me too,
And is afraid of me, and keeps away,
And never says one word.

CYR. Ah! . . .
ROX. Let me have
Your hand a moment—why, how hot it is!—
I know. I see him trying . . .
CYR. Ah! . . .
ROX. There now!
Is that better?— (*She finishes bandaging the hand with her handkerchief*)
Besides—only to think—
(This is a secret.) He is a soldier too,
In your own regiment—
CYR. Ah! . . .
ROX. Yes, in the Guards.
Your company too.
CYR. Ah! . . .
ROX. And such a man!—
He is proud—noble—young—brave—beautiful—
CYR. (*Turns pale; rises*) Beautiful!—
ROX. What's the matter?
CYR. (*Smiling*) Nothing—this—
My sore hand!
ROX. Well, I love him. That is all.
Oh—and I never saw him anywhere
Except the *Comédie*.
CYR. You have never spoken?—
ROX. Only our eyes . . .
CYR. Why, then— How do you know?—
ROX. People talk about people; and I hear
Things . . . and I know.
CYR. You say he is in the Guards:
His name?
ROX. Baron Christian de Neuvillette.
CYR. He is not in the Guards.
ROX. Yes. Since this morning.
Captain Carbon de Castel-Jaloux.
CYR. So soon! . . .
So soon we lose our hearts!—
But, my dear child.—
DUEN. (*Opens the door*)
I have eaten the cakes, Monsieur de Bergerac!
CYR. Good! Now go out and read the poetry!
(*The* DUENNA *disappears*)
—But, my dear child! You, who love only words,
Wit, the grand manner— Why, for all you know,
The man may be a savage, or a fool.
ROX. His curls are like a hero from D'Urfé.
CYR. His mind may be as curly as his hair.
ROX. Not with such eyes. I read his soul in them.
CYR. Yes, all our souls are written in our eyes!
But—if he be a bungler?
ROX. Then I shall die—
There!

CYR. (*After a pause*)
And you brought me here to tell me this?
I do not yet quite understand, Madame,
The reason for your confidence.
ROX. They say
That in your company— It frightens me—
You are all Gascons . . .
CYR. And we pick a quarrel
With any flat-foot who intrudes himself,
Whose blood is not pure Gascon like our own?
Is this what you have heard?
ROX. I am so afraid
For him!
CYR. (*Between his teeth*) Not without reason!—
ROX. And I thought
You . . . You were so brave, so invincible
Yesterday, against all those brutes!—If you,
Whom they all fear—
CYR. Oh, well—I will defend
Your little Baron.
ROX. Will you? Just for me?
Because I have always been—your friend!
CYR. Of course . . .
ROX. Will you be *his* friend?
CYR. I will be his friend.
ROX. And never let him fight a duel?
CYR. No—never.
ROX. Oh, but you are a darling!—I must go—
You never told me about last night— Why,
You must have been a hero! Have him write
And tell me all about it—will you?
CYR. Of course . . .
ROX. (*Kisses her hand*)
I always did love you!—A hundred men
Against one— Well. . . . Adieu. We are great friends,
Are we not?
CYR. Of course . . .
ROX. He *must* write to me—
A hundred— You shall tell me the whole story
Some day, when I have time. A hundred men—
What courage!
CYR. (*Salutes as she goes out*)
Oh . . . I have done better since!
(*The door closes after her.* CYRANO *remains motionless, his eyes on the ground. Pause. The other door opens;* RAGUENEAU *puts in his head.*)
RAG. May I come in?
CYR. (*Without moving*) Yes . . .
(RAGUENEAU *and his friends re-enter. At the same time,* CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX *appears at the*

*street door in uniform as Captain of the Guards; recognizes* CYRANO *with a sweeping gesture.)*

CARB. Here he is!—Our hero!

CYR. (*Raises his head and salutes*)
Our Captain!

CARB. We know! All our company
Are here—

CYR. (*Recoils*) No—

CARB. Come! They are waiting for you.

CYR. No!

CARB. (*Tries to lead him out*)
Only across the street— Come!

CYR. Please—

CARB. (*Goes to the door and shouts in a voice of thunder*) Our champion
Refuses! He is not feeling well today!

VOICE OUTSIDE. Ah! Sandious! (*Noise outside of swords and trampling feet approaching*)

CARB. Here they come now!

CADETS. (*Entering the shop*) Mille dious!—
Mordious!—Capdedious!—Pocapdedious!

RAG. (*In astonishment*) Gentlemen—
You are all Gascons?

CADETS. All!

1ST CADET. (*To* CYRANO) Bravo!

CYR. Baron!

ANOTHER CADET. (*Takes both his hands*)
Vivat!

CYR. Baron!

3RD CADET. Come to my arms!

CYR. Baron!

OTHERS. To mine!— To mine!—

CYR. Baron . . . Baron . . . Have mercy—

RAG. You are all Barons too?

CADETS. *Are* we?

RAG. Are they? . . .

1ST CADET. Our coronets would star the midnight sky!

LE B. (*Enters; hurries to* CYRANO)
The whole Town's looking for you! Raving mad—
A triumph! Those who saw the fight—

CYR. I hope
You have not told them where I—

LE B. (*Rubbing his hand*) Certainly
I told them!

CITIZEN. (*Enters, followed by a group*)
Listen! Shut the door!—Here comes
All Paris!
(*The street outside fills with a shouting crowd. Chairs and carriages stop at the door.*)

LE B. (*Aside to* CYRANO, *smiling*)
And Roxane?

CYR. (*Quickly*) Hush!

CROWD OUTSIDE. Cyrano!
(*A mob bursts into the shop. Shouts, acclamations, general disturbance.*)

RAG. (*Standing on a table*)
My shop invaded— They'll break everything—
Glorious!

SEVERAL MEN. (*Crowding about* CYRANO)
My friend! . . . My friend! . . .

CYR. Why, yesterday
I did not have so many friends!

LE B. Success
At last!

MARQUIS (*Runs to* CYRANO, *with outstretched hands*) My dear—really!—

CYR. (*Coldly*) So? And how long
Have I been dear to you?

ANOTHER MARQUIS. One moment—pray!
I have two ladies in my carriage here;
Let me present you—

CYR. Certainly! And first,
Who will present you, sir,—to me?

LE B. (*Astounded*) Why, what
The devil?—

CYR. Hush!

MAN OF LETTERS (*With a portfolio*)
May I have the details? . . .

CYR. You may not.

LE B. (*Plucking* CYRANO'S *sleeve*)
Theophraste Renaudot!—Editor
Of the *Gazette*—your reputation! . . .

CYR. No!

POET. (*Advances*) Monsieur—

CYR. Well?

POET. Your full name? I will compose
A pentacrostic—

ANOTHER. Monsieur—

CYR. That will do!
(*Movement. The crowd arranges itself.* DE GUICHE *appears, escorted by* CUIGY, BRISSAILLE, *and the other officers who were with* CYRANO *at the close of the First Act.*)

CUIGY. (*Goes to* CYRANO) Monsieur de Guiche!—
(*Murmur. Everyone moves.*)
A message from the Marshal
De Gassion—

DE G. (*Saluting* CYRANO) Who wishes to express
Through me his admiration. He has heard
Of your affair—

CROWD. Bravo!

CYR. (*Bowing*) The Marshal speaks
As an authority.

DE G. He said just now
The story would have been incredible
Were it not for the witness—
CUIGY. Of our eyes!
LE B. (*Aside to* CYRANO) What is it?
CYR. Hush!—
LE B. Something is wrong with you;
Are you in pain?
CYR. (*Recovering himself*)
In pain? Before this crowd?
(*His moustache bristles. He throws out his chest.*)
I? In pain? You shall see!
DE G. (*To whom* CUIGY *has been whispering*)
Your name is known
Already as a soldier. You are one
Of those wild Gascons, are you not?
CYR. The Guards,
Yes. A Cadet.
CADET. (*In a voice of thunder*) One of ourselves!
DE G. Ah! So
Then all these gentlemen with the haughty air,
These are the famous—
CARB. Cyrano!
CYR. Captain?
CARB. Our troop being all present, be so kind
As to present them to the Comte de Guiche!
CYR. (*With a gesture presenting the Cadets to* DE GUICHE, *declaims*)

The Cadets of Gascoyne—the defenders
Of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux:
Free fighters, free lovers, free spenders—
The Cadets of Gascoyne—the defenders
Of old homes, old names, and old splendors—
A proud and a pestilent crew!
The Cadets of Gascoyne, the defenders
Of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux.

Hawk-eyed, they stare down all contenders—
The wolf bares his fangs as they do—
Make way there, you fat money-lenders!
(Hawk-eyed, they stare down all contenders)
Old boots that have been to the menders,
Old cloaks that are worn through and through—
Hawk-eyed, they stare down all contenders—
The wolf bares his fangs as they do!

Skull-breakers they are, and sword-benders;
Red blood is their favorite brew;
Hot haters and loyal befrienders,
Skull-breakers they are, and sword-benders
Wherever a quarrel engenders,
They're ready and waiting for you!
Skull-breakers they are, and sword-benders;
Red blood in their favorite brew!

Behold them, our Gascon defenders
Who win every woman they woo!
There's never a dame but surrenders—
Behold them, our Gascon defenders!
Young wives who are clever pretenders—
Old husbands who house the cuckoo—
Behold them—our Gascon defenders
Who win every woman they woo!

DE G. (*Languidly, sitting in a chair*)
Poets are fashionable nowadays
To have about one. Would you care to join
My following?
CYR. No, sir. I do not follow.
DE G. Your duel yesterday amused my uncle
The Cardinal. I might help you there.
LE B. Grand Dieu!
DE G. I suppose you have written a tragedy—
They all have.
LE B. (*Aside to* CYRANO)
Now at last you'll have it played—
Your *Agrippine!*
DE G. Why not? Take it to him.
CYR. (*Tempted*) Really—
DE G. He is himself a dramatist;
Let him rewrite a few lines here and there,
And he'll approve the rest.
CYR. (*His face falls again*) Impossible.
My blood curdles to think of altering
One comma.
DE G. Ah, but when he likes a thing
He pays well.
CYR. Yes—but not so well as I—
When I have made a line that sings itself
So that I love the sound of it—I pay
Myself a hundred times.
DE G. You are proud, my friend.
CYR. You have observed that?
CADET. (*Enters with a drawn sword, along the whole blade of which is transfixed a collection of disreputable hats, their plumes draggled, their crowns cut and torn*) Cyrano! See here—
Look what we found this morning in the street—
The plumes dropped in their flight by those fine birds
Who showed the white feather!

CARB. Spoils of the hunt—
Well mounted!
CROWD. Ha-ha-ha!
CUIGY. Whoever hired
Those rascals, he must be an angry man
Today!
BRIS. Who was it? Do you know?
DE G. Myself!— (*The laughter ceases*)
I hired them to do the sort of work
We do not soil our hands with—punishing
A drunken poet. . . . (*Uncomfortable silence*)
CADET. (*To* CYRANO) What shall we do with them?
They ought to be preserved before they spoil—
CYR. (*Takes the sword, and in the gesture of saluting* DE GUICHE *with it, makes all the hats slide off at his feet*)
Sir, will you not return these to your friends?
DE G. My chair—my porters here—immediately!
(*To* CYRANO *violently*)—As for you, sir!—
VOICE. (*In the street*) The chair of Monseigneur
Le Comte de Guiche!—
DE G. (*Who has recovered his self-control; smiling*)
Have you read *Don Quixote?*
CYR. I have—and found myself the hero.
PORTER. (*Appears at the door*) Chair
Ready!
DE G. Be so good as to read once more
The chapter of the windmills.
CYR. (*Gravely*) Chapter Thirteen.
DE G. Windmills, remember, if you fight with them—
CYR. My enemies change, then, with every wind?
DE G.—May swing round their huge arms and cast you down
Into the mire.
CYR. Or up—among the stars!
(DE GUICHE *goes out. We see him get into the chair. The Officers follow murmuring among themselves.* LE BRET *goes up with them. The crowd goes out.*)
CYR. (*Saluting with burlesque politeness, those who go out without daring to take leave of him*)
Gentlemen. . . . Gentlemen. . . .
LE B. (*As the door closes, comes down, shaking his clenched hands to heaven*)
You have done it now—
You have made your fortune!
CYR. There you go again,
Growling!—
LE B. At least this latest pose of yours—
Ruining every chance that comes your way—
Becomes exaggerated—
CYR. Very well,
Then I exaggerate!
LE B. (*Triumphantly*) Oh, you do!
CYR. Yes;
On principle. There are things in this world
A man does well to carry to extremes.
LE B. Stop trying to be Three Musketeers in one!
Fortune and glory—
CYR. What would you have me do?
Seek for the patronage of some great man,
And like a creeping vine on a tall tree
Crawl upward, where I cannot stand alone?
No, thank you! Dedicate, as others do,
Poems to pawnbrokers? Be a buffoon
In the vile hope of teasing out a smile
On some cold face? No, thank you! Eat a toad
For breakfast every morning? Make my knees
Callous, and cultivate a supple spine,—
Wear out my belly grovelling in the dust?
No, thank you! Scratch the back of any swine
That roots up gold for me? Tickle the horns
Of Mammon with my left hand, while my right
Too proud to know his partner's business,
Takes in the fee? No, thank you! Use the fire
God gave me to burn incense all day long
Under the nose of wood and stone? No, thank you!
Shall I go leaping into ladies' laps
And licking fingers?—or—to change the form—
Navigating with madrigals for oars,
My sails full of the sighs of dowagers?
No, thank you! Publish verses at my own
Expense? No, thank you! Be the patron saint
Of a small group of literary souls
Who dine together every Tuesday? No,
I thank you! Shall I labor night and day
To build a reputation on one song,
And never write another? Shall I find
True genius only among Geniuses,
Palpitate over little paragraphs,
And struggle to insinuate my name
Into the columns of the *Mercury?*
No, thank you! Calculate, scheme, be afraid,
Love more to make a visit than a poem,
Seek introductions, favors, influences?—
No, thank you! No, I thank you! And again
I thank you!—But . . .
To sing, to laugh, to dream,
To walk in my own way and be alone,
Free, with an eye to see things as they are,
A voice that means manhood—to cock my hat
Where I choose—At a word, a *Yes,* a *No,*

To fight—or write. To travel any road
Under the sun, under the stars, nor doubt
If fame or fortune lie beyond the bourne—
Never to make a line I have not heard
In my own heart; yet, with all modesty
To say: "My soul, be satisfied with flowers,
With fruit, with weeds even; but gather them
In the one garden you may call your own."
So, when I win some triumph, by some chance,
Render no share to Caesar—in a word,
I am too proud to be a parasite,
And if my nature wants the germ that grows
Towering to heaven like the mountain pine,
Or like the oak, sheltering multitudes—
I stand, not high it may be—but alone!

LE B. Alone, yes!—but why stand against the world?
What devil has possessed you now, to go
Everywhere making yourself enemies?

CYR. Watching you other people making friends
Everywhere—as a dog makes friends! I mark
The manner of these canine courtesies
And think: "My friends are of a cleaner breed;
Here comes—thank God!—another enemy!"

LE B. But this is madness!

CYR. Method, let us say.
It is my pleasure to displease. I love
Hatred. Imagine how it feels to face
The volley of a thousand angry eyes—
The bile of envy and the froth of fear
Spattering little drops about me— You—
Good nature all around you, soft and warm—
You are like those Italians, in great cowls
Comfortable and loose— Your chin sinks down
Into the folds, your shoulders droop. But I—
The Spanish ruff I wear around my throat
Is like a ring of enemies; hard, proud,
Each point another pride, another thorn—
So that I hold myself erect perforce,
Wearing the hatred of the common herd
Haughtily, the harsh collar of Old Spain,
At once a fetter and—a halo!

LE B. Yes . . .
(*After a silence, draws* CYRANO'S *arm through his own*)
Tell this to all the world— And then to me
Say very softly that . . . She loves you not.

CYR. (*Quickly*) Hush!

(*A moment since,* CHRISTIAN *has entered and mingled with the* CADETS, *who do not offer to speak to him. Finally, he sits down alone at a small table, where he is served by* LISE.)

CADET. (*Rises from a table up stage, his glass in his hand*) Cyrano!—Your story!

CYR. Presently . . .
(*He goes up, on the arm of* LE BRET, *talking to him. The* CADETS *come down stage.*)

CADET. The story of the combat! An example
For—
(*He stops by the table where* CHRISTIAN *is sitting*)
—this young tadpole here.

CHRIS. (*Looks up*) Tadpole?

ANOTHER CADET. Yes, you!—
You narrow-gutted Northerner!

CHRIS. Sir?

1ST CADET. Hark ye,
Monsieur de Neuvillette: You are to know
There is a certain subject—I would say,
A certain object—never to be named
Among us: utterly unmentionable!

CHRIS. And that is?

3RD CADET. (*In an awful voice*)
Look at me! . . .
(*He strikes his nose three times with his finger, mysteriously*)
You understand?

CHRIS. Why, yes; the—

4TH CADET. Sh! . . . We never speak that word—
(*Indicating* CYRANO *by a gesture*)
To breathe it is to have to do with HIM!

5TH CADET. (*Speaks through his nose*)
He has exterminated several
Whose tone of voice suggested . . .

6TH CADET. (*In a hollow tone; rising from under the table on all fours*) Would you die
Before your time? Just mention anything
Convex . . . or cartilaginous . . .

7TH CADET. (*His hand on* CHRISTIAN'S *shoulder*)
One word—
One syllable—one gesture—nay, one sneeze—
Your handkerchief becomes your winding-sheet!
(*Silence. In a circle around* CHRISTIAN, *arms crossed, they regard him expectantly.*)

CHRIS. (*Rises and goes to* CARBON, *who is conversing with an officer, and pretending not to see what is taking place*) Captain!

CARB. (*Turns, and looks him over*) Sir?

CHRIS. What is the proper thing to do
When Gascons grow too boastful?

CARB. Prove to them
That one may be a Norman, and have courage.
(*Turns his back*)

CHRIS. I thank you.

1ST CADET. (*To* CYRANO) Come—the story!

ALL. The story!
CYR. (*Comes down*) Oh,
My story? Well . . .
(*They all draw up their stools and group themselves around him, eagerly.* CHRISTIAN *places himself astride of a chair, his arms on the back of it.*)
I marched on, all alone
To meet those devils. Overhead, the moon
Hung like a gold watch at the fob of heaven,
Till suddenly some Angel rubbed a cloud,
As it might be his handkerchief, across
The shining crystal, and—the night came down.
No lamps in those back streets— It was so dark—
Mordious! You could not see beyond—
CHRIS. Your nose.
(*Silence. Every man slowly rises to his feet. They look at* CYRANO *almost with terror. He has stopped short, utterly astonished. Pause.*)
CYR. Who is that man there?
CADET (*In a low voice*) A recruit—arrived
This morning.
CYR. (*Takes a step toward* CHRISTIAN) A recruit—
CARB. (*In a low voice*) His name is Christian
De Neuvil—
CYR. (*Suddenly motionless*) Oh . . .
(*He turns pale, flushes, makes a movement as if to throw himself upon* CHRISTIAN)
I
(*Controls himself, and goes on in a choking voice*)
I see. Very well,
As I was saying— (*With a sudden burst of rage*)
Mordious! . . .
(*He goes on in a natural tone*)
It grew dark,
You could not see your hand before your eyes.
I marched on, thinking how, all for the sake
Of one old souse
(*They slowly sit down, watching him*)
who wrote a bawdy song
Whenever he took—
CHRIS. A noseful—
(*Everyone rises.* CHRISTIAN *balances himself on two legs of his chair.*)
CYR. (*Half strangled*) —Took a notion . . .
Whenever he took a notion— For his sake,
I might antagonize some dangerous man,
One powerful enough to make me pay—
CHRIS. Through the nose—
CYR. (*Wipes the sweat from his forehead*)
—Pay the Piper. After all,
I thought, why am I putting in my—
CHRIS. Nose—
CYR.—My oar . . . Why am I putting in my oar?
The quarrel's none of mine. However—now
I am here, I may as well go through with it.
Come, Gascon—do your duty!—Suddenly
A sword flashed in the dark. I caught it fair—
CHRIS. On the nose—
CYR. On my blade. Before I knew it,
There I was—
CHRIS. Rubbing noses—
CYR. (*Pale and smiling*) Crossing swords
With half a score at once. I handed one—
CHRIS. A nosegay—
CYR. (*Leaping at him*) Ventre-Saint-Gris! . . .
(*The Gascons tumble over each other to get a good view. Arrived in front of* CHRISTIAN, *who has not moved an inch,* CYRANO *masters himself again, and continues.*)
He went down;
The rest gave way; I charged—
CHRIS. Nose in the air—
CYR. I skewered two of them—disarmed a third—
Another lunged— Paf! And I countered—
CHRIS. Pif!
CYR. (*Bellowing*)
TONNERRE! Out of here—All of you!
(*All the* CADETS *rush for the door*)
1ST CADET. At last—
The old lion wakes!
CYR. All of you! Leave me here
Alone with that man!
(*The lines following are heard brokenly, in the confusion of getting through the door*)
2ND CADET. Bigre! He'll have the fellow
Chopped into sausage—
RAG. Sausage?—
3RD CADET. Mince-meat, then—
One of your pies!—
RAG. Am I pale? You look white
As a fresh napkin—
CARB. (*At the door*) Come!
4TH CADET. He'll never leave
Enough of him to—
5TH CADET. Why, it frightens ME
To think of what will—
6TH CADET. (*Closing the door*)
Something horrible
Beyond imagination . . .
(*They are all gone: some through the street door, some by the inner doors to right and left. A few disappear up the staircase.* CYRANO *and* CHRISTIAN *stand face to face a moment, and look at each other.*)

CYR. To my arms!
CHRIS. Sir? . . .
CYR. You have courage!
CHRIS. Oh, that! . . .
CYR. You are brave—
That pleases me.
CHRIS. You mean? . . .
CYR. Do you not know
I am her brother? Come!
CHRIS. Whose?—
CYR. Hers—Roxane!
CHRIS. Her . . . brother? You? (*Hurries to him*)
CYR. Her cousin. Much the same.
CHRIS. And she has told you? . . .
CYR. Everything.
CHRIS. She loves me?
CYR. Perhaps.
CHRIS. (*Takes both his hands*)
My dear sir—more than I can say,
I am honored—
CYR. This is rather sudden.
CHRIS. Please
Forgive me—
CYR. (*Holds him at arm's length, looking at him*)
Why, he is a handsome devil,
This fellow!
CHRIS. On my honor—if you knew
How much I have admired—
CYR. Yes, yes—and all
Those Noses which—
CHRIS. Please! I apologize.
CYR. (*Change of tone*) Roxane expects a letter—
CHRIS. Not from me?—
CYR. Yes. Why not?
CHRIS. Once I write, that ruins all!
CYR. And why?
CHRIS. Because . . . because I am a fool!
Stupid enough to hang myself!
CYR. But no—
You are no fool; you call yourself a fool,
There's proof enough in that. Besides, you did not
Attack me like a fool.
CHRIS. Bah! Anyone
Can pick a quarrel. Yes, I have a sort
Of rough and ready soldier's tongue. I know
That. But with any woman—paralyzed,
Speechless, dumb. I can only look at them.
Yet sometimes, when I go away, their eyes . . .
CYR. Why not their hearts, if you should wait
and see?
CHRIS. No. I am one of those— I know—those
men
Who never can make love.
CYR. Strange. . . . Now it seems
I, if I gave my mind to it, I might
Perhaps make love well.
CHRIS. Oh, if I had words
To say what I have here!
CYR. If I could be
A handsome little Musketeer with eyes!—
CHRIS. Besides—you know Roxane—how sensitive—
One rough word, and the sweet illusion—gone!
CYR. I wish you might be my interpreter.
CHRIS. I wish I had your wit—
CYR. Borrow it, then!—
Your beautiful young manhood—lend me that,
And we two make one hero of romance!
CHRIS. What?
CYR. Would you dare repeat to her the words
I gave you, day by day?
CHRIS. You mean?
CYR. I mean
Roxane shall have no disillusionment!
Come, shall we win her both together? Take
The soul within this leathern jack of mine,
And breathe it into you?
(*Touches him on the breast*)
So—there's my heart
Under your velvet, now!
CHRIS. But— Cyrano!—
CYR. But— Christian, why not?
CHRIS. I am afraid—
CYR. I know—
Afraid that when you have her all alone,
You lose all. Have no fear. It is yourself
She loves—give her yourself put into words—
My words, upon your lips!
CHRIS. But . . . but your eyes! . . .
They burn like—
CYR. Will you? . . . Will you?
CHRIS. Does it mean
So much to you?
CYR. (*Besides himself*) It means—
(*Recovers, changes tone*)
A Comedy,
A situation for a poet! Come,
Shall we collaborate? I'll be your cloak
Of darkness, your enchanted sword, your ring
To charm the fairy Princess!

CHRIS. But the letter—
I cannot write—
CYR. Oh, yes, the letter.
(*He takes from his pocket the letter which he has written*)
Here.
CHRIS. What is this?
CYR. All there; all but the address.
CHRIS. I—
CYR. Oh, you may send it. It will serve.
CHRIS. But why
Have you done this?
CYR. I have amused myself
As we all do, we poets—writing vows
To Chloris, Phyllis—any pretty name—
You might have had a pocketful of them!
Take it, and turn to facts my fantasies—
I loosed these loves like doves into the air;
Give them a habitation and a home.
Here, take it— You will find me all the more
Eloquent, being insincere! Come!
CHRIS. First,
There must be a few changes here and there—
Written at random, can it fit Roxane?
CYR. Like her own glove.
CHRIS. No, but—
CYR. My son, have faith—
Faith in the love of women for themselves—
Roxane will know this letter for her own!
CHRIS. (*Throws himself into the arms of* CYRANO. *They stand embraced.*) My friend!
(*The door up stage opens a little. A* CADET *steals in.*)
CADET. Nothing. A silence like the tomb . . .
I hardly dare look— (*He sees the two*)
Wha-at?
(*The other* CADETS *crowd in behind him and see*)
CADETS. No!—No!
2ND CADET. Mon dieu!
MUSK. (*Slaps his knee*) Well, well, well!
CARB. Here's our devil . . . Christianized!
Offend one nostril, and he turns the other.
MUSK. Now we are allowed to talk about his nose!
(*Calls*) Hey, Lise! Come here—
(*Affectedly*) Snf! What a horrid smell!
What is it? . . .
(*Plants himself in front of* CYRANO, *and looks at his nose in an impolite manner*)
You ought to know about such things;
What seems to have died around here?
CYR. (*Knocks him backward over a bench*)
Cabbage-heads!
(*Joy. The* CADETS *have found their old* CYRANO *again. General disturbance.*)

[CURTAIN]

## THE THIRD ACT

### *Roxane's Kiss*

*A little square in the old Marais: old houses, and a glimpse of narrow streets. On the Right,* THE HOUSE OF ROXANE *and her garden wall, overhung with tall shrubbery. Over the door of the house a balcony and a tall window; to one side of the door, a bench.*

*Ivy clings to the wall; jasmine embraces the balcony, trembles, and falls away.*

*By the bench and the jutting stonework of the wall one might easily climb up to the balcony.*

*Opposite, an ancient house of the like character, brick and stone, whose front door forms an Entrance. The knocker on this door is tied up in linen like an injured thumb.*

*At the* CURTAIN RISE *the* DUENNA *is seated on the bench beside the door. The window is wide open on* ROXANE'S *balcony; a light within suggests that it is early evening. By the* DUENNA *stands* RAGUENEAU *dressed in what might be the livery of one attached to the household. He is by way of telling her something, and wiping his eyes meanwhile.*

RAG.—And so she ran off with a Musketeer!
I was ruined— I was alone— Remained
Nothing for me to do but hang myself,
So I did that. Presently along comes
Monsieur de Bergerac, and cuts me down,
And makes me steward to his cousin.
DUEN. Ruined?—
I thought your pastry was a great success!
RAG. (*Shakes his head*)
Lise loved the soldiers, and I loved the poets—
Mars ate up all the cakes Apollo left;
It did not take long. . . .
DUEN. (*Calls up to window*)
Roxane! Are you ready?
We are late!
VOICE OF ROXANE. (*Within*) Putting on my cape—
DUEN. (*To* RAGUENEAU, *indicating the house opposite*) Clomire
Across the way receives on Thursday nights—

We are to have a psycho-colloquy
Upon the Tender Passion.
RAG. Ah—the Tender . . .
DUEN. (*Sighs*)—Passion! . . . (*Calls up to window*)
Roxane!—Hurry, dear—we shall miss
The Tender Passion!
ROX. Coming!— (*Music of stringed instruments off stage approaching*)
VOICE OF CYRANO. (*Singing*) La, la, la!—
DUEN. A serenade?—How pleasant—
CYR. No, no, no!—
F natural, you natural-born fool!
(*Enters, followed by two* PAGES, *carrying theorbos*)
1ST PAGE. (*Ironically*)
No doubt your honor knows F natural
When he hears—
CYR. I am a musician, infant!—
A pupil of Gassendi.
PAGE. (*Plays and sings*) La, la,—
CYR. Here—
Give me that— (*He snatches the instrument from the* PAGE *and continues the tune*)
La, la, la, la—
ROX. (*Appears on the Balcony*) Is that you, Cyrano?
CYR. (*Singing*) I, who praise your lilies fair,
But long to love your ro . . . ses!
ROX. I'll be down—
Wait— (*Goes in through window*)
DUEN. Did you train these virtuosi?
CYR. No—
I won them on a bet from D'Assoucy.
We were debating a fine point of grammar
When, pointing out these two young nightingales
Dressed up like peacocks, with their instruments,
He cries: "No, but I KNOW! I'll wager you
A day of music." Well, of course he lost;
And so until tomorrow they are mine,
My private orchestra. Pleasant at first,
But they become a trifle— (*To the* PAGES)
Here! Go play
A minuet to Montfleury—and tell him
I sent you! (*The* PAGES *go up to the exit.* CYRANO *turns to the* DUENNA.)
I came here as usual
To inquire after our friend— (*To* PAGES)
Play out of tune.
And keep on playing!
(*The* PAGES *go out. He turns to the* DUENNA.)
—Our friend with the great soul.
ROX. (*Enters in time to hear the last words*)
He is beautiful and brilliant—and I love him!
CYR. Do you find Christian . . . intellectual?
ROX. More so than you, even.
CYR. I am glad.
ROX. No man
Ever so beautifully said those things—
Those pretty nothings that are everything.
Sometimes he falls into a reverie;
His inspiration fails—then all at once,
He will say something absolutely . . . Oh! . . .
CYR. Really!
ROX. How like a man! You think a man
Who has a handsome face must be a fool.
CYR. He talks well about . . . matters of the heart?
ROX. He does not *talk;* he rhapsodizes . . . dreams . . .
CYR. (*Twisting his moustache*)
He . . . writes well?
ROX. Wonderfully: Listen now:
(*Reciting as from memory*)
"Take my heart; I shall have it all the more;
Plucking the flowers, we keep the plant in bloom—"
Well?
CYR. Pooh!
ROX. And this:
"Knowing you have in store
More heart to give than I to find heart-room—"
CYR. First he has too much, then too little; just
How much heart does he need?
ROX. (*Tapping her foot*) You are teasing me!
You are jealous!
CYR. (*Startled*) Jealous?
ROX. Of his poetry—
You poets are like that . . .
And these last lines
Are they not the last word in tenderness?—
"There is no more to say: only believe
That unto you my whole heart gives one cry,
And writing, writes down more than you receive;
Sending you kisses through my finger-tips—
Lady, O read my letter with your lips!"
CYR. H'm, yes—those last lines . . . but he overwrites!
ROX. Listen to this—
CYR. You know them all by heart?
ROX. Every one!
CYR. (*Twisting his moustache*)
I may call that flattering . . .
ROX. He is a master!
CYR. Oh—come!
ROX. Yes—a master!
CYR. (*Bowing*) A master—if you will!

DUEN. (*Comes down stage quickly*)
Monsieur de Guiche!—
(*To* CYRANO, *pushing him toward the house*)
Go inside— If he does not find you here,
It may be just as well. He may suspect—
ROX.—My secret! Yes; he is in love with me
And he is powerful. Let him not know—
One look would frost my roses before bloom.
CYR. (*Going into house*) Very well, very well!
ROX. (*To* DE GUICHE, *as he enters*)
We were just going—
DE G. I came only to say farewell.
ROX. You leave
Paris?
DE G. Yes—for the front.
ROX. Ah!
DE G. And tonight!
ROX. Ah!
DE G. We have orders to besiege Arras.
ROX. Arras?
DE G. Yes. My departure leaves you . . . cold?
ROX (*Politely*) Oh! Not that.
DE G. It has left me desolate—
When shall I see you? Ever? Did you know
I was made Colonel?
ROX. (*Indifferent*) Bravo!
DE G. Regiment
Of the Guards.
ROX. (*Catching her breath*) Of the Guards?—
DE G. *His* regiment,
Your cousin, the mighty man of words!— (*Grimly*)
Down there
We may have an accounting!
ROX. (*Suffocating*) Are you sure
The Guards are ordered?
DE G. Under my command!
ROX. (*Sinks down, breathless, on the bench; aside*)
Christian!—
DE G. What is it?
ROX. ( *Losing control of herself*)
To the war—perhaps
Never again to— When a woman cares,
Is that nothing?
DE G. (*Surprised and delighted*)
You say this now—to me—
Now, at the very moment?—
ROX. (*Recovers—changes her tone*)
Tell me something:
My cousin— You say you mean to be revenged
On him. Do you mean that?
DE G. (*Smiles*) Why? Would you care?
ROX. Not for him.
DE G. Do you see him?
ROX. Now and then.
DE G. He goes about everywhere nowadays
With one of the Cadets—de Neuve—Neuville—
Neuvillers—
ROX. (*Coolly*) A tall man?—
DE G. Blond—
ROX. Rosy cheeks?
DE G. Handsome!—
ROX. Pooh!—
DE G. And a fool.
ROX. (*Languidly*) So he appears . . .
(*Animated*) But Cyrano? What will you do to him?
Order him into danger? He loves that!
I know what *I* should do.
DE G. What?
ROX. Leave him here
With his Cadets, while all the regiment
Goes on to glory! That would torture him—
To sit all through the war with folded arms—
I know his nature. If you hate that man,
Strike at his self-esteem.
DE G. Oh, woman—woman!
Who but a woman would have thought of this?
ROX. He'll eat his heart out, while his Gascon friends
Bite their nails all day long in Paris here.
And you will be avenged!
DE G. You love me then,
A little? . . . (*She smiles*)
Making my enemies your own,
Hating them—I should like to see in that
A sign of love, Roxane.
ROX. Perhaps it is one . . .
DE G. (*Shows a number of folded despatches*)
Here are the orders—for each company—
Ready to send . . . (*Selects one*)
So— This is for the Guards—
I'll keep that. Aha, Cyrano! (*To* ROXANE)
You too,
You play your little games, do you?
ROX. (*Watching him*) Sometimes . . .
DE G. (*Close to her, speaking hurriedly*)
And you!—Oh, I am mad over you!—
Listen—
I leave tonight—but—let you through my hands
Now, when I feel you trembling?—Listen— Close by,
In the Rue d'Orleans, the Capuchins
Have their new convent. By their law, no layman
May pass inside those walls. I'll see to that—
Their sleeves are wide enough to cover me—

The servants of my Uncle-Cardinal
Will fear his nephew. So—I'll come to you
Masked, after everyone knows I have gone—
Oh, let me wait one day!—

ROX. If this be known,
Your honor—

DE G. Bah!

ROX. The war—your duty—

DE G. (*Blows away an imaginary feather*) Phoo!—
Only say yes!

ROX. No!

DE G. Whisper . . .

ROX. (*Tenderly*) I ought not
To let you . . .

DE G. Ah! . . .

ROX. (*Pretends to break down*) Ah, go! (*Aside*)
—Christian remains—
(*Aloud—heroically*)
I must have you a hero—Antoine . . .

DE G. Heaven! . . .
So you can love—

ROX. One for whose sake I fear.

DE G. (*Triumphant*) I go!
Will that content you? (*Kisses her hand*)

ROX. Yes—my friend! (*He goes out*)

DUEN. (*As* DE GUICHE *disappears, making a deep curtsey behind his back, and imitating* ROXANE'S *intense tone*) Yes—my friend!

ROX. (*Quickly, close to her*)
Not a word to Cyrano—
He would never forgive me if he knew
I stole his war! (*She calls toward the house*)
Cousin!
(CYRANO *comes out of the house; she turns to him, indicating the house opposite*)
We are going over—
Alcandre speaks tonight—and Lysimon.

DUEN. (*Puts finger in her ear*)
My little finger says we shall not hear
Everything.

CYR. Never mind me—

DUEN. (*Across the street*) Look— Oh, look!
The knocker tied up in a napkin— Yes,
They muzzled you because you bark too loud
And interrupt the lecture—little beast!

ROX. (*As the door opens*) Enter . . .
(*To* CYRANO) If Christian comes, tell him to wait.

CYR. Oh— (ROXANE *returns*)
When he comes, what will you talk about?
You always know beforehand.

ROX. About . . .

CYR. Well?

ROX. You will not tell him, will you?

CYR. I am dumb.

ROX. About nothing! Or about everything—
I shall say: "Speak of love in your own words—
Improvise! Rhapsodize! Be eloquent!"

CYR. (*Smiling*) Good!

ROX. Sh!—

CYR. Sh!—

ROX. Not a word!
(*She goes in; the door closes*)

CYR. (*Bowing*) Thank you so much—

ROX. (*Opens door and puts out her head*)
He must be unprepared—

CYR. Of course!

ROX. Sh!— (*Goes in again*)

CYR. (*Calls*) Christian!
(CHRISTIAN *enters*)
I have your theme—bring on your memory!—
Here is your chance now to surpass yourself,
No time to lose— Come! Look intelligent—
Come home and learn your lines.

CHRIS. No.

CYR. What?

CHRIS. I'll wait
Here for Roxane.

CYR. What lunacy is this?
Come quickly!

CHRIS. No, I say! I have had enough—
Taking my words, my letters, all from you—
Making our love a little comedy!
It was a game at first; but now—she cares . . .
Thanks to you. I am not afraid. I'll speak
For myself now.

CYR. Undoubtedly!

CHRIS. I will!
Why not? I am no such fool—you shall see!
Besides—my dear friend—you have taught me much;
I ought to know something . . . By God, I know
Enough to take a woman in my arms!
(ROXANE *appears in the doorway, opposite*)
There she is now . . . Cyrano, wait! Stay here!

CYR. (*Bows*) Speak for yourself, my friend!
(*He goes out*)

ROX. (*Taking leave of the company*)
—Barthénoide!
Alcandre! . . . Grémione! . . .

DUEN. I told you so—
We missed the Tender Passion!
(*She goes into* ROXANE'S *house*)

ROX. Urimédonte!—
Adieu! (*As the guests disappear down the street, she turns to* CHRISTIAN)
Is that you, Christian? Let us stay
Here, in the twilight. They are gone. The air
Is fragrant. We shall be alone. Sit down
There—so . . . (*They sit on the bench*)
Now tell me things.
CHRIS. (*After a silence*) I love you.
ROX. (*Closes her eyes*) Yes,
Speak to me about love . . .
CHRIS. I love you.
ROX. Now
Be eloquent! . . .
CHRIS. I love—
ROX. (*Opens her eyes*) You have your theme—
Improvise! Rhapsodize!
CHRIS. I love you so!
ROX. Of course. And then? . . .
CHRIS. And then . . . Oh, I should be
So happy if you loved me too! Roxane,
Say that you love me too!
ROX. (*Making a face*) I ask for cream—
You give me milk and water. Tell me first
A little, how you love me.
CHRIS. Very much.
ROX. Oh—tell me how you *feel!*
CHRIS. (*Coming nearer and devouring her with his eyes*) Your throat . . . If only
I might . . . kiss it—
ROX. Christian!
CHRIS. I love you so!
ROX. (*Makes as if to rise*) Again?
CHRIS. (*Desperately, restraining her*)
No, not again— I do not love you—
ROX. (*Settles back*) That is better . . .
CHRIS. I adore you!
ROX. Oh!—
(*Rises and moves away*)
CHRIS. I know;
I grow absurd.
ROX. (*Coldly*) And that displeases me
As much as if you had grown ugly.
CHRIS. I—
ROX. Gather your dreams together into words!
CHRIS. I love—
ROX. I know; you love me. Adieu.
(*She goes to the house*)
CHRIS. No,
But wait—please—let me— I was going to say—
ROX. (*Pushes the door open*)
That you adore me. Yes; I know that too.
No! . . . Go away! . . .
(*She goes in and shuts the door in his face*)
CHRIS. I . . . I . . .
CYR. (*Enters*) A great success!
CHRIS. Help me!
CYR. Not I.
CHRIS. I cannot live unless
She loves me—now, this moment!
CYR. How the devil
Am I to teach you now—this moment?
CHRIS. (*Catches him by the arm*) —Wait!—
Look! Up there!—Quick—
(*The light shows in* ROXANE'S *window*)
CYR. Her window—
CHRIS. (*Wailing*) I shall die!—
CYR. Less noise!
CHRIS. Oh, I—
CYR. It does seem fairly dark—
CHRIS. (*Excitedly*) Well?—Well?—Well?—
CYR. Let us try what can be done;
It is more than you deserve—stand over there,
Idiot—there!—before the balcony—
Let me stand underneath. I'll whisper you
What to say.
CHRIS. She may hear—she may—
CYR. Less noise!
(*The* PAGES *appear up stage*)
1ST PAGE. Hep!—
CYR. (*Finger to lips*) Sh!—
1ST PAGE. (*Low voice*)
We serenaded Montfleury!—
What next?
CYR. Down to the corner of the street—
One this way—and the other over there—
If anybody passes, play a tune!
PAGE. What tune, O musical Philosopher?
CYR. Sad for a man, or merry for a woman—
Now go!
(*The* PAGES *disappear, one toward each corner of the street*)
CYR. (*To* CHRISTIAN) Call her!
CHRIS. Roxane!
CYR. Wait . . .
(*Gathers up a handful of pebbles*) Gravel . . .
(*Throws it at the window*) There!—
ROX. (*Opens the window*) Who is calling?
CHRIS. I—
ROX. Who?
CHRIS. Christian.
ROX. You again?
CHRIS. I had to tell you—

CYR. (*Under the balcony*)
Good— Keep your voice down.
ROX. No. Go away. You tell me nothing.
CHRIS. Please!—
ROX. You do not love me any more—
CHRIS. (*To whom* CYRANO *whispers his words*)
No—no—
Not any more— I love you . . . evermore . . .
And ever . . . more and more!
ROX. (*About to close the window—pauses*)
A little better . . .
CHRIS. (*Same business*)
Love grows and struggles like . . . an angry child
Breaking my heart . . . his cradle . . .
ROX. (*Coming out on the balcony*) Better still—
But . . . such a babe is dangerous; why not
Have smothered it new-born?
CHRIS. (*Same business*) And so I do . . .
And yet he lives . . . I found . . . as you shall find . . .
This new-born babe . . . an infant . . . Hercules!
ROX. (*Further forward*) Good!—
CHRIS. (*Same business*)
Strong enough . . . at birth . . . to strangle those
Two serpents—Doubt and . . . Pride.
ROX. (*Leans over balcony*) Why, very well!
Tell me now why you speak so haltingly—
Has your imagination gone lame?
CYR. (*Thrusts* CHRISTIAN *under the balcony, and stands in his place*) Here—
This grows too difficult!
ROX. Your words tonight
Hesitate. Why?
CYR. (*In a low tone, imitating* CHRISTIAN)
Through the warm summer gloom
They grope in darkness toward the light of you.
ROX. My words, well aimed, find you more readily.
CYR. My heart is open wide and waits for them—
Too large a mark to miss! My words fly home,
Heavy with honey like returning bees,
To your small secret ear. Moreover—yours
Fall to me swiftly. Mine more slowly rise.
ROX. Yet not so slowly as they did at first.
CYR. They have learned the way, and you have welcomed them.
ROX. (*Softly*) Am I so far above you now?
CYR. So far—
If you let fall upon me one hard word,
Out of that height—you crush me!
ROX. (*Turns*) I'll come down—
CYR. (*Quickly*) No!
ROX. (*Points out the bench under the balcony*)
Stand you on the bench. Come nearer!
CYR. (*Recoils into the shadow*) No!—
ROX. And why—so great a *No*?
CYR. (*More and more overcome by emotion*)
Let me enjoy
The one moment I ever—my one chance
To speak to you . . . unseen!
ROX. Unseen?—
CYR. Yes!—yes . . .
Night, making all things dimly beautiful,
One veil over us both— You only see
The darkness of a long cloak in the gloom,
And I the whiteness of a summer gown—
You are all light— I am all shadow! . . . How
Can you know what this moment means to me?
If I was ever eloquent—
ROX. You were
Eloquent—
CYR. —You have never heard till now
My own heart speaking!
ROX. Why not?
CYR. Until now,
I spoke through . . .
ROX. Yes?—
CYR. —through that sweet drunkenness
You pour into the world out of your eyes!
But tonight . . . But tonight, I indeed speak
For the first time!
ROX. For the first time— Your voice,
Even, is not the same.
CYR. (*Passionately; moves nearer*)
How should it be?
I have another voice tonight—my own,
Myself, daring—
(*He stops, confused; then tries to recover himself*)
Where was I? . . . I forget! . . .
Forgive me. This is all sweet like a dream . . .
Strange—like a dream . . .
ROX. How, strange?
CYR. Is it not so
To be myself to you, and have no fear
Of moving you to laughter?
ROX. Laughter— why?
CYR. (*Struggling for an explanation*)
Because . . . What am I . . . What is any man,
That he dare ask for you? Therefore my heart
Hides behind phrases. There's a modesty
In these things too— I come here to pluck down
Out of the sky the evening star—then smile.
And stoop to gather little flowers.

ROX. Are they
Not sweet, those little flowers?
CYR. Not enough sweet
For you and me, tonight!
ROX. (*Breathless*) You never spoke
To me like this . . .
CYR. Little things, pretty things—
Arrows and hearts and torches—roses red,
And violets blue—are these all? Come away,
And breathe fresh air! Must we keep on and on
Sipping stale honey out of tiny cups
Decorated with golden tracery,
Drop by drop, all day long? We are alive;
We thirst— Come away, plunge, and drink, and drown
In the great river flowing to the sea!
ROX. But . . . Poetry?
CYR. I have made rimes for you—
Not now— Shall we insult Nature, this night,
These flowers, this moment—shall we set all these
To phrases from a letter by Voiture?
Look once at the high stars that shine in heaven,
And put off artificiality!
Have you not seen great gaudy hothouse flowers,
Barren, without fragrance?—Souls are like that:
Forced to show all, they soon become all show—
The means to Nature's end ends meaningless!
ROX. But . . . Poetry?
CYR. Love hates that game of words!
It is a crime to fence with life— I tell you,
There comes one moment, once—and God help those
Who pass that moment by!—when Beauty stands
Looking into the soul with grave, sweet eyes
That sicken at pretty words!
ROX. If that be true—
And when that moment comes to you and me—
What words will you? . . .
CYR. All those, all those, all those
That blossom in my heart, I'll fling to you—
Armfuls of loose bloom! Love, I love beyond
Breath, beyond reason, beyond love's own power
Of loving! Your name is like a golden bell
Hung in my heart; and when I think of you,
I tremble, and the bell swings and rings—
*Roxane!* . . .
*Roxane!* . . . along my veins, *Roxane!* . . .
I know
All small forgotten things that once meant You—
I remember last year, the First of May,
A little before noon, you had your hair
Drawn low, that one time only. Is that strange?
You know how, after looking at the sun,
One sees red suns everywhere—so, for hours
After the flood of sunshine that you are,
My eyes are blinded by your burning hair!
ROX. (*Very low*) Yes . . . that is . . . Love—
CYR. Yes, that is Love—that wind
Of terrible and jealous beauty, blowing
Over me—that dark fire, that music . . .
Yet
Love seeketh not his own! Dear, you may take
My happiness to make you happier,
Even though you never know I gave it you—
Only let me hear sometimes, all alone,
The distant laughter of your joy! . . .
I never
Look at you, but there's some new virtue born
In me, some new courage. Do you begin
To understand, a little? Can you feel
My soul, there in the darkness, breathe on you?
—Oh, but tonight, now, I dare say these things—
I . . . to you . . . and you hear them! . . . It is too much!
In my most sweet unreasonable dreams,
I have not hoped for this! Now let me die,
Having lived. It is my voice, mine, my own,
That makes you tremble there in the green gloom
Above me—for you do tremble, as a blossom
Among the leaves— You tremble, and I can feel,
All the way down along these jasmine branches,
Whether you will or no, the passion of you
Trembling . . . (*He kisses wildly the end of a drooping spray of jasmine*)
ROX. Yes, I do tremble . . . and I weep . . .
And I love you . . . and I am yours . . . and you
Have made me thus!
CYR. (*After a pause; quietly*)
What is death like, I wonder?
I know everything else now . . .
I have done
This, to you—I, myself . . .
Only let me
Ask one thing more—
CHRIS. (*Under the balcony*)
One kiss!
ROX. (*Startled*) One?—
CYR. (*To* CHRISTIAN) You! . . .
ROX. You ask me
For—
CYR. I . . . Yes, but—I mean— (*To* CHRISTIAN)
You go too far!
CHRIS. She is willing!—Why not make the most of it?

CYR. (*To* ROXANE)
I did ask . . . but I know I ask too much . . .
ROX. Only one— Is that all?
CYR. All!—How much more
Than all!—I know—I frighten you—I ask . . .
I ask you to refuse—
CHRIS (*To* CYRANO) But why? Why? Why?
CYR. Christian, be quiet!
ROX. (*Leaning over*) What is that you say
To yourself?
CYR. I am angry with myself
Because I go too far, and so I say
To myself: "Christian, be quiet!"
(*The theorbos begin to play*)
Hark—someone
Is coming—
(ROXANE *closes her window.* CYRANO *listens to the theorbos, one of which plays a gay melody, the other a mournful one.*)
A sad tune, a merry tune—
Man, woman—what do they mean?—
(*A Capuchin enters; he carries a lantern, and goes from house to house, looking at the doors*)
Aha!—a priest!
(*To the* CAPUCHIN)
What is this new game of Diogenes?
CAPUCHIN. I am looking for the house of Madame—
CHRIS. (*Impatient*) Bah!—
CAP. Madeleine Robin—
CHRIS. What does he want?
CYR. (*To the* CAPUCHIN; *points out a street*)
This way—
To the right—keep to the right—
CAP. I thank you, sir!—
I'll say my beads for you to the last grain.
CYR. Good fortune, father, and my service to you!
(*The* CAPUCHIN *goes out*)
CHRIS. Win me that kiss!
CYR. No.
CHRIS. Sooner or later—
CYR. True . . .
That is true . . . Soon or late, it will be so
Because you are young and she is beautiful—
(*To himself*)
Since it must be, I had rather be myself
(*The window re-opens.* CHRISTIAN *hides under the balcony.*)
The cause of . . . what must be.
ROX. (*Out on the balcony*) Are you still there?
We were speaking of—
CYR. A kiss. The word is sweet—
What will the deed be? Are your lips afraid
Even of its burning name? Not much afraid—
Not too much! Have you not unwittingly
Laid aside laughter, slipping beyond speech
Insensibly, already, without fear,
From words to smiles . . . from smiles to sighs . . . from sighing,
Even to tears? One step more—only one—
From a tear to a kiss—one step, one thrill!
ROX. Hush!—
CYR. And what is a kiss, when all is done?
A promise given under seal—a vow
Taken before the shrine of memory—
A signature acknowledged—a rosy dot
Over the i of Loving—a secret whispered
To listening lips apart—a moment made
Immortal, with a rush of wings unseen—
A sacrament of blossoms, a new song
Sung by two hearts to an old simple tune—
The ring of one horizon around two souls
Together, all alone!
ROX. Hush! . . .
CYR. Why, what shame?—
There was a Queen of France, not long ago,
And a great lord of England—a queen's gift,
A crown jewel!—
ROX. Indeed!
CYR. Indeed, like him,
I have my sorrows and my silences;
Like her, you are the queen I dare adore;
Like him I am faithful and forlorn—
ROX. Like him,
Beautiful—
CYR. (*Aside*) So I am—I forgot that!
ROX. Then— Come! . . . Gather your sacred blossom . . .
CYR. (*To* CHRISTIAN) Go!—
ROX. Your crown jewel . . .
CYR. Go on!—
ROX. Your old new song . . .
CYR. Climb!—
CHRIS. (*Hesitates*) No— Would you?—not yet—
ROX. Your moment made
Immortal . . .
CYR. (*Pushing him*)
Climb up, animal!
(CHRISTIAN *springs on the bench, and climbs by the pillars, the branches, the vines, until he bestrides the balcony railing*)
CHRIS. Roxane! . . .
(*He takes her in his arms and bends over her*)

CYR. (*Very low*) Ah! . . . *Roxane!* . . .
I have won what I have won—
The feast of love—and I am Lazarus!
Yet . . . I have something here that is mine now
And was not mine before I spoke the words
That won her—not for me! . . . Kissing my words,
My words, upon your lips!
(*The theorbos begin to play*)
A merry tune—
A sad tune— So! The Capuchin!
(*He pretends to be running, as if he had arrived from a distance; then calls up to the balcony*)
Holo!

ROX. Who is it?

CYR. I. Is Christian there with you?

CHRIS. (*Astonished*) Cyrano!

ROX. Good morrow, Cousin!

CYR. Cousin, . . . good morrow!

ROX. I am coming down. (*She disappears into the house. The* CAPUCHIN *enters up stage.*)

CHRIS. (*Sees him*) Oh—again!

CAP. (*To* CYRANO) She lives *here,*
Madeleine Robin!

CYR. You said RO-LIN.

CAP. No—
R-O-B-I-N

ROX. (*Appears on the threshold of the house, followed by* RAGUENEAU *with a lantern, and by* CHRISTIAN) What is it?

CAP. A letter.

CHRIS. Oh! . . .

CAP. (*To* ROXANE)
Some matter profitable to the soul—
A very noble lord gave it to me!

ROX. (*To* CHRISTIAN) De Guiche!

CHRIS. He dares?—

ROX. It will not be for long;
When he learns that I love you . . .
(*By the light of the lantern which* RAGUENEAU *holds, she reads the letter in a low tone, as if to herself*)
"Mademoiselle,
The drums are beating, and the regiment
Arms for the march. Secretly I remain
Here, in the Convent. I have disobeyed;
I shall be with you soon. I send this first
By an old monk, as simple as a sheep,
Who understands nothing of this. Your smile
Is more than I can bear, and seek no more.
Be alone tonight, waiting for one who dares
To hope you will forgive . . . —" etcetera—
(*To the* CAPUCHIN)
Father, this letter concerns you . . .
(*To* CHRISTIAN)—and you
Listen: (*The others gather around her. She pretends to read from the letter, aloud.*)
"Mademoiselle:
The Cardinal
Will have his way, although against your will;
That is why I am sending this to you
By a most holy man, intelligent,
Discreet. You will communicate to him
Our order to perform, here and at once
The rite of . . . (*Turns the page*)
—Holy Matrimony. You
And Christian will be married privately
In your house. I have sent him to you. I know
You hesitate. Be resigned, nevertheless,
To the Cardinal's command, who sends herewith
His blessing. Be assured also of my own
Respect and high consideration—*signed,*
Your very humble and—etcetera—"

CAP. A noble lord! I said so—never fear—
A worthy lord!—a very worthy lord!—

ROX. (*To* CHRISTIAN) Am I a good reader of letters?

CHRIS. (*Motions toward the* CAPUCHIN)
Careful!—

ROX. (*In a tragic tone*) Oh, this is terrible!

CAP. (*Turns the light of his lantern on* CYRANO)
You are to be—

CHRIS. *I* am the bridegroom!

CAP. (*Turns his lantern upon* CHRISTIAN; *then, as if some suspicion crossed his mind, upon seeing the young man so handsome*) Oh—why, *you* . . .

ROX. (*Quickly*) Look here—
"*Postscript:* Give to the Convent in my name
One hundred and twenty pistoles"—

CAP. Think of it!
A worthy lord—a very worthy lord! . . .
(*To* ROXANE, *solemnly*)
Daughter, resign yourself!

ROX. (*With an air of martyrdom*)
I am resigned . . .
(*While* RAGUENEAU *opens the door for the* CAPUCHIN *and* CHRISTIAN *invites him to enter, she turns to* CYRANO)
De Guiche may come. Keep him out here with you.
Do not let him—

CYR. I understand! (*To the* CAPUCHIN)
How long
Will you be?—

CAP. Oh, a quarter of an hour.

CYR. (*Hurrying them into the house*)
Hurry—I'll wait here—

ROX. (*To* CHRISTIAN) Come!
(*They go into the house*)
CYR. Now then, to make
His Grace delay that quarter of an hour . . .
I have it!—up here— (*He steps on the bench, and climbs up the wall toward the balcony. The theorbos begin to play a mournful melody.*)
Sad music— Ah, a man! . . .
(*The music pauses on a sinister tremolo*)
Oh—very much a man! (*He sits astride of the railing, and, drawing toward him a long branch of one of the trees which border the garden wall, he grasps it with both hands, ready to swing himself down*)
So—not too high—
(*He peers down at the ground*)
I must float gently through the atmosphere—
DE G. (*Enters, masked, groping in the dark toward the house*)
Where is that cursed, bleating Capuchin?
CYR. What if he knows my voice?—the devil!—
Tic-tac,
Bergerac—we unlock our Gascon tongue;
A good strong accent—
DE G. Here is the house—all dark—
Damn this mask!—
(*As he is about to enter the house,* CYRANO *leaps from the balcony, still holding fast to the branch, which bends and swings him between* DE GUICHE *and the door; then he releases the branch and pretends to fall heavily as though from a height. He lands flatlong on the ground, where he lies motionless, as if stunned.* DE GUICHE *leaps back.*)
What is that?
(*When he lifts his eyes, the branch has sprung back into place. He can see nothing but the sky; he does not understand.*)
Why . . . where did this man
Fall from?
CYR. (*Sits up, and speaks with a strong accent*)
—The moon!
DE G. You—
CYR. From the moon, the moon!
I fell out of the moon!
DE G. The fellow is mad—
CYR. (*Dreamily*) Where am I?
DE G. Why—
CYR. What time is it? What place
Is this? What day? What season?
DE G. You—
CYR. I am stunned!
DE G. My dear sir—
CYR. Like a bomb—a bomb—I fell
From the moon!
DE G. Now, see here—
CYR. (*Rising to his feet, and speaking in a terrible voice*) I say, the moon!
DE G. (*Recoils*) Very well—if you say so—
(*Aside*) Raving mad!—
CYR. (*Advancing upon him*)
I am not speaking metaphorically!
DE G. Pardon.
CYR. A hundred years—an hour ago—
I really cannot say how long I fell—
I was in yonder shining sphere—
DE G. (*Shrugs*) Quite so.
Please let me pass.
CYR. (*Interposes himself*)
Where am I? Tell the truth—
I can bear it. In what quarter of the globe
Have I descended like a meteorite?
DE G. Morbleu!
CYR. I could not choose my place to fall—
The earth spun round so fast— Was it the Earth,
I wonder?—Or is this another world?
Another moon? Whither have I been drawn
By the dead weight of my posterior?
DE G. Sir, I repeat—
CYR. (*With a sudden cry, which causes* DE GUICHE *to recoil again*) His face! My God—black!
DE G. (*Carries his hand to his mask*) Oh—
CYR. (*Terrified*) Are you a native? Is this Africa?
DE G.—This mask!
CYR. (*Somewhat reassured*)
Are we in Venice? Genoa?
DE G. (*Tries to pass him*)
A lady is waiting for me.
CYR. (*Quite happy again*) So this is Paris!
DE G. (*Smiling in spite of himself*)
This fool becomes amusing.
CYR. Ah! You smile?
DE G. I do. Kindly permit me—
CYR. (*Delighted*) Dear old Paris—
Well, well!—
(*Wholly at his ease, smiles, bows, arranges his dress*)
Excuse my appearance. I arrive
By the last thunderbolt—a trifle singed
As I came through the ether. These long journeys—
You know! There are so few conveniences!
My eyes are full of star-dust. On my spurs,
Some sort of fur . . . Planet's apparently . . .
(*Plucks something from his sleeve*)
Look—on my doublet— That's a Comet's hair!

(*He blows something from the back of his hand*)
Phoo!

DE G. (*Grows angry*) Monsieur—

CYR. (*As* DE GUICHE *is about to push past, thrusts his leg in the way*) Here's a tooth, stuck in my boot,
From the Great Bear. Trying to get away,
I tripped over the Scorpion and came down
Slap, into one scale of the Balances—
The pointer marks my weight this moment . . .
(*Pointing upward*) See?
(DE GUICHE *makes a sudden movement.* CYRANO *catches his arm.*)
Be careful! If you struck me on the nose,
It would drip milk!

DE G. Milk?

CYR. From the Milky Way!

DE G. Hell!

CYR. No, no—Heaven. (*Crossing his arms*)
Curious place up there—
Did you know Sirius wore a nightcap? True!
(*Confidentially*)
The Little Bear is still too young to bite.
(*Laughing*)
My foot caught in the Lyre, and broke a string.
(*Proudly*)
Well—when I write my book, and tell the tale
Of my adventures—all these little stars
That shake out of my cloak—I must save those
To use for asterisks!

DE G. That will do now—
I wish—

CYR. Yes, yes—I know—

DE G. Sir—

CYR. You desire
To learn from my own lips the character
Of the moon's surface—its inhabitants
If any—

DE G. (*Loses patience and shouts*)
I desire no such thing! I—

CYR. (*Rapidly*)
You wish to know by what mysterious means
I reached the moon?—well—confidentially—
It was a new invention of my own.

DE G. (*Discouraged*)
Drunk too—as well as mad!

CYR. I scorned the eagle
Of Regiomontanus, and the dove
Of Archytas!

DE G. A learned lunatic!—

CYR. I imitated no one. I myself
Discovered not one scheme merely, but six—
Six ways to violate the virgin sky!

(DE GUICHE *has succeeding in passing him, and moves toward the door of* ROXANE'S *house.* CYRANO *follows, ready to use violence if necessary.*)

DE G. (*Looks around*) Six?

CYR. (*With increasing volubility*)
As for instance— Having stripped myself
Bare as a wax candle, adorn my form
With crystal vials filled with morning dew,
And so be drawn aloft, as the sun rises
Drinking the mist of dawn!

DE G. (*Takes a step toward* CYRANO)
Yes—that makes one.

CYR. (*Draws back to lead him away from the door; speaks faster and faster*)
Or, sealing up the air in a cedar chest,
Rarefy it by means of mirrors, placed
In an icosahedron.

DE G. (*Takes another step*) Two.

CYR. (*Still retreating*) Again,
I might construct a rocket, in the form
Of a huge locust, driven by impulses
Of villainous saltpetre from the rear,
Upward, by leaps and bounds.

DE G. (*Interested in spite of himself, and counting on his fingers*) Three.

CYR. (*Same business*) Or again,
Smoke having a natural tendency to rise,
Blow in a globe enough to raise me.

DE G. (*Same business, more and more astonished*)
Four!

CYR. Or since Diana, as old fables tell,
Draws forth to fill her crescent horn, the marrow
Of bulls and goats—to anoint myself therewith.

DE G. (*Hypnotized*) Five!—

CYR. (*Has by this time led him all the way across the street, close to a bench*)
Finally—seated on an iron plate,
To hurl a magnet in the air—the iron
Follows—I catch the magnet—throw again—
And so proceed indefinitely.

DE G. Six!—
All excellent,—and which did you adopt?

CYR. (*Coolly*)
Why, none of them. . . . A seventh.

DE G. Which was?—

CYR. Guess!—

DE G. An interesting idiot, this!

CYR. (*Imitates the sound of waves with his voice, and their movement by large, vague gestures*)
Hoo! . . . Hoo! . . .

DE G. Well?

CYR. Have you guessed it yet?

DE G. Why, no.
CYR. (*Grandiloquent*) The ocean! . . .
What hour its rising tide seeks the full moon,
I laid me on the strand, fresh from the spray,
My head fronting the moonbeams, since the hair
Retains moisture—and so I slowly rose
As upon angels' wings, effortlessly,
Upward—then suddenly I felt a shock!—
And then . . .
DE G. (*Overcome by curiosity, sits down on the bench*) And then?
CYR. And then—
(*Changes abruptly to his natural voice*)
The time is up!—
Fifteen minutes, your Grace!—You are now free;
And—they are bound—in wedlock.
DE G. (*Leaping up*) Am *I* drunk?
That voice . . .
(*The door of* ROXANE'S *house opens; lackeys appear, bearing lighted candles.* LIGHTS UP. CYRANO *removes his hat.*)
And that nose!—Cyrano!
CYR. (*Saluting*) Cyrano! . . .
This very moment, they have exchanged rings.
DE G. Who?
(*He turns up stage.* TABLEAU: *between the lackeys.* ROXANE *and* CHRISTIAN *appear, hand in hand. The* CAPUCHIN *follows them, smiling.* RAGUENEAU *holds aloft a torch. The* DUENNA *brings up the rear, in a negligée, and a pleasant flutter of emotion.*)
Zounds! (*To* ROXANE)
You?— (*Recognizes* CHRISTIAN)
He?— (*Saluting* ROXANE)
My sincere compliments!
(*To* CYRANO) You also, my inventor of machines!
Your rigmarole would have detained a saint
Entering Paradise—decidedly
You must not fail to write that book some day!
CYR. (*Bowing*) Sir, I engage myself to do so.
(*Leads the bridal pair down to* DE GUICHE *and strokes with great satisfaction his long white beard*)
My lord,
The handsome couple you—and God—have joined
Together!
DE G. (*Regarding him with a frosty eye*)
Quite so. (*Turns to* ROXANE)
Madame, kindly bid
Your . . . husband farewell.
ROX. Oh!—
DE G. (*To* CHRISTIAN) Your regiment
Leaves tonight, sir. Report at once!
ROX. You mean
For the front? The war?
DE G. Certainly!
ROX. I thought
The Cadets were not going—
DE G. Oh, yes, they are!
(*Taking out the despatch from his pocket*)
Here is the order— (*To* CHRISTIAN)
Baron! Deliver this.
ROX. (*Throws herself into* CHRISTIAN'S *arms*)
Christian!
DE G. (*To* CYRANO, *sneering*)
The bridal night is not so near!
CYR. (*Aside*)
Somehow that news fails to disquiet me.
CHRIS. (*To* ROXANE) Your lips again . . .
CYR. There . . . That will do now— Come!
CHRIS. (*Still holding* ROXANE)
You do not know how hard it is—
CYR. (*Tries to drag him away*) I know!
(*The beating of drums is heard in the distance*)
DE G. (*Up stage*) The regiment—on the march!
ROX. (*As* CYRANO *tries to lead* CHRISTIAN *away, follows, and detains them*) Take care of him
For me— (*Appealingly*)
Promise me never to let him do
Anything dangerous!
CYR. I'll do my best—
I cannot promise—
ROX. (*Same business*) Make him be careful!
CYR. Yes—
I'll try—
ROX. (*Same business*)
Be sure you keep him dry and warm!
CYR. Yes, yes—if possible—
ROX. (*Same business; confidentially, in his ear*)
See that he remains
Faithful—
CYR. Of course! If—
ROX. (*Same business*) And have him write to me
Every single day.
CYR. (*Stops*) That, I promise you!

[CURTAIN]

## THE FOURTH ACT

### *The Cadets of Gascoyne*

THE POST *occupied by the Company of* CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX *at* THE SIEGE OF ARRAS.

*In the background, a Rampart traversing the en-*

*tire scene; beyond this, and apparently below, a Plain stretches away to the horizon. The country is cut up with earthworks and other suggestions of the siege. In the distance against the sky-line, the houses and the walls of Arras.*

*Tents; scattered Weapons; Drums, et cetera. It is near daybreak, and the East is yellow with approaching dawn. Sentries at intervals. Camp-fires.*

CURTAIN RISE *discovers the* CADETS *asleep, rolled in their cloaks.* CARBON DE CASTEL-JALOUX *and* LE BRET *keep watch. They are both very thin and pale.* CHRISTIAN *is asleep among the others, wrapped in his cloak, in the foreground, his face lighted by the flickering fire. Silence.*

LE B. Horrible!
CARB. Why, yes. All of that.
LE B. Mordious!
CARB. (*Gesture toward the sleeping* CADETS)
Swear gently— You might wake them. (*To* CADETS)
Go to sleep—
Hush! (*To* LE BRET)
Who sleeps dines.
LE B. I have insomnia.
God! What a famine. (*Firing off stage*)
CARB. Curse that musketry!
They'll wake my babies. (*To the men*)
Go to sleep!—
CADET. (*Rouses*) Diantre!
Again?
CARB. No—only Cyrano coming home.
(*The heads which have been raised sink back again*)
SENTRY. (*Off stage*) Halt! Who goes there?
VOICE OF CYRANO. Bergerac!
SENTRY ON THE PARAPET. Halt! Who goes?—
CYR. (*Appears on the parapet*) Bergerac, idiot!
LE B. (*Goes to meet him*) Thank God again!
CYR. (*Signs to him not to wake anyone*)
Hush!
LE B. Wounded?—
CYR No— They always miss me—quite
A habit by this time!
LE B. Yes— Go right on—
Risk your life every morning before breakfast
To send a letter!
CYR. (*Stops near* CHRISTIAN)
I promised he should write
Every single day . . . (*Looks down at him*)
Hm— The boy looks pale
When he is asleep—thin too—starving to death—
If that poor child knew! Handsome, none the less . . .
LE B. Go and get some sleep!
CYR. (*Affectionately*) Now, now—you old bear,
No growling!—I am careful—you know I am—
Every night, when I cross the Spanish lines
I wait till they are all drunk.
LE B. You might bring
Something with you.
CYR. I have to travel light
To pass through— By the way, there will be news
For you today; the French will eat or die,
If what I saw means anything.
LE B. Tell us!
CYR. No—
I am not sure—we shall see!
CARB. What a war,
When the besiegers starve to death!
LE B. Fine war—
Fine situation! We besiege Arras—
The Cardinal Prince of Spain besieges us—
And—here we are!
CYR. Someone might besiege *him*.
CARB. A hungry joke!
CYR. Ho, ho!
LE B. Yes, you can laugh—
Risking a life like yours to carry letters—
Where are you going now?
CYR. (*At the tent door*)
To write another. (*Goes into tent*)
(*A little more daylight. The clouds redden. The town of Arras shows on the horizon. A cannon shot is heard, followed immediately by a roll of drums, far away to the left. Other drums beat a little nearer. The drums go on answering each other here and there, approach, beat loudly almost on the stage, and die away toward the right, across the camp. The camp awakes. Voices of officers in the distance.*)
CARB. (*Sighs*)
Those drums!—another good nourishing sleep
Gone to the devil. (*The* CADETS *rouse themselves*)
Now then!—
1ST CADET. (*Sits up, yawns*) God! I'm hungry!
2ND CADET. Starving!
ALL. (*Groan*) Aoh!
CARB. Up with you!
3RD CADET. Not another step!
4TH CADET. Not another movement!
1ST CADET. Look at my tongue—
I said this air was indigestible!
5TH CADET. My coronet for half a pound of cheese!

6TH CADET. I have no stomach for this war—
I'll stay
In my tent—like Achilles.
ANOTHER. Yes—no bread,
No fighting—
CARB. Cyrano!
OTHERS. May as well die—
CARB. Come out here!—You know how to talk to them.
Get them laughing—
2ND CADET. (*Rushes up to* FIRST CADET *who is eating something*) What are you gnawing there?
1ST CADET. Gun wads and axle-grease. Fat country this
Around Arras.
ANOTHER. (*Enters*) I have been out hunting!
ANOTHER. (*Enters*) I
Went fishing, in the Scarpe!
ALL. (*Leaping up and surrounding the newcomers*) Find anything?
Any fish? Any game? Perch? Partridges?
Let me look!
FISHERMAN. Yes—one gudgeon. (*Shows it*)
HUNTER. One fat . . . sparrow. (*Shows it*)
ALL. Ah!—See here, this—mutiny!—
CARB. Cyrano!
Come and help!
CYR. (*Enters from tent*) Well?
(*Silence. To the* FIRST CADET *who is walking away, with his chin on his chest.*)
You there, with the long face?
1ST CADET. I have something on my mind that troubles me.
CYR. What is that?
1ST CADET. My stomach,
CYR. So have I.
1ST CADET. No doubt
You enjoy this!
CYR. (*Tightens his belt*)
It keeps me looking young.
2ND CADET. My teeth are growing rusty.
CYR. Sharpen them!
3RD CADET. My belly sounds as hollow as a drum.
CYR. Beat the long roll on it!
4TH CADET. My ears are ringing.
CYR. Liar! A hungry belly has no ears.
5TH CADET. Oh for a barrel of good wine!
CYR. (*Offers him his own helmet*) Your casque.
6TH CADET. I'll swallow anything!
CYR. (*Throws him the book which he has in his hand*) Try the *Iliad.*
7TH CADET. The Cardinal, he has four meals a day—
What does he care!
CYR. Ask him; he really ought
To send you . . . a spring lamb out of his flock,
Roasted whole—
CADET. Yes, and a bottle—
CYR. (*Exaggerates the manner of one speaking to a servant*) If you please,
Richelieu—a little more of the Red Seal . . .
Ah, thank you!
CADET. And the salad—
CYR. Of course—Romaine!
ANOTHER CADET (*Shivering*)
I am as hungry as a wolf.
CYR. (*Tosses him a cloak*) Put on
Your sheep's clothing.
1ST CADET. (*With a shrug*)
Always the clever answer!
CYR. Always the answer—yes! Let me die so—
Under some rosy-golden sunset, saying
A good thing, for a good cause! By the sword,
The point of honor—by the hand of one
Worthy to be my foeman, let me fall—
Steel in my heart, and laughter on my lips!
VOICES HERE AND THERE. All very well— We are hungry!
CYR. Bah! You think
Of nothing but yourselves.
(*His eye singles out the old fifer in the background*)
Here, Bertrandou,
You were a shepherd once— Your pipe now! Come,
Breathe, blow.—Play to these belly-worshippers
The old airs of the South—
"Airs with a smile in them,
Airs with a sigh in them, airs with the breeze
And the blue of the sky in them—"
Small, demure tunes
Whose every note is like a little sister—
Songs heard only in some long silent voice
Not quite forgotten— Mountain melodies
Like thin smoke rising from brown cottages
In the still noon, slowly— Quaint lullabies,
Whose very music has a Southern tongue—
(*The old man sits down and prepares his fife*)
Now let the fife, that dry old warrior,
Dream, while over the stops your fingers dance
A minuet of little birds—let him
Dream beyond ebony and ivory;
Let him remember he was once a reed
Out of the river, and recall the spirit
Of innocent, untroubled country days . . .

*(The fifer begins to play a Provençal melody)*
Listen, you Gascons! Now it is no more
The shrill fife— It is the flute, through woodlands far
Away, calling—no longer the hot battle-cry,
But the cool, quiet pipe our goatherds play!
Listen—the forest glens . . . the hills . . . the downs . . .
The green sweetness of night on the Dordogne . . .
Listen, you Gascons! It is all Gascoyne! . . .
*(Every head is bowed; every eye cast down. Here and there a tear is furtively brushed away with the back of a hand, the corner of a cloak.)*
CARB. *(Softly to* CYRANO) You make them weep—
CYR. For homesickness—a hunger
More noble than that hunger of the flesh;
It is their hearts now that are starving.
CARB. Yes,
But you melt down their manhood.
CYR. *(Motions the drummer to approach)*
You think so?
Let them be. There is iron in their blood
Not easily dissolved in tears. You need
Only— *(He makes a gesture; the drum beats)*
ALL. *(Spring up and rush toward their weapons)*
What's that? Where is it?—What?—
CYR. *(Smiles)* You see—
Let Mars snore in his sleep once—and farewell
Venus—sweet dreams—regrets—dear thoughts of home—
All the fife lulls to rest wakes at the drums!
CADET. *(Looks up stage)*
Aha— Monsieur de Guiche!
CADETS. *(Mutter among themselves)* Ugh! . . .
CYR. *(Smiles)* Flattering
Murmur!
CADET. He makes me weary!
ANOTHER. With his collar
Of lace over his corselet—
ANOTHER. Like a ribbon
Tied round a sword!
ANOTHER. Bandages for a boil
On the back of his neck—
2ND CADET. A courtier always!
ANOTHER. The Cardinal's nephew!
CARB. None the less—a Gascon.
1ST CADET. A counterfeit! Never you trust that man—
Because we Gascons, look you, are all mad—
This fellow is reasonable—nothing more
Dangerous than a reasonable Gascon!
LE B. He looks pale.
ANOTHER. Oh, he can be hungry too,
Like any other poor devil—but he wears
So many jewels on that belt of his
That his cramps glitter in the sun!
CYR. *(Quickly)* Is he
To see us looking miserable? Quick—
Pipes!—Cards!—Dice!—
*(They all hurriedly begin to play, on their stools, on the drums, or on their cloaks spread on the ground, lighting their long pipes meanwhile)*
As for me, I read Descartes.
*(He walks up and down, reading a small book which he takes from his pocket.* TABLEAU: DE GUICHE *enters, looking pale and haggard. All are absorbed in their games. General air of contentment.* DE GUICHE *goes to* CARBON. *They look at each other askance, each observing with satisfaction the condition of the other.)*
DE G. Good morning! *(Aside)*
He looks yellow.
CARB. *(Same business)* He is all eyes.
DE G. *(Looks at the* CADETS)
What have we here? Black looks? Yes, gentlemen—
I am informed I am not popular;
The hill-nobility, barons of Béarn,
The pomp and pride of Périgord—I learn
They disapprove their colonel; call him courtier,
Politician—they take it ill that I
Cover my steel with lace of Genoa.
It is a great offense to be a Gascon
And not to be a beggar!
*(Silence. They smoke. They play.)*
Well— Shall I have
Your captain punish you? . . . No.
CARB. As to that,
It would be impossible.
DE G. Oh?
CARB. I am free;
I pay my company; it is my own;
I obey military orders.
DE G. Oh!
That will be quite enough. *(To the* CADETS)
I can afford
Your little hates. My conduct under fire
Is well known. It was only yesterday
I drove the Count de Bucquoi from Bapaume,
Pouring my men down like an avalanche,
I myself led the charge—
CYR. *(Without looking up from his book)*
And your white scarf?
DE G. *(Surprised and gratified)*
You heard that episode? Yes—rallying

My men for the third time, I found myself
Carried among a crowd of fugitives
Into the enemy's lines. I was in danger
Of being shot or captured; but I thought
Quickly—took off and flung away the scarf
That marked my military rank—and so
Being inconspicuous, escaped among
My own force, rallied them, returned again
And won the day! . . .
(*The* CADETS *do not appear to be listening, but here and there the cards and the dice boxes remain motionless, the smoke is retained in their cheeks*)
What do you say to that?
Presence of mind—yes?
CYR. Henry of Navarre
Being outnumbered, never flung away
His white plume. (*Silent enjoyment. The cards flutter, the dice roll, the smoke puffs out.*)
DE G. My device was a success,
However! (*Same attentive pause, interrupting the games and the smoking*)
CYR. Possibly . . . An officer
Does not lightly resign the privilege
Of being a target. (*Cards, dice, and smoke fall, roll, and float away with increasing satisfaction*)
Now, if I had been there—
Your courage and my own differ in this—
When your scarf fell, I should have put it on.
DE G. Boasting again!
CYR. Boasting? Lend it to me
Tonight; I'll lead the first charge, with your scarf
Over my shoulder!
DE G. Gasconnade once more!
You are safe making that offer, and you know it—
My scarf lies on the river bank between
The lines, a spot swept by artillery
Impossible to reach alive!
CYR. (*Produces the scarf from his pocket*)
Yes. Here . . .
(*Silence. The* CADETS *stifle their laughter behind their cards and their dice boxes.* DE GUICHE *turns to look at them. Immediately they resume their gravity and their game. One of them whistles carelessly the mountain air which the fifer was playing.*)
DE G. (*Takes the scarf*)
Thank you! That bit of white is what I need
To make a signal. I was hesitating—
You have decided me.
(*He goes up to the parapet, climbs upon it, and waves the scarf at arm's length several times*)
ALL. What is he doing?—
What?—
SENTRY ON THE PARAPET. There's a man down there running away!
DE G. (*Descending*)
A Spaniard. Very useful as a spy
To both sides. He informs the enemy
As I instruct him. By his influence
I can arrange their dispositions.
CYR. Traitor!
DE G. (*Folding the scarf*)
A traitor, yes; but useful . . .
We were saying? . . .
Oh, yes— Here is a bit of news for you:
Last night we had hopes of reprovisioning
The army. Under cover of the dark,
The Marshal moved to Dourlens. Our supplies
Are there. He may reach them. But to return
Safely, he needs a large force—at least half
Our entire strength. At present, we have here
Merely a skeleton.
CARB. Fortunately,
The Spaniards do not know that.
DE G. Oh, yes; they know.
They will attack.
CARB. Ah!
DE G. From that spy of mine
I learned of their intention. His report
Will determine the point of their advance.
The fellow asked me what to say! I told him:
"Go out between the lines; watch for my signal;
Where you see that, let them attack there."
CARB. (*To the* CADETS) Well,
Gentlemen! (*All rise. Noise of sword belts and breast-plates being buckled on.*)
DE G. You may have perhaps an hour.
1ST CADET. Oh— An hour! (*They all sit down and resume their games once more*)
DE G. (*To* CARBON) The great thing is to gain time.
Any moment the Marshal may return.
CARB. And to gain time?
DE G. You will all be so kind
As to lay down your lives!
CYR. Ah! Your revenge?
DE G. I make no great pretense of loving you!
But—since you gentlemen esteem yourselves
Invincible, the bravest of the brave,
And all that—why need we be personal?
I serve the king in choosing . . . as I choose!
CYR. (*Salutes*) Sir, permit me to offer—all our thanks.

DE G. (*Returns the salute*)
You love to fight a hundred against one;
Here is your opportunity!
(*He goes up stage with* CARBON)
CYR. (*To the* CADETS) My friends,
We shall add now to our old Gascon arms
With their six chevrons, blue and gold, a seventh—
Blood-red!
(DE GUICHE *talks in a low tone to* CARBON *up stage. Orders are given. The defense is arranged.* CYRANO *goes to* CHRISTIAN, *who has remained motionless with folded arms.*)
Christian? (*Lays a hand on his shoulder*)
CHRIS. (*Shakes his head*) Roxane . . .
CYR. Yes.
CHRIS. I should like
To say farewell to her, with my whole heart
Written for her to keep.
CYR. I thought of that—
(*Takes a letter from his doublet*)
I have written your farewell.
CHRIS. Show me!
CYR. You wish
To read it?
CHRIS. Of course! (*He takes the letter; begins to read, looks up suddenly*)
What?—
CYR. What is it?
CHRIS. Look—
This little circle—
CYR. (*Takes back the letter quickly; and looks innocent*) Circle?—
CHRIS. Yes—a tear!
CYR. So it is! . . . Well—a poet while he writes
Is like a lover in his lady's arms,
Believing his imagination—all
Seems true—you understand? There's half the charm
Of writing— Now, this letter as you see
I have made so pathetic that I wept
While I was writing it!
CHRIS. You—wept?
CYR. Why, yes—
Because . . . it is a little thing to die,
But—not to see her . . . that is terrible!
And I shall never— (CHRISTIAN *looks at him*)
We shall never— (*Quickly*)
You
Will never—
CHRIS. (*Snatches the letter*) Give me that!
(*Noise in the distance on the outskirts of the camp*)
VOICE OF A SENTRY. Halt—who goes there?
(*Shots, shouting, jingle of harness*)
CARB. What is it?—
SENTRY ON THE PARAPET. Why, a coach.
(*They rush to look*)
CONFUSED VOICES. What? In the Camp?
A coach? Coming this way— It must have driven
Through the Spanish lines—what the devil— Fire!—
No— Hark! The driver shouting—what does he say?
Wait— He said: "On the service of the King!"
(*They are all on the parapet looking over. The jingling comes nearer.*)
DE G. Of the King?
(*They come down and fall into line*)
CARB. Hats off, all!
DE G. (*Speaks off stage*) The King! Fall in, Rascals!—
(*The coach enters at full trot. It is covered with mud and dust. The curtains are drawn. Two footmen are seated behind. It stops suddenly.*)
CARB. (*Shouts*) Beat the assembly—
(*Roll of drums. All the* CADETS *uncover.*)
DE G. Lower the steps—open the door—
(*Two men rush to the coach. The door opens.*)
ROX. (*Comes out of the coach*) Good morning!
(*At the sound of a woman's voice, every head is raised. Sensation.*)
DE G. On the King's service— You?
ROX. Yes—my own king—
Love!
CYR. (*Aside*) God is merciful . . .
CHRIS. (*Hastens to her*) You! Why have you—
ROX. Your war lasted so long!
CHRIS. But why?—
ROX. Not now—
CYR. (*Aside*) I wonder if I dare to look at her . . .
DE G. You cannot remain here!
ROX. Why, certainly!
Roll that drum here, somebody . . .
(*She sits on the drum, which is brought to her*)
Thank you— There! (*She laughs*)
Would you believe—they fired upon us?
—My coach
Looks like the pumpkin in the fairy tale,
Does it not? And my footmen—
(*She throws a kiss to* CHRISTIAN)
How do you do? (*She looks about*)
How serious you all are! Do you know,
It is a long drive here—from Arras? (*Sees* CYRANO)
Cousin,
I am glad to see you!
CYR. (*Advances*) Oh— How did you come?

ROX. How did I find you? Very easily—
I followed where the country was laid waste
—Oh, but I saw such things! I had to see
To believe. Gentlemen, is that the service
Of your King? I prefer my own!
CYR. But how
Did you come through?
ROX. Why, through the Spanish lines,
Of course!
1ST CADET. They let you pass?—
DE G. What did you say?
How did you manage?
LE B. Yes, that must have been
Difficult!
ROX. No— I simply drove along.
Now and then some hidalgo scowled at me
And I smiled back—my best smile; whereupon,
The Spaniards being (without prejudice
To the French) the most polished gentlemen
In the world—I passed!
CARB. Certainly that smile
Should be a passport! Did they never ask
Your errand or your destination?
ROX. Oh,
Frequently! Then I drooped my eyes and said:
"I have a lover . . ." Whereupon, the Spaniard
With an air of ferocious dignity
Would close the carriage door—with such a gesture
As any king might envy, wave aside
The muskets that were levelled at my breast,
Fall back three paces, equally superb
In grace and gloom, draw himself up, thrust forth
A spur under his cloak, sweeping the air
With his long plumes, bow very low, and say:
"Pass, Señorita!"
CHRIS. But, Roxane—
ROX. I know—
I said "a lover"—but you understand—
Forgive me!—If I said "I am going to meet
My husband," no one would believe me!
CHRIS. Yes,
But—
ROX. What then?
DE G. You must leave this place.
CYR. At once.
ROX. I?
LE B. Yes—immediately.
ROX. And why?
CHRIS. (*Embarrassed*) Because . . .
CYR. (*Same*) In half an hour . . .
DE G. (*Same*) Or three quarters . . .
CARB. (*Same*) Perhaps
It might be better . . .
LE B. If you . . .
ROX. Oh— I see!
You are going to fight. I remain here.
ALL. No—no!
ROX. He is my husband—
(*Throws herself in* CHRISTIAN'S *arms*)
I will die with you!
CHRIS. Your eyes! . . . Why do you?—
ROX. You know why . . .
DE G. (*Desperate*) This post
Is dangerous—
ROX. (*Turns*) How—dangerous?
CYR. The proof
Is, we are ordered—
ROX. (*To* DE GUICHE) Oh—you wish to make
A widow of me?
DE G. On my word of honor—
ROX. No matter. I am just a little mad—
I will stay. It may be amusing.
CYR. What,
A heroine—our intellectual?
ROX. Monsieur de Bergerac, I am your cousin!
CADET. We'll fight now! Hurrah!
ROX. (*More and more excited*)
I am safe with you—my friends!
ANOTHER. (*Carried away*)
The whole camp breathes of lilies!—
ROX. And I think,
This hat would look well on the battlefield! . . .
But perhaps— (*Looks at* DE GUICHE)
The Count ought to leave us. Any moment
Now, there may be danger.
DE G. This is too much!
I must inspect my guns. I shall return—
You may change your mind— There will yet be time—
ROX. Never! (DE GUICHE *goes out*)
CHRIS. (*Imploring*) Roxane! . . .
ROX. No!
1ST CADET. (*To the rest*) She stays here!
ALL. (*Rushing about, elbowing each other, brushing off their clothes*) A comb!—
Soap!—Here's a hole in my— A needle!—Who
Has a ribbon?—Your mirror, quick!—My cuffs—
A razor—
ROX. (*To* CYRANO, *who is still urging her*)
No! I shall not stir one step!
CARB. (*Having, like the others, tightened his belt, dusted himself, brushed off his hat, smoothed out*

*his plume and put on his lace cuffs, advances to* ROXANE *ceremoniously*)
In that case, may I not present to you
Some of these gentlemen who are to have
The honor of dying in your presence?
ROX. (*Bows*) Please!—
(*She waits, standing, on the arm of* CHRISTIAN, *while*
CARB. (*—presents*) Baron de Peyrescous de Colignac!
CADET. (*Salutes*) Madame . . .
ROX. Monsieur . . .
CARB. (*Continues*) Baron de Casterac
De Cahuzac— Vidame de Malgouyre
Estressac Lésbas d'Escarabiot—
VIDAME. Madame . . .
CARB. Chevalier d'Antignac-Juzet—
Baron Hillot de Blagnac-Saléchan
De Castel-Crabioules—
BARON. Madame . . .
ROX. How many
Names you all have!
BARON. Hundreds!
CARB. (*To* ROXANE) Open the hand
That holds your handkerchief.
ROX. (*Opens her hand; the handkerchief falls*)
Why?
(*The whole company makes a movement toward it*)
CARB. (*Picks it up quickly*) My company
Was in want of a banner. We have now
The fairest in the army!
ROX. (*Smiling*) Rather small—
CARB. (*Fastens the handkerchief to his lance*)
Lace—and embroidered!
CADET. (*To the others*) With her smiling on me,
I could die happy, if I only had
Something in my—
CARB. (*Turns upon him*)
Shame on you! Feast your eyes
And forget your—
ROX. (*Quickly*) It must be this fresh air—
I am starving! Let me see . . .
Cold partridges,
Pastry, a little white wine—that would do.
Will someone bring that to me?
CADET. (*Aside*) Will someone!—
ANOTHER. Where the devil are we to find—
ROX. (*Overhears; sweetly*) Why, there—
In my carriage.
ALL. Wha-at?
ROX. All you have to do
Is to unpack, and carve, and serve things.
Oh,
Notice my coachman; you may recognize
An old friend.
CADETS. (*Rush to the coach*) Ragueneau!
ROX. (*Follows them with her eyes*)
Poor fellows . . .
CADETS. (*Acclamations*) Ah!
Ah!
CYR. (*Kisses her hand*) Our good fairy!
RAG. (*Standing on his box, like a mountebank before a crowd*) Gentlemen!— (*Enthusiasm*)
CADETS. Bravo!
Bravo!
RAG. The Spaniards, basking in our smiles,
Smiled on our baskets! (*Applause*)
CYR. (*Aside to* CHRISTIAN) Christian!—
RAG. They adored
The Fair, and missed— (*He takes from under the seat a dish, which he holds aloft*)
the Fowl!
(*Applause. The dish is passed from hand to hand.*)
CYR. (*As before, to* CHRISTIAN) One moment—
RAG. Venus
Charmed their eyes while Adonis quietly
(*Brandishing a ham*)
Brought home the Boar! (*Applause; the ham is seized by a score of hands outstretched*)
CYR. (*As before*) Pst— Let me speak to you—
ROX. (*As the* CADETS *return, their arms full of provisions*) Spread them out on the ground. (*Calls*)
Christian! Come here;
Make yourself useful.
(CHRISTIAN *turns to her, at the moment when* CYRANO *was leading him aside. She arranges the food, with his aid and that of the two imperturbable footmen.*)
RAG. Peacock, *aux truffes!*
1ST CADET. (*Comes down, cutting a huge slice of the ham*) Tonnerre!
We are not going to die without a gorge—
(*Sees* ROXANE; *corrects himself hastily*)
Pardon—a banquet!
RAG. (*Tossing out the cushions of the carriage*)
Open these—they are full
Of ortolans!
(*Tumult; laughter; the cushions are eviscerated*)
3RD CADET. Lucullus!
RAG. (*Throws out bottles of red wine*)
Flasks of ruby— (*And of white*)
Flasks of topaz—

ROX. (*Throws a tablecloth at the head of* CYRANO)
Come back out of your dreams!
Unfold this cloth—
RAG. (*Takes off one of the lanterns of the carriage, and flourishes it*)
Our lamps are bonbonnières!
CYR. (*To* CHRISTIAN)
I must see you before you speak with her—
RAG. (*More and more lyrical*)
My whip-handle is one long sausage!
ROX. (*Pouring wine; passing the food*) We
Being about to die, first let us dine!
Never mind the others—all for Gascoyne!
And if de Guiche comes, he is not invited!
(*Going from one to another*)
Plenty of time—you need not eat so fast—
Hold your cup— (*To another*)
What's the matter?
CADET. (*Sobbing*) You are so good
To us . . .
ROX. There, there! Red or white wine?
—Some bread
For Monsieur de Carbon!—Napkins— A knife—
Pass your plate— Some of the crust? A little more—
Light or dark?—Burgundy?—
CYR. (*Follows her with an armful of dishes, helping to serve*) Adorable!
ROX. (*Goes to* CHRISTIAN)
What would you like?
CHRIS. Nothing.
ROX. Oh, but you must!—
A little wine? A biscuit?
CHRIS. Tell me first
Why you came—
ROX. By and by. I must take care
Of these poor boys—
LE B. (*Who has gone up stage to pass up food to the sentry on the parapet, on the end of a lance*)
De Guiche!
CYR. Hide everything
Quick!—Dishes, bottles, tablecloth—
Now look
Hungry again— (*To* RAGUENEAU)
You there! Up on your box—
—Everything out of sight?—
(*In a twinkling, everything has been pushed inside the tents, hidden in their hats or under their cloaks.* DE GUICHE *enters quickly, then stops, sniffing the air. Silence.*)
DE G. It smells good here.
CADET. (*Humming with an air of great unconcern*)
Sing ha-ha-ha and ho-ho-ho—
DE G. (*Stares at him; he grows embarrassed*)
You there—
What are you blushing for?
CADET. Nothing—my blood
Stirs at the thought of battle.
ANOTHER. Pom . . . pom . . . pom! . . .
DE G. (*Turns upon him*) What is that?
CADET. (*Slightly stimulated*)
Only song—only little song—
DE G. You appear happy!
CADET. Oh, yes—always happy
Before a fight—
DE G. (*Calls to* CARBON, *for the purpose of giving him an order*) Captain! I— (*Stops and looks at him*)
What the devil—
You are looking happy too!—
CARB. (*Pulls a long face and hides a bottle behind his back*) No!
DE G. Here—I had
One gun remaining. I have had it placed
(*He points off stage*)
There—in that corner—for your men.
CADET. (*Simpering*) *So* kind!—
Charming attention!
ANOTHER. (*Same business; burlesque*)
Sweet solicitude!—
DE G. (*Contemptuous*)
I believe you are both drunk— (*Coldly*)
Being unaccustomed
To guns—take care of the recoil!
1ST CADET. (*Gesture*) Ah-h . . . Pfft!
DE G. (*Goes up to him, furious*) How dare you?
1ST CADET. A Gascon's gun never recoils!
DE G. (*Shakes him by the arm*) You *are* drunk—
1ST CADET. (*Superbly*) With the smell of powder!
DE G. (*Turns away with a shrug*) Bah!
(*To* ROXANE) Madame, have you decided?
ROX. I stay here.
DE G. You have time to escape—
ROX. No!
DE G. Very well—
Someone give me a musket!
CARB. What!
DE G. *I* stay
Here also.
CYR. (*Formally*) Sir, you show courage!
1ST CADET. A Gascon
In spite of all that lace!
ROX. Why—
DE G. Must I run
Away, and leave a woman?

2ND CADET. (*To* FIRST CADET) We might give him
Something to eat—what do you say?
(*All the food reappears, as if by magic*)
DE G. (*His face lights up*) A feast!
3RD CADET. Here a little, there a little—
DE G. (*Recovers his self-control; haughtily*)
Do you think
I want your leavings?
CYR. (*Saluting*) Colonel—you improve!
DE G. I can fight as I am!
1ST CADET. (*Delighted*) Listen to him—
He has an accent!
DE G. (*Laughs*) Have I so?
1ST CADET. A Gascon!—
A Gascon, after all! (*They all begin to dance*)
CARB. (*Who has disappeared for a moment behind the parapet, reappears on top of it*)
I have placed my pikemen
Here. (*Indicates a row of pikes showing above the parapet*)
DE G. (*Bows to* ROXANE)
We'll review them; will you take my arm?
(*She takes his arm; they go up on the parapet. The rest uncover, and follow them up stage.*)
CHRIS. (*Goes hurriedly to* CYRANO)
Speak quickly!
(*At the moment when* ROXANE *appears on the parapet the pikes are lowered in salute, and a cheer is heard. She bows.*)
PIKEMEN. (*Off stage*) Hurrah!
CHRIS. What is it?
CYR. If Roxane . . .
CHRIS. Well?
CYR. Speaks about your letters . . .
CHRIS. Yes—I know!
CYR. Do not make the mistake of showing . . .
CHRIS. What?
CYR. Showing surprise.
CHRIS. Surprise—why?
CYR. I must tell you! . . .
It is quite simple—I had forgotten it
Until just now. You have . . .
CHRIS. Speak quickly!
CYR. You
Have written oftener than you think.
CHRIS. Oh—have I!
CYR. I took upon me to interpret you;
And wrote—sometimes . . . without . . .
CHRIS. My knowing. Well?
CYR. Perfectly simple!
CHRIS. Oh, yes, perfectly!—
For a month, we have been blockaded here!—
How did you send all these letters?
CYR. Before
Daylight, I managed—
CHRIS. I see. That was also
Perfectly simple!
—So I wrote to her,
How many times a week? Twice? Three times?
Four?
CYR. Oftener.
CHRIS. Every day?
CYR. Yes—every day . . .
Every single day . . .
CHRIS. (*Violently*) And that wrought you up
Into such a flame that you faced death—
CYR. (*Sees* ROXANE *returning*) Hush—
Not before her! (*He goes quickly into the tent.* ROXANE *comes up to* CHRISTIAN.)
ROX. Now—Christian!
CHRIS. (*Takes her hands*) Tell me now
Why you came here—over these ruined roads—
Why you made your way among mosstroopers
And ruffians—you—to join me here?
ROX. Because—
Your letters . . .
CHRIS. Meaning?
ROX. It was your own fault
If I ran into danger! I went mad—
Mad with you! Think what you have written me,
How many times, each one more wonderful
Than the last!
CHRIS. All this for a few absurd
Love-letters—
ROX. Hush—absurd! How can you know?
I thought I loved you, ever since one night
When a voice that I never would have known
Under my window breathed your soul to me . . .
But—all this time, your letters—every one
Was like hearing your voice there in the dark,
All around me, like your arms around me . . .
(*More lightly*) At last
I came. Anyone would! Do you suppose
The prim Penelope had stayed at home
Embroidering,—if Ulysses wrote like you?
She would have fallen like another Helen—
Tucked up those linen petticoats of hers
And followed him to Troy!
CHRIS. But you—
ROX. I read them
Over and over. I grew faint reading them.
I belonged to you. Every page of them

Was like a petal fallen from your soul—
Like the light and the fire of a great love,
Sweet and strong and true—
CHRIS. Sweet . . . and strong . . . and true . . .
You felt that, Roxane?—
ROX. You know how I feel! . . .
CHRIS. So—you came . . .
ROX. Oh, my Christian, oh my king,—
Lift me up if I fall upon my knees—
It is the heart of me that kneels to you,
And will remain forever at your feet—
You cannot lift that!—
I came here to say
"Forgive me"—(It is time to be forgiven
Now, when we may die presently)—forgive me
For being light and vain and loving you
Only because you were beautiful.
CHRIS. (*Astonished*) Roxane! . . .
ROX. Afterwards I knew better. Afterwards
(I had to learn to use my wings) I loved you
For yourself too—knowing you more, and loving
More of you. And now—
CHRIS. Now? . . .
ROX. It is yourself
I love now: your own self.
CHRIS. (*Taken aback*) Roxane!
ROX. (*Gravely*) Be happy!—
You must have suffered; for you must have seen
How frivolous I was; and to be loved
For the mere costume, the poor casual body
You went about in—to a soul like yours,
That must have been torture! Therefore with words
You revealed your heart. Now that image of you
Which filled my eyes first—I see better now,
And I see it no more!
CHRIS. Oh!—
ROX. You still doubt
Your victory?
CHRIS. (*Miserably*) Roxane!—
ROX. I understand:
You cannot perfectly believe in me—
A love like this—
CHRIS. I want no love like this!
I want love only for—
ROX. Only for what
Every woman sees in you? I can do
Better than that!
CHRIS. No—it was best before!
ROX. You do not altogether know me . . . Dear,
There is more of me than there was—with this,
I can love more of you—more of what makes
You your own self—Truly! . . . If you were less
Lovable—
CHRIS. No!
ROX. —Less charming—ugly even—
I should love you still.
CHRIS. You mean that?
ROX. I do
Mean that!
CHRIS. Ugly? . . .
ROX. Yes. Even then!
CHRIS. (*Agonized*) Oh . . . God! . . .
ROX. Now are you happy?
CHRIS. (*Choking*) Yes . . .
ROX. What is it?
CHRIS. (*Pushes her away gently*) Only . . .
Nothing . . . one moment . . .
ROX. But—
CHRIS. (*Gesture toward the* CADETS)
I am keeping you
From those poor fellows— Go and smile at them;
They are going to die!
ROX. (*Softly*) Dear Christian!
CHRIS. Go—
(*She goes up among the Gascons, who gather round her respectfully*)
Cyrano!
CYR. (*Comes out of the tent, armed for the battle*)
What is wrong? You look—
CHRIS. She does not
Love me any more.
CYR. (*Smiles*) You think not?
CHRIS. She loves
You.
CYR. No!—
CHRIS. (*Bitterly*) She loves only my soul.
CYR. No!
CHRIS. Yes—
That means you. And you love her.
CYR. I?
CHRIS. I see—
I know!
CYR. That is true . . .
CHRIS. More than—
CYR. (*Quietly*) More than that.
CHRIS. Tell her so!
CYR. No.
CHRIS. Why not?
CYR. Why—look at me!
CHRIS. She would love me if I were ugly.
CYR. (*Startled*) She—
Said that?
CHRIS. Yes. Now then!

CYR. (*Half to himself*) It was good of her
To tell you that . . . (*Change of tone*)
Nonsense! Do not believe
Any such madness—
It was good of her
To tell you . . .
Do not take her at her word!
Go on—you never will be ugly— Go!
She would never forgive me.
CHRIS. That is what
We shall see.
CYR. No, no—
CHRIS. Let her choose between us!
Tell her everything!
CYR. No—you torture me—
CHRIS. Shall I ruin your happiness, because
I have a cursed pretty face? That seems
Too unfair!
CYR. And am I to ruin yours
Because I happen to be born with power
To say what you—perhaps—feel?
CHRIS. Tell her!
CYR. Man—
Do not try me too far!
CHRIS. I am tired of being
My own rival!
CYR. Christian!—
CHRIS. Our secret marriage—
No witnesses—fraudulent—that can be
Annulled—
CYR. Do not try me—
CHRIS. I want her love
For the poor fool I am—or not at all!
Oh, I am going through with this! I'll know,
One way or the other. Now I shall walk down
To the end of the post. Go tell her. Let her choose
One of us.
CYR. It will be you.
CHRIS. God—I hope so! (*He turns and calls*)
Roxane!
CYR. No—no—
ROX. (*Hurries down to him*) Yes, Christian?
CHRIS. Cyrano
Has news for you—important.
(*She turns to* CYRANO. CHRISTIAN *goes out.*)
ROX. (*Lightly*) Oh—important?
CYR. He is gone . . . (*To* ROXANE)
Nothing—only Christian thinks
You ought to know—
ROX. I do know. He still doubts
What I told him just now. I saw that.
CYR. (*Takes her hand*) Was it
True—what you told him just now?
ROX. It was true!
I said that I should love him even . . .
CYR. (*Smiling sadly*) The word
Comes hard—before me?
ROX. Even if he were . . .
CYR. Say it—
I shall not be hurt!—Ugly?
ROX. Even then
I should love him.
(*A few shots, off stage, in the direction in which* CHRISTIAN *disappeared*)
Hark! The guns—
CYR. Hideous?
ROX. Hideous.
CYR. Disfigured?
ROX. Or disfigured.
CYR. Even
Grotesque?
ROX. How could he ever be grotesque—
Ever—to me!
CYR. But you could love him so,
As much as?—
ROX. Yes—and more!
CYR. (*Aside, excitedly*) It is true!—true!—
Perhaps—God! This is too much happiness . . .
(*To* ROXANE) I—Roxane—listen—
LE B. (*Enters quickly; calls to* CYRANO *in a low tone*) Cyrano—
CYR. (*Turns*) Yes?
LE B. Hush! . . .
(*Whispers a few words to him*)
CYR. (*Lets fall* ROXANE'S *hand*) Ah!
ROX. What is it?
CYR. (*Half stunned, and aside*) All gone . . .
ROX. (*More shots*) What is it? Oh,
They are fighting!— (*She goes up to look off stage*)
CYR. All gone. I cannot ever
Tell her, now . . . ever . . .
ROX. (*Starts to rush away*)
What has happened?
CYR. (*Restrains her*) Nothing.
(*Several* CADETS *enter. They conceal something which they are carrying, and form a group so as to prevent* ROXANE *from seeing their burden.*)
ROX. These men—
CYR. Come away . . .
(*He leads her away from the group*)
ROX. You were telling me
Something—

CYR. Oh, that? Nothing . . . (*Gravely*)
I swear to you
That the spirit of Christian—that his soul
Was— (*Corrects himself quickly*)
That his soul is no less great—
ROX. (*Catches at the word*) *Was?*
(*Crying out*) Oh!—
(*She rushes among the men, and scatters them*)
CYR. All gone . . .
ROX (*Sees* CHRISTIAN *lying upon his cloak*)
Christian!
LE B. (*To* CYRANO) At the first volley.
(ROXANE *throws herself upon the body of* CHRISTIAN. *Shots; at first scattered, then increasing. Drums. Voices shouting.*)
CARB. (*Sword in hand*) Here
They come!—Ready!— (*Followed by the* CADETS, *he climbs over the parapet and disappears*)
ROX. Christian!
CARB. (*Off stage*) Come on, there, You!
ROX. Christian!
CARB. Fall in!
ROX. Christian!
CARB. Measure your fuse!
(RAGUENEAU *hurries up, carrying a helmet full of water*)
CHRIS. (*Faintly*) Roxane! . . .
CYR. (*Low and quick, in* CHRISTIAN'S *ear, while* ROXANE *is dipping into the water a strip of linen torn from her dress*)
I have told her; she loves you.
(CHRISTIAN *closes his eyes*)
ROX. (*Turns to* CHRISTIAN) Yes,
My darling?
CARB. Draw your ramrods!
ROX. (*To* CYRANO) He is not dead? . . .
CARB. Open your charges!
ROX. I can feel his cheek
Growing cold against mine—
CARB. Take aim!
ROX. A letter—
Over his heart— (*She opens it*)
For me.
CYR. (*Aside*) My letter . . .
CARB. Fire!
(*Musketry, cries and groans. Din of battle*)
CYR. (*Trying to withdraw his hand, which* ROXANE, *still upon her knees, is holding*)
But, Roxane—they are fighting—
ROX. Wait a little . . .
He is dead. No one else knew him but you . . .
(*She weeps quietly*)
Was he not a great lover, a great man,
A hero?
CYR. (*Standing, bareheaded*) Yes, Roxane.
ROX. A poet, unknown,
Adorable?
CYR. Yes, Roxane.
ROX. A fine mind?
CYR. Yes, Roxane.
ROX. A heart deeper than we knew—
A soul magnificently tender?
CYR. (*Firmly*) Yes,
Roxane!
ROX. (*Sinks down upon the breast of* CHRISTIAN)
He is dead now . . .
CYR. (*Aside; draws his sword*) Why, so am I—
For I am dead, and my love mourns for me
And does not know . . . (*Trumpets in distance*)
DE G. (*Appears on the parapet, disheveled, wounded on the forehead, shouting*)
The signal—hark—the trumpets!
The army has returned— Hold them now!— Hold them!
The army!—
ROX. On his letter—blood . . . and tears
VOICE. (*Off stage*) Surrender!
CADETS. No!
RAG. This place is dangerous!—
CYR. (*To* DE GUICHE)
Take her away—I am going—
ROX. (*Kisses the letter; faintly*)
His blood . . . his tears . . .
RAG. (*Leaps down from the coach and runs to her*) She has fainted—
DE G. (*On the parapet; savagely, to the* CADETS)
Hold them!
VOICE OFF STAGE. Lay down your arms!
VOICES. No! No!
CYR. (*To* DE GUICHE)
Sir, you have proved yourself— Take care of her.
DE G. (*Hurries to* ROXANE *and takes her up in his arms*) As you will—we can win, if you hold on
A little longer—
CYR. Good!
(*Calls out to* ROXANE, *as she is carried away, fainting, by* DE GUICHE *and* RAGUENEAU)
Adieu, Roxane!
(*Tumult, outcries. Several* CADETS *come back wounded and fall on the stage.* CYRANO, *rushing to the fight, is stopped on the crest of the parapet by* CARBON, *covered with blood.*)
CARB. We are breaking—I am twice wounded—

CYR. (*Shouts to the Gascons*) *Hardi! Reculez pas, Drollos!* (*To* CARBON, *holding him up*) So—never fear!
I have two deaths to avenge now—Christian's
And my own!
(*They come down.* CYRANO *takes from him the lance with* ROXANE'S *handkerchief still fastened to it.*)
Float, little banner, with her name!
(*He plants it on the parapet; then shouts to the* CADETS)
*Toumbé dessus! Escrasas lous!*
(*To the fifer*) Your fife!
Music!
(*Fife plays. The wounded drag themselves to their feet. Other* CADETS *scramble over the parapet and group themselves around* CYRANO *and his tiny flag. The coach is filled and covered with men, bristling with muskets, transformed into a redoubt.*)

CADET. (*Reels backward over the wall, still fighting, shouts*) They are climbing over!—
(*And falls dead*)

CYR. Very good—
Let them come!— A salute now—
(*The parapet is crowned for an instant with a rank of enemies. The imperial banner of Spain is raised aloft.*)
Fire! (*General volley*)

VOICE (*Among the ranks of the enemy*) Fire!
(*Murderous counter-fire; the* CADETS *fall on every side*)

SPANISH OFFICER. (*Uncovers*)
Who are these men who are so fond of death?

CYR. (*Erect amid the hail of bullets, declaims*)
The Cadets of Gascoyne, the defenders
Of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux—
Free fighters, free lovers, free spenders—
(*He rushes forward, followed by a few survivors*)
The Cadets of Gascoyne . . .
(*The rest is lost in the din of battle*)

[CURTAIN]

## THE FIFTH ACT

### *Cyrano's Gazette*

*Fifteen years later, in 1655.* THE PARK OF THE CONVENT *occupied by the Ladies of the Cross, at Paris.*

*Magnificent foliage. To the Left, the House upon a broad Terrace at the head of a flight of steps, with several Doors opening upon the Terrace. In the centre of the scene an enormous Tree alone in the centre of a little open space. Toward the Right, in the foreground, among Boxwood Bushes, a semicircular Bench of stone.*

*All the way across the Background of the scene, an Avenue overarched by the chestnut trees, leading to the door of a Chapel on the Right, just visible among the branches of the trees. Beyond the double curtain of the trees, we catch a glimpse of bright lawns and shaded walks, masses of shrubbery; the perspective of the Park; the sky.*

*A little side door of the Chapel opens upon a Colonnade, garlanded with Autumnal vines, and disappearing on the Right behind the box-trees.*

*It is late October. Above the still living green of the turf all the foilage is red and yellow and brown. The evergreen masses of Box and Yew stand out darkly against this Autumnal coloring. A heap of dead leaves under every tree. The leaves are falling everywhere. They rustle underfoot along the walks; the Terrace and the Bench are half covered with them.*

*Before the Bench on the Right, on the side toward the Tree, is placed a tall embroidery frame and beside it a little Chair. Baskets filled with skeins of many-colored silks and balls of wool. Tapestry unfinished on the Frame.*

*At the* CURTAIN RISE *the nuns are coming and going across the Park; several of them are seated on the Bench around* MOTHER MARGUÉRITE DE JÉSUS. *The leaves are falling.*

SISTER MARTHE. (*To* MOTHER MARGUÉRITE)
Sister Claire has been looking in the glass
At her new cap; twice!

M. MARG. (*To* SISTER CLAIRE)
It is very plain;
Very.

SISTER CLAIRE. And Sister Marthe stole a plum
Out of the tart this morning!

M. MARG. (*To* SISTER MARTHE) That was wrong;
Very wrong.

S. C. Oh, but such a little look!

S. MAR. Such a little plum!

M. MARG. (*Severely*) I shall tell Monsieur
De Cyrano, this evening.

S. C. No! Oh no!—
He will make fun of us.

S. MAR. He will say nuns
Are so gay!

S. C. And so greedy!

M. MARG. (*Smiling*) And so good . . .

S. C. It must be ten years, Mother Marguérite,
That he has come here every Saturday,
Is it not?
M. MARG. More than ten years; ever since
His cousin came to live among us here—
Her worldly weeds among our linen veils,
Her widowhood and our virginity—
Like a black dove among white doves.
S. MAR. No one
Else ever turns that happy sorrow of hers
Into a smile.
ALL THE NUNS. He is such fun!—He makes us
Almost laugh!—And he teases everyone—
And pleases everyone— And we all love him—
And he likes our cake, too—
S. MAR. I am afraid
He is not a good Catholic.
S. C. Some day
We shall convert him.
NUNS. Yes—yes!
M. MARG. Let him be;
I forbid you to worry him. Perhaps
He might stop coming here.
S. MAR. But . . . God?
M. MARG. You need not
Be afraid. God knows all about him.
S. MAR. Yes . . .
But every Saturday he says to me,
Just as if he were proud of it: "Well, Sister,
I ate meat yesterday!"
M. MARG. He tells you so?
The last time he said that, he had not eaten
Anything for two days.
S. MAR. Mother!—
M. MARG. He is poor;
Very poor.
S. MAR. Who said so?
M. MARG. Monsieur Le Bret.
S. MAR. Why does not someone help him?
M. MARG. He would be
Angry; very angry . . .
*(Between the trees up stage,* ROXANE *appears, all in black, with a widow's cap and long veils.* DE GUICHE, *magnificently grown old, walks beside her. They move slowly.* MOTHER MARGUÉRITE *rises.)*
Let us go in—
Madame Madeleine has a visitor.
S. MAR. (*To* SISTER CLAIRE)
The Duc de Grammont, is it not? The Marshal?
S. C. (*Looks toward* DE GUICHE) I think so—yes.
S. MAR. He has not been to see her
For months—
NUNS. He is busy—the Court!—The Camp!—
S. C. The world . . .
(*They go out.* DE GUICHE *and* ROXANE *come down in silence, and stop near the embroidery frame. Pause.*)
DE G. And you remain here, wasting all that gold—
For ever in mourning?
ROX. For ever.
DE G. And still faithful?
ROX. And still faithful . . .
DE G. (*After a pause*) Have you forgiven me?
ROX. (*Simply, looking up at the cross of the Convent*) I am here. (*Another pause*)
DE G. Was Christian . . . all that?
ROX. If you knew him.
DE G. Ah? We were not precisely . . . intimate . . .
And his last letter—always at your heart?
ROX. It hangs here, like a holy reliquary.
DE G. Dead—and you love him still!
ROX. Sometimes I think
He has not altogether died; our hearts
Meet, and his love flows all around me, living.
DE G. (*After another pause*)
You see Cyrano often?
ROX. Every week.
My old friend takes the place of my Gazette,
Brings me all the news. Every Saturday,
Under that tree where you are now, his chair
Stands, if the day be fine. I wait for him,
Embroidering; the hour strikes; then I hear,
(I need not turn to look!) at the last stroke,
His cane tapping the steps. He laughs at me
For my eternal needlework. He tells
The story of the past week—
(LE BRET *appears on the steps*)
There's Le Bret!—
(LE BRET *approaches*)
How is it with our friend?
LE B. Badly.
DE G. Indeed?
ROX. (*To* DE GUICHE) Oh, he exaggerates!
LE B. Just as I said—
Loneliness, misery—I told him so!—
His satires make a host of enemies—
He attacks the false nobles, the false saints,
The false heroes, the false artists—in short,
Everyone!
ROX. But they fear that sword of his—
No one dare touch him!
DE G. (*With a shrug*) H'm—that may be so.

LE B. It is not violence I fear for him,
But solitude—poverty—old gray December,
Stealing on wolf's feet, with a wolf's green eyes,
Into his darkening room. Those bravoes yet
May strike our Swordsman down! Every day now,
He draws his belt up one hole; his poor nose
Looks like old ivory; he has one coat
Left—his old black serge.

DE G. That is nothing strange
In this world! No, you need not pity him
Overmuch.

LE B. (*With a bitter smile*)
My lord Marshal! . . .

DE G. I say, do not
Pity him overmuch. He lives his life,
His own life, his own way—thought, word, and deed
Free!

LE B. (*As before*) My lord Duke! . . .

DE G. (*Haughtily*) Yes, I know—I have all;
He has nothing. Nevertheless, today
I should be proud to shake his hand . . .
(*Saluting* ROXANE) Adieu.

ROX. I will go with you.
(DE GUICHE *salutes* LE BRET, *and turns with* ROXANE *toward the steps*)

DE G. (*Pauses on the steps, as she climbs*)
Yes—I envy him
Now and then . . .
Do you know, when a man wins
Everything in this world, when he succeeds
Too much—he feels, having done nothing wrong
Especially, Heaven knows!—he feels somehow
A thousand small displeasures with himself,
Whose whole sum is not quite Remorse, but rather
A sort of vague disgust . . . The ducal robes
Mounting up, step by step, to pride and power,
Somewhere among their folds draw after them
A rustle of dry illusions, vain regrets
As your veil, up the stairs here, draws along
The whisper of dead leaves.

ROX. (*Ironical*) The sentiment
Does you honor.

DE G. Oh, yes . . . (*Pausing suddenly*)
Monsieur Le Bret!—
(*To* ROXANE)
You pardon us?—
(*He goes to* LE BRET, *and speaks in a low tone*)
One moment— It is true
That no one dares attack your friend. Some people
Dislike him, none the less. The other day
At Court, such a one said to me: "This man
Cyrano may die—accidentally."

LE B. (*Coldly*) Thank you.

DE G. You may thank me. Keep him at home
All you can. Tell him to be careful.

LE B. (*Shaking his hands to heaven*) Careful!—
He is coming here. I'll warn him—yes, but! . . .

ROX. (*Still on the steps, to a* NUN *who approaches her*) Here
I am—what is it?

NUN. Madame, Ragueneau
Wishes to see you.

ROX. Bring him here.
(*To* LE BRET *and* DE GUICHE)
He comes
For sympathy—having been first of all
A Poet, he became since then, in turn,
A Singer—

LE B. Bath-house keeper—

ROX. Sacristan—

LE B. Actor—

ROX. Hairdresser—

LE B. Music-master—

ROX. Now,
Today—

RAG. (*Enters hurriedly*)
Madame!— (*He sees* LE BRET)
Monsieur!—

ROX. (*Smiling*) First tell your troubles
To Le Bret for a moment.

RAG. But, Madame—
(*She goes out, with* DE GUICHE, *not hearing him.* RAGUENEAU *comes to* LE BRET.)
After all, I had rather— You are here—
She need not know so soon— I went to see him
Just now— Our friend— As I came near his door,
I saw him coming out. I hurried on
To join him. At the corner of the street,
As he passed— Could it be an accident?—
I wonder!—At the window overhead,
A lackey with a heavy log of wood
Let it fall—

LE B. Cyrano!

RAG. I ran to him—

LE B. God! The cowards!

RAG. I found him lying there—
A great hole in his head—

LE B. Is he alive?

RAG. Alive—yes. But . . . I had to carry him
Up to his room—Dieu! Have you seen his room?—

LE B. Is he suffering?

RAG. No; unconscious.

LE B. Did you
Call a doctor?
RAG. One came—for charity.
LE B. Poor Cyrano!--We must not tell Roxane
All at once . . . Did the doctor say?—
RAG. He said
Fever, and lesions of the— I forget
Those long names— Ah, if you had seen him there,
His head all white bandages!—Let us go
Quickly—there is no one to care for him—
All alone— If he tries to raise his head,
He may die!
LE B. (*Draws him away to the Right*)
This way— It is shorter—through
The Chapel—
ROX. (*Appears on the stairway, and calls to* LE BRET *as he is going out by the colonnade which leads to the small door of the Chapel*)
Monsieur Le Bret!—
(LE BRET *and* RAGUENEAU *rush off without hearing*)
Running away
When I call to him? Poor dear Ragueneau
Must have been very tragic!
(*She comes slowly down the stair, toward the tree*)
What a day! . . .
Something in these bright Autumn afternoons
Happy and yet regretful—an old sorrow
Smiling . . . as though poor little April dried
Her tears long ago—and remembered . . .
(*She sits down at her work. Two* NUNS *come out of the house carrying a great chair and set it under the tree.*)
Ah—
The old chair, for my old friend!—
S. MAR. The best one
In our best parlor!—
ROX. Thank you, Sister—
(*The* NUNS *withdraw*)
There—
(*She begins embroidering. The clock strikes.*)
The hour!—He will be coming now—my silks—
All done striking? He never was so late
Before! The sister at the door—my thimble . . .
Here it is—she must be exhorting him
To repent all his sins . . . (*A pause*)
He ought to be
Converted, by this time— Another leaf—
(*A dead leaf falls on her work; she brushes it away*)
Certainly nothing could—my scissors—ever
Keep him away—
NUN. (*Appears on the steps*)
Monsieur de Bergerac.
ROX. (*Without turning*)
What was I saying? . . . Hard, sometimes, to match
These faded colors! . . .
(*While she goes on working,* CYRANO *appears at the top of the steps, very pale, his hat drawn over his eyes. The* NUN *who has brought him in goes away. He begins to descend the steps leaning on his cane, and holding himself on his feet only by an evident effort.* ROXANE *turns to him, with a tone of friendly banter.*)
After fourteen years,
Late—for the first time!
CYR. (*Reaches the chair, and sinks into it, his gay tone contrasting with his tortured face*)
Yes, yes—maddening!
I was detained by—
ROX. Well?
CYR. A visitor,
Most unexpected.
ROX. (*Carelessly, still sewing*) Was your visitor
Tiresome?
CYR. Why, hardly that—inopportune,
Let us say—an old friend of mine—at least
A very old acquaintance.
ROX. Did you tell him
To go away?
CYR. For the time being, yes.
I said: "Excuse me—this is Saturday—
I have a previous engagement, one
I cannot miss, even for you— Come back
An hour from now."
ROX. Your friend will have to wait;
I shall not let you go till dark.
CYR. (*Very gently*) Perhaps
A little before dark, I must go . . .
(*He leans back in the chair, and closes his eyes.* SISTER MARTHE *crosses above the stairway.* ROXANE *sees her, motions her to wait, then turns to* CYRANO.)
ROX. Look—
Somebody waiting to be teased.
CYR. (*Quickly, opens his eyes*) Of course!
(*In a big, comic voice*)
Sister, approach!
(SISTER MARTHE *glides toward him*)
Beautiful downcast eyes!—
So shy—
S. MAR. (*Looks up, smiling*)
You— (*She sees his face*)
Oh!—

CYR. (*Indicates* ROXANE) Sh!—Careful!
(*Resumes his burlesque tone*)
Yesterday,
I ate meat again!
S. MAR. Yes, I know. (*Aside*)
That is why
He looks so pale . . . (*To him: low and quickly*)
In the refectory,
Before you go—come to me there—
I'll make you
A great bowl of hot soup—will you come?
CYR. (*Boisterously*) Ah—
Will I come!
S. MAR. You are quite reasonable
Today!
ROX. Has she converted you?
S. MAR. Oh, no—
Not for the world!—
CYR. Why, now I think of it,
That is so— You, bursting with holiness,
And yet you never preach! Astonishing
I call it . . . (*With burlesque ferocity*)
Ah—now I'll astonish you—
I am going to— (*With the air of seeking for a good joke and finding it*)
—let you pray for me
Tonight, at vespers!
ROX. Aha!
CYR. Look at her—
Absolutely struck dumb!
S. MAR. (*Gently*) I did not wait
For you to say I might. (*She goes out*)
CYR. (*Returns to* ROXANE, *who is bending over her work*) Now, may the devil
Admire me, if I ever hope to see
The end of that embroidery!
ROX. (*Smiling*) I thought
It was time you said that.
(*A breath of wind causes a few leaves to fall*)
CYR. The leaves—
ROX. (*Raises her head and looks away through the trees*) What color—
Perfect Venetian red! Look at them fall.
CYR. Yes—they know how to die. A little way
From the branch to the earth, a little fear
Of mingling with the common dust—and yet
They go down gracefully—a fall that seems
Like flying!
ROX. Melancholy—you?
CYR. Why, no,
Roxane!
ROX. Then let the leaves fall. Tell me now
The Court news—my Gazette!
CYR. Let me see—
ROX. Ah!
CYR. (*More and more pale, struggling against pain*) *Saturday, the nineteenth:* The King fell ill,
After eight helpings of grape marmalade.
His malady was brought before the court,
Found guilty of high treason; whereupon
His Majesty revived. The royal pulse
Is now normal. *Sunday, the twentieth:*
The Queen gave a grand ball, at which they burned
Seven hundred and sixty-three wax candles. *Note:*
They say our troops have been victorious
In Austria. *Later:* Three sorcerers
Have been hung. *Special post:* The little dog
Of Madame d'Athis was obliged to take
Four pills before—
ROX. Monsieur de Bergerac,
Will you kindly be quiet!
CYR. Monday . . . nothing.
Lygdamire has a new lover.
ROX. Oh,
CYR. (*His face more and more altered*)
*Tuesday,*
*The twenty-second:* All the court has gone
To Fontainebleau. *Wednesday:* The Comte de Fiesque
Spoke to Madame de Montglat; she said No.
*Thursday:* Mancini was the Queen of France
Or—very nearly! *Friday:* La Montglat
Said Yes. *Saturday, twenty-sixth. . . .*
(*His eyes close; his head sinks back; silence*)
ROX. (*Surprised at not hearing any more, turns, looks at him, and rises, frightened*) He has fainted—
(*She runs to him, crying out*)
Cyrano!
CYR. (*Opens his eyes*) What . . . What is it? . . .
(*He sees* ROXANE *leaning over him, and quickly pulls his hat down over his head and leans back away from her in the chair*)
No—oh no—
It is nothing—truly!
ROX. But—
CYR. My old wound—
At Arras—sometimes—you know. . . .
ROX. My poor friend!
CYR. Oh it is nothing; it will soon be gone. . . .
(*Forcing a smile*)
There! It is gone!
ROX. (*Standing close to him*)
We all have our old wounds—

I have mine—here . . . (*Her hand at her breast*)
under this faded scrap
Of writing. . . . It is hard to read now—all
But the blood—and the tears. . . .
(*Twilight begins to fall*)
CYR. His letter! . . . Did you
Not promise me that some day . . . that some day
You would let me read it?
ROX. His letter?—You . . .
You wish—
CYR. I do wish it—today.
ROX. (*Gives him the little silken bag from around her neck*) Here. . . .
CYR. May I . . . open it?
ROX. Open it, and read.
(*She goes back to her work, folds it again, rearranges her silks*)
CYR. (*Unfolds the letter; reads*)
"Farewell, Roxane, because today I die—"
ROX. (*Looks up, surprised*) Aloud?
CYR. (*Reads*) "I know that it will be today,
My own dearly beloved—and my heart
Still so heavy with love I have not told,
And I die without telling you! No more
Shall my eyes drink the sight of you like wine,
Never more, with a look that is a kiss,
Follow the sweet grace of you—"
ROX. How you read it—
His letter!
CYR. (*Continues*) "I remember now the way
You have, of pushing back a lock of hair
With one hand, from your forehead—and my heart
Cries out—"
ROX. His letter . . . and you read it so . . .
(*The darkness increases imperceptibly*)
CYR. "Cries out and keeps crying: 'Farewell, my dear,
My dearest—' "
ROX. In a voice . . .
CYR. "—My own heart's own.
My own treasure—"
ROX. (*Dreamily*) In such a voice. . . .
CYR. —"My love—"
ROX.—As I remember hearing . . .
(*She trembles*) —long ago. . . .
(*She comes near him, softly, without his seeing her; passes the chair, leans over silently, looking at the letter. The darkness increases.*)
CYR. "—I am never away from you. Even now,
I shall not leave you. In another world,
I shall be still that one who loves you, loves you
Beyond measure, beyond—"
ROX. (*Lays her hand on his shoulder*)
How can you read
Now? It is dark. . . .
(*He starts, turns, and sees her there close to him. A little movement of surprise, almost of fear; then he bows his head. A long pause; then in the twilight now completely fallen, she says very softly, clasping her hands*)
And all these fourteen years,
He has been the old friend, who came to me
To be amusing.
CYR. Roxane!—
ROX. It was you.
CYR. No, no, Roxane, no!
ROX. And I might have known,
Every time that I heard you speak my name! . . .
CYR. No— It was not I—
ROX. It was . . . you!
CYR. I swear—
ROX. I understand everything now: The letters—
That was you . . .
CYR. No!
ROX. And the dear, foolish words—
That was you. . . .
CYR. No!
ROX. And the voice . . . in the dark . . .
That was . . . you!
CYR. On my honor—
ROX. And . . . the Soul!—
That was all you.
CYR. I never loved you—
ROX. Yes,
You loved me.
CYR. (*Desperately*) No— He loved you—
ROX. Even now,
You love me!
CYR. (*His voice weakens*) No!
ROX. (*Smiling*) And why . . . so great a *No?*
CYR. No, no, my own dear love, I love you not! . . . (*Pause*)
ROX. How many things have died . . . and are new-born! . . .
Why were you silent for so many years,
All the while, every night and every day,
He gave me nothing—you knew that— You knew
Here, in this letter lying on my breast,
Your tears— You knew they were your tears—
CYR. (*Holds the letter out to her*) The blood
Was his.
ROX. Why do you break that silence now,
Today?

CYR. Why? Oh, because—
(LE BRET *and* RAGUENEAU *enter, running*)
LE B. What recklessness—
I knew it! He is here!
CYR. (*Smiling, and trying to rise*)
Well? Here I am!
RAG. He has killed himself, Madame, coming here!
ROX. He— Oh, God. . . . And that faintness . . . was that?—
CYR. No,
Nothing! I did not finish my Gazette—
*Saturday, twenty-sixth:* An hour or so
Before dinner, Monsieur de Bergerac
Died, foully murdered. (*He uncovers his head, and shows it swathed in bandages*)
ROX. Oh, what does he mean?—
Cyrano!—What have they done to you?—
CYR. "Struck down
By the sword of a hero, let me fall—
Steel in my heart, and laughter on my lips!"
Yes, I said that once. How Fate loves a jest!—
Behold me ambushed—taken in the rear—
My battlefield a gutter—my noble foe
A lackey, with a log of wood! . . .
It seems
Too logical— I have missed everything,
Even my death!
RAG. (*Breaks down*) Ah, Monsieur!—
CYR. Ragueneau,
Stop blubbering! (*Takes his hand*)
What are you writing nowadays,
Old poet?
RAG. (*Through his tears*) I am not a poet now;
I snuff the—light the candles—for Molière!
CYR. Oh—Molière!
RAG. Yes, but I am leaving him
Tomorrow. Yesterday they played *Scapin*—
He has stolen your scene—
LE B. The whole scene—word for word!
RAG. Yes: "What the devil was he doing there"—
That one!
LE B. (*Furious*)
And Molière stole it all from you—
Bodily!—
CYR. Bah— He showed good taste. . . .
(*To* RAGUENEAU) The Scene
Went well? . . .
RAG. Ah, Monsieur, they laughed—and laughed—
How they did laugh!
CYR. Yes—that has been my life.
Do you remember that night Christian spoke
Under your window? It was always so!
While I stood in the darkness underneath,
Others climbed up to win the applause—the kiss!—
Well—that seems only justice— I still say,
Even now, on the threshold of my tomb—
"Molière has genius—Christian had good looks—"
(*The chapel bell is ringing. Along the avenue of trees above the stairway, the* NUNS *pass in procession to their prayers.*)
They are going to pray now; there is the bell.
ROX (*Raises herself and calls to them*)
Sister!—Sister!—
CYR. (*Holding on to her hand*)
No,—do not go away—
I may not still be here when you return. . . .
(*The* NUNS *have gone into the chapel. The organ begins to play.*)
A little harmony is all I need—
Listen. . . .
ROX. You shall not die! I love you!—
CYR. No—
That is not in the story! You remember
When Beauty said "I love you" to the Beast
That was a fairy prince, his ugliness
Changed and dissolved, like magic. . . . But you see
I am still the same.
ROX. And I—I have done
This to you! All my fault—mine!
CYR. You? Why, no,
On the contrary! I had never known
Womanhood and its sweetness but for you.
My mother did not love to look at me—
I never had a sister— Later on,
I feared the mistress with a mockery
Behind her smile. But you—because of you
I have had one friend not quite all a friend—
Across my life, one whispering silken gown! . . .
LE B. (*Points to the rising moon which begins to shine down between the trees*)
Your other friend is looking at you.
CYR. (*Smiling at the moon*) I see. . . .
ROX. I never loved but one man in my life,
And I have lost him—twice. . . .
CYR. Le Bret—I shall be up there presently
In the moon—without having to invent
Any flying-machines!
ROX. What are you saying? . . .
CYR. The moon—yes, that would be the place for me—
My kind of paradise! I shall find there

Those other souls who should be friends of mine—
Socrates—Galileo—
LE B. (*Revolting*) No! No! No!
It is too idiotic—too unfair—
Such a friend—such a poet—such a man
To die so—to die so!—
CYR. (*Affectionately*) There goes Le Bret,
Growling!
LE B. (*Breaks down*) My friend!—
CYR. (*Half raises himself, his eye wanders*)
The Cadets of Gascoyne,
The Defenders. . . . The elementary mass—
Ah—there's the point! Now, then . . .
LE B. Delirious—
And all that learning—
CYR. On the other hand,
We have Copernicus—
ROX. Oh!
CYR. (*More and more delirious*) "Very well,
But what the devil was he doing there?—
What the devil was he doing there, up there?" . . .
(*He declaims*)
Philosopher and scientist,
Poet, musician, duellist—
He flew high, and fell back again!
A pretty wit—whose like we lack—
A lover . . . not like other men. . . .
Here likes Hercule-Savinien
De Cyrano de Bergerac—
Who was all things—and all in vain!
Well, I must go—pardon— I cannot stay!
My moonbeam comes to carry me away. . . .
(*He falls back into the chair, half fainting. The sobbing of* ROXANE *recalls him to reality. Gradually his mind comes back to him. He looks at her, stroking the veil that hides her hair.*)
I would not have you mourn any the less
That good, brave, noble Christian; but perhaps—
I ask you only this—when the great cold
Gathers around my bones, that you may give
A double meaning to your widow's weeds
And the tears you let fall for him may be
For a little—my tears. . . .
ROX. (*Sobbing*) Oh, my love! . . .
CYR. (*Suddenly shaken as with a fever fit, he raises himself erect and pushes her away*)
—Not here!—
Not lying down! . . . (*They spring forward to help him; he motions them back*)
Let no one help me—no one!—
Only the tree. . . .
(*He sets his back against the trunk. Pause.*)
It is coming . . . I feel
Already shod with marble . . . gloved with lead . . . (*Joyously*)
Let the old fellow come now! He shall find me
On my feet—sword in hand— (*Draws his sword*)
LE B. Cyrano!—
ROX. (*Half fainting*) Oh,
Cyrano!
CYR. I can see him there—he grins—
He is looking at my nose—that skeleton
—What's that you say? Hopeless?—Why, very well!—
But a man does not fight merely to win!
No—no—better to know one fights in vain! . . .
You there— Who are you? A hundred against one—
I know them now, my ancient enemies—
(*He lunges at the empty air*)
Falsehood! . . . There! There! Prejudice— Compromise—
Cowardice— (*Thrusting*)
What's that? No! Surrender? No!
Never—never! . . .
Ah, you too, Vanity!
I knew you would overthrow me in the end—
No! I fight on! I fight on! I fight on!
(*He swings the blade in great circles, then pauses, gasping. When he speaks again, it is another tone.*)
Yes, all my laurels you have riven away
And all my roses; yet in spite of you,
There is one crown I bear away with me,
And tonight, when I enter before God,
My salute shall sweep all the stars away
From the blue threshold! One thing without stain,
Unspotted from the world, in spite of doom
Mine own!—
(*He springs forward, his sword aloft*)
And that is . . .
(*The sword escapes from his hand; he totters, and falls into the arms of* LE BRET *and* RAGUENEAU)
ROX. (*Bends over him and kisses him on the forehead*) —That is . . .
CYR. (*Opens his eyes and smiles up at her*)
My white plume. . . .

[CURTAIN]

## *James Thurber and Elliott Nugent*

# THE MALE ANIMAL

*Elliott Nugent (1900- ), actor, playwright, director, and producer (both in Hollywood and on Broadway), was educated at Ohio State University, where he was a fellow student of James Thurber (see headnote, "The Catbird Seat"). Mr. Nugent was born to the stage, his father and mother both being actors. He made his first stage appearance when he was four. Among Mr. Nugent's major successes on Broadway are* The Poor Nut, *1925, (written in collaboration with his father, J. C. Nugent), in which he starred; his stage performance in* The Voice of the Turtle; *his production of* Up in Arms, *starring Danny Kaye; and* The Male Animal, *1940 (with James Thurber).*

The Male Animal *was the culmination of an agreement to collaborate made by Mr. Nugent and Mr. Thurber when they were co-editors of* The Lantern, *college literary magazine of Ohio State University. Twenty years later the collaborators carried out their college plan, writing the play in three months.* The Male Animal *ran for 187 nights on Broadway with Mr. Nugent in the leading role and was listed by Burns Mantle as one of the ten best plays of 1939-40.*

The Male Animal *is "a lineal descendant" of Nugent's earlier play,* The Poor Nut. *It, too, satirizes some aspects of college life. The "poor nut" who was persuaded to participate in an athletic event to save the reputation of his dear old alma mater is now a young professor in the university. Though* The Male Animal *is a farce and not a "problem" play or a play of social criticism, it touches on two perennial problems of American colleges—the proper place of athletics in college life and the more serious matter of academic freedom. In addition, it brings to our attention a problem of perhaps even greater concern—the continuing adolescence of the college-bred American long after his college days.*

## CHARACTERS

CLEOTA
ELLEN TURNER
TOMMY TURNER
PATRICIA STANLEY
WALLY MYERS
DEAN FREDERICK DAMON
MICHAEL BARNES
JOE FERGUSON
MRS. BLANCHE DAMON
ED KELLER
MYRTLE KELLER
"NUTSY" MILLER
NEWSPAPER REPORTER

## SCENES

TIME: *The present.* SCENE: *The living room in the house of Professor Thomas Turner, in a midwestern university town.*

ACT I: Late Fall. A Friday evening.
ACT II: Scene 1. The following day, after lunch.
Scene 2. Three hours later.
ACT III: Two days later, noon.

THE MALE ANIMAL: Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc. Copyright, 1940, by Elliott Nugent and James Thurber.

## ACT ONE

SCENE: *The living room of a pleasant, inexpensive little house. There is no distinction of architectural design, but someone with natural good taste has managed to make it look attractive and liveable on a very modest budget. There are some good prints on the walls. The hangings are cheerful, and the furniture, picked up through various bargains and inheritances, goes together to make a pleasing, informal atmosphere.*

*The front door, opening onto a porch, is upstage. Left, the outer wall jogging into the room for a few feet. The inside of this outer wall is lined with book-shelves which continue around the corner to the fireplace in the left wall. Below this fireplace is a stand with a radio-phonograph. In the center of the rear wall, a bay window with window seat. This corner is used by the Turner family as a casual depository for visitors' hats and coats, although they have also a coat-rail just inside the front door. In front of the bay window, a long table backs a comfortable sofa facing front. To the right of the bay window are more book-shelves, a small landing, and a stairway running up and off right. In the corner below the stair near the dining room door, a table up right against stairs has been prepared today to serve as a temporary bar, with a tray, cocktail shaker, and two or three bottles and glasses. In the right wall, two doors, the upper one leading to the dining room, the lower one to another porch and back yard. There are two small settees, one down right, the other down left near the fireplace. An arm-chair right center, a couple of small end or coffee tables, and one or two straight chairs complete the furnishings of the room. There are two or three vases of flowers, and the books and magazines which frequently litter this room have been put tidily away.*

*At the rise of the curtain, the phone on table right center behind sofa is ringing.* CLEOTA, *a colored maid, enters from the dining room right and answers it.*

CLEO. Professah Turner's res-i-dence—Who?—You got de wrong numbah—Who?—What you say?— Oh, Mistah *Turner!* No, he ain't heah. He jus' went out to buy some likkah—Who is dis callin'? Yessuh. Yessuh. Ah doan' get dat, but Ah'll tell him, Doctah Damon. Ah say Ah'll tell him. (*Hangs up; starts for dining room.*)

ELLEN'S VOICE (*off upstairs*). Who was it, Cleota?

CLEO. It was Doctah Damon. (*Crossing to stair landing and looking upstairs.*) He say he comin' ovah to see Mistah Turner or Mistah Turner come over to see him, or sumpin'. (*Turns on lights from wall switch left of dining room door.*)

ELL. (*appearing on stairs*). What was that again, Cleota? (*She crosses down left toward coffee table. She is an extremely pretty young woman about twenty-nine or thirty. Quick of speech and movement she has a ready smile and a sweetness of personality that warms the room. She is completely feminine and acts always from an emotional, not an intellectual, stimulus.*)

CLEO. (*from above down right settee*). Doctah Damon doan talk up. He kinda muffles.

ELL. (*picks up magazines on down left table. Crossing up left to bookcase with them*). I'm afraid it's you that kind of muffles.

CLEO. Yessum. Miz Turner, Ah'm fixin' them hor doves for the pahty. Did you say put dem black seed ones in de oven?

ELL. (*at bookcase*). Black seed ones? Oh, heavens, Cleota, you're not heating the caviar?

CLEO. No'm, ah ain't heatin' it, but taste lak' sumpin' oughtta be done to it.

ELL. (*crossing up right*). It's to be served cold. Here, you pick up the rest of the magazines. I'll take a look at the canapés. (*Exits to dining room.*)

CLEO. Yessum. Ah ain't no hand at 'em. People where Ah worked last jus' drank without eatin' anything. (*She comes down right to magazines, settee down right. Sound of whistling;* TOMMY TURNER *enters left. He is a young associate professor, thirty-three years old. He wears glasses, is rather more charming than handsome. His clothes are a little baggy. He has a way of disarranging his hair with his hands, so that he looks like a puzzled spaniel at times. He is carrying chrysanthemums and two bottles of liquor, wrapped in paper and tied with string.*) Oh, hello, Mr. Turner!

TOM. (*putting flowers and bottles on sofa*). Hello, Cleota! (*Removes and hangs up coat and hat.*)

CLEO. (*Taking magazines upstage to bookcase up right center*). You bettah not mess up dis room, 'cause dey is guess comin'.

TOM. All right, Cleota. I'll be good. (CLEOTA *exits to dining room up right.* TOMMY *picks up bundles, comes right center—looks for place to put down bottles—puts them on chair right center—unwraps flowers, throwing paper on floor—throws string down center—sticks flowers in vase in middle of other flowers; sees book, picks it up, looks at it disapprovingly, looks upstairs and makes a gesture of disgust, throws it in waste-basket—crosses to pick up liquor.*)

ELL. (*enters from dining room up right. Crossing to* TOMMY). Hello, dear!

TOM. Hello, Ellen! Those are for you. (*Indicates his flowers.*)

ELL. Oh, thank you, Tommy. They're lovely. (*Surveys the flowers.*)

TOM. The ones in the middle.

ELL. Yes—

TOM. I got the liquor, too.

ELL. (*taking* TOMMY'S *flowers out of vase right*). Did you get the right kind? (*Picks up paper.*)

TOM. I got both kinds.

ELL. (*puts paper in wastebasket—crosses above* TOMMY *to right center—picks up string center*). Tommy, you're a house-wrecker, but you're nice. (*Kisses him—then crosses up center to sofa. Puts flowers on sofa.*)

TOM. Did I do something right?

ELL. Cleota— (*Takes vase from table up center—starts across for dining room door up right.*) Cleota, will you fill this vase with water, please? (*Hands it to* CLEOTA *in doorway—comes to table right behind sofa.*) What became of the book that was on this table?

TOM. That? Oh, I threw it in the waste-basket. It's trash.

ELL. (*rescuing book*). But you can't throw it away. Wally gave it to Patricia.

TOM. Oh, he did?

ELL. Besides, it's just the right color for this room. (VOICES *off-scene up left.* ELLEN *crosses left to up center sofa—picks up flowers.*)

PAT'S VOICE (*off—up left*). Oh, Wally, quit arguing! (*Door is opened, and* PAT *backs into room.*) I'm going to dinner with Mike, and then to the rally with you. You can't feed me at the training table. (*Hangs coat up on wall hooks. She is a pretty, lively girl of 19 or 20.*)

WAL. (*appears in doorway. He is six-feet-one, and weighs 190 pounds, mostly muscle. He is full of energy and health, and not without a good deal of naïve charm*). Aw, that guy Barnes! I don't see why you have to— Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Turner—Professor Turner?

TOM. Hello, Butch!

ELL. (*carries flowers to center of upstage table*). That's Wally Myers.

TOM. Oh, hello!

WAL. (*crossing into room a step*). Oh, has Butch been coming here, too? (TOMMY *crosses down right.*)

PAT. (*pushing* WALLY). Go on, get out of here, half-back. I have to get dressed. (*Crosses into room—crosses to right center chair.*) Hey, Ellen, excited about seeing the great Ferguson, again? He just drove up to the Beta House in a Duesenberg! (*Sits chair right center.*)

(CLEOTA *re-enters with vase;* ELLEN *takes it;* CLEOTA *exits.*)

ELL. Did you see him?

PAT. No, the kids were telling me. Has he still got his hair?

ELL. (*arranging flowers up center table*). I haven't seen him in ten years. We'll soon find out. (TOMMY *crosses to down right.*)

WAL. (*crosses to left end up center sofa*). Say, is he coming here?

ELL. Yes. Why don't you come back and meet him, Wally? You can tell him all about the game tomorrow.

WAL. Gee, thanks! But nobody could tell Joe Ferguson anything about a football game. He's all-time All-American, you know. (*Crosses to door up left.*) Well, thanks, Mrs. Turner. I'll be back. See you later, Pat. (*Exits up left.*)

PAT. (*closes door; then opens it and sticks head into room*). So long! (*Sits chair right center. Takes bottle of nail-polish from her pocket book and starts to fix run in stocking.*)

TOM. (*from down right*). Does he mean that now Joe belongs to the ages, like Lincoln? (*Lights cigarette.*)

ELL. Um-hum, in a way.

TOM. (*has picked several magazines from bookcase up right center and is looking through them. Crossing left to bookcase*).

Well, I suppose he has passed into legend. I used to admire him myself—almost.

ELL. (*from up center*). Pat, why don't you and Michael stay here for dinner? Supper, rather. It's just a bite. We're all going out to eat after the rally.

PAT. No, thanks. You know how Mike feels about Mr. Keller. He'd spit in his eye.

TOM. (*crossing to down left settee*). Why do we have to have Ed Keller to this party?

ELL. Oh, Joe has to have someone to talk football with. Ed's his closest friend here. He practically paid Joe's way through college. You can stand the Kellers one night. (*Puts books from up center table in up right center bookcase.*)

TOM. Just barely. I don't know how to entertain trustees. (*Sits settee left.*)

PAT. Well, you'd better be entertaining tonight with the great Ferguson coming. (*Rises; crossing up right to stair landing.*) Weren't you engaged to him once, Ellen?

ELL. Not officially. Just for fun.

PAT. (*starting up stairs*). Baby, that can be dangerous, too! (*Exits.*) (TOMMY *has found an article in "Harper's" and is reading.*)

ELL. (*arranging flowers up center*). Oh, Dean Damon phoned, Tommy.

TOM. What'd he want?

ELL. I don't know. Cleota answered the phone.

TOM. Oh—I see— Oh, I'll bet I know. I saw the Dean this morning. What do you think?

ELL. Oh, I don't know— Oh, Tommy, you don't mean—?

TOM. Yes, I do.

ELL. (*crossing down left to* TOMMY *and kissing his forehead*). Oh, Tommy, that's wonderful! It's three hundred and fifty more a year, isn't it?

TOM. Five hundred! I'm no piker.

ELL. Well, you certainly deserve it.

TOM. Now I can get you that fur coat next February. People must think I let you freeze in the winter.

ELL. (*crossing up center to table*). No, they don't. And, don't worry about me— (*At flowers.*) You need some new things, yourself. —I love the flowers, Tommy. And this promotion couldn't have come on a better day for me. Do you know what day it is? (*Crossing right.*)

TOM. Friday, isn't it? Why?

ELL. Oh, nothing—never mind. (*Down right. Glances around room. Throws string from flowers in waste-basket.*) What became of all the match-boxes? (*Crossing left to* TOMMY.) I had one in each ash tray.

TOM. (*she is digging in his pockets*). I haven't seen any match-boxes. (*She finds two. He smiles guiltily.*) Say, you look very pretty tonight. That's a new dress, isn't it?

ELL. (*right of left settee*). No— It's my hair that's bothering you. It's done a new way—

TOM. Doesn't bother me. I like it.

ELL. (*looking around*). One more.

TOM. Oh, you exaggerate this match-box thing. Oh! (*Hands her one.* ELLEN *crosses and puts it on table up center.*) I ought to take you out to dinner more and show you off.

ELL. (*up center table*). Well, we're going out tonight after the rally.

TOM. I mean just the two of us. Tonight will be like old times. Remember how Joe was always horning in on our dinner dates? I don't believe we ever had one that he didn't come over and diagram the Washington Monument play or something on the tablecloth with a pencil.

ELL. (*crossing right to right end of table*). Statue of Liberty play, darling.

TOM. He was always coming. I never saw him going.

ELL. There's still one missing. (*Crossing left to* TOMMY).

TOM. I haven't got it— (*Finds match-box.*) I'll bet Joe does something to get his wife down. Probably cleans his guns with doilies. (ELLEN *crossing right puts box on down right table.*) Clumsy guy. Always knocking knives and forks on the floor.

ELL. He wasn't clumsy. He was very graceful. (*Crossing to up right center bookcase, fixes books.*) He was a swell dancer.

TOM. I remember he got the first and the last dance with you, the last time we all went to a dance together.

ELL. Phi Psi Christmas dance, wasn't it?

TOM. No, the May Dance. Out at the Trowbridge Farm. Remember how it rained?

ELL. (*crosses down to right table*). I remember I had the last dance with Joe because you disappeared somewhere.

TOM. No, I was watching—from behind some ferns.

ELL. (*fixes flowers*). They played "Three O'Clock in the Morning" and "Who?" It was a lovely night, wasn't it?

TOM. No, it poured down. (*Rises; crossing up left to bookcase.*) You and Joe were dancing out on the terrace when it started. You both got soaked, but you kept right on dancing.

ELL. (*down left to coffee table—straightens it. Picks up magazine*). Oh, yes, I remember. My dress was ruined.

TOM. (*crossing to left center*). You were shining wet—like Venus and Triton.

ELL. Why didn't you cut in? (*Crossing up left to bookcase with magazines from down left table; puts them in bookcase.*)

TOM. I had a cold. Besides, my feet hurt. (*Crossing to up right platform.*) I'll dress. (*Doorbell rings.*) I hope he isn't here already. (ELLEN *admits* DAMON *and* MICHAEL. DAMON, *the head of the English Department, is a tall, thin, distinguished-looking man of some 65 years. He has gray hair, eyes capable of twinkling through glasses whose rims he has a habit of peering over. He talks slowly, selecting his words, in a voice at once compelling and humorous. He often hesitates, peers over his glasses before saying the last word of a phrase or a sentence.* MICHAEL BARNES *is a Senior in the Arts College, an intensely serious young man and a fine literary student. The older people who surround him find his youthful grimness about life's problems sometimes amusing, but more frequently alarming.*)

ELL. Oh, come in, Doctor Damon.

MICH. How do you do, sir? (*Crosses down left to radio cabinet.*)

DAM. (*crossing to* TOMMY). Hello, Thomas!

ELL. (*crossing door*). Where's Mrs. Damon?

DAM. (*crossing down to center*). I shall pick her up and bring her along shortly for the festivities. This is in the nature of an unofficial call.

TOM. (*crossing down left to* MICHAEL). Hello, Michael! You both look a little grim. Has anything happened?

DAM. (*showing paper*). Michael has written another of his fiery editorials.

PAT. (*runs down the stairs*). Ellen, did you see my—oh! How do you do, Doctor Damon? Hi, Michael!

MICH. H'lo! (*Crosses upstage.*)

DAM. Sit down, my dear. (PATRICIA *sits left end of settee right.* MICHAEL *crosses down left.*) I have here an editorial written by Michael for *The Lit,* which comes out tomorrow. Perhaps, to save time, one of us should read it aloud— (*Reading.*) "When this so-called University forces such men out of its faculty as Professor Kennedy (ELLEN *sits down left.* TOMMY *crosses to up left center.*), Professor Sykes, and Professor Chapman, because they have been ignorantly called Reds, it surrenders its right to be called a seat of learning. It admits that it is nothing more nor less than a training school for bond salesmen, farmers, real-estate dealers, and ambulance chasers. It announces to the world that its faculty is subservient—" (DAMON *peers over glasses at* MICHAEL.)

MICH. (*is pacing up and down left. Crossing right to* DAMON). Oh, I didn't mean you, of course, Doctor Damon.

DAM. "—that its faculty is subservient to its trustees, and that its trustees represent a political viewpoint which must finally emerge under its proper name, which is—Fascism." (TOMMY *sits up center sofa.*)

PAT. (*from down right. Rising*). Oh, Michael! There you go again!

DAM. (*a step to her*). Wait till you hear where he has actually gone. (MICHAEL *crosses to bookcase up right center.*)

PAT. Isn't that all?

DAM. Unhappily, there is more. (TOMMY *lights cigarette.*)

PAT. (*sits*). Oh, Lord!

DAM. (*crosses center*). "These professors were not Reds. They were distinguished liberals. Let us thank God that we still have one man left who is going ahead teaching what he believes should be taught."

TOM. (*lights cigarette*). Who's that? (MICHAEL *crosses down.*)

DAM. "He is not afraid to bring up even the Sacco-Vanzetti case. He has read to his classes on the same day Vanzetti's last statement and Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby." I hope we are not alienating the many friends of Abraham Lincoln. "The hounds of bigotry and (TOMMY *rises, crosses right to* DAMON. MICHAEL *crosses up.*) reaction will, of course, be set upon the trail of this courageous teacher, but, if they

think they are merely on the spoor of a lamb they are destined to the same disappointment as the hunters who in chasing the wild boar, came accidentally upon a tigress and her cubs. (ELLEN *looks at* MICHAEL.) Our hats are off to Professor Thomas Turner of the English Department." That's all.

ELL. Tommy?

TOMMY. Michael, I think you might have consulted me about this. (*Crosses to* MICHAEL *at up left center.*)

PAT. (*rises*). Michael, you fool! They'll kick you out of school for this—and Tommy too!

ELL. You never told me you had brought up the Sacco-Vanzetti case in your classes, Tommy.

DAM. (*crossing to* TOMMY). Yes, just what is this Vanzetti letter you have read?

TOM. I haven't read it yet.

MICH. When you told me the other day you were going to read it, I thought you meant that day.

TOM. No, Michael. I just meant some day. But I was talking to you as a friend, I was not giving an interview to an editor.

ELL. But why were you going to read this letter, Tommy? (MICHAEL *crosses left to bookcase; then down left.*)

TOM. Because it's a fine piece of English composition, and I'm teaching a class in English composition. An obscure little class. I don't want any publicity, Michael. I just want to be left alone.

ELL. But nobody thinks of Vanzetti as a writer, Tommy.

TOM. It happens that he developed into an extraordinary writer. (*Crossing to* DAMON.) I don't think you could help being interested in the letter yourself, Doctor Damon.

DAM. You would be surprised at my strength of will in these matters, Thomas. What I am interested in is preserving some air of academic calm here at Midwestern—

PAT. (*crossing to right center*). You don't want to get Tommy kicked out of school, do you, Michael?

MICH. No. I didn't think of that. (*Crossing to left center.*) I thought Mr. Turner was about the only man we had left who would read whatever he wanted to to his classes. (*Up to* TOMMY.) I thought he was the one man who would stand up to these stadium builders. (DAMON *crosses to up center.*)

TOM. (*at left center*). I'm not standing up to anyone, Michael. I'm not challenging anyone. This is just an innocent little piece I wanted to read. (MICHAEL *crosses up left to bookcase, then downstage.*)

ELL. (*rises. Crossing to* TOMMY). I'm sure this piece must be fine, Tommy, but you can't read it now. Keller and the other trustees kicked Don Chapman out last month for doing things just as harmless as this. (*Turning to* MICHAEL.) You'll have to change that editorial, Michael. (TOMMY *crosses right.*)

MICH. I can't. The magazines were run off the presses last night. They've already been delivered to the news stands.

DAM. They go on sale in the morning. (*Crossing left to* ELLEN.) I think that our—er—tigress here may have to issue a denial tomorrow. After all, he hasn't read it yet.

ELL. (*crossing to* TOMMY). Yes, and you mustn't read it now.

PAT. (*crossing left to* DAMON). Will Michael be kicked out of school, Doctor Damon? (TOMMY *sits right settee.*)

DAM. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, my dear. (*Crosses up. Gets hat.*)

PAT. (*crossing down left to* MICHAEL). There! You see—

DAM. (*crossing down to* TOMMY). Of course I quite understand how you meant to present this letter, Thomas; but our good friend, Mr. Keller, would not. (TOMMY *starts to speak.* DAMON *stops him.*) Do not underestimate Mr. Edward K. Keller. He rolls like the juggernaut over the careers of young professors.

TOM. I know.

DAM. (*crossing up left to door*). Since he must be with us tonight let us confine our conversation to the—woeful inadequacies of the Illinois team.

TOM. (*rising*). It isn't Illinois we're playing—it's Michigan.

DAM. Oh, I must remember that. (*Exits up left.*)

PAT. (*down left*). There, you see! You will be kicked out.

MICH. He didn't say that.

PAT. Yes, he did. You needn't bother to come back for me, Michael. (*Crossing towards*

*stairs.*) I'm staying here for supper. (*Runs up stairs.*)

MICH. (*crossing to left center*). I see. I'm sorry, Mr. Turner. I guess I got—well—carried away.

TOM. (*crossing left to* MICHAEL). I know, Michael. Sometimes, when I see that light in your eye I wish I could be carried away too.

MICH. Yes, sir. (*Exits up left. Slight pause.*)

TOM. (*crossing up left a few steps after him*). Well—

ELL. (*crossing to* TOMMY *left center*). I'm sorry, Tommy.

TOM. Oh, it's all right. Maybe I can read this thing later on, after all the fuss quiets down—say next spring.

ELL. It would still be dangerous.

TOM. (*crossing up right*). Yes, I guess it would. (*Turns back to* ELLEN). I know I'm not a tiger, but I don't like to be thought of as a pussy-cat either.

ELL. It's getting late. (*Crossing right to* TOMMY.) You'd better go and put on that gray suit I laid out for you. (*Crossing left center.*) And be sure your socks are right side out, and, Tommy—don't try to be a tiger in front of Ed Keller.

TOM. (*at stair landing*). I won't. I'm scared of those Neanderthal men. I'll talk about football.

ELL. Thank you, darling. (*Crossing left to mantel.*) That's swell. You know how Joe is—always cheerful. And we do want it to be a good party. (*Straightens mantel.*)

TOM. I'll be cheerful. I'll be merry and bright. I'll be the most cheerful son-of-a-gun in this part of the country. (*He sings as he exits up the stairs.*)

"Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?
The Big Bad Wolf?
The Big Bad Wolf?
Who's afraid tum-tee-ump—"

(ELLEN *looks after him doubtfully. Doorbell rings.*)

ELL. (*calling upstairs*). Hurry, Tommy! They're here! (*Crosses to left door; admits* JOE FERGUSON, *followed by* WALLY MYERS.) Hello, Joe!

JOE. Ellen, darling! How are you? Gosh, you look great! Why, you're younger and prettier than ever! If I were a braver man, I'd kiss you. Doggone it, I *will* kiss you! (*Kisses her on cheek, hugs her, lifts her off the floor—whirls her down to center.* JOE *is big, handsome, successful, and pleasing, about 35.*)

(WALLY *closes door—stands up left center.*)

ELL. It's terribly nice to see you again, Joe. If I were a younger woman, I'd say it's been all of ten years.

JOE (*crossing up to sofa; puts box of flowers down*). Gosh, this is swell! Where's the great Thomas?

ELL. Tommy will be right down. I see Wally found you—so you've met? (JOE *crosses to* WALLY, *who helps him take off coat and hangs it on hook.*)

JOE. Yeh. We joined forces outside. (*Thanks* WALLY.)

ELL. Come on over here and sit down. (*Crossing to down left settee and sitting left end.*)

JOE. I forgot to ask you, Wally, who's going in at the other half tomorrow? Stalenkiwiecz?

WAL. No, sir. Wierasocka.

JOE. Oh, is he?

WAL. Yeh. He's a Beta. From Oregon.

JOE. Oh, yeh—yeh, I know him.

WAL. (*crossing and sitting center down left settee*). Stalenkiwiecz is laid up. They think he's got whooping cough.

JOE. That's bad! (*Crossing down left.—To* ELLEN. *Looking for room on settee.*) I've got a thousand fish on that game. (*Sits right end settee. It is very crowded.*)

WAL. I think it's safe, all right, Mr. Ferguson, but I wish we had you. Stalenkiwiecz, Wierasocka, Myers and Whirling Joe Ferguson.

ELL. Do they still call you that, Joe?

JOE. Oh, sure, remember how—

WAL. Say, he was the greatest open-field runner there ever was.

ELL. Yes, Joe. How does it happen you've never even—

WAL. Why, you made Red Grange look like a cripple.

JOE. Aw, they say you're not so bad yourself. Say, Ellen, how's—

WAL. Aw, I'm just fair, that's all. (*Produces a clipping from coat pocket.*) This is what Grantland Rice said about me. (*Hands it to* JOE.)

JOE. Yeh.—Too bad this is Wally's last year. We're going to miss him—eh, Ellen?

ELL. Have you got anything to do, Wally?

WAL. Well—the Coach wants me to help him with the back-field next season. Not much money in it, of course.

JOE (*hands clipping back to* WALLY). Well, if you want my advice, don't go in for coaching. I had a sweet offer from Cincinnati in 'Twenty-nine. Remember that, Ellen?

ELL. I remember very well. Do you remember when—

WAL. Nineteen twenty-nine! (*Leaning forward meditatively.*) —I was only twelve years old then—

TOM. (*comes downstairs. Crossing to* JOE). Hello, Joe! It's nice to see you again!

JOE (*rises. Crosses to him.* WALLY *rises*). Tommy, old man, how are you? Ten years! Teaching must be good for you. And Ellen, here, looks like a million bucks! That reminds me—I came laden with gifts. (*Turns and almost runs into* WALLY. *He goes and gets flowers up center sofa.*) These are a few flowering weeds— (*Crosses to* ELLEN. WALLY *still behind* JOE.)

ELL. (*from left settee*). Thank you, Joe. They're lovely. Tommy, will you call Cleota? (WALLY *leans over back of settee left.*)

TOM. Sure! (*Goes into dining room, calls.*) Cleota!

ELL. It's fun to get flowers. Very festive.

JOE. Oh, it's nothing much, but I wanted you to know I remembered the great day. Think I'd forget it was your birthday?

ELL. You never used to. (TOMMY *re-enters.* ELLEN *crosses to center and meets* TOMMY.) Tommy gave me some flowering weeds, too—for my birthday.

TOM. For your—oh—yes— Not such nice ones, I'm afraid. (*To* ELLEN.) I'm a lucky man. (*Turns back. She pats his hand.*) (CLEOTA *enters to* ELLEN *from dining room.*)

ELL. Will you find something to put these in, Cleota?

CLEO. (*sighs*). Yassum. Ah guess Ah'll hafta put 'em in de sink wit dat ice. (*Exits to dining room.*)

JOE. Boy, it's sure great to be here! (*Crossing down left.*)

(WALLY *crosses around down left to fireplace bench.*)

TOM. It's nice to have you.—Staying long?

JOE. Got to be in Washington next week. (*Noticing bookcases.*) Well, Tommy, I see you've still got a lot of books.

TOM. Oh, yes.

JOE. You know I never get a chance to read books. (*Sits left settee.*)

WAL. Say, you must have a swell job! (*Sits on bench front of fireplace.*) (ELLEN *crosses to left center.*)

JOE. By the time I get through at night, I'm lucky if I can keep up with what's going on in the world. Way things are changing, you gotta do that. I take fifteen magazines. That keeps me busy.

ELL. (*crosses left to* TOMMY. *Takes his arm*). Tommy's had several articles in *Harper's* and the *Atlantic.*

JOE. No! Say, that's fine! But you'll have to boil them down to *The Reader's Digest* to reach me, Tommy. (JOE *and* WALLY *laugh.*) You know, that's a great little magazine.

TOM. Do you like bouillon cubes?

ELL. (*hurrying him out*). Tommy, you'd better make a drink.

TOM. (*crossing below her to up right door*). Yes. We have a lot of celebrating to do. (*Crosses into dining room calling "Cleota."*)

ELL. How've you been, Joe? (*Sits next to* JOE.)

JOE. Fine, except for a little sinus trouble.

WAL. You know, Mrs. Turner, I recognized him right away from that big picture in the gym. (TOMMY *re-enters with bowl of ice. Crosses to up right table; mixes drinks.*)

ELL. That's fine. How's Brenda? I meant to ask before.

JOE. Fine! Great! Little heavier, maybe. We're being divorced, you know.

ELL. But I didn't know. Oh, Joe, I'm sorry.

JOE. Nothing to be sorry about. It's just one of those things. (JOE *and* WALLY *laugh.*)

TOM. (*from up right*). What's the matter?

ELL. Joe and his wife are breaking up.

TOM. Oh, that's too bad.

JOE. No, it's all fine. We're both taking it in our stride. Took her out to dinner last week—along with her new boy friend. (WALLY *takes this big—very funny.*)

TOM. Wasn't that rather complicated?

ELL. Oh, you're not up to date, Tommy. That's the modern way of doing things.

JOE. Sure! Take it in your stride. Gosh, Ellen, I can't take my eyes off you. (*This is cute so* WALLY *laughs again.* JOE *notices* TOMMY

*watching.*) Nice little place you got here. (*Rises.*) Need any help, Tommy? I'm a demon on Manhattans. (*Crosses above left settee to* TOMMY *up right.*) (*Doorbell rings.*)

TOM. I'm all right, thanks.

JOE (*crossing down right*). I hope that's Ed, the old scoundrel.

ELL. (*goes to the door left and admits the* DAMONS). I'm so glad— Hello, Mrs. Damon!

BLAN. (*entering*). Hello, Ellen dear! How do you do, Mr. Turner? (WALLY *rises.*)

ELL. (*coming down with* BLANCHE). You must know Joe Ferguson.

BLAN. Oh, of course!

ELL. This is Mrs. Damon, Joe. You remember Dean Damon?

JOE. Yes, indeed! Nice to see you again, sir.

DAM. (*crossing to him and shaking hands*). Back for the slaughter of the—uh—Michigan innocents, eh?

JOE. That's right.

(ELLEN *and* BLANCHE *have crossed down left to* WALLY. DAMON *crosses up; puts coat on up left chair; hat on up center table.*)

ELL. Mrs. Damon, may I present Mr. Myers?

BLAN. Oh, yes, of course we all know about our great fullback.

(TOMMY *gives away cocktails.* JOE *gets cocktail from* TOMMY.)

WAL. How do you do?

ELL. Let me help you with your coat.

BLAN. Thank you, dear. (*To* WALLY.) Tell me, are you nervous about the game?

WAL. No, ma'am.

BLAN. Not the least little bit?

(ELLEN *takes* BLANCHE'S *coat up to window seat; stands* DAMON'S *umbrella above sofa.*)

WAL. No, ma'am.

BLAN. That's nice. (*Sits down left.*)

DAM. (*crossing right to* JOE). I remember you not only from the gridiron but from my Shakespeare class. You slept very quietly.

JOE. You know, I never did finish reading *Hamlet.* I always wondered how that came out. (*He laughs heartily.*) (DAMON *laughs politely.*)

TOM. (*crossing left with two cocktails*). Does anybody mind a Manhattan?

BLAN. Oh, Ellen! Could we have sherry?

ELL. Certainly. Tommy—

TOM. Sherry coming right up. (*Crossing down left to* WALLY.) Here, Wally. (*Gives him cocktail.*)

WAL. No, thanks. I'm in training.

TOM. (*crossing to* DAMON). Well, just hold it. (WALLY *puts glass down on down left table.*) Sherry for you too, Doctor Damon?

DAM. When Mrs. Damon says we, she means me. Sherry, thanks. (TOMMY *crosses up right.* DAMON *crosses down left to* BLANCHE, *then up to bookcase left.*)

BLAN. (*drinking other cocktail*). A little sherry is such fun. (WALLY *offers her cigarette from box on coffee table.*) No thanks, I'll smoke my "Spuds"! (*She does.*) (WALLY *lights* BLANCHE'S *cigarette.*)

PAT. (*coming downstairs*). Hello, everybody! (*General* "hellos!")

ELL. (*brings her down to* JOE). This is my sister Patricia.

PAT. How do you do?

JOE (*admiring her*). How do you *do?* My goodness! Why, you're as big and pretty as your sister. How about a drink?

PAT. No, thanks. (*To* ELLEN, *crosses center.*) Still has his hair. (TOMMY *looks up at this.* PATRICIA, *crossing to* WALLY.) Hello, Wally! (TOMMY *pours sherry for* DAMONS.)

WAL. Hi, Pat! Look, can I pick you up at Hennick's a little earlier?

PAT. I'm not going to Hennick's. I'm eating here. That date's off.

WAL. (*crossing to* PATRICIA). With Barnes? Say, that's swell. (*Smacks* PATRICIA *on the back, almost knocking her down. Crosses to* ELLEN.) I got to run along, Mrs. Turner. Nice party. (*Shakes* ELLEN'S *hand heartily. Crosses to* JOE.) Glad I met you, Joe—I mean, Mr. Ferguson. (*They shake hands.*) I'll be seeing you. Goodbye, everybody! I'll go out the back way. (*Exits down right.*)

JOE. Take it easy, old man. Don't break a leg on me. Remember, I've got a thousand fish on that game. (*Follows* WALLY *out.*)

WAL. (*off*). I won't.

BLAN. He's a handsome boy, Patricia. (*Doorbell rings.*) And seems very healthy.

PAT. I have to keep in training for him. (*Crosses to fireplace. Sits down stage end of bench.*) (TOMMY *crosses up left to door.* DAMON *sits upper end fireplace bench.*)

TOM. I'll get it.

(*The* KELLERS *come into the room.* ED KEL-

LER *is a big, loud, slightly bald man of about thirty-eight, heavy around the middle. He is a prosperous real-estate man, owns the Keller Building, is a trustee and, as such, the biggest voice and strongest hand on the Board.* MYRTLE KELLER, *also in her late thirties, dresses well and is not bad-looking, was once pretty, but is now a slightly faded blonde.*)

ED. Hello, Ellen! Hi, Turner! Where is *he?* (*Passes* TOMMY *fast, without handshake;* JOE *reappears;* ED *comes down and meets* JOE *right center. This is a typical meeting between two old friends of the hale-and-hearty, back-slapping variety who haven't met for years.*) Hiya, you old rascal! Hahya, boy?

JOE (*running to meet him, so that they clinch in the middle of the room, hugging, slapping backs, etc.* ELLEN *is helping* MYRTLE *take off her coat up left*). Hello, you old son-of-a-gun! How are you, Ed? (*Crosses to* MYRTLE.) Hello, Myrtle! Gosh, I'm glad to see you! (*Hugs her.*)

MYRT. (*screams*). I'm glad to see you, too! Ellen—

JOE (*back to* ED). Gee, you're looking swell, Ed, old boy, old boy!

ED. Judas Priest, this is swell! How are you anyway, Joe? (*Resumes back-slapping.*) (*The* MEN'S *voices predominate during the following.*)

JOE. Fine! Swell! Never better. You've put on a little weight, eh, Eddie? And what's happened to the crowning glory?

ED. Worry; real-estate, Roosevelt. Wonder I got any left. (ED *takes off coat and hat.* TOMMY *puts them on window seat.*)

MYRT. How do you do, Doctor Damon? How do you do, Mrs. Damon? Haven't seen you in a long, long time. Hello, Patricia—Oh, quiet down! Ed! (*Sits down left.*) Are we late, Ellen?

ELL. Not at all. Just in time for the canapés. (*Puts* MYRTLE'S *coat up left chair.*)

JOE. How long's it been, Ed? Seven, eight years, isn't it?

ED. Eight, anyway. (TOMMY *crosses down right.*)

ELL. (*crosses to* ED). Look, you two, will you break it up and say hello to people?

ED. All right, Ellen, but it sure is fine to see The Whirler again. (*Crossing left to* DAMON.) How do you do, Doctor Damon? Not drinking straight Scotch, I hope? (JOE *moves down right.* ELLEN *goes up right for drinks.*)

DAM. (*rising*). If I did that, my stomach—and Mrs. Damon—would punish me severely.

ELL. (*crossing left to* ED). Won't you have a cocktail, Ed? (*Crosses to* ED *with drink.*)

ED (*moves to up right center*). Thanks.

JOE (*down right*). Say, this is Ellen's birthday. How about a little toast? (DAMON *crosses to left bookcase.*)

TOM. Well, fill 'em up. (*Pours drinks, one for himself. Sits down right.*)

ED (*crossing center*). Well, happy birthday, Ellen!

(*They drink;* ED *starts the "Happy Birthday to You" song, and they* ALL *sing. It is obvious* TOMMY *is bored; he takes a drink—then noticing everybody standing, he rises, sings the last line very off key.* CLEOTA *enters up right, comes up behind* DAMON *up left with plate of canapés.*)

CLEO. (*after song dies*). Hor doves?

DAM. I beg your pardon—oh! Thank you. (*Takes one.*)

JOE (*as* TOMMY *pours another round*). Let's drink one toast to The Big Red Team. What do you say? (TOMMY *starts humming "The Big Bad Wolf."* CLEOTA *is passing canapés to* LADIES *on settee down left.*)

ED. The Big Red Team. (MYRTLE *gets deep in conversation with* BLANCHE.)

TOM. (*singing softly; crossing around right above* JOE *and* ED *to center*).

"The Big Red Team—
Big Red Team.
Who's afraid of The Big Red Team—"

ED. What's that?

TOM. Huh? (ED *glares at him. To* ELLEN.) What did I do? (ED *crosses to* JOE *at down right settee.*)

ELL. (*meets him center*). Tommy! You'd better eat something. Those cocktails are strong.

TOM. (*crossing right to* JOE). I'm doing all right, honey. (ED *sits left end down right settee.*) How's everything in Detroit, Joe?

JOE (*taking a canapé* ELLEN *is serving*). I don't know. All right, I guess. (*Sits right end down right settee.*)

ELL. Tommy means Pittsburgh. The Bryson Steel Company is in Pittsburgh, Tommy. (*Crosses to* CLEOTA *up center.*) (CLEOTA *gives* ELLEN *tray and exits dining room.*)

TOM. (*stands back of chair right center*). Oh, yes, sure. Well, how's everything in Pittsburgh? (DAMON *sits fireplace bench.*)

JOE. Well, it might be worse.

ED (*stuffing caviar into his mouth*). Couldn't be much worse out here.

TOM. Have a drink.

ELL. (*crossing down left to* MYRTLE—*serving canapés*). How are the kids, Myrtle?

MYRT. They're all right. The baby has some kind of rash on her little hips, but it's nothing, really. Makes her cross, though.

ED (*to* JOE). Time sure does fly. Now Buster wants to go to Princeton. No matter how you watch 'em, they get in with the wrong kids. (TOMMY *crosses up left.*)

(*The* WOMEN'S *voices predominate.* ELLEN *serves canapés down left.*)

BLAN. How's your sister?

MYRT. They took a stone out of her as big as a walnut. She can't weigh more than ninety pounds.

BLAN. They cut old Mrs. Wilmot open for the same trouble, and didn't find a thing!

JOE (*spreading this*). I remember when I actually got along with only one car, and thought it was plenty. Now I've got three, and the bills are terrific—Do you know what my gas bill was last month?

(DAMON *rises, bored, and crosses up left to bookcase—picks out book and glances through it.*)

(*Ad lib from* MEN *down right.*)

MYRT. (*turns to* ED *who is talking to* JOE *down right*). Ed, when was it I had that impacted tooth out?

ED (*hastily stopping conversation with* JOE). Seven years ago. Year the banks closed. 'Thirty-three. (*Right back to* JOE.)

TOM. (*center*). Fill 'em up. (*Pours himself another.*)

ELL. (*crossing right to* TOMMY). Tommy! (*She takes shaker away from him. Returns to* LADIES.) Dividend for the women folks. Give me your glass, Myrtle. (*Crosses to* MYRTLE *down left.*)

MYRT. (*offers her glass*). Thanks.

BLAN. No more for us. Mercy, we'll be lightheaded.

TOM. (*follows* ELLEN *over, takes shaker, pours himself another*). But we're celebrating the homecoming game. Banks closing and everything.

JOE. How's building out here now, Ed?

TOM. (*crossing right to* ED). Yeh, how's building?

ED. Lousy. Whatta ya expect with that man in the White House? You know what *I* think? I think he's crazy.

JOE. You know what I heard? (*The* WOMEN *stop their talk to listen, but* JOE *whispers in* ED'S *ear.* TOMMY *crosses up right center, puts shaker on bookcase.*)

ED. I wouldn't be a damn bit surprised. (ED'S *voice predominates in the following.*)

ED. Only hope for business I see is some big new industry. And he'll probably do something to ruin that.

BLAN. (*sotto voce*). Patricia, may I see the little girl's room?

MYRT. Me, too.

PAT. Yes, I'll show you. (*They start toward stairs.*)

MYRT. (*as they start upstairs*). Is it serious?

BLAN. (*disappearing upstairs*). They took a pint of pus out of her! (DAMON *slams book shut and looks after them: crosses down.* TOMMY *and* ELLEN *cross up center to sofa and sit.*)

ED. Well, Doctor Damon, we men on the Board of Trustees are certainly glad that this Red scare is over.

DAM. (*crosses toward center with book under his arm*). No doubt you are.

ED. Now maybe the new stadium project will get somewhere.

DAM. (*crossing to down left center*). And the Endowment Fund?

ED. Yeh, sure—that's important too. I'm working to convince the substantial alumni that we've got all this Parlor Pink business over and done with. Got 'em all weeded out. (DAMON *crosses up to* ELLEN.)

JOE. Yeah—all that newspaper stuff was pretty bad.

ED. Sure! Nobody felt like coming through for anything when they read about men like Kennedy and Sykes and Chapman being in the faculty. That Chapman was nothing but a damn Red.

TOM. No, he wasn't, Mr. Keller. Don Chapman was a humanist.

ELL. We knew him very well.

JOE. How do you know he wasn't a Red, Tommy?

ED. He went to Soviet Russia for his vacation once, didn't he?

TOM. (*crossing down right to* ED). He just went to see the Drama Festival.

ED (*suspiciously*). Well, it's a mighty long way to go to see a show.

CLEO. (*who has just entered up right*). Suppah is se've. (*Exits.*)

ELL. (*quickly*). Shall we go into the dining room? It's only a salad. We're going out to eat afterwards. Come along, Ed, we don't want to miss that rally. (*She links her arm through* ED's *and they exit up right.*)

ED (*off*). Say, that's right. I haven't missed a Michigan rally in seventeen years.

ELL. (*re-enters; goes to stairs; calls up*). Supper's ready. (PATRICIA, BLANCHE, *and* MYRTLE *come downstairs.*)

BLAN. Come, Frederick. (*Takes* DAMON'S *arm and follows into dining room.*)

ELL. Patricia, you get a plate for Mr. Ferguson. He's the guest of honor, you know.

JOE. And I'll get a plate for you, Ellen. Come on. (JOE *and* PATRICIA *exit up right.*)

MYRT. (*as she goes into dining room*). Oh, what a lovely table, Ellen!

(*During the following scene until* ED'S *reentrance, there is the general conversation in the dining room, as* EVERYBODY *is finding his supper and beginning to eat.*)

ELL. (*crossing to* TOMMY *center*). Tommy, don't say any more about Don Chapman tonight, please.

TOM. All right, I won't. Let's get something to eat. (ELLEN *takes his arm. They start for dining room.*) Joe looks better, doesn't he?

ELL. Better?

TOM. Well, bigger anyway. (*They exit.*)

(CLEOTA *has entered with cleanup tray. She clears drinks and tray on down right table; crosses to down left table, puts dirty glasses on her tray. She is singing "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" during all this. She finds one glass with some liquor in it. After a long scrutiny she raises it to her lips, is just about to drink when she hears.*)

ED (*off*). Come on, Myrtle! Hurry up! Joe's got to speak at this rally.

(CLEOTA *drinks and quickly puts glass on tray and resumes song as* ED *enters and sits down right settee.* BLANCHE *and* MYRTLE *enter with* DAMON *following them and carrying two plates.*)

BLAN. Frederick, put it down there on the table. (*Gestures down left table.*)

MYRT. (*as they're crossing down left*). What makes you think there was something suspicious about it?

BLAN. (*sitting down left on right end settee*). Well, his family won't allow a postmortem. (DAMON *puts her plate on table, crosses up to left bookcase with his own plate.* MYRTLE *sits left end of down left settee.*) Thank you, Frederick, that's fine. (CLEOTA *has gone out.* ELLEN *enters with* JOE *to center.* JOE *sits sofa up center.*)

ELL. I hope you can all find a place to sit.

JOE. What's the matter with this? Come on, Ellen.

ELL. (*smiles and sits beside him, speaking to* PATRICIA, *who appears in dining room door*). Pat, is Tommy getting some food?

PAT. Yeh, he's all right. (*Crosses down and sits on fireplace bench.*)

TOM. (*entering up right*). Sure, I'm fine. (*Crosses center, looking around for a place to settle.*)

ELL. Bring in the coffee, please, Cleota.

ED (*making room on the settee*). There's room here for somebody.

TOM. I'll sit—(*Looks around for a place away from* ED—*only vacant space is right center chair.*) here.

MYRT. Eat your vegetables, Ed.

ED. Aw, this is a party. (*Eating like a horse from his heaped plate.*)

BLAN. Where's Michael Barnes this evening, Patricia? Frederick tells me he's written a remarkable editorial. (DAMON *drops his fork on plate.*) Be careful, Frederick!

ED (*his mouth is full*). Barnes—Barnes? I haven't read a decent editorial since Brisbane died.

PAT. Michael couldn't come. He doesn't like Mr.—er—(ELLEN *gives* PATRICIA *a "shush" signal.*)

MYRT. Doesn't like what?

PAT. Doesn't like parties.

BLAN. I'm always so interested in *The Literary Magazine.* What was the editorial, Patricia?

DAM. (*coming around to her right upstage*

*of settee*). Eat your dinner, my dear. Remember, Mr. Keller—wants to get to the rally.

ED. Huh?

BLAN. What's the matter with you? (*To* PATRICIA.) I hope I haven't said anything, dear. (PATRICIA *shakes her head.* DAMON *moves back to bookcase.*)

ED. What's going on over there? Who is this Barnes?

TOM. One of Patricia's beaux.

ED. Some writer!

TOM. He's a student. Editor on *The Literary Magazine.*

ED. Oh, yeah, I've heard of him. What's he done now?

ELL. Oh, it's nothing really.

TOM. Well, since it's come up, Ellen, we might as well tell Mr. Keller. He'll read about it tomorrow—(ELLEN *rises; crosses to* TOMMY.) I told Michael I was going to read something to one of my English classes and he got a mistaken idea about it and wrote a sort of—(CLEOTA *serving coffee.*)

ELL. (*coming down, breaking in quickly*). Just a silly little editorial—that's all.

ED. I see.

PAT. (*from fireplace bench*). Because Tommy isn't really going to read it at all.

(MYRTLE *rises. Exits up right carrying plate of food.*)

ED. What was it this kid said, you were going to read? Anything important?

TOM. (*after a moment*). It's a short, but beautifully written piece of English by Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

ED. Never heard of him. (*Takes coffee from* CLEOTA. *Pause.*) Hey, you don't mean Vanzetti of Sacco and Vanzetti!

TOM. Yes, the same man.

ED. You mean you're going to read something *he* wrote?

TOM. Yes, I was going to.

ELL. (*quickly*). But now he's not—Michael didn't understand.

ED. Why would you ever think of such a dumb thing in the first place?

TOM. It's part of a series. I read many such letters to my class. (*Rises; crosses up. Puts dish table above right settee.*) (ELLEN *crosses to up left center.*)

ED. You mean letters by anarchists?

TOM. (*restrains himself*). No, letters by men who were not professional writers—like Lincoln, General Sherman—

ED. Well, it's a good thing you changed your mind. Putting Lincoln and General Sherman in a class with Vanzetti! Wouldn't look very good.

JOE (*from center*). What's this?

ED (*to* JOE). Wait a minute. (*To* TOMMY.) Is this thing going to be printed? This editorial?

DAM. (*crossing down a step*). We discovered it too late to stop it.

ED. And this kid didn't submit it to the Publications Committee?

DAM. Unfortunately, he did not. (*Moves up center to* ELLEN.) Ellen dear, Mrs. Damon and I must be running along.

ELL. Oh, I'm sorry.

DAM. I have a committee meeting.

BLAN. What committee?

DAM. (*crossing up*). Come, Blanche.

BLAN. (*rising*). Oh, yes, that little committee. (*They move up to get their hats and coats.* ELLEN *goes up to help them.*)

ED. Well, I hope this thing's not too bad. You better deny it quick, Turner. I tell you. I'll call the papers in the morning.

TOM. No, I'll take care of it. (*He moves upstage as* MYRTLE *enters from dining room with two dishes of sherbet.*)

JOE. What's going on here? (*Rises; crosses downstage.*)

MYRT. (*enters from dining room; crossing down right*). Here's some sherbet, Ed.

ED (*indicates down right table*). Put it down there. (*She puts it on table and sits right end of right settee.*) I'm just telling Turner here we've had enough of this Red business among the students and the faculty. Don't want any more.

TOM. (*sits sofa center*). This isn't Red, Mr. Keller.

ED. Maybe not, but it looks bad. We don't want anything Red—or even Pink—taught here. (DAMON *puts on coat.*)

TOM. But who's to decide what is Red or what is Pink?

ED. We are! Somebody's got to decide what's fit to teach. If we don't, who would?

(ELLEN *crosses center.* DAMON *and* BLANCHE *move downstage.*)

DAM. I thought the faculty had—

ED. No, sir. You fellows are too wishy-washy. We saw that in the Chapman case. Americanism is what we want taught here.

(DAMONS *move up;* DAMON *gets hat.*)

JOE. Americanism is a fine thing.

TOM. Fine! But how would you define Americanism?

ED. Why—er—everybody knows what Americanism is. What do you believe in?

TOM. I believe that a college should be concerned with ideas. Not just your ideas or my ideas, but all ideas.

ED (*drowning him out*). No, sir! That's the *trouble*—too many ideas floating around—You put ideas of any kind into young people's heads, and the first thing you know, they start believing them.

DAM. (*coming down, at* JOE). On the contrary. I have been putting ideas into young people's heads for forty-two years with no (*Twinkles slyly at* JOE.)—visible—results whatever. (*There is a dubious laugh from* ED *and* JOE *until* JOE *gets* DAMON'S *meaning.*)

BLAN. Come, Frederick. Good night, Ellen! Lovely party! (*She bustles* DAMON *out up left.*)

ED (*rises. Crossing to* TOMMY). Turner, you better think twice before you read anything. I can promise you the trustees will clamp down on any professor who tries anything funny. I'm telling you that for your own good.

JOE. Say, I thought we were going to have some fun. Let's break this up. How about some music? (*Crosses down left to Victrola. He puts on a record which starts to play Wayne King's recording of "Cornsilk."*)

ED. That's right. We're celebrating tonight. Just wanted to get that out of my system. (*Crosses right, sits on settee. He picks up the dish of ice.*) Oh, I didn't want this—I wanted some of that ice cream. (*Rises. He starts for the dining room.*)

MYRT. He means he wants both. Here, I'll show you. (*She follows him into the dining room.*)

PAT. (*at a sign from* ELLEN). I'll bet you'd like some ice cream, too, Mr. Ferguson.

JOE. No, I—(PATRICIA *winks at him; he glances at* TOMMY). Oh, sure! Sure, I would. (*He follows* PATRICIA *into dining room.*)

PAT. (*as they exit*). Can you still skip?

JOE. No—not at my age. (TOMMY *crosses up right.*)

ELL. Tommy, have you had too much to drink?

TOM. No. Not enough.

ELL. Your eyes have that funny look.

TOM. (*crossing down center*). Did you hear what Mr. Keller said to me? I don't like to be talked to like that.

ELL. (*crossing to him*). Just because he was nasty and you've had a few drinks. Tommy, you're not going to go ahead and read that letter.

TOM. Yes, Ellen, I think I have to.

ELL. Tommy, try to be practical for once. At least wait until you're not so mad. Try to think of this the way any other man would think of it.

TOM. I'm not any other man.

ELL. Well, try to be. Do you think Joe would do something that would get him into trouble just because somebody irritated him?

TOM. *Joe!* I don't see why you don't try to understand how *I* feel about this.

ELL. I'm simply trying to keep you out of a lot of trouble. I don't see why—

TOM. But you see how Joe would feel. That's very plain to you, isn't it?

ELL. Yes, it is. Joe wouldn't get all mixed up.

TOM. I'm not mixed up. I'm trying to understand what goes on in your mind. It *can't* be like Joe Ferguson's mind!

ELL. Oh, you and your mind! I have to go through such a lot with your mind! (*Crossing down right.*)

TOM. Maybe you wouldn't if you understood it better.

ELL. (*turns; crosses back to him*). Oh, I know, I know! I'm too dumb for you!

TOM. (*crossing left to center*). Now, Ellen, I didn't say that.

ELL. (*crossing left to center*). You said Joe and I were stupid.

TOM. I said he was.

ELL. But he isn't. He's a big man. In some ways he's smarter than you.

TOM. (*crossing below* ELLEN *to down right*). Well, you ought to know.

ELL. Oh, look, Tommy—what are we fighting about?

TOM. (*turns*). You said I was dumb.

ELL. Tommy, you've had too many drinks or you wouldn't say that.

TOM. No, I haven't, but I don't feel very well. I feel very unhappy and slightly sick.

ELL. I'll get you some bicarbonate of soda. (*Starts up.*)

TOM. No, you won't. I'll go upstairs and lie down for a few minutes myself. I can do that much. Let's not bring this down to the level of bicarbonate of soda. (*Crosses to stairway—starts up slowly. Suddenly can contain himself no longer—makes a mad dash for it.*)

ELL. (*hesitates for a minute at the foot of the stairs—calls after him*). Tommy! Tommy, I didn't—

JOE (*enters from up right*). Anything the matter? (CLEOTA *enters up right. Crosses down right, straightening up the room.*)

ELL. Oh—no. Tommy's not feeling well. He got sick once before at a party. He's not used to drinking, and he's very sensitive about it. Cleota, will you get Mr. Turner some bicarbonate of soda from the kitchen? (CLEOTA *nods—exits up right.* JOE *crosses down left to Victrola.*) Cleota will get him some bicarbonate of soda from the kitchen. He'd never find it upstairs.

JOE (*turns off the music and takes off the record*). Why wouldn't he? Where do you keep it?

ELL. In the medicine chest.

JOE (*smiles*). What was that stuff between him and Ed?

ELL. Oh, it's nothing, really. I'll tell you about it tomorrow.

JOE (*finds another record*). Fine— Say, look what I found! "Who?" Remember that, Ellen? (*He puts the record on, starts it.*) (ELLEN *moves closer to the Victrola and listens as it plays.*)

"Who-o-o stole my heart away?
Who-o-o makes me dream all day?
Dreams I know can never come true.
Seems as though I'd ever be blue
Who-o-o means my happiness—"

(*As naturally as if they were always dancing to this song, they* BOTH *begin to dance.*) Gee, this takes me back— The May Dance. Remember? (*They are dancing center.*)

ELL. Um-huh—it rained.

JOE. You said you didn't know it was raining. I know I didn't. (*Holds her closer.*)

ELL. (*breaks away*). I'm a little rusty, Joe. I haven't danced in—oh, I don't remember when. Makes me feel young.

JOE. Then what are we stopping for? Come on.

ELL. (*center*). Well—all right. (*They go back into the dance.* JOE *gets her center and stops, so that they stand looking at each other, he ardently, she caught up in the music.*)

JOE. I can answer all those questions— (*As the music goes into the instrumental reprise,* JOE *kisses her, and she kisses back for a long moment, then tries to pull away.*) No one but you—

ELL. (*as he tries to kiss her again*). Oh, no, Joe, please, I—Say, how many cocktails did *I* have? (*They stand for an instant, looking at each other. Offstage we hear:*)

MYRT. Ed, get away from that ice cream. You've had enough. (JOE *and* ELLEN *quietly start dancing again.*)

ED. Oh—all right. (TOMMY *has come down the stairs—sees them dancing there as* MYRTLE *and* ED *enter up right.*)

MYRT. (*nudging* ED. JOE *and* ELLEN *dance up left,* JOE *facing stage*). Look, Ed! Just like the old days, isn't it? Seeing them dancing together?

ED. I'll say. (*Then, loudly.*) They make a darn handsome couple, don't they? (TOMMY, *although he has not seen the kiss, has sensed the whole intimacy of the scene and the meaning of* ED'S *remark.*)

JOE. She dances like a dream.

ED (*chuckling, crossing right*). Like a "dream can never come true," eh, Joe? You look mighty sweet in there, boy.

(ELLEN *sees* TOMMY. *Following her glance,* ED *and* MYRTLE *and* JOE *turn and look at* TOMMY.)

ELL. (*breaking away*). Oh—Tommy—are you all right?

TOM. (*coming down*). Yes, thanks.—Don't—let me spoil the party.

ED. Party's breaking up anyway, Tommy.

(JOE *crosses down left, turns off Victrola.*)

TOM. I just thought I'd get some more air— (*Crosses to door down right.*)

ED. (*crossing up left*). I don't want to miss any of that rally. (*A band is heard in the distance, approaching. Holds out* MYRTLE'S *coat.*) Myrtle! (MYRTLE *goes up left to him.*)

PAT. (*enters from dining room with bicarbonate of soda in glass*). Who's this for,

Ellen? (ED *and* JOE *are getting their hats,* JOE *getting* ELLEN'S *coat for her.*)

ELL. Tommy! *(To* TOMMY, *as he stands with his back turned, breathing the fresh air.)* Tommy, will you take this bicarbonate?

TOM. Just—put it by for a moment. You go to the rally, Ellen— I'm going to walk around out here—and cool off. Good night, everybody— You're coming to lunch tomorrow, aren't you, Joe?

JOE. Yes, sir!

TOM. That's what I thought. *(He goes out, down right, closing the screen door.)*

(ELLEN *puts soda on table.*)

PAT. (*looks out the window; the band is heard louder, coming down*). Ellen! It's the team and the band and a lot of the kids! They must be going in the Neil Avenue gate! (*Runs back to window.*)

ED. Come on. Let's step on it! (*Opens door up left.*)

(*Band noise louder.*)

JOE. Yeh. (*Listens to music coming closer.*) Boy, that sounds good! Gosh, doesn't that take you back? (*Gets coat.*)

MYRT. (*up left getting coat*). Where'll we go after the rally? (*Crosses down left center.*)

JOE. I'll take you all to the Dixie Club! Whatta ya say, Ellen?

ELL. Oh, I haven't been there in years! It would be fun— But, no, I'm not going. (*Calls to off down right.*) I'm going to stay here and get you to bed, Tommy.

TOMMY'S VOICE (*off*). No, I'd rather you didn't—really.

PAT. (*as music gets much louder*). Hey! They're stopping in front of the house!

WAL. (*enters up left. Crosses down right center*). Ready, Pat?

PAT. Sure!

WAL. (*crossing to* JOE. *He is breathless and excited*). Look, Mr. Ferguson, we brought the band over to escort you to the chapel. You're going to ride in the Axline Buggy! We hauled it out of the trophy rooms!

(*Music stops at end of piece.*)

ED. The Axline Buggy! Wow!

WAL. Yes! We got two horses—not the old black ones, but we got two horses! Whatta ya say?

ED. Fine! Fine!

NUTSY (*runs in, dressed in band-leader's uniform and carrying his glistening stick. From up left, by door*). Hey, come on! Let's get going! The carriage waits, Mr. Ferguson! (*Does drum major's salute and clicks heels.*)

WAL. (*pointing to* NUTSY). This is Nutsy Miller, the leader of the band.

JOE (*walks to* NUTSY). Hiya, Nutsy?

NUTSY (*waves a salute*). Hiya, Joe?

JOE. Okay, fellas! Whatta ya say, Ellen—you ride with me.—Some fun, huh?

ELL. (*in the spirit of it*). Oh—all right. Hurray!

JOE (*puts coat around her*). Hit her, Ed!

(ED, JOE, WALLY, ELLEN, PATRICIA, NUTSY *sing.*)

"And if we win the game,
We'll buy a keg of booze,
And we'll drink to old Midwestern
Till we wobble in our shoes."

(*They all go out,* JOE *and* ELLEN *the center of the gay, excited group, arm in arm. A shout goes up as* JOE *appears outside.*)

VOICES (*outside*).

Oh, we don't give a damn
For the whole state of Michigan,
The whole state of Michigan,
The whole state of Michigan.
Oh, we don't give a damn
For the whole state of Michigan
Now or ever more.
Rah-rah-rah-rah. Ferguson—Ferguson—
Ferguson.

(*The band starts another march.* TOMMY *has reappeared in the lower right door a moment after the general exit. He crosses slowly, absently picking up soda on the way, looks out after them, then closes the door. The cheers for Ferguson and the band music slowly die away as* TOMMY *comes down, muttering: "Rah. Rah. Rah." He looks at the soda in distaste; distaste for himself. Glances at Victrola, switches it on, dropping needle about twelve bars from the end of the chorus. Victrola plays:*)

"Dreams I know can never come true.
Seems as though I'll always be blue.
Who-o-o means my happiness?
Who-o-o? Shall I answer yes?
Who-o-o? Well, you ought to guess.
Who? Who? No one but you."

(TOMMY *listens for a moment, then makes awkwardly, solemnly, a couple of dance steps,*

*frowns, shakes his head, and drops into settee left, giving it up. He drinks the bitter cup of soda as the music ends and)*

[THE CURTAIN FALLS.]

## ACT TWO

### SCENE ONE

*Same as Act One. About 1:00* P.M., *the following day.*

AT RISE: JOE, *with coat off, is center, arranging plates, knives, forks, etc., on the floor in the form of a football team's backfield. The end table has been moved below the down right settee and has evidently been used for serving luncheon as there are still a plate, cup, etc.* ELLEN *is seated center, finishing her coffee and watching* JOE. PATRICIA *is down on her knees on the floor, left center, studying the array of dishes, napkins, salt cellars and glasses which are ankle-deep around* JOE *in football formation.* CLEOTA *enters from the dining room, carrying an empty tray. She crosses to the end table down right, begins clearing away the dishes.*

JOE. Now here—it's a balanced line. Move those two men out a little more. (PATRICIA *moves men out.*) This is a wonderful play. (*Jumps downstage, facing up. Puts downstage "backfield" in position.*)

ELL. Cleota, did you phone Mr. Turner's office again?

CLEO. (*at end table clearing away dishes*). Yessum. Dey ain' no answeh.

PAT. I saw Tommy, Ellen—about an hour ago.

ELL. Where?

PAT. He was walking out on the little road back of the Ag buildings. Just moping along. I yelled at him, but he didn't hear me. (JOE *is counting men on the floor.*)

ELL. I'm getting worried.

JOE (*intent on his own activity*). Everything's going to be okay. Nothing to worry about— Now, study this play, girls, or you won't know it when you see it this afternoon. (*Points to downstage team.*) This is Michigan. (*Points to upstage team, then jumps up.*) And this is Midwestern.—Now! From the balanced line, we shift. Hup! (*He executes a Notre Dame shift.*) Wally takes the left end's place, but he plays out a little.

PAT. (*exchanges cup and cream pitcher.* CLEOTA *moves to above table right*). Isn't Wally going to carry the ball?

JOE. Shh! Michigan spreads out. They're watching that wide end, but it's too obvious. They're watching the other side of the line, too.

CLEO. (*who has moved up right, comes down*). What's goin' on heah?

ELL. Shh! It's a football game.

JOE. The ball is snapped back. Now look, here we go! Both of us. (*Carrying a plate and a napkin up left.*) Close together. Fading back but threatening a left end run as well as a pass.

PAT. But who are you?

JOE. I'm both of them—Lindstrom and Wierasocka.— (*Comes forward.*) Skolsky cuts down the left side line deep and takes out Wupperman—that's the jam pot. (*Indicates down left. Picks up "Wally."*) Wally is running wide around right end (*Runs around down right*), faking as though he had the ball but hasn't really got it—apparently! (*At down right.*) Now, then, just as Michigan is charging in on Lindstrom and Wierasocka (*Crosses up center.*), trying to decide which one has the ball, Wally lets himself out! *He's really* got it!

PAT. Hooray!

JOE. It's a fake fake. It's an old play, so corny only a football genius like Coach Sprague would use it. With no interference at all, Wally cuts over and goes straight down the right side of the field! He stiff-arms the safety man— (*Running with the cream pitcher, around right, he ends up down center back to audience.*) Touchdown!

PAT. Whoopee! (*She knocks over the jam pot.*) Oh, Lord, there goes Wupperman!

(*During* JOE's *"touchdown,"* TOMMY *has appeared quietly in door down right. He watches* JOE *with distaste. No one notices him in the confusion.*)

CLEO. Um-hm. You through playin' now? (PAT *and* JOE *help her pick up dishes, working with backs to* TOMMY.)

PAT. I'm sorry, Ellen.

ELL. It's all right. You can take the teams to the showers now, Cleota. Can't she, Joe?

JOE. Sure! How do you like it? (PATRICIA *and*

CLEOTA *carry dishes up to sofa and pile them on tray.*)

ELL. I think it's nice. (*Puts cup on up center table; crosses up to window.*)

JOE. Nice? It's marvelous! That play is going to put us in the Rose Bowl. (*He puts dishes on down right table. To* PATRICIA.) Did I ever tell you about how we used the Statue of Liberty play? (*Assumes attitude down right.*) I would go back for a pass, and Jonesy would take it out of my hand and cut around to the left. (CLEOTA *picks up tray of dishes and exits up right. Suddenly* JOE *realizes that, not the imaginary ball but the cup, has been taken out of his hand and that there is no Jonesy. He looks around slowly, puzzled, too late to have seen* TOMMY *quietly returning to the outdoors with the cup. Doorbell rings.*)

ELL. (*crosses to door left*). I'll answer it. (*Admits* DAMON *and they ad lib. in doorway.*) (JOE *looks to see where he might have dropped the cup; he is still puzzled.*)

PAT. (*starting for the stairs*). It's a wonderful play, Mr. Ferguson. If it works. (*Exits up stairs.*)

JOE. The coach gave it to me in strictest confidence. (*Gives another look for cup—repeats gesture with right arm drawn back and lifted, trying to relive the scene.*)

(ELLEN *and* DAMON *have been ad libbing up left.*)

ELL. Can you come in and wait, Doctor Damon? Tommy is out somewhere, but I'm expecting him back. (CLEOTA *exits with tray and dishes, leaving coffee things on right table.*)

DAM. (*crossing down to left*). I can't wait very long. (*Indicates magazine in pocket.*)

ELL. (*following him*). Is that *The Literary Magazine?*

DAM. It's a powder magazine. (*Coming down center.*) Bombs are bursting all around. (*Sees* JOE, *who has been putting on coat and looking in drapes for cup.*) Oh—good afternoon.

JOE. Good afternoon, Doctor Damon.

(*Phone rings.*)

ELL. Excuse me, I'll— (*She goes to phone—picks up receiver.* DAMON *moves down left center.* JOE *is still looking for the vanished cup, moving drapes slightly.*) Hello— Yes, thank you. (*Hangs up.*) That was Ed Keller's office, Joe. He's on his way over here.

JOE. Oh, yeah. He called me this morning. He's fit to be tied about this *Literary Magazine* thing. Have you seen it?

DAM. (*from down left center*). Yes. This is it.

JOE (*crossing to* DAMON). May I take a look at it? Gosh, I didn't realize what this thing was— (*He takes magazine and scans editorial.*) Calls the trustees Fascists! This kid's dangerous—un-American.

DAM. Oh, no!

ELL. (*crossing to* JOE. *At same time*). Oh, no, not really. He's from an old Chillicothe family.

JOE. This is bad stuff for the university. I'm afraid all hell's going to break loose. Of course, it's none of my business, but—

DAM. (*taking the magazine out of* JOE's *hand*). You take the words right out of my mouth. I haven't had such a day since poor Doctor Prendergast shot his secretary. (*Crosses and sits down left settee.*)

JOE. Well, I'm not a trustee, but I know how they feel.

ELL. I know. (*Crosses to down right center.*)

JOE. Tommy'd better deny this, pretty fast, and get himself out in the clear. I'm telling you. (*Crosses to* ELLEN.) I'm sorry about this, Ellen— Where is Tommy?

ELL. I don't know.

JOE. You don't think— (*Lowers voice to whisper.*) You don't think he may be a little sore about your going out with me last night?

ELL. I don't know. Oh, Joe, I'm all upset.

(*Doorbell rings.*)

JOE. Shall I answer it?

ELL. Would you?

JOE (*he opens door*). Hi, Ed!

ED (*in doorway*). Turner here?

ELL. No, he isn't.

ED. Well, I want to see him before the game. Tell him to call my office. Coming, Joe?

ELL. (*quickly*). I don't know just when he'll— Won't you come in? Dean Damon is here.

ED. Oh! (*He comes into the room a few steps.* JOE *closes the door.* ED *crosses down to* DAMON.) Well, I'm glad somebody's here. How do you do, sir? Do you know where I could find President Cartwright?

DAM. His secretary informed me that he is at the barber shop, having his beard trimmed.

ED. That'll be a big help! (*To* ELLEN, *then*

JOE.) I thought Turner was going to deny this story. Papers keep calling *me*—they say he hasn't. Here I am, bearing the brunt of this damn disgraceful attack. "Fascists!" You oughta heard Si McMillan! And do you know Kressinger's in town from Detroit? (*Crosses down left center.*)

ELL. Is he a trustee, too?

DAM. Oh, yes, young Michael certainly exploded his dynamite at a moment when the concentration of trustees is at its thickest.

ED (*crossing center*). Yeh. There goes the new stadium. There goes your Endowment Fund! Unless something is done, and done quick! (*Crossing to* ELLEN.) Ellen, you tell your husband what I said!

JOE (*moving in*). Look, Ed, it isn't Ellen's fault.

ED (*crossing to* JOE). It isn't my fault, either. Here I kept this whole week-end free. I've got my office full of eighteen-year-old Bourbon so we fellows could cut loose a little. And look what happens! All we need now is for Wierasocka to fumble a punt! (*Stomps out up left.*)

JOE. I'll—see you later. (*Takes overcoat and hat up left; follows* ED *out.*)

DAM. I didn't like the way Mr. Keller said "There goes your Endowment Fund." (*Phone rings.*) If that's the newspapers I'm not here.

ELL. (*rises—going toward phone*). Oh, I don't want to talk to them either. (*Goes to dining-room door. Calls.*) Cleota—

(*Phone rings again.*)

PAT. (*runs down the stairs*). I'm going out to talk to Michael. (*Runs into* ELLEN.) I got him on the phone but he hung up on me! (*Phone rings. Crossing left.*) Good afternoon, Doctor Damon. (*Gets coat up left.*) I'll knock his ears off. (*Slams out the left door.*)

(*Phone rings.*)

DAM. (*calling after her*). Good afternoon, Patricia. (CLEOTA *enters from the dining room.*)

ELL. Answer the phone, Cleota.

CLEO. (*crosses to phone*). Hello— Says what? —Says he is?—Ah didn' say you said he was, I say what is it?—No, he ain' heah—No, dis ain' Miz Turner.

ELL. (*prompting her*). *Who is calling, please?*

CLEO. Who's dis?—Wait a minute— (*Puts hand over mouthpiece—to* ELLEN.) It's de *Daily* sump'n.

ELL. Hang up, Cleota.

CLEO. G'bye. (*Hangs up and exits up right.*)

ELL. (*crossing to* DAMON). Oh, Lord, see what's happened already! Doctor Damon, suppose Tommy didn't read this letter?

DAM. Let us not take refuge in conditional clauses, my dear.

ELL. Would you read it if you were Tommy?

DAM. Now we go into the subjunctive. My dear, for forty-two years I have read nothing to my classes which was written later than the first half of the seventeenth century.

ELL. (*turns up left center*). There must be some way—some compromise—that wouldn't be too humiliating.

DAM. The policy of appeasement? Yes, it has its merits, and I'm afraid it's all I have to offer. (*Rises. Crossing to* ELLEN.) I can't wait any longer for Thomas. Tell him that if he decides not to read the letter, I shall feel easier in my mind. Much easier. (*Picks up hat. Comes back.*) And—slightly disappointed—Good afternoon, my dear— (*He opens the door, and in flies* PATRICIA. *They collide.* ELLEN *moves right center.*) Wup, wup, *wup!*

PAT. Don't let Michael in! I don't want to talk to him any more! (*Crossing right a few steps.*)

DAM. Did you—uh—knock his ears off?

PAT. (*turns to* DAMON). I got him told. But he wants to tell me his side of it. He thinks *he* has a side.

DAM. A common failing, my dear— Good afternoon. (*He goes out up left.*)

PAT. (*bolts the door after him*). There, I've bolted that young genius out! (*Crossing to* ELLEN.) Oh, Ellen! Give me a football player any time. (*Crossing down left center.*) Give me a guy without so much intellect or whatever it is. Somebody that doesn't want to be bawling the world out all the time—always doing something brave or fine or something. (*Turns as* MICHAEL *comes in down right slamming door.*) Go away!

ELL. Quiet down, Patricia— Come in, Michael.

MICH. (*down right. To* PATRICIA). You're being very silly.

ELL. (*noticing* MICHAEL'S *distraught look*). Can I give you a glass of milk?

MICH. No, thank you. She won't listen to me, Mrs. Turner. I'm not trying to ruin your husband's life or my life or anybody's life. It's the principle of the thing she won't see.

PAT. Oh, the principle! (*Crossing to right center.*) I'll bet nobody else would make a fool of himself and his friends and—my brother-in-law—over a principle.

(ELLEN, *taking the dishes with her, quietly slips out toward the kitchen, unnoticed by* MICHAEL.)

MICH. (*with the enormous gravity of the young man in love. Crossing left to* PATRICIA). All right, Pat. I'm glad to know the qualities you admire in a man. They are certainly noble virtues, and I'm sure Wally is lousy with them.

PAT. Oh, make up your mind who you're imitating, Ralph Waldo Emerson or Hemingway! You—you *writer!* (*Crosses below* MICHAEL *to down right.*)

MICH. (*turns*). Now who's imitating Hemingway?

PAT. (*turns to him*). I wish you'd go away! (*Starts for door down right.*)

MICH. (*crossing to up left door*). I'm going! (*Goes to door, places hand on knob, turns.* PATRICIA *stops, turns, watches him.*) I'm going for good! I'm going out of your life! (*On the last word he jerks at door to make a dramatic exit, but it won't open, since* PAT *bolted it. Doorknob comes off in his hand.*)

PAT. (*with a smile of complete victory*). It's bolted, you dope! (*Exits down right.*)

(MICHAEL *inserts knob and gets the door open finally. In walks* TOMMY *with the other doorknob in his hand. The two stand and look at each other. The knob has again come out in* MICHAEL'S *hand.*)

MICH. (*a little guiltily*). Sorry, Mr. Turner!

TOM. What's going on here? (MICHAEL *puts the knob in.* TOMMY *screws the other knob on.*)

MICH. I was just going.

TOM. That's all right. Come in if you want to.

MICH. Say, you look terrible.

TOM. Me? Why, what's the matter?

MICH. I've got to get out of here.

TOM. (*shuts door*). Oh, it's all right, Michael. Come in. Did somebody do something to you? (*Crossing center.*)

MICH. Patricia. She did plenty. I suppose it's just as well I've found out what she wants in life: a handsome, half-witted half-back.

TOM. (*crossing to foot of stairs and looking up*). Yes, I know how that feels.

MICH. Yes, sir. Well, you can't get anywhere with a woman who doesn't understand what you have to do.

TOM. (*crosses to* MICHAEL). No. No, you can't, Michael. You'd like to, but you can't—Well— Good-bye, Michael— Come back in about an hour, will you? I want to give you a piece of my mind.

MICH. (*puzzled*). Yes, sir. (*Exits up left.*) (TOMMY *looks around—takes cup out of pocket and puts it on table up center; hangs up coat and hat up left, then crosses to settee left and sits thinking.*)

ELL. (*enters up right*). Oh, hello darling!

TOM. Hello.

ELL. (*crossing to him*). Well, I'm glad you remembered where you live. I was beginning to be worried. We phoned your office three times, but nobody knew where you were.

TOM. (*looking up slowly*). Huh?

ELL. I say nobody knew where you were—since early this morning.

TOM. I was walking.

ELL. Without any breakfast? All this time?

TOM. (*rises. Crosses down left*). Well, I—came around to the back door a while ago, but Joe was doing the Statue of Liberty or something again, so I went away.

ELL. You were right here and you went away?

TOM. (*crosses down right*). Yes, I couldn't face that right now. Not the Statue of Liberty.

ELL. Oh! Well, Doctor Damon's been here—and Ed Keller, and the newspapers have been calling up. There's going to be a lot of trouble if you don't hurry up and deny that story of Michael's—or have you done it?

TOM. No—I haven't denied it.

ELL. (*center. Troubled*). You mean you've made up your mind to read it? Is that what you've been—walking around for? Tommy, I don't know what to say to you.

TOM. (*turns. Crosses to her*). I think maybe you've said enough already.

ELL. That isn't very kind.

TOM. None of this is going to sound very kind but I've figured out exactly what I want to say, and I have to get it out before I get all mixed up.

ELL. I don't see why you are being so mean.

TOM. It's just that last night I began to see you, and myself, clearly for the first time. (*Crosses above* ELLEN *up left.*)

ELL. (*turns downstage*). If this is a story you're writing, and you're trying it out on me, it isn't very good.

TOM. Oh, I saw you and Joe clearly, too.

ELL. (*relieved. Crossing to* TOMMY *a little*). Oh, you saw him kiss me— I thought that was it—

TOM. (*covering*). No— No, I didn't— Did he kiss you? Well, that's fine— I've been meaning to ask you, what became of Housman's "Last Poems"? (*Turns to left bookcase.*)

ELL. (*crossing up to* TOMMY). Tommy (*Puts her hand on his shoulder.*), listen to me—I wanted to have a good time last night, and you spoiled it—

TOM. (*turns to her*). Didn't you enjoy it at all?

ELL. (*piqued*). Yes, I did. (*Crossing right two steps.*) I'm not a hundred years old—yet. I just decided to quit worrying about you, and have a little fun. For about an hour I felt like a girl again—wearing flowers at a Spring Dance —when I was young and silly—

TOM. Young and happy.

ELL. (*turns to* TOMMY). All right, he—kissed me. I kissed him, too. (*Crossing to* TOMMY.) We didn't go out in the dark to do it.

TOM. (*piling books he is taking from bookshelves on down left settee*). I hope you didn't lend that book to anybody; it was a first edition.

ELL. Did *you* hear what *I* said?

TOM. Sure, I heard you. I'm listening— You said you went out in the dark and kissed Joe.

ELL. (*turns. Crossing to down right center*). I said no such thing, and you know it.

TOM. (*still at bookcase*). I wish we had had separate book-plates.

ELL. (*turns to him*). So that when you really make me mad and I get out of here, I can find my own books quickly?

TOM. (*at bookcase*). I hate sentimental pawing over things by a couple breaking up. We're not living in the days of Henry James and Meredith. Look at Joe and his wife.

ELL. Tommy. (*Crossing left to up left center.*) I want you to stop this. If you're going to be jealous, *be* jealous, rave or throw things, but don't act like the lead in a Senior Class play! (*This thrust gets home.*)

TOM. (*up left*). I'm trying to tell you that I don't care what you and Joe do. I'm trying to tell you that it's fine. It's very lucky that he came back just now.

ELL. What do you mean?

TOM. I mean on the money *I* make, I can go on fine alone, reading whatever I want to to my classes. That's what I want. And that's what I'm going to do.

ELL. Oh, that's what you want! Suddenly that's what you want. More than me?

TOM. It isn't so sudden. (*Crossing right.*) Not any more sudden than your feeling for Joe. It's logical. We get in each other's way. You wear yourself out picking up after me. Taking matches out of my pockets. (*Finds matches in pockets and throws them on table right.*) Disarranging my whole way of life. (*Sits on down right settee.*)

ELL. (*follows him to chair right center*). Why haven't you said all this before?

TOM. I couldn't very well.

ELL. Why couldn't you? If you felt this way?

TOM. Well, we hadn't split up on this letter issue, for one thing—and then there was no place for you to go. I didn't want you to have to go back to Cleveland, or to work in some tea shoppe.

ELL. Oh, I see. Some tea shoppe! That's what you think I'd have to do! (*Crosses up right.*) Well, you needn't have spared my feelings. I can make as much money as you.

TOM. You don't have to, now.

ELL. (*turns*). Oh, you mean you waited to tell me this till Joe came along! I thought you were jealous of Joe. I could understand that. You aren't the least bit aroused at the idea of his kissing me— (*Crosses downstage, drives this at him.*) *out in the dark—for hours!*

TOM. No, I'm not.

ELL. So that's why you've been wandering around! That's what you've been figuring out! How nice it would be if he would take me off your hands, so you could be left alone with your books and match-boxes and *litter!*

(*Crosses to left center.*) I suppose any man would do as well as Joe. (*Crosses back to* TOMMY *two steps.*)

TOM. (*crossing to her*). He's not just any man, and you know that. He's always been in love with you, and you've always been in love with him! (*He is angry and jealous now.*)

ELL. (*crossing left*). That's ridiculous!

TOM. (*moving toward her*). I felt it when I saw you dancing together. It was unmistakable. You've just admitted it.

ELL. (*turns. Crossing to him*). Oh, you can't do that now! You can't be jealous now just because you think I want you to be!

TOM. I saw you dancing together—like angels! (ELLEN *turns away.*) I saw you go out in that carriage together! I saw you together years ago, when I was young enough and dumb enough to believe that I really took you away from him. (ELLEN *turns back.*) There's something that happens when you two dance together that doesn't happen when we dance together!

ELL. All right—have it your way. If you want to be free, then I want to be free—and I've gone around for ten years mooning about Joe— Well, maybe I have—maybe I have, because I'm certainly sick of you right now! (*Whirls away from him.*)

TOM. (*shaking her*). Ellen—Ellen, listen—

ELL. Never mind—all right—*all right—ALL RIGHT!* (*She breaks away up center—suddenly stops short as* JOE *enters left brightly.*)

JOE. Oh, I'm sorry—if I— (*He stops in embarrassment. There is a pause. He has caught only the tone; but he sees and feels the tension. He is carrying a wrapped bottle and a newspaper. He removes overcoat, lays it on chair up left.*)

TOM. (*crossing down right*). Hello, Joe!

JOE. Hello! (*Pause.*) I brought the rum. (*Holds up bottle, sees only their backs. Crosses down to coffee table left. Puts bottle on table; holds up newspaper.*) Big picture of Wally all over the front page. (*Silence.*) Good picture, isn't it?

TOM. You and Ellen have some rum.

JOE. The rum's for the punch—later.

ELL. Could I have some—now? (*Sits on sofa up center.*) (TOMMY *exits up right.*)

JOE (*surprised*). Right now?—Sure. (*Unwraps bottle; throws paper in wastebasket up left.*)

TOM. (*from dining room*). I'll get you some glasses. (*Re-enters—crosses left to* JOE *with two glasses, then goes above settee left, glancing at* ELLEN.)

JOE (*unscrewing the top*). Tommy, old man, I just left Ed Keller and Si McMillan. This thing your young friend wrote in the magazine. (*Pours drink.*) I read the piece over again. He's got you on a spot, Tommy. (*Crosses to* ELLEN—*gives her drink.*)

ELL. Want to drink a toast, Joe?—To Tommy's happiness?

JOE (*looks at both of them—then crosses down left*). Sure— (*Pours himself drink—crosses up—offers toast.*) Your happiness, Tommy. (*They drink amid a long silence,* JOE *nervously finishing his;* ELLEN *taking a long drink, grimacing as the drink burns her throat.*) What's the matter? What's it about? Maybe I could talk to Ed—

TOM. No. I don't want that. I'll run my own life my own way.

ELL. That's what it's about. Tommy wants to—live alone.

JOE. What?

ELL. He wants to be left alone—

JOE. I beg your pardon?

ELL. Us! Tommy and me! We're breaking up!

JOE (*Awed, puzzled*). *Just before the game—?* (TOMMY *put books from settee down left on fireplace bench.*) You're both crazy! Maybe I better go.

TOM. Not at all! You're not exactly a stranger around here. You knew Ellen as long ago as I did.

JOE. I knew her a long time before you did —and this is a fine way to be treating her.

TOM. (*baiting a hook*). Yes, I know. I was just saying I barged in and took her away from you.

JOE. Oh, no, you didn't. You had nothing to do with it. She got sore at me on account of another girl.

TOM. Oh, that's where I came in?

JOE. Sure! If you think you took her away from me, you're crazy. Here, you better have some rum.

ELL. He can't drink this early.

TOM. (*sits settee down left*). *I* don't *need* any rum. Go on, Joe.

JOE (*sits right end of sofa*). Well, Ellen and I had a fight. You weren't in on it. You came in later—

ELL. Joe, do we have to—

TOM. It's all right. It's his turn.

JOE. She said she hated me and never wanted to see me again. She threw something at me. She thought I went away with this girl—I mean—

TOM. Never mind—I know what you mean—

ELL. I never said you went. I never said that.

JOE. Oh, yes, you did—you intimated it.

ELL. No, that was your idea. I thought you were bragging about it.

JOE. Well, you got awfully mad. I thought you never did want to see me again. I guess I was dumb. Brenda says it shows you liked me. (*From* ELLEN's *expression,* JOE *is reminded of* TOMMY's *presence; he turns.*) Oh—sorry!

TOM. Oh, don't mind me. Who's Brenda? Another girl?

JOE. My wife.

TOM. Oh, sorry!

JOE. Ellen knows her. She's from Cleveland. Brenda's always been jealous of Ellen. She found a picture of you.

TOM. What picture?

ELL. I gave him a picture. He wouldn't give it back.

JOE. It's a swell picture. You were wearing that floppy hat. Red.

ELL. Blue.

JOE. It had ribbons. Made you look like you were sixteen.

TOM. I've never seen it.

ELL. It was a silly hat. This was ages ago.

TOM. I mean, I've never seen the picture.

ELL. (*angrily*). I threw them all away.

JOE (*remembering*). It kind of went down over one eye.

TOM. She looks nice in hats like that.

(ELLEN *suddenly begins to cry; collapses on sofa.*)

JOE (*rising*). Now look what you've done!

TOM. (*rising*). Look what *you've* done! Bringing up old floppy blue hats! (JOE *moves to* ELLEN.) Don't touch her! She doesn't like to be touched when she's crying. (*Crosses to left center.*)

JOE. I've seen her cry. I know what to do.

TOM. Oh, you do?

JOE. She cried when we had that fight about the girl. She was lying on the floor and kicking and crying—on her stomach.

ELL. I was not!

TOM. Be careful what you say!

JOE. Well, I mean I knew what to do. (*Crosses to other end of sofa.*) I picked her up then.

TOM. Well, you're not going to pick her up now. (*Crosses below* JOE.)

ELL. Will you both please let me alone?! Will you please go away!

JOE. There! She wants you to go away. And I don't blame her, if this is the way you treat her. I wouldn't have stood for it ten years ago, and I'm not going to stand for it now.

TOM. (*crossing to* JOE *a step*). But what are you going to do?

JOE. I'm going to get her away from all this! It isn't nice!

TOM. It isn't exactly to my taste, either. (*Crossing to up left end of sofa.*) I didn't want it to turn out this way, but it did: me feeling like a cad, Ellen crying, and you acting like a fool.

JOE. Me acting like a fool?

ELL. Everybody's acting like a fool. (*Puts glass up center table.*)

JOE (*crossing down right center*). You've certainly messed things up, brother.

TOM. Don't call me brother! (*From up left center.*) I can't stand that, now! (*In one step.*)

JOE. If Ellen weren't here, I'd call you worse than brother.

ELL. (*sitting up*). Well, I'm not going to be here! Please, please, stop—both of you! Nobody has said a word about what *I* want to do. You're going to settle that between yourselves. Bandying me back and forth!

TOM. (*crossing to her*). Nobody's bandying you, Ellen.

ELL. (*sniffling*). I know when I'm being bandied! (*Rises—looks at them.*) I don't want either of you! You can both go to hell! (*Runs upstairs, crying.*)

TOM. (*up to stairs.* JOE *also crosses to stairs.* BOTH *look up, then each looks away*). She means me.

JOE She said both of us.

TOM. She was looking at me.

JOE. How did we get into this anyway?

TOM. You two-stepped into it. You kissed your way into it.

JOE (*crossing down to below right center chair*). I'm sorry about that. Sorry it happened.

TOM. You're not sorry it happened. You're sorry I found it out. (*Crossing to left of up center sofa.*) Do you know anything about women? (*Crossing to* JOE.) Didn't you know what she was thinking about when she was dancing with you?

JOE. No. I don't think when I'm dancing.

TOM. I know. You think in your office. Well, you'll have to think in your home after this. She likes to be thought about.

JOE. I thought about her. I remembered her birthday. I brought her flowers.

TOM. Well, you'll have to keep on bringing her things—fur coats and things— She's still young and pretty.

JOE. I don't get you.

TOM. I'm being broadminded. (*Crossing left.*) I'm taking things in my stride. It's the modern way of doing things. You ought to know that.

JOE (*shrewdly*). What makes me think you're still crazy about her and are up to some damn something or other?

TOM. Don't be so acute. I couldn't stand you being acute. (*Crossing down left.*)

JOE. I'm not dumb.

TOM. (*turning back to him*). Yes, you are. (*Crossing right to* JOE.) It isn't what I feel that counts. It's what she feels. I think she's always been in love with you. Why, I don't know. It's supposed to be beyond reason. I guess it is.

JOE. You just think that because of last night?

TOM. No. Because of what lay behind last night. That wasn't just a kiss. That's nothing. (*Crosses up center, and turns.*) This thing is too deep for jealousy or for anything but honesty. A woman must not go on living with a man when she dances better with another man.

JOE. That's silly. (*Crossing down right.*) *That's the silliest—* (*Crossing up left to* TOMMY *up center.*) Dancing doesn't mean everything.

TOM. The way you *do* it does. The things that happen to you. The light you give off.

JOE. *Light?!*

TOM. Oh, these things are too subtle for you, Joe. I've made some study of them. (*Turns away.*)

JOE. Maybe all this studying's bad for you.

TOM. All I want to know is whether you felt the same thing she felt last night.

JOE. I felt fine. (*Crossing right.*) This is embarrassing! (*Crossing left to* TOMMY.) A man makes love to a woman. He doesn't talk it over with her husband!

TOM. I'm just trying to be honest.

JOE (*crossing below* TOMMY *to down left*). You're a funny guy. Conscientious. What does it get you? Like this letter you're going to read— Say, is that what started the trouble?

TOM. Yes, it's an integral part of the trouble —things like that.

JOE (*sits right end down left settee*). Well, what are we going to do? I mean now? I mean from now on?

TOM. From now on will work itself out. Right now you'd better go upstairs and comfort her. She'll be expecting you.

JOE. Oh, no. Not me! You ought to know more what to do right now. It's your house. She's still your wife.

TOM. (*crossing to* JOE). She doesn't want to talk to me. She's just done that. But she oughtn't to be left alone right now. (JOE *hesitates.*) Well, don't be a big baby!

JOE (*crossing right to stairs, turns*). It doesn't seem right somehow for me to go upstairs.

TOM. This is not a moment for cheap moralizing!

JOE. Well—good God Almighty! (*Goes upstairs.*) (TOMMY *looks after* JOE *then sits on sofa up center.*)

MICH. (*comes in up left door as* TOMMY *sighs deeply*). What's the matter?

TOM. (*sees him*). Oh! Why don't you knock? Never mind— (*Rises. Crosses down and paces; he glares upstairs, still has his glare when he turns back to* MICHAEL.)

MICH. Well, I came back like you said.

TOM. *As* you said. Oh—never mind! (*The two* MEN *pace, meeting down right center.*)

MICH. Before you start in on me, Mr. Turner, please remember that I've been through a lot today. I can't stand much more.

TOM. (*pats him on shoulder*). Thanks.

MICH. (*at center. Gloomily*). They'll probably do something to you—especially if we lose to Michigan. You know what Keller did the last time they beat us in a Homecoming Game? He ran the flag on his office building down to half mast.

TOM. (*looking upstairs—distracted. Crossing around to up right center; then to landing*). Don't worry about me.

MICH. Well, I'm feeling better. I've put her out of my mind. It's ended as simply as that. (*Drops into chair right center.*) There's a girl who could sit with you and talk about Shelley. Well, I'm glad I found out about women. (*Crash upstairs.*) What was that?

TOM. I'm sure I don't know. What were you saying? (*Crosses up center.*)

MICH. I say Patricia knew things. She knew odd things like, "A Sonnet on Political Greatness" (TOMMY *paces up left center.*); she quoted that one night. Wouldn't you think a girl like that had some social consciousness?

TOM. (*sits sofa up center*). That's the sonnet that ends:

"Quelling the anarchy of hopes and fears,
Being himself alone."

MICH. Yes, but when an issue comes up and a man has to be himself alone, she reveals the true stature of her character and goes off to Hennick's with that football player. I saw them—right in the front window—drinking Seven Up—he uses a straw.

TOM. (*crossing down to* MICHAEL). Yes, but he's handsome. (*Paces.*) What is more, he whirls. He's a hunter. He comes home at night with meat slung over his shoulders, and you sit there drawing pictures on the wall of your cave. (*Crosses around left to down left; then up center.*)

MICH. I see. Maybe I ought to sock him with a ball bat.

TOM. (*crossing center*). No. You are a civilized man, Michael. If the male animal in you doesn't like the full implications of that, he must nevertheless be swayed by Reason. You are not living in the days of King Arthur when you fought for your woman. (*Crossing down left.*) Nowadays, the man and his wife and the other man talk it over. Quietly and calmly. They all go out to dinner together. (*Sits right end settee down left.*)

MICH. Intellectually, Patricia is sleeping with that guy. I feel like going out tonight with the Hot Cha-cha.

TOM. With the what?

MICH. It's a girl. They call her that. What if she was kicked out of the Pi Phi House? She's honest! She does what she believes in! And—well, Hot Cha-cha doesn't argue all the time anyway.

TOM. Look, Michael, hasn't she got a name? You don't call her *that,* do you?

MICH. Marcia Gardner. They just call her—

TOM. Yes, you told me what they call her. (*Slight pause.*)

MICH. (*transformed*). Patricia's not coming to class when you read that letter. She's gone over to the Philistines— Oh, Mr. Turner, I wish I were like you! Middle-aged, settled down, happily married— (TOMMY *takes off his glasses and peers across at* MICHAEL.) and through with all this hell you feel when you're young and in love.

TOM. (*nettled*). Middle-aged?

MICH. Yes, you know what Rupert Brooke says:

"That time when all is over (TOMMY *writhes, turns his back.*),
And love has turned to kindliness."

Is kindliness peaceful?

TOM. Don't ask me. (*Two quick crashes from upstairs bring* TOMMY *to his feet as* JOE *enters down the stairs, looking worn and worried, his hair slightly disarranged.* TOMMY *crosses to* JOE. *Sharply.*) You look ruffled!

JOE (*just as sharply, but a bit absently*). What? (*The two* MEN *look each other over.*)

TOM. I say—what ruffled you?

JOE. Do we have to discuss these things in front of this boy?

MICH. (*rising. Crossing to* JOE). I am not a boy.

TOM. This is Michael Barnes. (*Goes up left center, looking upstairs.*)

JOE (*turning to* MICHAEL). Oh, so you're the little boy that started all this! I want to tell you that you write too much, you have too much to say, you get too many people into too much trouble. You've not only got Tommy and Ellen involved, but me. (*Gesturing to* TOMMY—*upstairs—to himself.*)

MICH. I don't see how this concerns you, do you, Mr. Turner?

TOM. Yes. (*Crosses down to right end of settee left.*)

MICH. What?

JOE (*waving* MICHAEL *out*). Goodbye!

MICH. (*in wordless wrath at being treated like a child*). Oh! (*Exits down right to garden.*)

JOE. Oh, God, I wish I was in Pittsburgh! (*Sits right center chair.*)

TOM. (*eagerly*). What happened?

JOE. Well, old man, I guess you're right. She was pretty bitter—about you. She picked up something you'd given her and threw it against the wall and broke it into a thousand pieces.

TOM. What was it?

JOE. I didn't see it till after she threw it.

TOM. (*sits sofa up center*). Oh!

JOE. Every time she mentioned your name, she threw something. Kept me ducking.

TOM. (*sadly*). I see. You want to marry Ellen, don't you?

JOE. Well, I always liked her, but I don't like to go through so much. (*Pause.*) Are you sure you understand women?

TOM. Yes.

JOE. Well, when Ellen and I had that fight about the girl, she threw things on account of me, and Brenda thinks that meant she was in love with me. Now she throws things on account of *you.*

TOM. (*after an instant of hope*). In both instances, she threw them at *you,* didn't she?

JOE (*glumly*). Yeh, I guess so.

TOM. Well, there you are. What did she say when you left? What was she doing?

JOE. She was in a terrible state. I don't think she'll be able to go to the game. She may have a sick headache for days. What do you do then?

TOM. Get her a hot water bottle. (*Rises. Crossing up right to dining room.*) Cleota!—Cleota!

CLEO. (*off*). Yes, suh.

TOM. There's a hot water bottle out there in the—somewhere. (*Returning.*) Fill it and bring it in, please.

CLEO. (*off*). Yes, suh.

(TOMMY *crosses and sits on sofa up center.*)

JOE (*rises. Glances at wrist-watch. Crossing down left*). I don't want to miss this game. I sort of wish Stalenkiwiecz wasn't laid up, don't you? (*Crossing to center.*)

TOM. I haven't given it much thought one way or another.

JOE (*crossing down right*). Of course, Wierasocka's all right, but Stalenkiwiecz is a better pass-receiver.

TOM. Is he? Why?

JOE (*turning to* TOMMY). I don't know why. He just is. "Why!" (*His pacing has carried him to lower door, right. He remembers the vanishing cup and takes one more look.*) 'Course they may not give Brenda a divorce. (*Crossing left.*)

TOM. I think they will.

JOE. I don't know.

CLEO. (*Enters up right with hot water bottle and folded towel. She hands them to* TOMMY *on up center sofa*). Is you gotta pain?

TOM. No.—Oh, thank you.

(CLEOTA *exits up right.*)

JOE (*pacing left*). I don't suppose we ought to go and leave her.

TOM. (*rises. Going to him with bottle*). Oh, I'm not going. Here. (*Hands him bottle and towel.*)

JOE (*taking it. It burns his hand*). Ow!

TOM. Hold it by the end.

JOE. Won't this thing burn her?

TOM. (*impatiently*). You wrap the towel around it. (*Places towel around shoulders of bottle. Crosses up center, then down around right center chair to down right.*)

JOE. You shouldn't stay here in the house alone with her, things being the way they are, should you?

TOM. Please don't worry about that!

JOE (*looking at the bottle*). I thought these things were different now than they used to be.

TOM. What do you mean, different?

JOE. I mean better looking—somehow.

(*There is a pause during which* JOE *tries to wrap the towel around the hot water bottle but various parts of it insist on remaining exposed. Finally* TOMMY, *who has moved upstage, crosses down to* JOE *angrily.*)

TOM. Well, why don't you take it up to her?

ELL. (*coming down the stairs*). It's time to get started, isn't it? (*The two* MEN *turn and stare at her,* JOE *still holding the hot water bottle.* ELLEN *is utterly serene, with no sign of tears or hysterics. Washed and powdered, with her hat on, she stands at the foot of the*

*stairs, putting on her gloves.*) Do you realize what time it is? The Kellers will be waiting for us at Esther Baker's. We'll leave the car there and walk to the stadium. It's only a block. (*The* MEN *are still staring. She crosses to* JOE.) What are you doing with that thing, Joe?

TOM. He was going to lie down with it for a while.

JOE. I was not! Here! (*Tries to hand it to* TOMMY.)

TOM. I don't want it.

ELL. We've got to hurry, Joe. (*Takes the bottle from* JOE *and puts it on sofa up center.*) Have you got the tickets?

JOE. Yeh, I've got them. (*Down left to radio.*) Say, what number is the game on?

ELL. It's around 1210 on the dial. (*As* JOE *turns on radio and fiddles with dial—to* TOMMY.) Sure you won't go to the game?

TOM. Oh, no— (*With shy politeness.*) How are you?

(*Dance music is heard on the radio.* JOE *keeps fiddling with dials trying to find the right station.*)

ELL. Me? I'm fine.

(*Band music is heard on the radio.*)

TOM. That's good.

JOE (*after listening to music*). Well, it hasn't started yet—just music. Let's go. (*Gets* ELLEN'S *coat from hook.*) This yours?

ELL. (*as he helps her into coat.*) Yes.

JOE. Well, is it warm enough?

ELL. Yes. Oh, it's very warm.

TOM. No, it isn't.

CLEO. (*enters with thermos. Gives it to* TOMMY *at center*). Here's your thermos bottle, Mr. Turner.

TOM. Thank you. (*Takes it.*) (CLEOTA *exits up right.*)

ELL. It's a very warm day, anyway, and we'll have the laprobe from the car.

TOM. Ellen. (*She crosses to him eagerly.*) You forgot your thermos bottle— You'd better make a note of this, Joe. It gets cold in stadiums late in the afternoon. Ellen gets chilly sometimes, so she likes hot coffee. (JOE *nods, goes to the left door and opens it.* ELLEN, *who has been staring at* TOMMY, *suddenly throws the thermos bottle on the floor, then rushes out, passing* JOE. JOE *looks after her, then comes back to face* TOMMY *threateningly.*)

JOE. Did you slap her?

TOM. No, I kicked her.

JOE. Well, you must have done something! (*The radio, which has been playing band music, changes to an* ANNOUNCER'S VOICE.)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (*over band*). Well, here we are on Midwestern field on a mighty fine afternoon for a football game. (*Voice quieter.*) It looks like the Big Day of the year, folks. Neither one of these great teams has lost a game. The Michigan squad is out on the field, warming up. They look even bigger than last year.—

JOE (*picks thermos bottle up from floor, puts it down left table, listens to radio for a moment*). Here I get her all calmed down and you make her cry again. I see now what kind of a life she has here. I'm going to take her away from this and keep her away!

TOM. (*shouting*). All right! Why don't you get started?

JOE (*topping him*). Because I've got a few more things to say to you. First! (*As he takes a breath, the* ANNOUNCER'S VOICE *comes through clearly.*)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE. Here comes the Scarlet Stampede now! (*There is a roar of cheering and the Band's music swells.*)

JOE (*turns to radio, then in an agonized voice to* TOMMY). My God, they're coming out on the field! We'll miss the kick-off! (*Turns and dashes out the left door.*)

(TOMMY *stands looking after them as*)

[THE CURTAIN FALLS.]

## SCENE TWO

*The Turner living room, two hours later. It is growing dark outside.*

TOMMY *on settee down right and* MICHAEL *in chair right center, wide apart, facing the audience, so that they have to turn their heads to see each other. Each has a glass in his hand, and they are sprawled in their seats, silent, brooding. The room shows indications of quite a bout: a bottle here, a few magazines flung there, a cushion on the floor.* TOMMY *gets the Scotch bottle, pours a little into* MICHAEL'S *glass, emptying the bottle. He starts to pour some into his own glass, finds the bottle empty so pours some from* MICHAEL'S *glass*

*into his own. Throws the bottle into wastebasket. There is a pause.*

MICH. He is probably still running with that ball—

TOM. (*pause*). Quiet—quiet!—What time is it?

MICH. (*looks at wrist-watch, has trouble seeing it*). It's getting dark.

TOM. (*pause*). Do you know the first law of human nature?

MICH. Yes. Self-propagation.

TOM. Not any more. That's gone with last year's nightingale.

MICH. Gone with last year's rose.

TOM. (*slight pause*). Yes— Defense of the home—against prowlers and predatory—prowlers—Do you know what the tiger does when the sanctity of his home is jeopardized?

MICH. I know. You told me. He talks it over with the other man, quietly and calmly.

TOM. He does not. I'm ashamed of you.

MICH. I think we must have another drink—possibly.

TOM. All right. Hey! *Hey!* (*He is pleased with this shouting.*) That's the way to talk to 'em. (*He puts back his head and yells.*) *Heyyy!!*

(CLEOTA *enters: she turns on the lights up right.*)

CLEO. (*Hurrying down to* TOMMY, *worried*). Mistah Turner, what is it?

TOM. What do you want?—Oh, we should like to have something more to drink.

CLEO. (*disgusted*). Dey ain' no more to drink. I'll make you all some black coffee. (*Exits up right.*)

TOM. (*pause*). What'd she say?

MICH. Nothing.

TOM. Where was I?

MICH. Let's see—you were talking about tigers.

TOM. Oh, yes. But let us take the wolf. What does he do? I mean, when they come for his mate. He tears 'em to pieces. (*Illustrates.*)

MICH. But we are civilized men. Aren't we?

TOM. And so does the leopard, and the lion, and the hawk. They tear 'em to pieces. Without a word.

MICH. You had it figured out the other way around a little while ago. You said we should give up our women. (TOMMY *stands, falters.*) It's better sitting down. (TOMMY *sits.*)

TOM. Let us say that the tiger wakes up one morning and finds that the wolf has come down on the fold. What does he—? Before I tell you what he does, I will tell you what he does not do.

MICH. Yes, sir.

TOM. He does not expose everyone to a humiliating intellectual analysis. He comes out of his corner like this— (*Assumes awkward fighting pose, fists up—rises—sits quickly.*) The bull elephant in him is aroused.

MICH. (*holds up forefinger*). Can't you stick to one animal?

TOM. No, that's my point. All animals are the same, including the human being. We are male animals, too.

MICH. (*stares at him, bewildered*). You said—

TOM. (*with emotion*). Even the penguin. He stands for no monkey-business where his mate is concerned. Swans have been known to drown Scotties who threatened their nests.

MICH. (*after some thought*). I don't think so.

TOM. There it is, in us always, though it may be asleep. The male animal. The mate. When you are married long enough, you become a mate— Think of the sea lion for a minute.

MICH. All right.

TOM. His mate is lying there in a corner of the cave on a bed of tender boughs or something. (*Turns to* MICHAEL *for confirmation.*) Is that all right, "tender boughs"?

MICH. Yeah!

TOM. (*imitating fish swimming with hand gestures*). Now, who comes swimming quietly in through the early morning mist, sleek and powerful, dancing and whirling and throwing kisses?

MICH. Joe Ferguson.

TOM. And what do I do?

MICH. You say, "Hello."

TOM. The sea lion knows better. He snarls. He gores. He roars with his antlers. He knows that love is a thing you do something about. He knows it is a thing that words can kill. You do something. You don't just sit there. (MICHAEL *rises.*) I don't mean you. (MICHAEL *sits.*) A woman likes a man who does something. All the male animals fight for the female, from the land crab to the bird of paradise. They don't just sit and talk. (MICHAEL *is almost asleep.*) They act. (*He has run down, now stops, almost asleep. His head jerks and*

*wakens him. He removes glasses and blinks owlishly around.*) I hope I have made all this clear to you. Are there any questions?

MICH. (*rousing*). No, sir.

(ELLEN *and* JOE *enter up left.* ELLEN *goes down center, sees the disordered room, bottles on the floor,* TOMMY'S *and* MICHAEL'S *condition.* MICHAEL *and* TOMMY *rise.*)

ELL. Tommy! What in the world have you been doing? (MICHAEL *holds out glass to illustrate.*)

TOM. Drinking.

ELL. What for?

TOM. (*crossing to* ELLEN). I was celebrating. Ellen, I have found myself. (*Sways for a second. Surveys* JOE.) I know now what I have to do.

ELL. Yes, I know. We've been through all that.

TOM. I think perhaps you had better go away for a little while. (*Waves toward upstairs.*)

ELL. I'm going. I'll be down in a minute, Joe. (*She slams upstairs.*)

JOE. Boy, wasn't that some football game? I'm running Wally Myers for President.

TOM. (*beckoning to* MICHAEL, *who follows him to settee down left*). Come on. (*He and* MICHAEL *begin moving furniture to the sides of the room. Moves settee left to against left wall.*)

JOE (*crosses up right end of sofa. Watches, slightly puzzled, making talk*). Yes, sir, some game, wasn't it? What did you think of Michigan going into the lead like that? If Wally hadn't snared that pass—

MICH. We didn't listen to the game. (*Moving coffee table to left wall.*)

JOE. You didn't listen to the game? (*Crosses slowly to left end of sofa.*)

MICH. No, we turned it off. (*Gesture of turning off radio.*)

TOM. (*crossing to chair right center.* MICHAEL *follows*). The game didn't last all this time. Where have you been?

JOE. Well, we stopped in at President Cartwright's house.

TOM. (*they swing right center chair, moving it upstage a little*). What for?

JOE. 'Cause Ellen and I were making one last effort to get you out of this mess.

TOM. Ellen and you. (TOMMY *and* MICHAEL *get down right end table,* MICHAEL *on left end,* TOMMY *right end.*) You would know exactly what to do, wouldn't you?

JOE. You guys are pie-eyed!

TOM. Did you hear that? (*As* MICHAEL *swings his end of table all the way around up right,* TOMMY *looks for him—then finds him upstage. They put end table down.*)

MICH. Yes.

JOE. What's the idea of moving all the furniture around like this?

TOM. (*crossing center*). I don't want you to break anything when you fall. (MICHAEL *picks up seltzer bottles down right center and puts them on end table right.*)

JOE. I'm not going to fall.

TOM. Yes, you are. (*Crosses to down right table and puts down glasses; crosses left to* JOE, *rolling up his sleeves.*) I am going to knock you cold. (MICHAEL *sits left arm down right settee—faces left.*)

JOE (*kindly*). Now, Tommy—let's sit down and talk this over.

TOM. (*turning to* MICHAEL). "Talk," he says, to a man of action. (*Crossing to* MICHAEL.) "Sit down," he says (*Crossing back to* JOE.) to a tigress and her cubs!

JOE. How in the—? How did you guys get so cock-eyed? (*Crossing to stairs.*) I wish Ellen'd hurry up. (*Crossing to up right door.*) Cleota!

TOM. (*at up left center*). Don't call for help. I could take Cleota and you in the same ring!

JOE (*crossing to* TOMMY). Well, what's this all about?

TOM. You crept into this house to take Ellen away, didn't you? You thought it was the house of a professor who would talk and talk and talk—

JOE. And so you have! (*Crossing below* TOMMY *to left center, turns back.*) I came here to see a football game—

MICH. That's a lie.

JOE. Why don't you go home?

MICH. 'Cause I want to watch.

JOE. Well, there isn't going to be anything to watch.

TOM. (*assuming fighter's pose*). Come on, put up your fists. (MICHAEL *rises, crosses to stand behind* TOMMY.)

JOE. Get away from me, Tommy. (*Pushes* TOMMY'S *arm which pivots* TOMMY *around so*

*he faces* MICHAEL.) I'd break you in two, and I don't want to do that.

TOM. (*at first to* MICHAEL, *then realizing he is facing the wrong way he turns to* JOE). Why don't you want to do that?

JOE. 'Cause how would it look if I came here and took Ellen and knocked you down on the way out?

MICH. Maybe he's right. That's a point of honor, Mr. Turner.

TOM. Is it?

MICH. But we could fight him about something else.

TOM. About what?

MICH. He doesn't want you to read that letter.

TOM. (*to* MICHAEL). That has nothing to do with this (*Realizes it has.*)—oh, yes! (MICHAEL *crosses above* TOMMY *and* JOE *to left until he is in back of* JOE *and facing* TOMMY *who is right center.*) Going to President Cartwright's house. Trying to make me lose my job.

JOE. Why would I?

TOM. So you could get Ellen.

JOE. Now, Tommy, listen—

TOM. Oh, yes! Now I see I'm going to have to knock you further than I had previously decided upon. Come out in the back yard. (*Pulls* JOE *who breaks away from* TOMMY.)

(MICHAEL *pushes* JOE.)

JOE (*turns and strides back to* MICHAEL). Don't push me!

TOM. Hey!! (*He lunges at* JOE *with a badly aimed "haymaker."*)

JOE (*ducks and catches* TOMMY *to keep him from falling*). Now look, if you do ever get in a fight, Tommy, don't lead with your right. It leaves you wide open.

TOM. Oh, does it?

ELL. (*enters from stairs with suitcase, which she drops when she sees odd positions of belligerents*). Tommy! What's happened? What are you doing now?

TOM. Fighting.

(*The music of the band is heard in the distance. Through the following scene it grows louder to* ELLEN'S *exit, then dies away as the band goes around the corner and comes up again to medium for the end of the scene.*)

ELL. Fighting! What about? (*As she comes into room.*)

MICH. (*crosses center*). Penguins.

ELL. What!

JOE (*down left center. Trying to explain*). Oh, it was all mixed up—about a lot of tigers and a cub. Tommy doesn't care what you and I are trying to do! He wants us to stay out of it!

ELL. (*to* TOMMY). Oh, I see. That's what you were fighting about.

TOM. It wasn't about you.—Point of honor.

(*Band grows louder.*)

ELL. Oh, yes, I see. You don't want me mixed up with anything. All right. You can pull the house down on top of you with your birds and letters and whiskey. Just let me get out of—what is all that racket?

JOE (*opens the door left a crack—then closes it and crosses down center*). Oh, they're having a victory parade and they want me to ride in that carriage with Wally Myers and the band. (*Crosses down right.*)

TOM. (*following* JOE). You attract bands like flies, don't you!

(*Band softer.*)

ELL. (*as she starts for left door*). Goodbye, Tommy! I'll be out in the car, Joe. Bring my bag, please! (*She slams out.*)

(*The* MEN *look after her.* JOE *goes up to stair landing and gets bag and crosses to* TOMMY *who sits down right.*)

JOE. You're getting me in deeper and deeper. I should'a taken a poke at you when I had the chance!

TOM. (*rising. Mad*). Fine! Come out in the back yard! (*Walks to door down right and opens it.*)

(MICHAEL *crosses to stand behind* JOE.)

JOE. I'm not coming out in the back yard! (MICHAEL *pushes him. Very mad, he turns on* MICHAEL.) "Don't push me!" I said; I don't like to be pushed!

TOM. (*turns* JOE *around facing him*). You said, "Don't lead with your right." (*He hits* JOE *on the nose with his left fist.*)

JOE (*pinching bridge of nose and dropping suitcase on settee*). Ow-w-w! Now you've started my sinus trouble! All right, if you want a fight, you've got a fight! (*He pushes* TOMMY *outside.*)

MICH. (*pulls a chair up in front of the door and sits watching the fight offstage. He ap-*

*plauds its progress of blows*). Hit him! Hit him! (*Quotes softly.*)

"And all the summer afternoon
They hunted us and slew!
But tomorrow—by the living God!"

Don't forget to lead with your right, Mr. Turner!— That's right! Right in the eye!

(CLEOTA *enters to dining room door.* WALLY *and* PATRICIA *come in up left laughing—see what's happening.*)

PAT. Michael!! (*Rushes over down right.*)

WAL. What's going on here? (*Runs downstage.*)

CLEO. (*upstage of down right settee*). Godamighty!

PAT. Oh—Michael, stop them! Wally, stop them!

MICH. (*spreading arms wide across door*). No, don't stop them! Let Mr. Turner alone and he'll tear him to pieces!

(*Crash outside.*)

WAL. Get away from that door! (*He hurls* MICHAEL *aside, tipping him over, goes out down right.*)

PAT. (*runs and kneels beside* MICHAEL). Michael! Michael!

(CLEOTA *grabs chair in which* MICHAEL *has been sitting and moves it upstage out of doorway.*)

ELL. (*re-enters left door, calling*). Joe, are you coming? (*She sees* MICHAEL *and* PATRICIA, *and looks around the room for* TOMMY *and* JOE.)

MICH. (*sitting on the floor with* PATRICIA'S *arm around him, continues to quote poetry dramatically, declaiming toward the open door right. With rapid fervor*).

"And many-a broken heart is here,"

ELL. What is it?

MICH.

"And many-a broken head,
But tomorrow—by the living God!—
We'll try the game again!"

(*He tries to rise but collapses.*)

(JOE *and* WALLY *enter down right carrying the unconscious* TOMMY. *They carry him to sofa up center.*)

PAT. (*drops* MICHAEL *in disgust*). Oh, Michael!

ELL. (*screaming as she sees* TOMMY *being carried in, out cold*). Tommy!!

(*The phone rings insistently.*)

CLEO. (*goes to the phone, picks up the receiver and in her usual way says*). Professah Turner's res-i-dence!

THE CURTAIN FALLS SWIFTLY

ACT THREE

SCENE: *The Turner living room. Same as Acts One and Two.*

*About noon, Monday.*

*The room is neat and orderly, but the flowers and other signs of festivity have been removed.*

*The stage is empty, but the phone bell is ringing. A moment later, the doorbell also begins to sound insistently.* CLEOTA *enters from the dining room, wiping her hands on her apron, scuttles for an instant between the bells, picks up phone.*

CLEO. (*into phone*). Stop ringin' dis thing both at once—Who?—Ah can't heah you foh de ringin'. Hol' on— (*Putting down the receiver, she hurries to the left door and opens it cautiously, bracing herself to prevent a forced entrance. She speaks through the crack of the door.*) Ah tol' you stop ringin' eve'ything. Ah'm heah, ain' I?

REPORTER'S VOICE (*off*). I'd like to see Mr. Turner.

CLEO. Is you a newspapah?

REPORTER'S VOICE (*enters, pushing her back*). Yeh, I'm from the *Daily Journal.*

CLEO. (*interrupting*). He cain' see nobody—he's sick.

REPORTER. I know—but will he be up today? Is he going to his class?

CLEO. He ain' goin' nowheah. His haid huhts him. He's sick. Go 'way. (*Starts to push him out. He resists, so she shoves him away out with a* "Go, 'way!" *She forces the door shut, bolts it, returns to the telephone.*) Professah Turner's res-i-dence—*Daily* what?—You jus' *was* heah—No, Professah Turner ain' talkin' to nobody. He's sick in bed with his haid—No, he ain' goin' an' you ain' comin'. He ain't not talkin' 'cause he don' wanta talk. He jus' ain't talking cause he cain' talk. Goodbye. (*The bolted left door is rattled from outside, then the doorbell begins to ring insistently.* CLEOTA *looks at the door angrily*

*and starts for it. Looks back at the phone and mutters.*) What's the matter with dis house? Will you please stop ringin' dat bell? (*As she opens door—sees* PATRICIA *and laughs, embarrassed.*) Oh! It's YOU!

PAT. (*entering*). What's the matter? (*Puts books and purse on coffee table down left.*)

CLEO. I thought it was that newspapah again. He just left.

PAT. He didn't go—he's outside picketing. (*Takes off coat—hangs it up left.*) Where's my sister, Cleota?

CLEO. (*has crossed right, turns back to* PATRICIA). Upstaihs—Miss Patricia, Ah wish Ah knew bettah what's goin' on heah.

PAT. (*coming down*). Never mind.

CLEO. Mr. Michael jus' left.

PAT. (*crosses right to* CLEOTA). Oh. Well, if Mr. Michael Barnes comes here again, *don't let him in!*

CLEO. No, ma'am. (*Exits up right.*)

(ELLEN *comes from upstairs; she looks depressed.*)

PAT. Hello, Ellen! How's Tommy? Is he still asleep?

ELL. Yes, but he tosses around and mutters. The doctor says he can get up this afternoon.

PAT. No concussion, then?

ELL. Yes, a little.

PAT. (*crossing down right, sits settee*). I guess when anybody's as crazy as Tommy or Michael, a little concussion doesn't make any difference.

ELL. Did you get the butter?

PAT. Oh, Lord, no—I'll go back. (*Jumps up. Starts left.*)

ELL. Never mind. I need a little air. (*Crosses left to clothes hooks.*)

PAT. (*from right center*). How's *your* head?

ELL. (*getting coat*). Oh, all right.

PAT. Is it? (*Sits sofa right.*) Say, what is this second springtime you're all going through, anyway?

ELL. (*putting on coat*). Tommy won't let me in on what he's really thinking about. He thinks I'm not smart enough to understand it—that's what it comes down to.

PAT. Oh, a mental problem! I haven't been exactly listening at key-holes, but isn't there a Joe Something-or-other mixed up in this?

ELL. Oh, there's more to it than a fight about Joe.

PAT. Pretty good one round here Saturday about Joe. You know Tommy was fighting for you in his mid-Victorian way, don't you?

ELL. Oh, but he was drunk. When he's sober he despises me. (*Crosses to center.*) He thinks I'm a dimwit.

PAT. But he wouldn't want you any other way than you are.

ELL. Thanks.

PAT. (*laughing*). I mean you're smart enough for Tommy and you know it, and he knows it.

ELL. I'm all mixed up. (*Crossing left up left center.*) I want to go away some place where I can think.

PAT. Look, this is a new century. You're not Diana of the Crossways or somebody.

ELL. (*turns back to* PATRICIA). Well, what do you want me to do—stay here when he doesn't want me?

PAT. No, but if you're going away, go away with Joe. Tommy's certainly been throwing you at him. Why don't you take him up on it? See what happens.

ELL. (*crossing in a few steps*). Is this advice to the lovelorn? Do you think he would come running after me?

PAT. Well, you've got to quit moping around and do something. I thought we Stanley women were supposed to have some resources. (*Rises, crossing left to* ELLEN.) Look, your great-grandmother chased her man all the way to Nebraska in a covered wagon.

ELL. Well, I'm not going to chase anybody anywhere! I'm going to talk this over with Tommy, fairly and squarely, face to face. (*Crosses up left to door and opens it.*)

PAT. "Fairly and squarely!" How did your generation ever get through the 1920's?

ELL. (*sadly*). We didn't. (*She exits.*)

(PATRICIA *sits on sofa up center; sighs.*)

TOM. (*comes slowly down stairs. He wears terrycloth bathrobe, and has a wet turkish towel twisted about his head*). Hello, Pat!

PAT. (*rises. Worried*). Tommy—you shouldn't be up!

TOM. I'm all right. What day is this?

PAT. Monday.

TOM. (*calls off up right*). Cleota—Cleota! (*To* PATRICIA.) Can I take this thing off? (*Moves down.*)

PAT. You're not supposed to. You ought to lie down.

TOM. (*sits chair right center*). I'll just lean back. (*Does so. Winces.*) No—I guess I won't.

CLEO. (*appears in right door. Sees* TOMMY). Mistah Turner—is you up?

TOM. Yes, I'm up. Cleota, don't let anyone in this house except Mr. Michael Barnes.

(PATRICIA *shakes her head violently "No" to* CLEOTA *from above* TOMMY.)

CLEO. Yessuh—Ah do de best Ah can. (*Exits up right.*)

TOM. Where's Ellen?

PAT. (*saunters down right to settee. Sits.*) She went out to (*Teasing.*)—to get the transfer man—for her trunk.

TOM. She's going away?

PAT. Oh, no. She just likes to call on transfer men. Didn't you know that?

TOM. I can't stand irony so early in the day, Patricia.

PAT. You're all right now, you see. She wouldn't go before. I don't know why.

TOM. You ought to know why. Your sister wouldn't walk out on anybody when he's down—even when he's down with delirium tremens.

PAT. You didn't have D.T.'s. You had concussion.

TOM. Seemed more like D.T.'s.

PAT. You don't know very much about my little sister, do you?

TOM. I know a lot more than I did last Friday. (*Rises. Crossing up to sofa center.*) I think I will lie down.

PAT. Why do you have to make everything as hard as you can? (TOMMY *winces with pain. She rises. Crossing to him.*) Do you want another cold towel?

TOM. (*patting her arm*). No, thanks. (*Phone rings. Lies back on sofa.*) Oh, those bells!!

PAT. (*crosses. Answering phone*). Yes?—Who? No, Michael Barnes isn't here.

TOM. He was here and he's coming back.

PAT. This is Patricia Stanley—Yes—Yes—I'll be very glad to tell him to call you—if I see him. Goodbye! (*Slams receiver down.*) That was Hot Cha-cha Gardner.

TOM. Oh-oh! Why did she call here?

PAT. (*turns up right center*). She said they told her Michael was on his way here, but obviously she just called for my benefit—So that's where he went Saturday night! (*Turning to* TOMMY.) You had that Hot—that Miss Gardner in some of your classes; do you remember her?

TOM. (*reflectively. Sitting up*). I don't know. What does she look like?

PAT. Well, she—doesn't wear any—(*Gestures.*)

TOM. (*lying back*). I only had her in Wordsworth.

PAT. (*turns right*). Calling up here! (*There is a knock at the door up left;* PATRICIA *smiles grimly. She goes up and opens the door.* MICHAEL *steps in; he is taken aback at seeing* PATRICIA.) Good morning, Michael! Come in.

TOM. (*sits up. Peering over his shoulder*). Yes, come in, Michael. (*Pantomimes "telephone" for* MICHAEL'S *benefit.*)

MICH. (*comes down a little nervously and stands near* TOMMY). I got the car for you—(PATRICIA *crosses to below settee down right.*) —Feel better now that you're up? (*Doesn't get the pantomime.*)

TOM. (*pantomiming*). Yes, much better. How do you feel?

MICH. I feel all right.

TOM. That's good. (*Mimics* PATRICIA'S *gesture.*)

(MICHAEL *doesn't get it. Looks inside his coat to see what's wrong.* PATRICIA *turns and catches pantomime.*)

PAT. (*crosses up left; gets coat, then crosses to down left table for purse*). If you'll excuse me—

MICH. (*coming down left to her*). Oh, Pat, wait!—I—could I talk to you for a minute? Couldn't we go outside there and—

PAT. (*proud and angry*). No, we couldn't go outside there. Is it anything you're ashamed to say in front of Tommy?

MICH. (*stiffening*). No. No, I'm not. Only—Well, I don't want to get off on the wrong foot again. I'm sorry I got so mad Saturday. I said things and did things that—

PAT. You certainly did.

MICH. (*shouting*). Well, I'm sorry, and—(*Then, reasonably.*) Oh, Pat, you ought to be able to see this my way. We just lost our tempers and—well—Mr. Turner and I are in a jam. I think you ought to—well—make an effort to understand what we're trying to do and stand by us—that is, if you care anything about me at all.

PAT. (*with false sweetness*). Oh, I certainly

do. I've been standing by—taking messages for you—phone calls. I'm so glad we had this nice talk. (*Shakes his hand.*) And before you go, be sure to call (*Dropping her sweetness, she yells.*) Maple 4307. (*Patricia flounces out door up left.*)

MICH. (*looking after her*). Maple 430—(*Crossing up to* TOMMY.) Did The Cha-cha call here?

TOM. That's what I was trying to tell you. Patricia answered the phone. The—Chow-chow—snapped right in her face.

MICH. And I didn't even *do* anything. (*Sits on sofa.*) I hope. (*Looks up miserably.*)

TOM. Michael, you're making me nervous. (*Moves further right on sofa.*)

MICH. Will you be able to go to the faculty meeting tonight?

TOM. I'll be there.

MICH. They'll be out to get you—I know this is all my fault, Mr. Turner.

TOM. Yes, you're certainly the man that lighted the match.

MICH. I just came from the President's office; he flayed me alive.

TOM. Are you kicked out?

MICH. Suspended.

TOM. Michael, tell me— Are you really a Communist?

MICH. Me?—No—I only know one guy who is. I'm—well, I guess I'm an unconfused liberal. I think I'll go to Stringfellow Barr's school in Annapolis and read the classics.

TOM. I wonder where I'll go? (ELLEN *enters left with parcel.*)

ELL. Good morning, Michael.

MICH. (*rises*). Hello, Mrs. Turner!

ELL. (*sees* TOMMY). Good morning, Tommy—(*Crossing to up right door. Calls.*) Cleota—

TOM. Good morning.

(CLEOTA *enters up right.*)

ELL. Here's the butter, Cleota. Will you make Mr. Turner a cup of tea? (*Turns back to him.*) Would you like a hard-boiled egg?

TOM. No, thanks. Nothing hard. My teeth hurt.

(CLEOTA *exits.*)

ELL. (*crossing up left takes off coat, hangs it up*). Are you waiting for Patricia, Michael?

MICH. I saw her. I'm leaving town, Mrs. Turner.

ELL. I'm awfully sorry, Michael.

WALLY'S VOICE (*off right*). Pat! Oh, Pat!

ELL. Come in, Wally. (*Crossing downstage.* WALLY *comes in down right.*) Patricia's gone out somewhere.

WAL. Oh, I see. (*To* MICHAEL.) You waiting for her?

MICH. (*crossing down right to him*). That's none of your business. Why?

WAL. (*crossing to* MICHAEL. *Lowers his voice*). I know what you did Saturday night, that's why. (*Crossing below* MICHAEL *to* ELLEN.) Well, thanks, Mrs. Turner. I just cut across the back way. I'll walk on down to the house. (*Starts out down right.*)

MICH. (*stops him*). I think I'll walk along. I want to talk with you.

WAL. You don't have to. (*Pushes* MICHAEL.)

MICH. If I didn't have to, I wouldn't do it. I'm no masochist. (*Starts out down right and punches* WALLY *in stomach.*)

WAL. (*stares after him blankly, then follows, furious*). You don't have to use words like that in front of ladies.

MICH. I'll be back in time to drive you to class, Mr. Turner. (*Turns and* WALLY *bumps into him.* MICHAEL *pushes* WALLY *out down right.*)

TOM. Thanks.

ELL. (*takes tea from* CLEOTA *who has entered up right with cup on tray*). Here's your tea.

(CLEOTA *goes out.*)

TOM. Thanks.

ELL. (*with some constraint*). How do you feel?

TOM. Very strange.

ELL. Is everything clear to you now?

TOM. (*stirs tea*). Clear in the center. It's kind of fuzzy around the edges.

ELL. (*crossing down right; sits on settee*). I hope it's clear enough to give me a chance to say something without your going off on one of your literary tangents.

TOM. I don't do that.

ELL. I know you think I'm not very bright or something (TOMMY *tries to demur, but she continues.*), but you must realize that you got me all mixed up Friday and that you were even less helpful Saturday.

TOM. That wasn't me, Saturday. That was a drunken sea lion.

ELL. I rather liked you as a sea lion.

TOM. Yes, I must have been very funny. Did you ever read Hodgson's poem, "The Bull"?

ELL. (*turns to him*). Oh, Tommy!

TOM. It's the story of the defeated male. There is no defeat than can be quite so complete.

ELL. You wouldn't admit that this defeat was on account of— No, it has to be something out of a book.

TOM. When the bull's head is in the dust, life goes on and leaves him there; it's a psychological fact. The poets understand these things.

ELL. And all the cows react the same way? As if they were reading instructions from a blackboard? Oh, Tommy, listen to me— (*Rises. Crossing to* TOMMY.) (*Doorbell rings.*)

TOM. The point is, I don't want any pity.

CLEO. (*entering from dining room*). Miz Turner; Miz Turner! It's dat prize-fightah. I seen him from de windah.

(ELLEN *admits* JOE *left, who comes in without his old bounce; he is worried and restless.* CLEOTA *stands in up right doorway, hanging onto every word.*)

ELL. Hello, Joe!

JOE. Hello. (*Awkwardly to* TOMMY.) Hello.

TOM. Hello!

JOE. I'm sorry, Tommy. I didn't hit you hard. You slipped and hit your head on a bench.

(ELLEN *sits right arm down left settee.*)

TOM. Yeh, I know. What's the matter with your hand?

JOE. You kinda bit me. Ed's out in the car. We just chased a reporter away hanging around out there.

ELL. Well, don't let any reporters in, Cleota.

TOM. And don't let Keller in.

(CLEOTA *nods and exits up right.*)

JOE (*indicating wet towel*). Do you have to keep that thing on?

TOM. No, I just do it because I like it. (*Throws down towel.*)

JOE. Could I have a little slug of something? I—

ELL. (*rises*). Certainly! Scotch?

JOE. Yeh, fine. (ELLEN *exits up right.* JOE *crosses down right. There is a pause.* JOE *still wonders about the vanished cup.*) I got the galloping jumps. I can use a little drink. Haven't slept for two nights.

TOM. Worrying about something?

JOE (*turns to* TOMMY). Yeh, worrying about something— And my cold's worse.

TOM. Want some Kleenex?

JOE (*irritated*). No, I don't want some Kleenex. (*Crossing left.*) Darn reporters been bothering me, too.

TOM. What do they want with you?

JOE. Oh, they wanted me to pick an All-American team.

TOM. (*incredulously—almost*). Did you?

JOE. Yeh. Kinda took my mind off things.

TOM. (*sarcastically*). Who'd you pick for right guard?

JOE. Shulig—Kansas State Teachers'. (*Crossing to* TOMMY.) Look, Tommy, where the hell do we all stand now? (TOMMY *picks up towel, presses it to his head again.*) Does that kinda throb?

TOM. No.

JOE. Well, I wanta know where we all stand.

TOM. Oh, let it alone, Joe. It'll work out. You and I can handle this. I don't want Ellen worried about details now. She's got enough trouble with me—sitting around the house looking like a hot-oil shampoo—

ELL. (*enters with bottle of Scotch. She pours a drink of straight Scotch at table up right*). There's been more drinking in this house in the last two days than we've done in ten years.

(JOE *takes off coat, puts it up left chair; crosses and sits down left.*)

TOM. (*after a pause*). Ellen, Joe picked Shulig of Kansas State Teachers' for right guard, on his All-American. Isn't that nice?

JOE (*reminiscent*). It was kinda hard choosing between him and Feldkamp of Western Reserve. Both big and fast.

ELL. (*crossing with drink*). Here you are, dear— (*She is coolly oblivious of* TOMMY's *hand which he puts out for drink; goes on to* JOE, *who doesn't realize she means him.*) Dear. (*He looks up at her with a start—looks at* TOMMY—*takes drink.*)

TOM. I don't want any.

JOE. Say, have you got a Pennsylvania timetable around?

ELL. (*crossing up, gets* TOMMY's *cup and saucer*). Where are you going, Joe?

JOE. Well, I've got to be in Washington tomorrow.

ELL. That's going to rush me.

JOE. What do you mean?

ELL. (*crossing above settee down left*). Well, Joe, I thought you and I might start out late this afternoon and go as far as that little Inn at Granville tonight. Just for a start. (*Puts teacup and saucer on down left table, sits close to* JOE.)

TOM. (*rises*). What did you say?

ELL. (*to* JOE). I think it's the nicest place around here. Don't you?

JOE. I—I—eh— Could I have a little more Scotch? (*Rises; crosses up right; gets another drink.*)

ELL. I don't want you to get drunk, Joe.

JOE. I'll be all right—I'll be all right. What time is it?

TOM. Never mind what time it is. (*Crossing to* ELLEN.) Would you mind explaining this a little better?

ELL. I'll try to make it as clear as I can for both of you. I simply have to make a fresh start now, Tommy. You understand women; you must see that. I can't stay here now. You've made your plans, and now I have to make mine.

TOM. Yes—but not like this—not running off to Granville!

ELL. All right, if you're afraid of a scandal, we'll go further away. Put Granville out of your mind, then. We'll go directly to Pittsburgh.

JOE (*coming down*). Huh?

ELL. It's a very big town. Nobody need know anything about it.

JOE (*coming down a step*). About what?

ELL. About us. About our eloping together. (*Both* MEN *stop cold.*)

TOM. Ellen!

JOE (*desperately crossing center*). But you see—I don't live in Pittsburgh. (*He makes a large circular gesture.*) I live in Sewickly. (*Gesture—small.*) And my boss lives there too. (*Starts down right.*) And my mother. My mother's not very well. My mother—

TOM. Oh, you and your mother!

JOE (*crossing left a little*). Besides, it's a Presbyterian town.

ELL. You're not being very gallant, Joe.

TOM. (*crossing to* JOE). No. Are you trying to get out of this?

JOE. No, but I come from a long line of married people! (TOMMY *crosses below* JOE *to down right.*) And besides, I'm not going to Pittsburgh directly. I've got to go to Washington (*Crossing to* ELLEN.), and that's one place I couldn't take you, Ellen!

TOM. You'll take her any place she wants to go, but she's not going any place!

ELL. Oh, yes, I am!

ED (*there is a loud knock, and* ED KELLER *enters left*). I can't sit out in that car all day, you know.

JOE (*takes* ED'S *hat off, puts it on up center table*). Oh, I'm sorry, Ed, but—jees, I forgot all about you. (JOE *turns to* TOMMY.) I persuaded Ed to come over and talk to you before this thing gets too bad. (*Leads* ED *down right center to* TOMMY.)

TOM. It couldn't get any worse!

JOE. I mean about the trustees.

TOM. Let the trustees take care of themselves. We have troubles of our own. (*Sits down right settee.*)

ED. You'll find out this is your trouble. (JOE *goes up left, closes door. To* JOE.) Is he able to talk?

JOE. Lord, yes!

ED (*crossing to* TOMMY). Well, then, listen. We just had a trustees' meeting in the President's office. Michael Barnes is out, and you're on your way out. You'll be asked to resign tonight.

ELL. (*rising*). Oh, Tommy!

JOE. Ed's trying to help him while there's still time. After tonight, it will be too late. (*Goes above settee left.*)

TOM. (*rises; crossing up left*). What do you care what happens tonight? You won't be here. You'll be in Granville or somewhere.

(JOE *turns away to fireplace left.*)

ED. What're you going to be doing in Granville?

TOM. Please don't ask personal questions.

ELL. Do you mind if I stay a little while, Tommy?

TOM. (*angrily*). Why shouldn't you stay? It's your house.

ED. Sit down, Ellen. (*She sits down left.* ED *crossing to* TOMMY *at left center.*) There's just one thing you can do: come out with a statement to the papers quick. Say you were sick. Say you didn't know anything about Barnes' editorial. You think it's an outrage. You're not going to read this Vanzetti thing, and you

think Barnes is getting what he deserves. That's the only thing that'll save your neck.

ELL. (*rises*). Tommy wouldn't say that about Michael, Ed, and you shouldn't ask him to.

TOM. Thank you. (*Crosses down right to settee; sits.*)

ED. All right, then! That's all I had to say. (*Starts for door up left.*) Goodbye! This is on your own head.

ELL. Ed! Just a minute, please. (*Crossing to* TOMMY.) I know that reading this letter must mean something to you, Tommy. Something none of us can quite understand. I wish I could. It might help me to understand a lot of other things, when I can get away where I can think.

TOM. Such as what?

ELL. Such as what is important to you. What you've been fighting for. Whether it's something you really believe in and love, or just your own selfish pride. I think you got into this just because you were mad at me. And that's ridiculous, because now you don't care what I do or say about it. You're out of that.

ED (*coming down center*). I don't see what she's talking about.

(JOE *motions him to be quiet.*)

TOM. All right, I'll try to explain what it means to me. Perhaps originally pride had something to do with this. And jealousy.

ELL. And stubbornness—

TOM. And—please. (*Rises.*) I am trying to say that—now—I am not fighting about you and me at all. This is bigger than you and me or any of us.

ELL. Is it?

ED (*ironically*). It must be a masterpiece. That letter must be quite a nice piece of propaganda.

TOM. (*crossing center to him*). Why don't you read it and find out?

ED. I don't read things like that.

TOM. You don't even know what you're objecting to.

JOE (*at fireplace*). Well, Tommy, why don't you read the letter to us, and let us see what it is?

TOM. I'll be glad to read it to you, but I'll read it to my class too. (*Crosses up right center to bookcase.*)

ED (*crossing down*). You don't have to read it to me. I know what kind of stuff it is.

(*The left door bursts open, and* PATRICIA *backs in, leaving the door open.* WALLY *is outside. They talk in excited undertones.* TOMMY *looks through up right center bookcase.* ED *removes coat, puts it on up center sofa.*)

PAT. But I can't go with you now! I told you I've got to wait here and see what Tommy's going to do.

WAL. (*off left*). But you're not going to the class! You said you're not going!

PAT. I'm not! I just want to know!

WAL. (*off*). I'll bet you *are* going! You're waiting here for Michael to go with you!

PAT. Oh, go away! (*Sees* OTHERS.) Oh—I'm sorry. (*Crosses down right.*)

(WALLY *enters and crosses down to above settee left.*)

ED. What's this now?

JOE (*grinning*). Hey, Pat, you better think twice before you scrap with Wally here. (TOMMY *goes upstairs for book.*) He's coming in with me at Pittsburgh next year.

WAL. (*crossing to* JOE *left*). A lot she cares about Pittsburgh! I run sixty-two yards through Michigan and all she wants is to listen to Mike Barnes talk about his love life. (*Crosses down right.*)

ED. She does?

ELL. (*trying to stop him, at chair right center*). Wally, how's Stalenkiwiecz?

WAL. He's much better. (*Crossing to* PATRICIA *down right.*) If you knew what I know about that guy Barnes—

PAT. I know what you're hinting at! And what if he did? It only shows what an intense person Michael is. I know that no matter what he did, he was thinking of me.

WAL. That's disgusting!

PAT. And aren't you a little bit disgusting to mention it? I thought *men* had some loyalty! (*She goes out down right.*)

WAL. (*following her out*). Now, listen here—Do you know what he did?— I'll tell you what he did.

ED. What kind of a house is this?

(*As they go out the lower door,* DAMON, *carrying an umbrella, walks quietly in the open front door and looks around, as* TOMMY *comes downstairs with an open book in his hand.*)

TOM. (*coming center*). All right, here it is.

Now sit down—or stand up—but listen!—(JOE *sits on fireplace bench left;* ED *sits up center sofa.*) Oh, come in, Doctor Damon. You're just in time.

DAM. (*closes the front door, comes downstage*). In time for what? (*Sees them.*) Has the Inquisition moved its headquarters?

TOM. I'm just going to read the Inquisition a letter from one of its victims.

ED. That's about enough of that.

DAM. (*crossing down left*). Gentlemen, gentlemen— This may not be wise, Thomas.

TOM. It may not be wise, but it's necessary. I think you'll have to take a stand, too, Doctor Damon.

DAM. I hope not. (*Sits down left settee.*)

(ELLEN *sits end of down right settee.*)

TOM. So did I hope not. I didn't start out to lead a crusade. I simply mentioned one day that I meant to read to my class three letters by men whose profession was not literature, but who had something sincere to say. (*Crossing right.*) Once I had declared that very harmless intention, the world began to shake, great institutions trembled, and football players descended upon me and my wife. I realized then that I was doing something important.

ED (*sarcastically*). You make it sound mighty innocent. Reading Lincoln and General Sherman—and Vanzetti. What was the reason you gave for picking out Vanzetti?

TOM. (*crosses to* ED). Originally I chose him to show that broken English can sometimes be very moving and eloquent, but now—

ED. We wouldn't object if this was just a case of broken English—it's more than that.

TOM. Yes, you've made it more than that.

ED. Vanzetti was an anarchist! He was executed for murder.

TOM. He was accused of murder, but thousands of people believe he was executed simply because of the ideas he believed in.

ED. That's a dangerous thing to bring up.

TOM. (*getting really mad*). No, it's a dangerous thing to keep down. I'm fighting for a teacher's rights. But if you want to make it political, all right! You can't suppress ideas because you don't like them—not in this country—not yet. (*Crossing to* DAMON). This is a university! It's our business to bring what light we can into this muddled world—to try to follow truth!

DAM. You may be right, Thomas, but I wish you would make an effort not to—uh—uh—intone.

TOM. I'm not intoning—I'm yelling! Don't you see this isn't about Vanzetti. This is about us! If I can't read this letter today, tomorrow none of us will be able to teach anything except what Mr. Keller here and the Legislature permit us to teach. Can't you see what that leads to—what it has led to in other places? We're holding the last fortress of free thought, and if we surrender to prejudice and dictation, we're cowards. (*Crossing right.*)

ELL. (*from right settee*). Tommy, no matter how deeply you feel about this, what can you *do?* What can any one man do? Except to lose everything—

TOM. (*crossing to* ELLEN). I have very little more to lose. And I can't tell you what I hope to gain. I can't answer that. I only know that I have to do it. (PATRICIA *appears in doorway, down right, stops and listens.*)

DAM. May we hear the letter—in a slightly calmer mood, perhaps?

TOM. Yes, sir— (*Crossing up to* ED.) This may disappoint you a little, Mr. Keller. It isn't inflammatory, so it may make you feel a little silly. At least, I hope so— (*He holds up the book, pauses.* ED *and* JOE *get set in their seats.*) Vanzetti wrote this in April, 1927, after he was sentenced to die. It has been printed in many newspapers. It appears in this book. You could destroy every printed copy of it, but it would not die out of the language, because a great many people know it by heart. (*He reads, hardly referring to the book, watching them.*) "If it had not been for these thing, I might have live out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. Never in our full life could we hope to do so much work for tolerance, for Justice, for man's understanding of man, as now we do by accident. Our words—our lives—our pain—nothing! The taking of our lives—the lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph!" (*He closes the book. There is silence for a moment.*) Well, that's it— (*Crosses up right; puts book up right table.*)

(KELLER *is puzzled;* ELLEN, *who has been*

*moved by the letter, looks up in surprise, meets* TOMMY'S *eyes, then drops hers.*)

JOE (*uncomfortably*). Well, that isn't so bad! That isn't a bad letter.

(DAMON *is delighted at this reaction.*)

ED. Is that all of it?

TOM. Yes; that's all.

JOE (*rises. Crossing to* ED). Maybe Tommy's right. I don't see that it would do so much harm.

ED (*slowly*). Yes, it will. If he reads this letter to his class he'll get a lot of those kids worried about that man. Make socialists out of 'em.

JOE (*crosses down left*). It's got me worried already.

ED (*rises*). No— I won't have it— You fellows are trying to defy the authority of the trustees. You say you're going to take a stand. Well, we've *taken* a stand. I wouldn't care if that letter were by Alexander Hamilton.

TOM. (*crossing to* ED). Neither would I. The principle is exactly the same.

JOE (*speaking hopefully*). Well, then, read something else. Why can't you read Hoover?

ED. Yeah.

JOE. He writes a lot of stuff—a lot of good stuff in his book.

TOM. Hoover can't write as well as Vanzetti.

ED (*winces*). That's a terrible thing to say. You'll get in trouble saying things like that.

TOM. (*crossing down right*). Very likely.

JOE (*crossing to* ED). Ed, look—can't we compromise somehow? Seems a shame that a little thing like this should—

ELL. (*rises*). It isn't little! Joe, you have some influence around here.

TOM. I can fight my own battles, Ellen.

ELL. Can't I say anything any more—not even on your side?

ED (*crossing to* TOMMY; *stopped by* TOMMY'S *line*). All right, Turner, I've heard the letter and—

TOM. (*answering* ELLEN). Not out of a sense of self-sacrifice or something.

ED. What?

ELL. Oh, yes, you always know—

ED (*to* JOE). Do we always have to have women butting into this?

JOE. Ellen isn't women. She's Tommy's wife.

ELL. No, I'm not—

ED (*crossing to* TOMMY). No, Turner, it comes to this— (*Turns to* ELLEN.) You're not what? Do you mean to stand there and tell me you two are not—

TOM. Will you please not ask personal questions?

ED (*turns to* TOMMY). No. *We can't have that in this school!*

ELL. It's Joe and I who are going away together.

ED (*to* TOMMY). Yeh, will you let me— (*Turns to* ELLEN.) You and Joe are going to what! (*Crosses to* JOE *left center.*) What the—what is going on here anyway?

JOE. Now don't look at me!

ED. You can't go away with Ellen!

JOE. I didn't say—

ELL. (*sits down right settee*). We might as well tell him now. I'm going to Pittsburgh with Joe.

ED (*crossing back to* ELLEN). Why, you can't do that! Why, the newspapers would make Midwestern University look like some kind of a honky-tonk or something. This is worse than that damn letter!

(PATRICIA *crosses up; sits stair landing.*)

TOM. Aren't you getting off the subject? (*Crosses around left toward* ED.)

ED. No! What kind of a woman are you?

TOM. (*crossing above* ELLEN *to* ED). You come out in the back yard! Right out in the back yard!

JOE (*in a step*). Be careful, Ed!

(TOMMY *crosses down left.*)

ELL. No more fights, please!

DAM. (*rises*). I think I shall get a breath of fresh air. (*Goes to door up left, opens it.*)

ELL. Well, I can't stay *here* now.

JOE. Look, Ed, you don't understand. You got things all mixed up.

ED (*crossing to down left center*). Well, I've got this much straight—if we can keep sex out of this for a minute. I came here to say to you that if you read this letter today you're out of this university tomorrow! You take this stand and you stand alone!

DAM. (*crossing down to* ED). Mr. Keller, for forty-two years I have followed a policy of appeasement. I might say I have been kicked around in this institution by one Edward K. Keller after another—

ED. There is only one Edward K. Keller.

DAM. There has always been at least one.

But there is an increasing element in the faculty which resents your attitude toward any teacher who raises his voice or so much as clears his throat. I warn you that if you persist in persecuting Thomas Turner, you will have a fight on your hands, my friend.

ED. Do you think that Bryson and Kressinger and I are afraid of a few dissatisfied book-worms who work for twenty-five hundred a year?

DAM. (*furious*). These men are not malcontents! Some of them are distinguished scholars who have made this University what it is!

ED. They've made it what it is! What about me? Who's getting this new stadium? Who brought Coach Sprague here from Southern Methodist?

JOE (*crossing to* ED). He means that this thing is bigger than stadiums and coaches.

ED (*crossing up to* JOE). Nothing's bigger than the new stadium.

(DAMON *crosses left to* TOMMY.)

JOE. Now we've all had a bad week-end around here, and you're not helping any.

ED. Do you think I've had a good week-end! (*Crosses left center.*)

(MICHAEL *and* NUTSY *enter up left with petition.*)

MICH. (*crossing down left*). Come in, Nutsy.

(DAMON *crosses to down left settee; sits.*)

ED. Now what!

MICH. We're circulating petitions for Mr. Turner. Show 'em, Nutsy.

NUTSY (*crossing below* ED *to* JOE *at center*). This one's just from 14th Avenue and the Athletic House. (*Turns to* TOMMY.) We've got three hundred and fifty-seven names.

DAM. We want no student insurrections!

JOE. Let me see that thing. (*Takes petition from* NUTSY; *crosses up right*—NUTSY *follows.*)

ED (*crossing down right center*). You're wasting your time with that handful of names. Turner will be out tomorrow and Barnes is on his way home now.

MICH. (*crossing to* ED). I'm not on my way home yet, sir.

ED. (*turns to* MICHAEL). *Ohhh!* So you're Barnes! So you're the little puppy that called me a Fascist!

PAT. (*rises; crossing down between* ED *and* MICHAEL. *To* ED). Well, the way you're treating everybody, I think you *are* a Fascist!

ELL. Patricia!

TOM. (*up left*). Let her alone.

ELL. Oh, she can stand up for Michael, but I can't stand up for you! Is that it?

TOM. This is—ah—different.

ED. Do I have to stand here and be insulted by every sixteen-year-old child that comes into this room?

PAT. I'm not sixteen, I'm nineteen!

MICH. She'll soon be twenty.

ED (*to* MICHAEL). Why don't *you* get packing?

MICH. You don't need to worry about me. I'll be far away from here by tomorrow. Come on, Nutsy!

(*Crosses up left.* NUTSY *exits left.*)

PAT. (*starts after him*). If you throw him out, I'm going with him! Wait, Michael! (*Crosses to door left.*)

ED. Are you married to this little radical?

PAT. You don't have to be married to somebody to go away with him—do you, Ellen? (*Exits.*)

(MICHAEL *follows her out.*)

DAM. (*rises. Crossing up left*). I think I shall go home, have my Ovaltine and lie down. (*Exit left, closing door.*)

ED. He'll need his Ovaltine. (*Crosses upstage.*)

JOE (*crossing to* ED). Say, Ed, look! This thing has been signed by Stalenkiwiecz and Wierasocka.

ED (*crossing to* JOE). What! I don't believe it. (*Takes petition, looks at it.*)

JOE. Ed, you ought to have some respect for men like Dean Damon and Stalenkiwiecz and Wierasocka.

ED. They can't do this to me! Two of the biggest men in the university signing the Red petition! You, the greatest half-back we ever had, running away with a woman! Why—they'll never ask us to the Rose Bowl now!

TOM. (*crossing up left*). What is the Rose Bowl?

ED (*thrusts petition into* JOE's *hand*). I'm getting out of this house! Coming, Joe?

JOE. No.

ED (*putting on coat*). You can't depend on anybody! I've a damn good notion to resign from the board of trustees. (*To* TOMMY.) But I'll kick you out if it's the last thing I do.

TOM. (*crossing up left*). Just to make things even—I'll kick you out. Here's your hat. (*Opens*

*door, gives him* JOE's *derby from up center table.*)

ED. We'll see! (*Puts on hat and stomps out.*)

JOE. That's my hat!

TOM. Well, get another one. (*Closes door.*) Well, that's that.

(*They look at each other.*)

JOE. Yeh, that's that. (*Pause. Crossing down left.*) Well, I s'pose Ed will never speak to me again.

TOM. (*takes his own coat and hat from hook, puts them on end of sofa*). I have to go to class. I'll be late. (*Starts for stairs.*)

ELL. (*appealingly. Crossing to* TOMMY). Tommy—I—

TOM. I know. I know.

ELL. You know what?

TOM. I know what you're going to say—but I don't want substitutes. I don't want *loyalty.*

(ELLEN *turns away.*)

JOE (*down left center*). What's the matter with that?

TOM. I just don't want Ellen standing by like a Red Cross nurse because she knows I'm in trouble.

JOE. I don't know whether you need a nurse or a psychoanalyst.

ELL. I think he's analyzed it very well himself. It isn't because you think I don't care, it's because you don't.

TOM. (*crossing down left to coffee table, almost bursting*). I thought we could settle this *quietly* and *calmly.*

ELL. Quietly and calmly! Oh, Lord! (*Picks up large ashtray right table—smashes it on floor.*)

TOM. Now, don't do that! I can throw things, too! (*Picks up cup down left table.*)

ELL. (*crossing right center*). No, you can't—you haven't got enough blood in you!

(TOMMY *glares at her, puts cup down coldly —suddenly snatches it and crashes it into fireplace—reaches for saucer.*)

JOE (*leaps for* TOMMY—*grabs saucer from him*). Now wait—let me handle this. I don't throw things— I just want to say that I came to this city to see a football game.

ELL. (*crossing to* JOE *left center*). Oh, no, you didn't! You came for me. You haven't been here for a ball-game in ten years. You wait till Brenda and you are separated, then you come for me!

JOE. Oh, hell! (*Throws saucer in fireplace then wilts as he realizes this household has affected him, too.*)

TOM. (*crossing above* JOE *to between them down left center, desperately insisting upon his own doom*). That's very smart, Ellen. That's very penetrating. That's all I wanted to know. (*To* JOE.) Subconsciously, you came here for Ellen, so don't try to deny it.

JOE (*sits settee down left*). I don't do things subconsciously! You're full of childish explanations of everything that comes up!

TOM. And you're full of psychological evasions!

ELL. (*screaming*). Oh, shut up! Both of you! I am not going to listen to any more of this! (*Runs upstairs.*)

(TOMMY *sits sofa up center—there is a long pause.*)

JOE. Well, I'll tell you one thing! I'm not going upstairs this time! (*Turns to* TOMMY.) If you'd explained what you were standing for on Saturday, things would have cleared up around here and I'd be in Washington now, talking to Ickes.

TOM. Are you still in love with Norma?

JOE. Norma who?

TOM. Your wife.

JOE. My wife's name is Brenda. And you're not going to talk her over with me. I can't be alone with you two minutes and have any private life left!

ELLEN'S VOICE (*off upstairs*). Tommy! *What did you do with my nail file???!*

JOE. Oh, Lord—she sounds worse than last Saturday.

TOM. I haven't got it. (*He absently goes through a pocket, finds it, brings it out.*) Oh! Yeh, I've got it. (*He starts filing a nail.*)

JOE. I've gone through more hell here in three days than I've had with Phyllis in three years.

TOM. Yeh! (*Then he gets it; rising.*) Phyllis? Who is Phyllis? (*Crossing down to* JOE.) Are you carrying on with some other woman in Pittsburgh? You can't do this.

JOE (*springing to his feet*). I'm not carrying on with anybody. Phyllis is my secretary and there's nothing between us!

TOM. Then why did you say you've been going through hell for three years?

JOE (*yelling*). 'Cause you get me all balled up.

(ELLEN *comes downstairs with bag—sets it down right.*)

TOM. (*crossing to* ELLEN). Here— (*Hands her nail file.*) You didn't pack anything!

ELL. (*puts file in purse*). I've been packed for three days! (*Crosses up left; gets coat, puts it on; crosses right to bag.*)

TOM. Well, you can't go with just one suitcase— There isn't much here, but—there're the books. They're yours. Most of them I gave to you. (*Turns away.*)

ELL. (*putting on hat*). Can I have "The Shropshire Lad"? (TOMMY *goes to right bookcase; looks for book.*) Isn't that the one that has: (*Quotes.*) "And now the fancy passes by—"

TOM. (*finds book; brings it to her*). "And nothing will remain—"

MICH. (*sticks his head in door left*). You've just five minutes to get to your class, Mr. Turner. We'll wait for you in the car.

TOM. Thanks! (MICHAEL *exits, closing door. Crossing to* JOE.) Well, so long, Joe. I know you'll get Ellen a place of her own for a while anyway. (*Crossing to* ELLEN.) Ellen, you can take that four-poster money with you. I'll have one more check coming, too. (*Starts upstairs.*)

JOE. What's "four-poster money"?

ELL. We were saving up to buy a new bed. (*Cries. Sits on right settee.*)

JOE. Oh, my Lord, here we go again!

TOM. (*crossing to* JOE). Why did you have to ask what four-poster money is? (*Crossing to* ELLEN.) Ellen, please.

ELL. Oh, go on! Go on! Put on your coat and comb your hair! If you're going to be kicked out of school, you can't go over there looking like a tramp.

TOM. All right. (*Goes upstairs.*)

JOE (*pause*). Look, Ellen, everything's gonna be all right. (*Crosses center.*)

ELL. Is it?

JOE (*crossing up left center and looking upstairs*). I wouldn't worry about that guy.

ELL. I don't.

JOE. I mean he's sure to get another job. He's had more publicity than Wally Myers.

ELL. I don't care what becomes of him.

JOE (*crosses to center. Watches her for a moment*). Come here. (*Crossing to her, pulls her to her feet.*) You're still crazy about that guy, aren't you?

ELL. I'm kind of scared of him. He used to be just—nice, but now he's wonderful!

(TOMMY *appears on stairs in time to catch the end of this. Very slowly a light begins to dawn upon him.* JOE *sees him but* ELLEN *doesn't.*)

JOE (*looks around, sees Victrola, gets idea, pulls* ELLEN *across stage down left to it*). I don't think he's so wonderful!

ELL. Yes, he is! That letter's wonderful. What he's trying to do is wonderful. He wouldn't let me or you or anyone stop him. Even Ed.

JOE. He's a scrapper all right, but he can't dance. (*Puts needle on.*)

(TOMMY *comes downstairs.* JOE *turns on Victrola which plays "Who?"*)

ELL. Oh, who wants to dance now?

JOE (*they are dancing*). This is important. It's all in the light you give off.

ELL. (*he dances her center*). Light? What are you talking about?

JOE. The important thing about dancing is that the man has got to lead. (*Beckons to* TOMMY *who comes into room from stairs.*)

TOM. (*crossing to them*). May I cut in? (*Takes* ELLEN *and dances with her.*)

ELL. Tommy! Let me go!

TOM. (*shouting*). No, I think you're wonderful too!

ELL. You think I'm dumb! Were you listening?

TOM. No.

JOE (*near door; out-yelling them*). Hey—don't start that again!

TOM. (*dancing upstage, gets his hat from table up center and jams it on his head*). Joe—why don't you go back to your wife? We can send her a wire.

JOE. Don't worry about me, brother. I sent her a wire this morning. (*Goes out left.*)

TOM. (*dances with* ELLEN). Quit leading!

ELL. I'm not leading. You *were* listening!

TOM. You were yelling. Well, turn!

ELL. (*at center*). Make me turn. (*He does and they turn, which brings them down center. She finally breaks it.*) Don't be so rough—and put your hat on straight. (*She straightens his hat.*) You look terrible. (*She throws her arms around* TOMMY *and they kiss as—*

[THE CURTAIN FALLS.]

A PLAY BY *Sidney Kingsley*

# DARKNESS AT NOON

*Based on a novel by* Arthur Koestler

*Sidney Kingsley (1906- ), Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright, was born in New York City. Because of his success at playwriting while still a secondary school pupil, he was awarded a scholarship to Cornell University. There, in 1928, he received the annual award for the best one-act play written by a student.*

*Among those plays of Mr. Kingsley that have received special acclaim are* Men in White, *1933,* Dead End, *1935,* The Patriots, *1943, and* Darkness at Noon, *1951. Kingsley is noted for the frankness and effectiveness of his treatment of social, political, and economic themes.* Dead End *gave to the American language the term "Dead End Kids," and, as Senator Robert Wagner said, markedly influenced legislative reform.* Darkness at Noon, *a graphic reminder of the Moscow treason trials of 1937-38 and a thorough probing of the totalitarian mind, appeals to the intellect as well as to the emotions. It asks, as a review in* Time *pointed out, "whether absolutist ideas can exist without absolutist methods, whether life which systematically ignores the human factor can preserve the human form."*

Darkness at Noon *is based upon a novel of the same title by Arthur Koestler (1905- ), author and journalist, who was born in Budapest, Hungary. Koestler's work as editor and correspondent in various parts of Europe—the Middle East, France, Germany, England, Spain, Russia—brought him wide, and sometimes bitter, experience. In 1936, while a correspondent in Spain for the* London News Chronicle, *he was arrested by the insurgents and imprisoned for three months at Malaga and Seville, not knowing whether he was to live or die. During World War II, the Vichy French Government also imprisoned him, without making any charge or giving any explanation.*

*About 1930, Mr. Koestler joined the Communist Party, but he left in disgust eighteen months before the non-aggression pact between Germany and Russia was signed. He was not only thoroughly disillusioned about Russia, but was also persuaded that "all the parties of the Left had outlived their time, and that one day a new movement would arise from the deluge, whose preachers would probably wear monks' cowls and walk barefoot on the roads of Europe in ruins." In* Darkness at Noon *Mr. Koestler describes the Russian purge trials, which eliminated practically all the old-line Bolsheviks, the leaders of Lenin's day. One aspect of these trials amazed observers at the time—all the defendants confessed their crimes fully and excoriated themselves for their deviations from the path of Communist truth. Mr. Koestler answers the question, Why did these Russians confess?*

DARKNESS AT NOON: A play by Sidney Kingsley based on a novel by Arthur Koestler. Reprinted, by permission of Random House, Inc. Copyright, 1951, by Sidney Kingsley and Arthur Koestler.

## CHARACTERS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| RUBASHOV | 1ST STORM TROOPER | ALBERT |
| GUARD | RICHARD | LUIGI |
| 402 | YOUNG GIRL | PABLO |
| 302 | 2ND STORM TROOPER | ANDRÉ |
| 202 | IVANOFF | BARKEEPER |
| LUBA | BOGROV | SECRETARY |
| GLETKIN | HRUTSCH | PRESIDENT |

Soldiers, Sailors, Judges and Jurors

FIRST HEARING: A Prison—March, 1937

SECOND HEARING: The Same—Five Weeks Later

THIRD HEARING: The Same—One Week Later

The action of the play oscillates dialectically between the Material world of a Russian prison during the harsh days of March, 1937, and the Ideal realms of the spirit as manifested in Rubashov's memories and thoughts moving freely through time and space.

## ACT ONE

*March, 1937*

*Granite and iron! The corridor of an ancient Russian prison buried deep underground. To the left, set into a soaring, Byzantine arch, is a thick, iron portcullis. Beyond it, visible through the bars, a steep flight of stone steps curves up out of sight. To the right a tier of cells forms an ominous column of sweating granite, towering up to vanish in the shadows above. A* GUARD *with rifle and bayonet paces the corridor. He halts as the iron portcullis slides up to the clangor of chains, revealing an* OFFICER *and a* PRISONER. *The* PRISONER, N. S. RUBASHOV, *is a short, stocky, smooth-shaven, bespectacled man in his early fifties. His head is large beyond the proportions of his body, and characterized by an expanse of forehead. His eyes are set far apart and mongoloid in cast. He carries himself very erect and with fierce authority. The* GUARD *opens the door of a cell, throws a switch in the corridor which turns on the light, and the* PRISONER *is pushed inside. The door clangs behind him. The heavy metallic sound of bolts being closed and a key turned. The* PRISONER *surveys his cell slowly: a solid, windowless cubicle with an iron bed and a straw mattress, nothing else. There is no day here, no night; it is a timeless dank grave for the living corpse. He reaches into his pocket automatically for cigarettes, then he remembers, turns to the judas-hole and observes the eye of the* GUARD *staring at him.*

RUB. Comrade guard! (*He turns his empty pockets inside out.*) They've taken away my cigarettes, too! Can you get me a cigarette?

GRD. (*harshly*). It's late, go to bed.

RUB. I've been dragged out of a sickbed. I have a fever. I need some cigarettes.

GRD. (*mutters*). Your mother! (*Turns out the light in the cell, leaving the* PRISONER *lit only by the light streaming through the judas-hole. The* GUARD *goes off.*)

RUB. (*rubs his inflamed cheek, shakes his head, sighs, looks about, takes off his coat, slowly, painfully; throws it on the cot, murmurs to himself*). So, it's come. You're to die, Rubashov. Well, the old guard is gone! (*He sits on the bed; rolls up his coat for a pillow, murmuring to himself.*) For golden lads and girls all must as chimney sweepers come to dust. (*He takes off his spectacles, places them on the floor, and lies back, staring grimly at the ceiling.*) Yes. The old guard is gone. (*He sighs again, repeats mechanically.*) For golden

lads and girls all must . . . (*A ticking sound is heard. Three ticks, then a pause, then three more ticks. He sits up, listening.*) . . . as chimney sweepers . . . (*The ticking becomes louder. He picks up his spectacles, rises, glances at the judas-hole to make certain he is not being observed, places his ear to one wall, taps on it with his spectacles, listens, then tries another wall. Returning to the wall left, he listens, murmurs "Ah," taps three times. The answering taps become louder. He repeats the series, placing his ear to the wall; the taps now come in a different series, louder, rapid, more excited.*) Easy! Slow . . . Slow. (*He taps slowly, deliberately. The answering taps slow down.*) That's better . . . (*He counts the taps.*) 5-3, W; 2-3, H; 3-5, O. "Who?" (*The* PRISONER *smiles and addresses himself softly to the wall.*) Direct enough, aren't you, Comrade?

*The lights come up in the adjoining cell, the wall dissolves, the* PRISONER *in* 402 *appears. He is verminous, caked with filth, his hair matted, his old Tsarist uniform in rags, but he has somehow preserved his monocle and the tatters of an old illusion. He strokes his moustache and swaggers about as if he were still a perfumed dandy.*

402 (*as he taps on the wall, his lips unconsciously form the words and utter them. In their communications by tapping, all the prisoners unconsciously voice the messages as they tap them through*). Who are you? (*Pause, as* RUBASHOV *shakes his head but doesn't answer. Taps again.*) Is it day or night outside?

RUB. (*glances again at the judas-hole, taps*). 4:00 A.M.

402 (*taps*). What day?

RUB. (*taps*). Tuesday.

402 (*taps*). Month?

RUB. (*taps*). March . . .

402 (*taps*). Year?

RUB. (*taps*). 1937.

402 (*taps*). The weather?

RUB. (*taps*). Snowing.

402. (*to himself*). Snow. (*Taps.*) Who are you?

RUB. (*to himself*). Well, why not? (*He taps.*) Nicolai Semonovitch Rubashov.

402 (*straightens up with a cry*). Rubashov? (*He bursts into wild ugly laughter. He taps.*) The wolves are devouring each other! (*Crosses over to the opposite wall. Taps three times, and listens, his ear to the wall. The cell above lights up and the occupant rises painfully from his cot. He is a young man, thin, with a white ghost-like face, bruises and burns on it, and a split lip. He crosses with effort to the wall, taps three times, then listens as* 402 *taps.*) New prisoner. Rubashov.

302 (*taps*). Nicolai Rubashov?

402 (*laughing hoarsely as he taps*). N. S. Rubashov. Ex-Commissar of the People, ex-Member of the Central Committee, ex-General of the Red Army, Bearer of the Order of the Red Banner. Pass it along.

302 (*crouches, stunned, cries out suddenly*). Oh! Father, Father, what have I done? . . . (*He crosses to the opposite wall, taps three times. An answering tap is heard. The cell above lights up;* 202, *a peasant, with insane eyes, puts his head to the floor as* 302 *taps.*)

302 (*taps*). N. S. Rubashov arrested. Pass it along.

202. Rubashov? Well, well! (*Crosses to other wall, taps*). N. S. Rubashov arrested. Pass it along.

*The tiers of cells darken and vanish, leaving only* RUBASHOV *visible, leaning against the wall, staring into space. The taps echo and re-echo throughout the prison, to the whispering accompaniment: "N. S. Rubashov arrested! N. S. Rubashov arrested!" The whispers grow into the roar of a mighty throng calling out, "Rubashov! Rubashov!"* RUBASHOV'S *voice is heard, young and triumphant, addressing the crowd.*

RUBASHOV'S VOICE. Comrades! (*The tumult subsides.*) Proletarians, soldiers and sailors of the Revolution. The great, terrible and joyful day has arrived! (*The crowd roars.* RUBASHOV, *listening to the past, head bowed, paces his cell slowly.*) Eight months ago the chariot of the blood-stained and mire-bespattered Romanov monarchy was tilted over at one blow. (*The oceanic roar of the crowd.*) The gray, stuttering Provisional Government of bourgeois democracy which followed was already dead and only waiting for the broom of History to sweep its putrid corpse into the sewer. In the name of the Revolutionary Committee I now declare the Provisional Government overthrown. (*The roar swells.*) Power to the

Soviets! Land to the peasants! Bread to the hungry! Peace to all the peoples!

*The victorious shouts of "Rubashov! Rubashov!" mount to a crescendo, fade away and die, leaving only the blanketed stillness of the cell and* RUBASHOV *listening to his memories. Three taps from* 402's *wall arouse him. He responds, ear to the wall. The wall dissolves, revealing* 402.

402 (*taps, gloating*). Serves you right.

RUB. (*to himself*). What is this? (*Taps.*) Who are you?

402 (*taps*). None of your damned business . . .

RUB. (*taps*). As you like.

402 (*taps*). Long live His Majesty, the Tsar!

RUB. So that's it. (*Taps.*) I thought you birds extinct.

402 (*beats out the rhythm with his shoe*). Long live the Tsar!

RUB. (*grins sardonically, taps*). Amen! Amen!

402 (*taps*). Swine!

RUB. (*amused, taps out*). Didn't quite understand.

402 (*in a frenzy, hammers out*). Dirty swine . . .

RUB. (*taps*). Not interested in your family tree.

402 (*fury suddenly passes, taps out slowly*). Why have you been locked up?

RUB. (*taps*). I don't know. (*Pause.*)

402 (*taps*). Anything happened? Big? Assassination? War?

RUB. (*taps*). No. Can you lend me tobacco?

402 (*taps*). For you? I'd be damned first.

RUB. (*taps*). Good idea.

402 *walks away, lies down on his cot. The lights fade out on him.*

RUB. (*paces his cell, counting off the steps*). 1-2-3-4-5- and a half . . . (*He wheels back.*) 1-2-3-4 . . . (*Strange ghostly voices are dimly heard.*) It starts. So soon. (*The vague outline of ghostly faces hover above him.*) The waking, walking dreams. (*Other ghostly faces appear in space.*) Yes, you sailors of Kronstadt—I shall pay . . . And you nameless ones. (*The face of a little hunchback appears, smoking a pipe and smiling.*) And Comrade Luigi. (*Some plates appear dancing in space—then a big moon-face of a man, juggling them, grinning.*) And Pablo. (*The luminous face of a young woman appears in space. A striking face; large, soft brown eyes; dark hair; white skin.*) And Luba. (*The voices and faces fade away.*) My debts will be paid—my debts will be paid.

*The young woman materializes. The cell becomes the office of the Commissar of the Iron Works. Huge graphs hang on the walls. Through the window, a vista of factory chimneys and the skeletons of incompleted buildings may be seen. The young woman is bent over her notebook, taking down dictation.* RUBASHOV *walks up and down, dictating. In the pauses, she raises her head, and her soft, round eyes follow his wanderings through the room. There is wonder and worship in the way she looks at him. She wears a white peasant blouse, embroidered with little flowers at the high neck. Her body is generously formed and voluptuous.*

RUB. (*dictates*). "To meet the Five-Year Plan we must step up our tempo. A twelve-hour day if necessary. Tempo! Tempo!" (*The girl tosses her head as she writes, and her dangling earrings attract his attention. He frowns. Her head buried in her notebook, she does not observe this.*) ". . . The Unions will dismiss workers who come late and deprive all laggards of their food cards . . ." (*She quickly reaches down to scratch her ankle, and he notices she is wearing high-heeled slippers. He frowns again.*) ". . . In the building of a new, hitherto undreamt-of Communist state, we must be guided by one rule, dash, the end justifies the means, period. Relentlessly, exclamation point." (*The girl bobs her head, the earrings sway. He suddenly growls.*) Why do you wear those earrings? And those high heels? With a peasant blouse. Ridiculous! (*The girl looks up.*) What's your name?

LUBA. Loshenko.

RUB. Loshenko?

LUBA. Yes, Comrade Commissar. Luba Loshenko. (*Her voice is low and hoarse, but gentle.*)

RUB. And how long have you been working here?

LUBA. For you, Comrade Commisar?

RUB. (*growls*). Yes, for me. Of course, for me.

LUBA. Three weeks.

RUB. Three? Really? Well, Comrade Lo-

shenko, don't dress up like a ceremonial elephant in the office!

LUBA. Yes, Comrade Commissar, I'm sorry.

RUB. You weren't wearing those earrings yesterday?

LUBA. No, Comrade Commissar, I wasn't.

RUB. Then what are you getting dressed up for now? What's the occasion? This is an office. We've work to do. Ridiculous . . . Where was I?

LUBA (*glances at her notebook*). "The end justifies the means, period. Relentlessly, exclamation point."

RUB. Mm! (*He picks up some papers from the desk, glances at them.*) "You liberals sitting on a cloud, dangling your feet in the air . . ." (*He turns and looks at her; she is watching him, but quickly turns back to her notebook.*) You—you've really very pretty little ears. Why do you ruin them with those survivals of barbaric culture? (*She plucks off the earrings.*) That's better. And don't look so frightened. I'm not going to eat you. What do you people in this office think I am? An ogre? I don't eat little children.

LUBA (*looks at him*). I'm not frightened.

RUB. You're not?

LUBA. No.

RUB. (*surprised*). Humph! Good! Good! Where was I?

LUBA (*scans her notebook*). "Sitting on a cloud, dangling your feet in the air."

RUB. Ah! (*She looks up at him and smiles. In spite of himself he returns her smile.*) Yes . . . (*Then soberly again:*) "You liberals are wrong." (*He begins to pace.*) "And those who are wrong will pay . . . !" (*The image of the girl fades; the office vanishes, and he is back in his cell.*) Yes, Luba, I will pay. I will pay my debt to you, above all. . . . (*Three taps are heard from* 402's *wall. He turns to the wall, fiercely.*) But not you. I owe you nothing. How many of your people have I killed? No matter. You taught us to hate. (*Three taps from* 402.) You stood over us with the knout and the hangman. (*Three taps from* 402.) Your police made us fear this world, your priests the next, you poured melted lead down our throats, you massacred us in Moscow, you slit the bellies of our partisans in Siberia and stuffed them with grain. No! (*Crossing to the wall.*) You? I owe no debt to you. (*Three taps from* 402. RUBASHOV *places his ear to the wall, taps curtly.*) What do you want?

402 (*appears, tapping*). I'm sending tobacco.

RUB. (*after a long pause, taps*). Thanks. (*Sighs, murmurs to the wall.*) Do I owe you a debt too? We at least acted in the name of humanity. Mm. But doesn't that double our debt? (*He shakes his head, cynically.*) What is this, Rubashov? A breath of religious madness? (*A feverish chill shakes him. He puts on his coat.*)

402 (*rattles his door, peers through the judas-hole, calls*). Guard! Guard! (*The* GUARD *is heard shuffling across the corridor.*)

GRD. (*through the bars of the judas-hole*). What do you want?

402. Could you take this tobacco to cell 400?

GRD. No.

402. I'll give you a hundred rubles.

GRD. I'll give you this butt in your face.

402 (*walks away*). For two rubles he'd cut his mother's throat.

GRD. (*returns to the judas-hole, menacingly*). What did you say?

402 (*cringes, whining*). Nothing! I said nothing. (*The* GUARD *shuffles off.* 402 *crosses to wall, taps.*) You're in for it.

RUB. (*on sudden impulse goes to the iron door of his cell, bangs on it, shouting*). Guard! Guard! (*The* GUARD *is heard approaching down the corridor.*)

GRD. Quiet! You're waking everyone. (*His shadow appears in the judas-hole.*)

RUB. (*peremptorily commands*). Tell the Commandant I must speak to him.

GRD. (*cackles*). Oh, sure.

RUB. At once!

GRD. Who do you think you are?

RUB. Read your Party history.

GRD. I know who you are.

RUB. Then don't ask idiotic questions.

GRD. You're Number 400, in solitary, and you're probably going to be taken down in the cellar and shot. Now don't give me any more trouble or you'll get a butt in your face.

RUB. You try it and we'll see who'll be shot. (*The* GUARD *hesitates.* RUBASHOV *again hammers on the door.*)

GRD. You're waking everyone. Stop that or I'll report you.

RUB. Do so! Report me! At once!

GRD. I will. (*He goes.*)

RUBASHOV *continues to hammer on the cell door. The lights come up in the cell tier, bringing the other prisoners into vision. They have been listening to this exchange through the judas-hole.* 302 *turns from the door and seats himself on his cot. Slowly, painfully, he begins to tap the signal to* 402.

402 *stands on his cot, responds and listens.*

302 (*taps*). Outside?

402 (*taps*). It's morning, 4:00 A.M., Tuesday. March. Snowing.

302 (*taps*). Send Rubashov my greetings.

402 (*taps*). Who shall I say?

302 (*taps*). Just say an old friend.

402 (*crosses to* RUBASHOV, *summons him with a tap.* RUBASHOV *rises and listens at the wall as* 402 *taps*). 302 sends greetings.

RUB. (*taps*). What's his name?

402 (*taps*). Won't say. Just old friend. He was tortured last week.

RUB. (*taps.*) Why?

402 (*taps*). Political divergencies.

RUB. (*taps*). Your kind?

402 (*taps*). No, your kind.

RUB. (*taps*). How many prisoners here?

402 (*taps*). Thousands. Come and go.

RUB. (*taps*). Your kind?

402 (*taps*). No. Yours. I'm extinct. Ha! Ha!

RUB. (*taps*). Ha! Ha! (*Footsteps approaching ring out in the corridor. He taps quickly.*) Someone's coming.

402 *vanishes.* RUBASHOV *throws himself on the cot.*

*A huge young man in an officer's uniform enters. His shaven head, his deep-set, expressionless eyes, and his jutting, Slavic cheekbones give him the appearance of a death's head. His stiff uniform creaks, as do his boots. The officer who arrested* RUBASHOV *and the* GUARD *are visible in the doorway. The young man enters the cell which becomes smaller through his presence. His name is* GLETKIN.

GLET. (*fixes* RUBASHOV *with a cold stare*). Were you the one banging on the door? (*He looks about.*) This cell needs cleaning. (*To* RUBASHOV.) You know the regulations? (*He glances behind the door, turns to the* GUARD.) He has no mop. Get him a mop! (*The* GUARD *hurries off.*)

RUB. Are you the Commandant here?

GLET. No. Why were you banging on the door?

RUB. Why am I under arrest? Why have I been dragged out of a sickbed? Why have I been brought here?

GLET. If you wish to argue with me you'll have to stand up.

RUB. If you're not the Commandant, I haven't the slightest desire to argue with you . . . or even to speak to you for that matter.

GLET. Then don't bang on the door again—or the usual disciplinary measures will have to be applied. (*Turns to the arresting officer.*) When was the prisoner brought in?

OFF. Ten minutes ago.

GLET. (*glances at his watch, sternly*). His arrest was ordered for three A.M. sharp. What happened?

OFF. The car broke down.

GLET. That's inexcusable. It's the Commandant's new car, and it was in perfect condition. This looks very suspicious. (*He takes out a note-book and writes in it.*) Send the driver up to my office at once!

RUB. It's not his fault. It wasn't sabotage.

GLET. (*writes, without glancing up*). How do you know it wasn't?

RUB. Make allowances.

GLET. For what?

RUB. Our roads.

GLET. (*puts away the note-book and measures* RUBASHOV *impersonally*). What's the matter with our roads?

RUB. They're primitive cow paths.

GLET. Very critical, aren't we? I suppose the roads in the bourgeois countries are better?

RUB. (*looks at* GLETKIN, *smiles cynically*). Young man, have you ever been outside of our country?

GLET. No. I don't have to . . . to know. And I don't want to hear any fairy tales.

RUB. Fairy tales? (*Sits up.*) Have you read any of my books or articles?

GLET. In the Komsomol Youth I read your political-education pamphlets. In their time I found them useful.

RUB. How flattering! And did you find any fairy tales in them?

GLET. That was fifteen years ago. (*Pause.*) Don't think that gives you any privileges now! (*The* GUARD *appears, flapping a dirty rag.* GLETKIN *takes it, throws it at* RUBASHOV'S *feet.*) When the morning bugle blows, you

will clean up your cell. You know the rules. You've been in prison before?

RUB. Yes. Many of them. But this is my first experience under my own people. (*He rubs his inflamed jaw.*)

GLET. Do you wish to go on sick call?

RUB. No, thanks. I know prison doctors.

GLET. Then you're not really sick?

RUB. I have an abscess. It'll burst itself.

GLET. (*without irony*). Have you any more requests?

RUB. Tell your superior officer I want to talk to him and stop wasting my time!

GLET. Your time has run out, Rubashov! (*He starts to go, pulling the door behind him.*)

RUB. (*murmurs in French*). Plus un singe monte . . .

GLET. (*re-enters quickly*). Speak in your own tongue! Are you so gone you can't even think any longer except in a filthy, foreign language?

RUB. (*sharply, with military authority*). Young man, there's nothing wrong with the French language as such. Now, tell them I'm here and let's have a little Bolshevik discipline! (GLETKIN *stiffens, studies* RUBASHOV *coldly, turns and goes, slamming the iron door. The jangle of the key in the lock; his footsteps as he marches off down the corridor. Suddenly* RUBASHOV *bounds to the door. He shouts through the judas-hole.*) And get me some cigarettes! Damn you! (*Rubs his inflamed cheek, ruefully. To himself.*) Now, why did you do that, Rubashov? What does this young man think of you? "Worn-out old intellectual! Self-appointed Messiah! Dares to question the party line! Ripe for liquidation . . ." There you go again, Rubashov—the old disease. (*Paces.*) 4 . . . 5. Revolutionaries shouldn't see through other people's eyes. Or should they? How can you change the world if you identify yourself with everybody? How else can you change it? (*Paces.*) 3 . . . 4. (*He pauses, frowning, searching his memory.*) What is it about this young man? Something? (*Paces.*) 3 . . . 4. Why do I recall a religious painting? A Pietà, a dead Christ in Mary's arms? Of course—Germany. The Museum, Leipzig, 1933.

*Slowly the prison becomes a museum in Germany. A large painting of the Pietà materializes. An* S.S. OFFICER *in black uniform and swastika arm-band is staring at the Pietà. His face, though different from* GLETKIN'S *in features, has the same cold, fanatical expression.* RUBASHOV, *catalogue in hand, walks slowly down, studying a row of invisible paintings front; then he crosses over, studies the Pietà. The* S.S. OFFICER *glances at him with hard searching eyes, then goes.*

*A middle-aged man with a sensitive face, sunken cheeks, enters, looks alternately at the catalogue he is holding and the paintings in space. He halts next to* RUBASHOV, *squinting to make out the title.*

MAN (*softly, reading*). "Christ Crowned With Thorns."

RUB. (*turns, front, nods*). Titian.

MAN (*to* RUBASHOV). What page is it in your catalogue, please? (RUBASHOV, *without looking at him, hands over his catalogue.* MAN *glances at it, looks about hurriedly, returns it, whispers hoarsely.*) Be very careful. They're everywhere.

RUB. I know. You're late, Comrade Richard.

RICH. I went a round-about way.

RUB. Give me your report.

RICH. It's bad.

RUB. Give it to me.

RICH. Since the Reichstag fire, they've turned the tables on us. It's a massacre. All Germany is a shambles. Two weeks ago we had six hundred and twelve cells here—today there are fifty-two left. The Party is a thousand-headed mass of bleeding flesh. Two of my group jumped out of a window last night in order to avoid arrest! (*His lips start to tremble; his entire body is suddenly convulsed.*)

RUB. (*sharply*). Control yourself! (*Glances about.*) You're one of the leaders here. If you go on this way, what can we expect of the other comrades?

RICH. (*controls himself with an effort*). I'm sorry.

RUB. For a man who has written such heroic plays of the proletariat, this is surprising.

RICH. This is a bad moment for me. My wife, Comrade Truda, was arrested two days ago. The Storm Troopers took her and I haven't heard since.

RUB. Where were you at the time?

RICH. Across the street, on a roof. (*His voice becomes shrill as he begins to lose control*

*gain. A stutter creeps into his speech.*) I v-w-watched them take her away.

RUB. (*glances around to see if they are observed, motions* RICHARD *to the bench under he Pietà*). Sit down. (*They both sit on the ench.*) We have a big job here. We have to ull the Party together. We have to stiffen its ackbone. This is only a temporary phase.

RICH. We carry on, Comrade. We work day nd night. We distribute literature in the actories and house to house.

RUB. I've seen some of these pamphlets. Who vrote them?

RICH. I did.

RUB. You did?

RICH. Yes. Why?

RUB. They're not quite satisfactory, Comade Richard.

RICH. In what respect?

RUB. A bit off the line. We sense a certain vmpathy with the Liberals and the Social )emocrats.

RICH. The Storm Troopers are . . . (*The tammer again creeps into his speech.*) sl . . . l . . . slaughtering them, too, like animals n the street.

RUB. Let them! How does that affect us? In hat respect the Nazis are clearing the way or us by wiping out this trash and saving us he trouble.

RICH. Trash?

RUB. The Liberals are our most treacherous nemies. Historically, they have always berayed us.

RICH. But that's inhuman, man. You comades back there act as if nothing had hapened here. Try and understand! We're livng in a j . . . j . . . jungle. All of us. We all ourselves "dead men on ho . . . holiday."

RUB. The party leadership here carries a reat responsibility and those who go soft ow are betraying it. You're playing into the nemies' hands!

RICH. I . . . ?

RUB. Yes, Comrade Richard, you.

RICH. What is this? I supposed Truda berayed the Party, too?

RUB. If you go on this way . . . (*Suddenly, rgently.*) Speak quietly, and don't turn your ead to the door! (*A tall young man in the niform of a Storm Trooper has entered the room with a girl and they stand nearby, studying their catalogues and the pictures. The* S.S. OFFICER *whispers to the girl. She titters.* RUBASHOV *rises; in a low calm voice*) Go on talking.

RICH. (*rises, glances at his catalogue, talking rapidly*). Roger van der Weyden, the elder, 1400 to 1464. He's probably Van Eyck's most famous pupil.

RUB. His figures are somewhat angular.

RICH. Yes, but look at the heads. There's real power there. And look at the depth of physiognomy. (*Again the stammer.*) Compare h . . . h . . . him with the other masters; you'll see his coloring is softer . . . and l . . . l . . . lighter. (*His eyes stray to the* S.S. OFFICER *in panic and hatred*)

RUB. Did you stammer as a child? (*Sharply.*) Don't look over there!

RICH. (*looks away quickly*). S . . . sometimes.

RUB. Breathe slowly and deeply several times. (RICHARD *obeys. The* GIRL *with the* STORM TROOPER *giggles shrilly, and the pair move slowly toward the exit. In passing, they both turn their heads toward* RICHARD *and* RUBASHOV. *The* STORM TROOPER *says something to the girl. She replies in a low voice. They leave, the girl's giggling audible as their footsteps recede.*)

RICH. (*softly, to himself.*) Truda used to laugh at my stutter. She had a funny little laugh.

RUB. (*motioning* RICHARD *to re-seat himself*). You must give me your promise to write only according to the lines laid down by the Comintern

RICH. (*sitting*). Understand one thing, Comrade: Some of my colleagues write easily. I don't. I write out of torment; I write what I believe and feel in here. I have no choice—I write what I must, because I must. Even if I'm wrong, I must write what I believe. That's how we arrive at the truth.

RUB. We have already arrived at the truth. Objective truth. And with us Art is its weapon. I'm amazed at you, Comrade Richard. You're seeking the truth for the sake of your own ego! What kind of delusion is this? The individual is nothing! The Party is everything! And its policy as laid down by the Comintern must be like a block of polished granite. One

conflicting idea is dangerous. Not one crack in its surface is to be tolerated. Nothing! Not a mustard seed must be allowed to sprout in in it and split our solidarity! The "me," the "I" is a grammatical fiction. (*He takes out his watch, glances at it.*) My time is up. (*He puts his watch back in his pocket, rises.*) You know what's expected of you. Keep on the line. We will send you further instructions.

RICH. (*rises*). I don't think I can do it.

RUB. Why not?

RICH. I don't believe in their policy.

RUB. Against our enemies, we're implacable!

RICH. That means . . . ?

RUB. You know what it means.

RICH. You'd t . . . turn me over to the Nazis?

RUB. Those who are not with us are against us.

RICH. Then what's the difference between us and them? Our people here are going over to them by the tens of thousands. It's an easy step. Too easy. (*A pause. He speaks almost inaudibly.*) Who can say what your Revolution once meant to me? The end of all injustice. Paradise! And my Truda now lies bleeding in some S.S. cellar. She may be dead even now. Yes. In my heart—I know she's dead.

RUB. (*buttons his coat*). We'll have to break this off now. We'd better go separately. You leave first, I'll follow.

RICH. What are my instructions?

RUB. There are none. There's nothing more to be said.

RICH. And that's all?

RUB. Yes, that's all! (*Walks off into the shadows.*)

RICH. (*groans*). Christ!

RICHARD, *the Pietà, and the Museum vanish, leaving* RUBASHOV *alone, pacing his cell. . . .*

*The lights in the cell dim. The music swells to the strains of a piano recording of Beethoven's "Appassionata." As the lights come up, the cell dissolves and becomes* LUBA LOSHENKO'S *bedroom.* RUBASHOV'S *cot becomes part of a large double bed. At the edge of the bed* LUBA, *clad only in her chemise, sits smoking, dreamily staring into space, listening to the music which is coming from a small gramophone on the table nearby.*

LUBA. So tomorrow I'll have a new boss.

RUB. Yes.

LUBA. I'll hate him.

RUB. No. He'll be all right. (*They listen in silence. He smiles, musing.*) This music is dangerous.

LUBA. You'll be gone long?

RUB. I don't know.

LUBA. I'll miss you terribly. (*She hums the melody of the music.*)

RUB. (*taking out a cigarette*). Get me a match, will you, Luba?

LUBA (*smiles, rises, walks to the table, picks up some matches, crosses to him, swaying to the music*). I love this. It always makes me feel like crying. (*She lights his cigarette.*)

RUB. (*smiling*). Do you enjoy that?

LUBA. Crying? (*She blows out the match, laughs.*) Sometimes.

RUB. Our racial weakness.

LUBA. What?

RUB. Tears and mysticism.

LUBA. You mean the Slavic soul?

RUB. (*smiling cynically*). The soul? Soul?

LUBA. I believe in it.

RUB. I know you do.

LUBA. Petty bourgeois?

RUB. Yes, Luba, you are. (*He looks at her fondly, leans over, pulls her to him, kisses her throat. The music rises.*) This music is dangerous. (*They listen in silence a while. She goes to the gramophone and winds it. She leans against the wall near* RUBASHOV.)

LUBA. When I was a little girl in the Pioneer Youth I would start crying at the most unexpected moments.

RUB. You? In the Pioneer Youth? You, Luba?

LUBA. You're surprised? I wasn't in very long. I wasn't good material. (RUBASHOV *smiles.*) I would cry suddenly for no reason at all.

RUB. But there was a reason?

LUBA. I don't know. (*She smokes for a moment.*) Yes, I do. Our primer books made little Pavelik such a hero. All of us children wanted to turn our mothers and fathers over to the G.P.U. to be shot.

RUB. Was there anything to turn them in for?

LUBA (*laughs gently*). No. Nothing. But I would picture myself doing it anyway and becoming a great national hero like Pavelik. Then I would burst out crying. I loved my parents very much. Of course no one knew

why I was crying. So I was expelled, and my political career ended at the age of nine! (RUBASHOV *smiles.* LUBA *hums the melody.*) My father loved this. He and mother used to play it over and over and over.

RUB. Where are they now?

LUBA. They died in the famine after the Revolution. My father was a doctor.

RUB. Have you any family left?

LUBA. One brother. He's a doctor too. He's married. My sister-in-law is very nice. She's a Polish woman . . . an artist. (LUBA *picks up a small painting, crosses to* RUBASHOV, *kneels at his side.*) She painted this picture. It's their baby. A little boy. Two years old. Isn't he fat?

RUB. (*studies it*). Yes, he is fat. (*He puts it aside, looks at* LUBA.) Why don't you get married, Luba, and have some fat babies of your own? Isn't there a young man at the office . . . ?

LUBA. Yes.

RUB. I thought so. And he wants to marry you?

LUBA (*rests her cheek on his knee, lovingly caresses his hand*). Yes, he does.

RUB. Well . . . ?

LUBA. No!

RUB. Why not?

LUBA. I don't love him.

RUB. Mm, I see, I see. (*A pause.*)

LUBA (*suddenly*). You can do anything you wish with me.

RUB. (*studies her*). Why did you say that? (LUBA *shrugs her shoulders.*) You don't reproach me?

LUBA. Oh, no, no, no! Why should I? (*The music swells and fills the room.*)

RUB. This music is dangerous. When you listen to this and you realize human beings can create such beauty, you want to pat them on the head. That's bad. They'll only bite your hand off.

LUBA (*takes his hand and kisses it*). Like this?

RUB. (*gently*). Luba, you know, with us, there can never be anything more.

LUBA. I don't expect anything more. Did I give you the impression I expected anything more?

RUB. No. You've been very kind, Luba, and sweet. (*Pause.*) I may be gone a long time. I may never see you again.

LUBA. Where are you going?

RUB. (*hands her the painting*). Wherever the Party sends me.

LUBA (*rises*). I understand. I'm not asking anything. Only, wherever you go, I'll be thinking of you. I'll be with you in my mind always!

RUB. (*snuffs out cigarette*). But this is exactly what I don't want.

LUBA (*turns toward him*). You don't?

RUB. No, Luba, no!

LUBA (*quietly*). Oh! (*She crosses slowly to the gramophone.*)

*Suddenly the phantasmagoria of* LUBA *and the bedroom vanish as the lights are switched on in the cell. The jangle of the key in the lock. The door flies open. A young* GUARD *enters.*

GRD. All right! Get up. Come with me.

RUB. Are you taking me to your Commandant?

GRD. Don't ask questions! Do as you're told.

RUB. Very well. (*Rises.*) All the posters show our young people smiling. (*He puts on his overcoat.*) Have you ever smiled?

GRD. (*humorlessly*). Yes.

RUB. Wonderful! When? On what occasion short of an execution?

*The* GUARD *grimly motions him out. They go. The light is switched off in his cell, as the lights come up on the prison tier.*

402 (*crosses to* 302's *wall and taps*). They've taken him up.

302 (*taps*). So soon?

402 (*taps.*) Pass it on.

302 (*taps*). They've taken Rubashov up. Pass it on.

202 (*taps*). I hope they give him a bad time.

302 (*taps*). Oh, no! He was friend of the people.

202 (*taps*). Yes. (*His eyes bulge wildly as he addresses an imaginary group about him.*) They're all friends of the people. Didn't they free us? Look at us. Free as birds! Everything's all right, Comrades. The land belongs to us! But the bread belongs to them. The rivers are ours! But the fish are theirs. The forests are ours, but not the wood! That's for them. Everything's for them. (*He crosses, taps.*) They've taken Rubashov up! Pass it on!

*The taps echo and re-echo throughout the prison: "Rubashov taken up," "Rubashov taken up." The lights dim and the prisoners in the honeycomb of cells vanish behind the scrim, leaving only a huge pillar of granite and iron shrouded in shadows. The lights come up on an office in the prison. A barred window reveals dawn, and snow falling, outside. The bayonet of a guard cuts back and forth across the window like a metronome. On the wall, over the desk, is a portrait of The Leader seen vaguely in shadow. The rest of the wall is empty except for faded patches where other pictures have been hung and removed. Seated at the desk, smoking a long Kremlin cigarette, is a middle-aged man in officer's uniform. He is rough, heavy-set, jowly, graying at the temples, a face once handsome, now dissipated and cynical. He is grimly examining some papers, carelessly dribbling cigarette ashes over his jacket. There is a knock at the door. The officer,* IVANOFF, *calls out, "Come in." The* GUARD *enters with* RUBASHOV.

IVAN. (*gruffly, to the* GUARD). Shut the door. (*Exit the* GUARD.)

IVAN. (*rises, shakes his head at* RUBASHOV, *laughs; then familiarly*) Kolya!

RUB. Well . . . !

IVAN. Surprised?

RUB. Nothing surprises me any more. IVANOFF *laughs, opens a drawer, takes out a box of cigarettes, limps across the room to him.*) Are you the Commandant here?

IVAN. (*shaking his head*). I'm your investigator.

RUB. That makes it difficult.

IVAN. Not at all. Not if we're intelligent . . . which we are. (*Offers him the box of cigarettes.*) Cigarette? (RUBASHOV *pauses.*)

RUB. Have hostilities begun yet?

IVAN. Why?

RUB. You know the etiquette.

IVAN. Take one! (*Forces the box into his hand.*) Put them in your pocket, keep them.

RUB. All right. (*He takes a cigarette and puts the box in his pocket.*) We'll call this an unofficial prelude.

IVAN. Why so aggressive?

RUB. Did I arrest you? Or did you people arrest me?

IVAN. You people? (*Shakes his head, lights his own cigarette.*) What's happened to you, Kolya? What a falling off is here! (*Sighs.*) Ekh! Ekh!

RUB. Why have I been arrested?

IVAN. (*gives* RUBASHOV *a match, genially*). Later. Sit down. Light your cigarette. Relax. (*He limps to the door, closes the judas-hole, and locks it.* RUBASHOV *sits down.*) I saw you last three years ago.

RUB. (*smoking his cigarette with relish*). Where?

IVAN. Moscow. (*As he talks he crosses up to the window and pulls the chain, letting down the iron shutters.*) You were speaking. You'd just escaped from the German prison. They gave you a bad time, didn't they? They didn't dull your edge, though. (*Crosses back to* RUBASHOV.) Good speech, plenty of bite. I was proud of my old General.

RUB. Why didn't you come backstage?

IVAN. You were surrounded by all the bigwigs.

RUB. (*dryly*). Mm, a fine assortment of opportunists, bureaucrats, and variegated pimps. (IVANOFF *grins, shakes his head, hobbles to his desk.* RUBASHOV *points to his leg.*) Your leg's very good. I hadn't even noticed.

IVAN. (*nods, smiles, sits on the desk, tapping his leg*). Automatic joints, rustless chromium plating. I can swim, ride, drive a car, dance, make love. You see how right you were? And how stupid I was.

RUB. You were young and emotional, that's all. Tell me, Sascha, does the amputated foot still itch?

IVAN. (*laughs*). The big toe. In rainy weather.

RUB. (*smoking*). Curious.

IVAN. (*lowers his lids, squints at* RUBASHOV, *blows a smoke ring*). Not at all. Doesn't your recent amputation itch?

RUB. Mine?

IVAN. (*calmly, blowing smoke rings*). When did you cut yourself off from the Party? How long have you been a member of the organized opposition?

RUB. (*throws his cigarette away, grinds it out under his foot*). The unofficial part is over.

IVAN. (*rises, stands over him*). Don't be so aggressive, Nicolai!

RUB. (*takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes*). I'm tired, and I'm sick and I don't care to play

any games with you. Why have I been arrested?

IVAN. (*cynically, crossing back to his desk-chair*). Supposing you tell me why.

RUB. (*bounds to his feet, furious*). Stop this nonsense now! Who do you think you're dealing with? What are the charges against me?

IVAN. (*shrugs his shoulders, leans back in his chair*). What difference does that make?

RUB. I demand that you either read the charges—or dismiss me at once!

IVAN. (*blows a smoke ring*). Let's be sensible, shall we? Legal subtleties are all right for others, but for the likes of you and myself? (*He taps his cigarette ash off into the tray.*) Why put on an act? When did you ever trouble about formal charges? At Kronstadt? (*He rises, confronts* RUBASHOV.) After all—remember—I served under you. I know you.

RUB. No man fights a war without guilt. You don't win battles with rose water and silk gloves.

IVAN. Not our kind of battles, no!

RUB. (*heatedly*). A bloodless revolution is a contradiction in terms. Illegality and violence are like dynamite in the hands of a true revolutionary—weapons of the class struggle.

IVAN. Agreed.

RUB. But, you people have used the weapons of the Revolution to strangulate the Revolution! You've turned the Terror *against* the people. You've begun the blood bath of the Thermidor. (*He controls himself, speaks quietly.*) And that's something quite different, my one-time friend and comrade. (*Sits.*)

IVAN. Damn it, Kolya, I'd hate to see you shot.

RUB. (*polishing his glasses, smiles sarcastically*). Very touching of you. And exactly why do you people wish to shoot me?

IVAN. (*flares up*). "You people!" Again. What the hell's happened to you? It used to be "we."

RUB. (*on his feet again*). Yes, it used to be. But who is the "we" today? (*He points to the picture on the wall.*) The Boss? The Iron Man and his machine? Who is the "we"? Tell me.

IVAN. The people, the masses . . .

RUB. Leave the masses out. You don't understand them any more. Probably I don't either. Once we worked with them. We knew them. We made history with them. We were part of them. For one little minute we started them on what promised to be a new run of dignity for man. But that's gone! Dead! And buried. There they are. (*He indicates the faded patches of wallpaper.*) Faded patches on the wall. The old guard. Our old comrades. Where are they? Slaughtered! Your pock-marked leader has picked us off one by one till no one's left except a few broken-down men like myself, and a few careerist prostitutes like you!

IVAN. And when did you arrive at this morbid conclusion?

RUB. I didn't arrive at it. It was thrust on me.

IVAN. When? On what occasion would you you say?

RUB. On the occasion when I came back from the Nazi slaughterhouse, when I looked about for my old friends, when all I could find of them were those (*again he waves his spectacles at the tell-tale patches*) faded patches on every wall in every house in the land.

IVAN. (*nods his head, murmurs reasonably*). Mm, hm! I see. That's logical. And that, of course, was when you . . . (*The telephone rings.* IVANOFF *picks up the receiver, barks: "I'm busy," and hangs up.*) When you joined the organized opposition . . .

RUB. (*slowly, deliberately*). You know as well as I do, I never joined the organized opposition.

IVAN. Kolya! Please! We both grew up in the tradition.

RUB. (*sharply*). I never joined the opposition.

IVAN. Why not? You mean you sat by with your arms folded? You thought we were leading the Revolution to destruction and you did nothing? (*Shakes his head.*)

RUB. Perhaps I was too old and used up.

IVAN. (*sits back again, clucks with good-natured disbelief*). Ekh, ekh, ekh!

RUB. (*shrugging his shoulders*). Believe what you will.

IVAN. In any event, we have all the proofs.

RUB. Proofs of what? Sabotage?

IVAN. That, of course.

RUB. Of course.

IVAN. If that were all.

RUB. There's more?

IVAN. (*nods*). And worse. (*Rises.*) Attempted murder.

RUB. Ah! And whom am I supposed to have attempted to murder?

IVAN. Not personally. You instigated the act. Naturally.

RUB. Naturally.

IVAN. I told you we have proofs. (*Picks up a sheaf of typewritten pages and waves them under* RUBASHOV'S *nose.*)

RUB. For instance?

IVAN. Confessions.

RUB. Whose?

IVAN. For one, the man who was to do the killing.

RUB. Congratulations. And who was it I instigated to murder whom?

IVAN. Indiscreet question.

RUB. May I read the confession? (RUBASHOV *reaches out for the papers.* IVANOFF *smiles, draws them out of his reach.*) May I be confronted with the man? (IVANOFF *smiles again, shakes his head.*) Who the hell would I want to murder?

IVAN. You've been sitting there for ten minutes telling me. (*He opens a drawer, drops in the sheaf of papers.*) The man you tried to murder is the Leader. (*He slams the drawer shut.*) Our Leader.

RUB. (*takes off his glasses, leans forward, speaks deliberately, between his teeth*). Do you really believe this nonsense? (*He studies* IVANOFF.) Or are you only pretending to be an idiot? (*He suddenly laughs knowingly.*) You don't believe it.

IVAN. (*sits slowly, adjusting his prosthetic leg*). Put yourself in my place. Our positions could very easily be reversed. Ask yourself that question—and you have the answer. (IVANOFF *rubs his thigh at the amputation line, stares moodily at the false leg.*) I was always so proud of my body. Then to wake, to find a stump in a wire cage. I can smell that hospital room. I can see it as if it were happening now: you sitting there by my bed, soothing, reasoning, scolding, and I crying because they had just amputated my leg. (*He turns to* RUBASHOV.) Remember how I begged you to lend me your pistol? Remember how you argued with me for three hours, till you persuaded me that suicide was petty bourgeois romanticism? (*He rises, his voice suddenly harsh.*) Today the positions are reversed. Now it's you who want to throw yourself into the abyss. Well, I'm not going to let you. Then we'll be quits.

RUB. (*putting on his glasses, studies* IVANOFF *for a second, with an ironic smile*). You want to save me? You've a damned curious way of doing it. I am unimpressed by your bogus sentimentality. You've already tricked me into talking my head off my shoulders. Let it go at that!

IVAN. (*beams*). I had to make you explode now, or you'd have exploded at the wrong time. Haven't you even noticed? (*Gestures about the room.*) No stenographer! (*He crosses back to his desk, opens a drawer.*) You're behaving like an infant. A romantic infant. Now you know what we're going to do? (*Extracts a dossier out of the drawer.*)

RUB. (*grimly*). No, what are we going to do?

IVAN. We are going to concoct a nice little confession.

RUB. Ah!

IVAN. For the public trial.

RUB. (*nods his head in amused comprehension*). So that's it? There's to be a public trial? And I'm to make a nice little confession?

IVAN. Let me finish . . .

RUB. (*biting out each word*). That is to say, I'm to transform myself into a grinning chimpanzee in a zoo? I'm to beat my breast and spit at myself in a mirror, so the People can laugh and say, "The Old Guard—how ridiculous!" I'm to pick at my own excrement and put it in my own mouth, so the People can say, "The Old Guard—how disgusting!" No, Sascha, no! You've got the wrong man.

IVAN. (*drawling with exaggerated patience*). Let me finish. (*The patience vanishes. He shouts at* RUBASHOV:) Which are we to save? Your dignity or your head? (*He controls his impatience, begins to talk rapidly, thinking out the plan in his own mind, as he paces to and fro.*) You make this confession now. You admit developing a deviation. You joined such and such an opposition bloc. You give us their names. (They've all been shot by now, anyway, so nothing's lost.) However, when you learned of their terroristic plans, you were shocked. You broke off with them. You see?

RUB. Yes, I see.

IVAN. Your case then goes to public trial. We refute the murder charge completely. Even so, you'll get twenty years. But in two, perhaps three years, a reprieve. In five years you'll be back in the ring again. And that is all that matters. (*He stops and nods cheerfully at* RUBASHOV.)

RUB. No, I'm sorry.

IVAN. (*his smile fades, he lights a fresh cigarette, speaks slowly, dryly*). Then your case will be taken out of my hands. You'll be tried in secret session administratively. You know what that means?

RUB. Yes. The rubber ball in my mouth, the bullet in the back of the neck.

IVAN. (*shakes out the match, blows a perfect smoke ring, and smiles*). The methods follow logically. You just disappear into thin air. As far as your followers are concerned, no demonstrations. How can they? Perhaps you're off on a mission? Perhaps you've run away? Hidden somewhere? Suspicious, of course. But what does that matter? N. S. Rubashov has vanished. Pf! Quietly! Forever! That's your alternative. (*The phone rings.* IVANOFF *picks up the receiver.*) Look here, I'm . . . What? Oh! Yes? Yes. I see. I'll investigate at once. (*He hangs up, turns to* RUBASHOV, *chuckles, and nods his head.*) You fox! Oh, you old fox! (*He picks up the phone, presses a button. An answering voice responds.*) Gletkin? Ivanoff. Come to my office at once! The Rubashov arrest. You bungled it, that's what. Yes. At once! (*He hangs up. Turns again to* RUBASHOV.) Very adroit.

RUB. Really? What have I done now?

IVAN. You've no idea?

RUB. I have a small notion. Nuisance tactics! Of no real importance. You overestimate them.

GLETKIN *enters; crosses above the desk, salutes stiffly.* IVANOFF *returns the salute.*

IVAN. I have just received a phone call from the prosecutor's office. Your men were instructed to arrest Citizen Rubashov as quietly as possible. What the hell went wrong?

GLET. I'm interrogating the arresting officers now. The prisoner refused them entrance and barricaded his door against them.

IVAN. So they shot off the lock?

RUB. (*with mock indignation*). Woke up the whole neighborhood.

GLET. (*not glancing at him*). There was no alternative.

RUB. (*over his shoulder to* GLETKIN). There were five alternatives. You need some lessons in elementary tactics. (*Stung,* GLETKIN *turns toward* RUBASHOV.)

IVAN. (*quickly, commanding*). Go on!

GLET. Then he refused to accompany them on his feet. They were forced to pick him up and carry him out bodily, screaming like a woman.

RUB. Wrong! Roaring like a bear. A wounded bear. And they tore my pants. (GLETKIN *stands there, straight as a ramrod, his eyes expressionless, in perfect control now.*)

IVAN. Your instructions were to treat him with care. You will see that the prisoner gets cigarettes and medical attention.

RUB. Not unless you furnish an outside physician. I know these prison doctors.

GLET. That is against regulations.

IVAN. (*to* RUBASHOV). We'll see what can be done. (*To* GLETKIN.) Wait outside. (*Exit* GLETKIN.) You'll be given every consideration. Pencil and paper, if you wish . . .

RUB. Many thanks, but it won't work. I've had my bellyful of this farce. (*He rises.*) Kindly have me taken to my cell.

IVAN. As you like. (*He picks up the phone, presses a button and barks:*) Guard! (*He hangs up.*) I didn't expect you to confess at once. Take your time. You have plenty of time. Think it over. When you are ready to confess, send me a note. (*The men stare at each other.* IVANOFF *smiles.*) You will. I'm sure you will.

RUB. Never, Sascha. Never. That's final!

*The door is opened. The* GUARD *enters.*

IVAN. The next decade will decide the fate of the world in our era. Don't you want to be here to see it? (RUBASHOV *glances at* IVANOFF, *then turns and goes off with the* GUARD.)

*As soon as* RUBASHOV *leaves,* IVANOFF *drops his monumental calm, rises and calls out irritably, "Gletkin!" As* GLETKIN *enters,* IVANOFF *speaks quickly and harshly, hobbling up and down nervously.*

IVAN. By now all Moscow knows. Make a full report. Send the arresting officers over to Headquarters. (*Indicates the chair.*) Sit down.

(GLETKIN *sits.*) Now, look here! I want it clearly understood. This is no ordinary prisoner. We can't afford any more bungling. When you handle this man you dance on eggs! The political and historical importance of these trials is enormous. And N. S. Rubashov is the key figure. We must have his confession. Those are our orders. From the top.

GLET. Then why not turn him over to me? I'll bring you his confession in three days.

IVAN. Thanks! And you'll carry N. S. Rubashov to the witness stand in pieces? Wonderful. No, your harsh methods won't work here. Not with this man. (*Lights a fresh cigarette, calms down.*) He'll confess. There's enough of the old Bolshevik left in him. He'll confess. You're to leave him in peace. I don't want him disturbed. He's to have paper, pencils, cigarettes, extra rations . . .

GLET. Why?

IVAN. To accelerate the processes of thought. He has to work this out alone. (*Taps his head.*) In here.

GLET. This approach, in my opinion, is all wrong.

IVAN. (*looks at* GLETKIN *with veiled amusement*). You don't like him? You had a little trouble with him a few minutes ago, didn't you?

GLET. That has nothing to do with it.

IVAN. Old Rubashov can still spit a sword! What'd he do? Cut you up the middle?

GLET. (*coldly*). His personality has nothing to do with it. I hope I'm a better Party member than that. I never allow likes or dislikes to interfere with my judgment.

IVAN. Very commendable.

GLET. Only, since this confession is so important to the Party, I consider your method wrong. This won't get you results. I know how to handle these old-timers. They're all rotten at the core. They're all infected with the Western leprosy. If you want a confession, turn him over to me.

IVAN. You young people amuse me. You know everything, don't you? The Nazis captured this man, broke his leg, smashed his jaw, killed him and brought him to life again—I don't know how many times—but they couldn't extract one admission out of him. And finally, he escaped. And you're going to break him for me in three days? (*Musing.*) No! If he confesses it won't be out of cowardice. (*To* GLETKIN:) Your methods won't work with him. He's made out of a material, the more you hammer it, the tougher it gets.

GLET. I don't agree. My experience with these old counter-revolutionaries proves otherwise. The human nervous system at best can only stand so much—and when they have these bourgeois flaws in them, a little pressure—in the right places—and they split like rotten logs.

IVAN. (*laughs softly, shakes his head*). I'd hate to fall into your hands.

GLET. It's my experience that every human nervous system has a breaking point under pain. It's only necessary to find the lever, the special pain . . .

IVAN. (*abruptly and harshly*). That'll do!

GLET. (*rises stiffly*). You asked me.

IVAN. (*pause*). Comrade Gletkin, in the early days . . . (*He goes to his desk, opens a drawer, takes out a bottle and several glasses. He fills the glasses, pushes one over to* GLETKIN) . . . before you were born, we started the Revolution with the illusion that some day we were going to abolish prisons and substitute flower gardens. Ekh, ekh! Maybe, some day. (*He tosses off his drink.*)

GLET. Why are you all so cynical?

IVAN. Cynical? (*Turns and surveys him.*) Please explain that remark!

GLET. I'd rather not, if you don't mind.

IVAN. I do mind. Explain it.

GLET. (*picks up the glass, drains it*). I notice you older men always talk as if only the past were glorious . . . or some distant future. But we're already far ahead of any other country, here and now! As for the past, we have to crush it. The quicker, the better.

IVAN. I see. (*He sits, shaking his head, amused.*) In your eyes, then, *I* am the cynic?

GLET. Yes. I think so. (*He crosses to the table, sets down the glass, abruptly.*)

IVAN. Well, that may be. As for Rubashov, my instructions remain. He's to have time for reflection. He's to be left alone, and he will become his own torturer.

GLET. I don't agree.

IVAN. He'll confess. (*He catches the expression in* GLETKIN'S *face, then sharply:*) You're to leave him alone! That's an order.

GLET. As you command. (*Clicks his heels, jerks to attention, wheels about and marches out as if on parade.* IVANOFF *curls his lip in disgust, pours himself a stiff drink, sighs heavily, and drinks . . . as the scene fades out.*)

*The lights come up on all the cells.* RUBASHOV *is seated on his cot, smoking, wrapped in thought. The other prisoners are passing communications down the grapevine.*

202 (*taps*). All the prisoners ask Rubashov not to confess. Die in silence.

302 (*taps*). Prisoners ask Rubashov not to confess. Die in silence.

402 *crosses to* RUBASHOV'S *wall and signals.* RUBASHOV *raises his head, pauses, slowly rises, glances at the judas-hole, then crosses to the wall, responds to the signal.*

402 (*taps*). Prisoners ask you not to give in. Don't let them make you go on trial.

RUB. (*pause, then taps*). How was 302 tortured?

402 (*taps*). Steam.

RUBASHOV, *grimly, puffs at his lit cigarette till it glows, blows off the ashes, presses the live coal into the back of his hand, and holds it there without flinching, staring stoically at the blue wisps of smoke that curl up from his burning flesh. Finally, he grinds out the cigarette, tosses it away.*

402 (*taps again*). You'll die in silence? You'll die in silence?

RUB. (*taps wearily*). I will. Tell them. I will.

402 (*taps*). My respects. You're a man! (*He crosses, taps on* 302's *wall.*) Rubashov will die in silence. Pass it on.

302 (*taps*). Rubashov will die in silence. Pass it on.

(*The news is tapped through the prison and a murmur like a wind rises and falls:*) "Rubashov will die in silence . . . Rubashov will die in silence . . ." (*The lights fade, and the prisoners in the tier vanish.*)

RUB. (*staring at the scorched hand, crosses to his cot, sits, nods his head, and murmurs*). As chimney sweepers come to dust . . . to dust . . . to dust . . . (*The lights fade on him.*)

[CURTAIN]

## ACT TWO

SCENE: RUBASHOV'S *cell, five weeks later.*

AT RISE: *Darkness. Bars of light from the judas-hole illumine* RUBASHOV'S *feverish face. His eyes are closed; he is dreaming evil dreams. He breathes heavily, moaning and tossing about fitfully on his cot. Ghostly images hover over and around him; ghostly voices whisper hollowly: "Rubashov! Rubashov!" Echoes of the past—*RICHARD'S *voice calling: "Christ crowned with thorns!",* LUBA'S *voice, rich and low, "You can do anything you want with me." The nameless ones appear and disappear, whispering, "Rubashov, Rubashov."*

RUB. (*dreaming, raises his head, his eyes shut, and cries out*). Death is no mystery to us. There's nothing exalted about it. It's the logical solution to political divergencies. (*His head falls back again, turning from side to side, moaning.*)

*The lights come up in the corridor. A sound of heels on a stone floor.* GLETKIN *enters from a door right, coming up from the execution cellar; he is followed by a young fellow officer. They move toward* RUBASHOV'S *cell, talking inaudibly.* IVANOFF *enters through the gate, glimpses them, stops short, then calls out sharply: "Gletkin!"* GLETKIN *halts, turns to face* IVANOFF.

IVAN. (*hobbles down to* GLETKIN, *scrutinizing him suspiciously*). What are you up to?

GLET. (*very correct*). I don't understand you, Comrade.

IVAN. No, I'm sure you don't. Have you been at my prisoner?

GLET. Been at him?

IVAN. (*irritably*). Laid your hands on him. You understand that, don't you?

GLET. I haven't seen Citizen Rubashov for five weeks. However, I am informed, in the line of duty, his fever is worse. I suggest it would be advisable I bring him to the prison doctor.

IVAN. (*blows a smoke ring, then slowly, measuring his words*). Keep away from him. And keep that prison doctor away from him. (*Sharply.*) My orders still stand.

GLET. Very well, Comrade. They'll be obeyed.

IVANOFF *snorts, blows smoke into his face, then turns and limps off. They watch him go. The* YOUNG OFFICER *turns to* GLETKIN *who has taken out his note-book and is writing in it.*

OFF. Comrade Ivanoff's nerves are wearing thin.

GLET. I'm afraid this prisoner is proving stubborn. I told them when they brought him in that I could break him.

OFF. Easily.

GLET. Comrade Ivanoff wants to use psychological methods only.

OFF. (*scornfully*). These old bookworms of the Revolution!

GLET. Tonight I'm using psychological methods. (*Closes his note-book, puts it away.*) I'll break this prisoner.

OFF. Against orders?

GLET. No. I won't so much as go near his cell. But (*glances at his watch*) inside an hour he'll be ready to confess.

OFF. How?

GLET. (*enigmatically*). It'll be very interesting.

RUBASHOV *wakes, sits up with a sudden start, listening.*

*The lights in the tier of cells come up.*

402 *sits up abruptly, wakening suddenly, also listens, frozen.* 302 *and* 202 *also awaken suddenly and listen to the ominous stillness.*

*The lights fade on* GLETKIN *and the* YOUNG OFFICER.

*The prisoners rise, one by one, and begin to pace nervously to and fro like caged animals. Once in a while one of them will pause, listen, and then continue to pace.* RUBASHOV *rises, wipes the perspiration from his face with the sleeve of his coat, listens, then crosses to* 402's *wall, taps, waits, and* 402 *responds.*

RUB. (*taps*). Did I wake you?

402 (*taps*). No.

RUB. (*taps*). Something's happening . . .

402 (*taps*). You feel it too?

RUB. (*taps*). What?

402 (*taps*). Don't know. Something. How's your fever?

RUB. (*taps*). Not good.

402 (*taps*). Try to sleep. (*Overhead* 302 *taps signal.*) Wait! (*Crosses over to* 302's *segment of wall, and answers the signal.*)

302 (*taps*). Who is Bogrov?

402 (*taps*). Don't know. (*Returns, taps:*) Who is Bogrov?

RUB. (*taps*). Mischa Bogrov?

402 (*taps*). No first name.

RUB. (*taps*). I know a Mischa Bogrov. Why?

402 (*taps*). Name tapped through.

RUB. (*taps*). He arrested?

402 (*taps*). Don't know. Name Bogrov. That is all.

RUB. (*taps*). What connection?

402 (*taps*). Don't know.

RUB. (*to himself*). Curious.

*The lights fade on the other prisoners as they start to pace nervously.*

RUB. (*alone, thinking, smiles, murmurs*). Mischa. (*He sits on his cot, shaking his head.*) Mischa!

*A chorus of men singing is faintly heard. It grows louder. The bronze glow of a flickering campfire. Russian soldiers and marines of the Revolution, in conglomerate uniforms, half-military, half-civilian, laden with assorted weapons, dangling stick grenades and daggers, are gathered around the fire, smoking, warming their hands, singing.* GENERAL RUBASHOV, *his face shining with reflected firelight, shakes his head and beats out the tune as a big, snub-nosed, sandy-haired marine with thick shoulders and an enchanting smile, sings out in a mellow, ringing voice:*

"In the dawn's light, faintly gleaming
Stand the ancient Kremlin walls;
And the land, no longer dreaming,
Now awakes as morning calls.
Though the winds are coldly blowing,
Streets begin to hum with noise;
And the sun with splendor glowing
Greets the land with all its joys.
We'll shout aloud for we are proud;
Our power is invincible.
We'll ne'er disband, we'll always stand
Together for dear Moscow's land."

(*The marine punctuates the finish by tossing his hat in the air. The others applaud and shout:*) "Bravo, Mischa! Bravo, Mischa Bogrov!"

BOG. (*laughs, crosses to* RUBASHOV, *unhooks from his belt a curved, elaborately chased, silver-handled dagger*). Kolya . . .

RUB. Yes, Mischa?

BOG. (*presenting the dagger to him*). Here, I want you to have this. To remember me.

RUB. (*laughs*). You may need it yourself.

BOG. (*shakes his head, grins. There is something of the good-natured, ingenuous child in this big man*). No. The Civil War is over. No more killing. Now we go home. We build a new life. (*He extends the gift again.*) Please, take it.

RUB. (*accepts it*). All right, Mischa. Thank you. Now, I have something for you. Can you guess?

BOG. (*thinks hard, frowning, then his eyes open wide*). Kolya, is it . . . Am I . . . They're . . . ?

RUB. (*beaming, nods*). Tomorrow you'll be a member of the Party.

BOG. (*overcome with joy*). Me? Me? Mischa Bogrov a member of the Party!

RUB. You've earned it. You fought well for the Revolution.

BOG. I'm ignorant, Kolya; I'm just a stupid peasant and I don't know enough yet—but I'd die for the Revolution.

RUB. We know that. Now you must learn the meaning of it. You must go to school. You must study, Mischa.

BOG. I will, I will. You'll see, you'll be very proud of me. Wherever I am, every year on this day, I'll send you a letter and I'll sign it "Your Comrade, Faithful to the Grave." (*The soldiers call for more song. "Come on, Mischa. More!"*) For you, I sing this just for you, Kolya.

BOG. (*sings in a rich voice the chorus of "Red Moscow"*).

> "We'll shout aloud for we are proud,
> Our power is invincible.
> We'll ne'er disband, we'll always stand
> Together for dear Moscow's land."

*Gradually* BOGROV *and the campfire and the men singing with him fade away as do their voices, leaving* RUBASHOV *alone in his dank, silent, gray cell, nodding and humming the tune quietly to himself. Lights come up on* 402 *who is tapping on* RUBASHOV'S *wall.* RUBASHOV *crosses to the wall, responds.*

402 (*taps*). What day?

RUB. (*taps*). Lost track.

402 (*taps*). What you doing?

RUB. (*taps*). Dreaming.

402 (*taps*). Sleeping?

RUB. (*taps*). Waking.

402 (*taps*). Bad. What dreams?

RUB. (*taps*). My life.

402 (*taps*). You won't confess?

RUB. (*taps*). I told you no.

402 (*taps*). Die in silence is best. (*Pause.*)

RUB. (*to himself, sardonically*). Yes. Die in silence! Fade into darkness! Easily said. Die in silence! Vanish without a word! Easily said.

402 (*taps*). Walking?

RUB. (*taps*). Yes.

402 (*taps*). Careful of blisters. Walking dreams bad for feet. I walked twelve hours in cell once. Wore out shoes. (*He laughs hoarsely.*) Didn't mind. (*He licks his lips, rolls his eyes, and moans voluptuously.*) Mm! I was dreaming women. Ah-h-h! Question: How many women you love? (*Pause.*) How many?

RUB. (*taps*). None.

402 (*taps*). Why not?

RUB. (*taps*). My work. No time.

402 (*taps*). You and Revolution. Some love affair! No wonder. Your women are half men! Your women have moustaches. You killed the beauty of our women. Son of bitch, son of bitch, son of bitch!

RUB. (*dryly, taps*). Repeating yourself.

402 (*taps*). Confess. Never in love? Once?

RUB. (*taps*). No. Never. (*He sighs heavily, frowns, thinking.* 402 *vanishes.*)

*A gray-haired man,* HRUTSCH, *materializes, sighing heavily and clutching his breast over the heart.*

HRU. (*laughs timidly*). It's nothing. My heart skips about a bit.

*The cell fades away.* HRUTSCH *is standing at the desk in the office of the Commissariat of the Iron Works. The vista outside the window reveals the now-completed factory buildings.* HRUTSCH *is obviously frightened and nervous.*

HRU. (*squeezes his speech out in short spasmodic gasps*). Yes, the files are ready for you, and of course you'll want to see the charts. (*He turns to the darkness.* LUBA LOSHENKO *materializes, standing there with the charts in her hand, staring at* RUBASHOV *with large luminous eyes and parted lips. She hands the charts to* HRUTSCH, *but her eyes never leave* RUBASHOV.) Ah, here we are. Now, anything you want explained, our secretary here knows them backwards. (*He observes them staring*

*at each other.*) You remember Comrade Loshenko? (*Hands the charts to* RUBASHOV.)

RUB. (*leaning heavily on a cane, steps forward. He walks with a slight limp*). Yes. How have you been, Comrade Loshenko?

LUBA. Very well, thank you, Comrade Rubashov. Welcome back home.

HRU. Many changes since you've been gone. The factories are completed.

RUB. (*depositing the charts on the desk*). You haven't filled your quota. Iron is off 23 per cent, steel 38 per cent.

HRU. Yes, yes, the sabotage is a problem. (*He sighs, clutches his heart. He laughs apologetically, indicating his heart.*) Every once in a while it just starts hammering . . . I should complain—look at him. The stories you could tell, Comrade Rubashov? Those Nazis! What they did to you! And he escapes, comes home, and right to work. Wonderful spirit. Wonderful. What an example to us! (*He laughs feebly, pants, holding his heart.*) Of course, as for us filling the new quota, mechanically it can't be. It's physically . . .

RUB. (*coldly, impersonal*). Those are the orders.

HRU. (*again the fear rises; he essays a feeble smile*). Well, if those are the orders, it will just have to be done, won't it?

RUB. Yes. I'll send for you. (*He dismisses him.* HRUTSCH *goes quickly.* RUBASHOV *turns. He looks at* LUBA *in silence, smiles.*)

LUBA. I wondered if I'd ever see you again.

RUB. It was a question whether anyone would.

LUBA. I know. My prayers were answered. I prayed for you.

RUB. To which god?

LUBA. I did. I prayed.

RUB. The same little bourgeoise, Luba. Are you married yet?

LUBA. No.

RUB. Why not? (LUBA *shrugs her shoulders.*) Any babies?

LUBA. No. (LUBA *laughs.*) You've no idea of the excitement here when we read that you were alive and home. We saw a picture of you when you arrived at Moscow, and our Leader had his arm around you. I was so proud. (*There is an embarrassed pause.*)

RUB. (*glances at the charts*). Hrutsch is in trouble.

LUBA. Poor man, it's not his fault.

RUB. Whose fault is it?

LUBA. No one's. The men are overworked, and . . . (*She stops herself abruptly.*)

RUB. Go on.

LUBA (*shakes her head*). That's all. Who am I to tell you?

RUB. Go on! Go on!

LUBA (*a sudden outpouring*). They're frightened. Last week more than forty workers were taken away by the G.P.U.

RUB. Well, we have to have discipline. Socialism isn't going to drop down on us from your nice neat heaven.

LUBA. Yes, but the machines don't know that. The machines break down, too.

RUB. Why?

LUBA. The same reason. They're overworked.

RUB. (*sighs*). Problems. (*He puts the charts away, turns to her.*) Tell me about yourself. Any lovers?

LUBA (*seriously*). No.

RUB. (*teasing her*). No? Why not? Put on those old earrings and find yourself a lover.

LUBA. I thought you were dead and I didn't want to go on living. I found that out. I wouldn't want to live in a world without knowing you were somewhere in it.

RUB. Come here. (LUBA *goes to him. He puts his arms around her and kisses her.*)

LUBA (*begins to tremble and cry*). I thought you were dead. I thought the Nazis had killed you.

RUB. (*burying his face in her hair*). I'm hard to kill.

LUBA. But they hurt you so. Your poor legs —they broke them?

RUB. The pieces grow together.

LUBA. Was it awful?

RUB. I forget. (*Holds her at arm's length, studies her face.*) It's good to see you again, Luba.

LUBA. Do you mean that?

RUB. (*impersonally*). Yes. (*He turns from her, picks up the charts.*) I have some dictation. Get your pad and pencil. And call in Hrutsch. I'm afraid we're going to have to get rid of that milksop. (*Crossing away from her into the shadows.*)

LUBA (*very quietly*). Yes, Comrade Commissar.

*The memory scene fades.* RUBASHOV, *alone, leaning against the stone wall, sighs heavily. Three taps are heard. He responds.*

402 (*appears, taps*). Sad!

RUB. (*taps*). What?

402 (*taps*). You! Never in love. To die without ever being in love. Sad!

*A chill seizes* RUBASHOV; *he groans, puts his hand to his swollen cheek, and shivers.*

RUB. (*taps*). Good night.

402 (*taps*). What's wrong?

RUB. (*taps*). My fever's back.

402 (*taps*). Again? Maybe you should try the prison doctor?

RUB. (*taps*). No, thanks.

402 (*taps*). Don't blame you. A butcher!

*They both turn from the wall, pace a few steps, and simultaneously freeze, listening, listening as if the silence itself contained some unheard and unholy sound.*

RUB. (*crosses to* 402, *taps*). What's that?

402 (*taps*). You felt it again?

RUB. (*taps*). In the air . . .

402 (*taps*). Yes . . . (*The lights fade on* 402.)

RUB. (*wipes his feverish brow with the back of his sleeve and slowly paces to and fro; to himself*). What if the Leader is right? In spite of everything. In spite of the dirt and blood and lies. Suppose the Leader is right? (*A chill shakes him. He puts on his coat, continues to pace.*) Suppose the true foundations of the future are being built here? History has always been an inhumane and unscrupulous builder, mixing its mortar of lies and blood and filth. (*He shivers again, pulls his coat tighter.*) Well, what of it, Rubashov? Be logical. Haven't you always lived under the compulsion of working things out to their final conclusions? (*He accelerates his pacing, counting the steps:*) 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4 . . . 5 . . . and a half; 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4 . . . 5 and a half. (*He stops abruptly as a thought strikes him.*) Yes. Yes.

*A sound of distant laughter. Slowly the figures of some dockworkers materialize, sitting at a small iron table in a pub on the waterfront of the Marseilles docks. They are eating bread and cheese and drinking wine, talking loudly and laughing good-naturedly. A big stocky man wearing a sailor's sweater and stocking cap is seated next to a little hunchback who wears a sailor's cap and a seaman's pea-jacket. Next to the little hunchback sits a third dockworker. The big man is juggling some apples and the others are watching and roaring with laughter. On the wall over the table is a militant poster demanding sanctions against Mussolini for his rape of Ethiopia. Benito's caricature dominates the scene: the jutting jaw, the pop-eyes, the little fez on the shaved dome.*

RUBASHOV, *accompanied by* ALBERT, *a sharp-featured young French intellectual, with long expressive hands which are forever gesturing, and a mincing, epicene manner, approaches the table. The little hunchback sees them and rises.*

AL. (*waving to him*). Comrade Luigi, head of the Dockworkers' Union. This is the comrade from Moscow.

LU. (*smiles and extends his hand*). We're honored. We're honored. (*He shakes* RUBASHOV'S *hand vigorously.*) Please sit down. (*He motions to the big dockworker.*) Comrade Pablo, business manager of the union.

PAB. (*shakes hands*). How do you like the job we're doing here?

RUB. You've the strongest dockworkers' union in Europe.

PAB. Nothing'll get by us. We'll strangle Il Duce.

LU. (*introduces the third dockworker*). Comrade André, our secretary.

AND. Comrade. (*They shake hands,* RUBASHOV *and* ALBERT *sit.*)

PAB. Those Italian ships out there will rot before we call off this strike.

LU. Drink?

RUB. Coffee, black.

AL. A double fine.

PAB. (*calls, off*). One coffee, black. One double fine.

VOICE (*off*). Coming.

PAB. (*pointing off, shouts a warning to* LUIGI). Luigi, look!—Here comes that cat again.

AND. Meow! Meow!

LU. (*jumping to his feet in panic, growls at the unseen cat*). Get out! Fft—out! (*He throws a spoon across the floor. The cat obviously flees.* ANDRÉ *and* PABLO *collapse in their chairs, holding their sides, filling the café with boom-*

*ing laughter.* LUIGI *looks at them, shakes his head, laughs sheepishly.*)

PAB. (*to* RUBASHOV). Luigi don't like cats.

AND. But they love him. They come to him like to a bowl of cream.

LU. They got no reason to. (*The three laugh.* LUIGI'S *laughter becomes a racking cough. The* WAITER *enters and sets the drinks on the table. They are silent until he leaves.*)

AND. When Luigi escaped from Italy he lived by killing cats.

PAB. And selling their skins.

LU. I had no papers. I couldn't get a job.

RUB. You're Italian?

LU. I'm a man without a country. (*He spits at Benito's caricature.*) Three years ago I escaped. Benito was after me. I got here into France. No passport. The French police arrest me. Take me at night to the Belgian border. "We catch you here again, God help you!" In Belgium the Belgian police arrest me . . . "No passport?" Take me to the French border. Kick me back here into France. Six times back and forth. Luigi, the human football. (*He grimaces. His two comrades laugh appreciatively.*) A man without a country. (*They laugh louder and slap him on the back. He laughs.*) Well, I can laugh now, too, thanks to Pablo. I meet him in jail. He gets me passport. Finds me this job with the union. I'm alive again, I belong.

PAB. (*leans across the table confidentially to* RUBASHOV). If you need any passports, I have a man will make you anything. A real artist.

RUB. (*nods*). Thanks. I'll remember that.

AL. (*half rises, significantly*). The comrade from Moscow has a message for us.

LU. For us? (*They all lean forward, intent.*)

RUB. In connection with this strike.

PAB. Ah! The strike? Don't worry. Nothing'll get by us.

LU. Sh, Pablo! (*To* RUBASHOV.) Your message?

RUB. As you know, our strength in the Soviet Union is the strength of the revolutionary movement all over the world.

PAB. (*hits the table with his fist*). You can count on us!

LU. Sh, Pablo! (*To* RUBASHOV.) The strike?

RUB. The Italian shipyards are completing two destroyers and a cruiser for us.

AL. For the Motherland of the Revolution!

RUB. The Italian Government has informed Moscow if we want these ships this strike must be called off at once.

PAB. What?

AND. You want us to call off this strike?

*The dockworkers look at each other, stunned, bewildered.*

LU. But Moscow called on the world for sanctions!

AL. The comrade from over there has explained this is in the interest of the defense of the Motherland of the Revolution.

PAB. (*angrily*). But the Fascists are taking on supplies to make war.

AND. To kill Ethiopian workers!

LU. To make slaves of them.

AL. Comrades, sentimentality gets us nowhere.

LU. (*gesticulates with his dirty handkerchief*). But this isn't right; we can't do this! It isn't fair, it isn't just, it isn't . . .

RUB. (*quickly, sharply*). It isn't according to the rules laid down by the Marquis of Queensberry? No, it isn't. But revolutions aren't won by "fair play" morality. That's fine in the lulls of history, but in the crises, there is only one rule: The end justifies the means.

LU. No, there are principles; the whole world looks to you back there for an example. . . . (*He coughs violently into the handkerchief.*)

AND. (*pointing at the scarlet stains on* LUIGI'S *handkerchief*). You see? Blood. He spits blood. Benito gave him that. And took two brothers in exchange. If you knew . . .

LU. That doesn't matter.

PAB. This is just scabbing.

AND. I vote to continue the strike.

PAB. Strike.

LU. Strike. The meeting is closed. (*He stands up.*)

RUB. (*rises quickly, decisively*). No, it isn't! I'm in authority now. We have a job to be done here and it will be done.

AL. In spite of agents provocateurs. (PABLO *reaches over, grabs* ALBERT *by the lapels of his coat, and shakes him.*)

LU. (*rises*). No, Pablo, stop that! Stop! (PABLO *releases* ALBERT. LUIGI *addresses* ALBERT:) Provocateurs? For who, in God's name?

AL. (*furious, his voice shrill*). For the Fascists.

PAB. Because we won't load their ships? You hear, Comrades. That's a joke—a rotten joke, isn't it?

LU. (*softly*). No, it's not a joke, Pablo; it's rotten, but it's not a joke. (*He looks up at the caricature of Mussolini.*) The joke is Benito brought me into socialism, me and my two brothers. We lived in Forli, 1911. Italy was starting a war with Tripoli. There was a big anti-war meeting, banners, posters. Benito took the platform. Benito, the humble socialist, in a dirty black suit and a bow tie. (*He imitates the crowd.*) "Bravo, Benito!" (*He mimics the gestures and facial expressions of Mussolini.*) "Fellow workers, militarism is our enemy! We hate war!" (*He becomes the crowd.*) "Bravo, Benito!" (*Again he is Mussolini.*) "We don't want iron discipline, we don't want colonial adventures! We want bread and schools and freedom." "Bravo, Benito!" (*He angrily admonishes the invisible crowd:*) "Don't applaud me! Don't follow me. I hate fetichism. Follow my words!" (*Softly, nodding to himself:*) Benito. (*He leans on the table; to* RUBASHOV:) We followed his words, my two brothers and I. Ten years later he gives my brothers the castor-oil treatment. To some that sounds like a joke, too. You know what happens when a quart of castor oil is poured down your throat? It tears your intestines to pieces, like you put them in a butcher's grinder, to little pieces. Two brothers I had. Not like me. Well-formed, beautiful, like Michelangelo carved them out of Carrara marble—one a David and one a Moses. I, the ugly one, I escaped. (*Softly, tenderly.*) Two brothers I had . . . and now (*fiercely*), Mother of God, I'm a Fascist! (*He coughs convulsively into his handkerchief.*) Back where I started with Benito. (*He spits at the caricature of Mussolini.*)

PAB. (*fervently*). I swear to God it's all true.

AND. Luigi's not a Fascist!

AL. (*rises, gesticulating with the long slender hands*). Now, Comrades, you're thinking mechanistically. Dialectically, the fact is that, whoever does not serve the long-distance aims of the Party is an enemy of the Party and therefore, even though he may think himself subjectively an anti-Fascist, he is in fact objectively a Fascist . . .

PAB. (*ironically seizes some dishes, tosses them into the air, juggles them, catches them, then proffers them to* ALBERT *with an ironic bow*). Here! You do it better than I.

RUB. (*rising*). The ships are to be unloaded tomorrow.

LU. Over my dead body.

PAB. And mine.

AND. And mine.

RUB. You can tear up your cards! (*Silence.*) The meeting is adjourned. (*Indicating the phone.*) Albert. (ALBERT *nods, crosses to the phone, picks it up.*)

LU. (*to the others*). Come. (*The three men leave,* LUIGI *coughing as he does.*)

AL. (*at phone*). André, Pablo, Luigi. Yes. Publish their pictures in tomorrow's press. Front page. Agents provocateurs. Any Party member who even talks to them will be dismissed at once.

RUB. Their passports!

AL. Ah, of course. (*On phone.*) Also notify the French police their papers here are forged. Arrange for their immediate arrest and deportation. (*He hangs up, grins smugly.*) That'll do it! Now little Luigi is really a man without a country!

RUB. (*stonily*). Yes. (ALBERT *laughs.* RUBASHOV *turns a withering look of revulsion on him, and then, unable to endure it, shouts at him:*) What the hell are you laughing at? What's so funny? (ALBERT'S *laughter dies in his throat. He looks pained and puzzled. With an exclamation of disgust* RUBASHOV *walks away.*)

*The scene fades.* RUBASHOV *is back in his cell, pacing nervously.*

RUB. Yes . . . We lived under the compulsion of working things out to their final conclusions. I thought and acted as I had to; I destroyed people I was fond of; I gave power to others I disliked . . . Well—History put you in that position, Rubashov. What else could you do? . . . But, I've exhausted the credit she gave me. Was I right? Was I wrong? I don't know. . . . The fact is, Rubashov, you no longer believe in your infallibility. That's why you're lost.

*A tapping.* RUBASHOV *crosses to the wall and replies. The lights come up on* 402.

402 (*taps*). Knew something was happening.

RUB. (*taps*). Explain.

402 (*taps*). Executions.

RUB. (*to himself*). Executions? (*Taps.*) Who?

402 (*taps*). Don't know.

RUB. (*taps*). What time?

402 (*taps*). Soon. Pass it on.

RUB. (*goes to another wall of his cell, taps, receives an answering click, then he taps out the message*). Executions soon. Pass it on. (*To himself, pacing.*) Perhaps this time it is you, Rubashov. Well, so long as they do it quickly. (*He stops, rubs his swollen cheek thoughtfully.*) But is that right? You can still save yourself. One word—"Confess." (*Fiercely.*) What does it matter what you say or what you sign? Isn't the important thing to go on? Isn't that all that matters?—To go on? (*An agonized look appears on his face, as an unbidden memory rises.*)

*Faint strains of music.* LUBA'S *voice humming the melody of the "Appassionata." The prison vanishes. We are in* LUBA'S *room. It is a bright Sunday afternoon. The sun is pouring through the window, flooding the room with golden warmth.* LUBA, *kneeling, is snipping sprays of apple blossoms from a large bough spread out on a cloth laid on the floor. She is pruning the twigs preparatory to arranging them in a vase on the table. She hums happily.* RUBASHOV *enters, stands, watching her. She turns.*

LUBA. Oh! I didn't hear you come in. (*She rises, goes to him, holding out the flowers as an offering.*)

RUB. (*touches them*). Beautiful! Where did you get them?

LUBA. I took a long walk this morning in the country. They were lying on the ground. The branch had broken off an old apple tree. (LUBA *notices that* RUBASHOV'S *face is strained and lined with fatigue.*) You look tired.

RUB. I am. I've been walking too.

LUBA. Not in the country?

RUB. No.

LUBA (*crosses to the table, arranges the flowers in the vase*). If you want to walk you should go out to the country. (*Disposing of the flowers, she opens a drawer, takes out a bar of chocolate and hands it to him.*) Yesterday was my lucky day.

RUB. Chocolate?

LUBA (*triumphantly*). Two bars. I ate one. They were the last in the store. I stood in line three hours. I had to battle for them, but I won.

RUB. (*softly, under the strain of some deep emotion*). Thank you.

LUBA (*kneels, cutting more sprays off the branch, reminiscing*). We had some apple trees at home. On Sundays we'd help Father prune them. There was one huge old tree so gnarled and full of bumps. We had a special affection for that tree. Tch, the pains Father took to save it. We called it his "patient." (*Rises with the blooms.*) One spring morning he took us out to look at the "patient." It was blossom time. The other apple trees didn't have many blossoms that year—but the "patient" . . . You've never seen so many blossoms on one tree. It took our breath away. The tree was all covered with blooms like snow. Then Father said, "I'm going to lose my patient."

RUB. Why'd he say that?

LUBA. An apple tree puts out its most beautiful bloom just before it dies.

RUB. I didn't know that.

LUBA. It's true. The next year the "patient" was gone.

RUB. Oh!

LUBA. When I'm working at the factory, everything seems matter-of-fact; but whenever I go out to the country, the world suddenly becomes full of mystery. (LUBA *looks at* RUBASHOV. *He sits slowly, a strained expression on his face.*) What is it? What's wrong?

RUB. (*shakes his head*). Troubles.

LUBA. At the factory?

RUB. (*tastes the chocolate*). There too. All over. Upheavals. (*He glances at the chocolate evasively.*) This chocolate is made of soya beans. Tastes almost like real chocolate. (*He sighs, pauses.*) Luba . . .

LUBA. Yes?

RUB. (*carefully places the chocolate on the table, speaks softly, deliberately*). Orders came in late yesterday, after you left. You'll have to report back to Moscow. (LUBA'S *hand, lifting a spray of blossoms to the vase, freezes in midair.*) You're to leave tonight.

LUBA. Tonight?

RUB. (*evading her glance*). Those are the orders. There's a train at ten o'clock.

LUBA (*trying desperately to control her*

*mounting terror*). Why am I being sent back there?

RUB. They're investigating the files and production records.

LUBA. How long will I be gone?

RUB. I don't know that, Luba.

LUBA. Why didn't you tell me last night?

RUB. I wanted to find out what it is about.

LUBA. But I've so much work at the office to clean up. So many . . .

RUB. (*rises*). It's hurried, I know. But that's the way the Bureau does things.

LUBA. What have I done wrong?

RUB. Nothing.

LUBA. Has my work been unsatisfactory?

RUB. It's been excellent.

LUBA (*the terror in her voice now*). Then why am I being sent back?

RUB. (*patiently, soothingly*). I told you, they're examining the books.

LUBA (*dully wiping her wet hands on a cloth*). Someone else will take on my job here?

RUB. Only while you're gone.

LUBA (*turns to* RUBASHOV, *childishly*). I don't want to go.

RUB. You have to, Luba.

LUBA (*crossing to* RUBASHOV, *pleading*). Can't you help me?

RUB. You understand, I have enemies. It would look bad for you, if I interceded.

LUBA. For me?

RUB. For both of us. As if I wanted to conceal something.

LUBA (*her love and her fear for him taking precedent, she studies him*). You're not in any trouble?

RUB. No.

LUBA. You're sure?

RUB. Yes. (*There is a long pause.*)

LUBA (*very simply and directly*). They're not going to arrest me?

RUB. Of course not.

LUBA. I'm frightened. (*She sits, looks about helplessly, a trapped animal.*)

RUB. (*goes to her, places his hands soothingly on her shoulders*). There's no need to be. If they should interrogate you, tell them the truth. You have nothing to fear. Just tell them the truth.

LUBA (*whispers*). I'm frightened. (*Suddenly the waves of panic explode, and she cries out:*) I'm not going to Moscow. I just won't go.

RUB. (*quickly, trying to control the panic*). Then it would look as if you had done something wrong, wouldn't it?

LUBA (*turns to* RUBASHOV, *hysterically*). But I haven't, I haven't.

RUB. I know that, Luba.

LUBA (*her hysteria mounting, her body trembling, her voice becoming shrill*). Oh God! I want to run away. I want to hide! I want to run away.

RUB. (*grips her arms tightly*). Nothing's going to happen to you. Understand? There are no charges against you. Nothing's going to happen. Nothing, nothing! (*He holds her tight and kisses her. She clings to him with all her strength, wildly, passionately returning his embrace. Then she goes limp, withdraws, looks at him, smiles sadly, shakes her head.*)

LUBA. I'm sorry. I'm stupid. (*She turns to gather up the flowers from the floor.*) I'll be all right. (*Kneeling.*) Ten o'clock?

RUB. Ten o'clock.

LUBA. The tickets? And my travel warrant? (RUBASHOV *plucks them out of his pocket and hands them to her. She takes them quietly. She rises, and, tonelessly:*) I'll have to pack now.

RUB. Yes. I'll go.

LUBA. Not yet.

RUB. It would be best . . . for both of us, at this time.

LUBA. Yes, I suppose so. (*She looks at the bouquet of blossoms in her hands.*) Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could just say "No" to them? If we could come and go as we wished, all of us?

RUB. But we can't, Luba. That would be anarchy. We haven't the right. (*He crosses into the shadows.*)

LUBA (*almost inaudibly*). No. Of course not. We haven't the right.

LUBA, *flowers, room and sunlight, all fade away, leaving* RUBASHOV *alone in his dank cell, talking to himself.*

RUB. And have *I* the right to say "No"? Even now? Have I the right to leave—to walk out, to die out of mere tiredness, personal disgust and vanity? Have I this right?

*The lights come up in the other cells. The prisoners, ears to the wall, are listening for*

*the news.* 202 *has just received a message. He crosses to* 302's *wall.*

202 (*taps*). They're reading death sentence to him now. Pass it on. (*He shuttles back to the other post to listen.*)

302 (*crosses, taps on* 402's *wall*). They're reading death sentence to him now. Pass it on. (*Shuttles back to listen.*)

402 (*taps*). They're reading death sentence now. Pass it on.

RUB. (*taps*). Who is he? (*But* 402 *has crossed back to listen to the next message.* RUBASHOV *crosses to the rear wall, taps.*) They're reading death sentence to him now. Pass it on. (RUBASHOV *crosses back to* 402's *wall to listen.*)

202 (*crosses to wall, taps to* 302). They are bringing him, screaming and hitting out. Pass it on. (202 *returns to his other post, listening.*)

302 (*crosses, taps to* 402). They are bringing him, screaming and hitting out. Pass it on. (302 *returns to his other post.*)

402 (*taps to* RUBASHOV). They are bringing him, screaming and hitting out. Pass it on.

RUB. (*taps, urgently*). Who is he? (*But* 402 *has gone back to the opposite wall to listen for more news.* RUBASHOV *shuffles over to the rear wall and taps.*) They are bringing him, screaming and hitting out. Pass it on. (*Then he moves back to* 402's *wall and taps insistently:*) Who is he? (402 *crosses to* RUBASHOV's *wall, listening.* RUBASHOV, *very clearly:*) What's his name?

402 (*taps*). Mischa Bogrov.

RUB. (*suddenly becomes faint; wipes the sweat from his forehead and for a moment braces himself against the wall; walks slowly to the rear wall and leans heavily against it as he taps through to* 402). Mischa Bogrov, former sailor on Battleship Potemkin, Commander of the Baltic Fleet, bearer of Order of Red Banner, led to execution! Pass it on.

202 (*taps*). Now! (*He crosses to the door and starts drumming on the iron surface.*)

302 (*taps*). Now! (*He crosses to the door and starts drumming on the iron surface.*)

402 (*taps*). Now! (*He crosses to the door and starts drumming on the iron surface.*)

RUB. (*taps*). Now! (*Drags himself across the cell and starts drumming on the door's iron surface.*)

*The prison becomes vibrant with the low beat of subdued drumming. The men in the cells who form the acoustic chain stand behind their doors like a guard of honor in the dark, create a deceptive resemblance to the muffled solemn sound of the roll of drums, carried by the wind from the distance. At the far end of the corridor, the grinding of iron doors becomes louder. A bunch of keys jangles. The iron door is shut again. The drumming rises to a steady, muffled crescendo. Sliding and squealing sounds approach quickly, a moaning and whimpering like the whimpering of a child is heard. Shadowy figures enter the field of vision. Two dimly lit figures, both in uniform, drag between them a third whom they hold under their arms. The middle figure hangs slack and yet with doll-like stiffness in their grasp, stretched out its full length, face turned to the ground, belly arched downwards, the legs trailing after, the shoes scraping on the toes. Whitish strands of hair hang over the face, the mouth is open. As they turn the corner of the corridor and open the trapdoor to the cellar, we see that this tortured, mangled face is* BOGROV'S. GLETKIN *now appears, whispers in his ear.* BOGROV *straightens up, looks about, flings off his captors for a moment and moans out some vowels.*

BOG. Oo . . . a . . . ah; Oo . . . a . . . ah! (*Then, with a mighty effort, he articulates the word and bellows out:*) Rubashov! Rubashov!

RUB. (*pounds on his door like a madman, screaming*). Mischa! Mischa!

*The other prisoners accelerate their drumming.* BOGROV *is dragged through the cellar-door; it clangs shut, and we can hear his voice as he is being dragged down to the execution cellar, growing fainter and fainter, calling "Rubashov! Rubashov!" Gradually the drumming dies down, the other prisoners vanish, a deep terrible silence settles on the prison.* RUBASHOV *stands in the middle of his cell, clutching his stomach to prevent himself from vomiting. He staggers to his cot, collapses on it, and is enveloped by complete darkness.*

*There is a long silence. From somewhere above a prisoner cries out, "Arise, ye wretched of the earth!"*

*The electric light in* RUBASHOV'S *cell is suddenly turned on.* IVANOFF *is standing next to his bed with a bottle of brandy and a glass.*

RUBASHOV, *his eyes glazed, is staring, unseeing, into space.*

IVAN. You feel all right?

RUB. It's hot! Open the window! (*He looks up at* IVANOFF.) Who are you?

IVAN. Would you like some brandy? (RUBASHOV'S *eyes follow him, dull, uncomprehending.* IVANOFF *pours a drink, extends it to* RUBASHOV. *Sits next to him.*) Drink this. (IVANOFF *holds the glass, feeding the drink to* RUBASHOV.)

RUB. (*finishes the drink, looks at him*). You been arrested too?

IVAN. No. I only came to visit you. (*He places the bottle and the glass on the floor.*) I think you're ill. Are you in pain?

RUB. No.

IVAN. Your cheek is swollen. I think you've a fever.

RUB. Give me a cigarette. (IVANOFF *gives him a cigarette, lights it for him.* RUBASHOV *inhales the smoke deeply, hungrily. After a few moments of this, his eyes come into focus, his breathing becomes a little more regular, and he looks at* IVANOFF *who is patiently blowing smoke rings.*) What time is it?

IVAN. Two thirty A.M.

RUB. How long have I been here?

IVAN. Five weeks tomorrow.

RUB. (*examines* IVANOFF. *He is beginning to think quite clearly now*). What are you doing here?

IVAN. I want to talk to you. Some more brandy? (*Picks up the bottle.*)

RUB. (*the iron creeping into his voice*). No, thank you.

IVAN. Lie down. Rest!

RUB. (*sits up, spits out*). You pimp! Get out of here. You're a pimp like all the rest of them! You disgust me—you and your filthy tricks.

IVAN. Tricks? (*Pours a drink.*)

RUB. (*raging*). You drag him by my cell—Bogrov—or what you've left of him, and when my bowels are split open, a savior appears with a bottle of brandy. You think I can be taken in by a cheap trick like that? You think you can wheedle a confession out of me with a bottle of brandy?

IVAN. (*smiles and shows his gold teeth*). You really believe that I have such a primitive mind?

RUB. Take your whorish mind the hell out of here! It stinks! It's choking me.

IVAN. (*drinks*). Very well. I'll go if you want me to.

RUB. You cannot begin to understand how you disgust me. All of you.

IVAN. But first, you listen to me for one second.

RUB. (*shouts*). I don't want to hear any more . . .

IVAN. (*outshouts him*). I'm afraid you'll have to! (*Pause, gently.*) Now listen—logically and calmly, if you can. First, to remove any doubts, Bogrov has already been shot!

*There is a long silence as* RUBASHOV *absorbs this news, then:*

RUB. (*low, strangulated*). Good!

IVAN. He was also tortured for several days.

RUB. That was obvious.

IVAN. It was meant to be. But not by me. (*Sits next to* RUBASHOV, *placing the bottle on the floor.*) I'm going to put my life in your hands, Kolya. (RUBASHOV *looks at him.*) If you mention what I tell you, to anyone, I am done for. This filthy trick, as you call it, was arranged by my young colleague, Gletkin, against my instructions. I would never make this mistake, not out of concern for you, but because it's bad psychology. You've recently been suffering humanitarian scruples? A scene with Bogrov could only intensify them. Obvious? Only a fool like Gletkin makes such mistakes. He's been urging me to use his methods on you too!

RUB. You can torture me; it will get you no results.

IVAN. Won't it? (*He smiles cynically, reaches for the bottle.*) You don't know Gletkin. (*He fills the glass, studies it.*) He's something new in the world—the Neanderthal Man! He came after the flood. He had no umbilical cord to the past. He was born without a navel. He doesn't approve of us old apes in general, and of *you* in particular. (*He shakes his head at* RUBASHOV.) It seems the other day you showed him your behind. He didn't like that. (*Ominously.*) He wants to lay his big hands on you.

RUB. I'm quite prepared to die.

IVAN. But I'm not prepared to let you die. Your martyrdom, Kolya, will consist of not being allowed to become a martyr. That's not why you're here. We need you, and we need

you logical, because when you've thought the whole thing out clearly, then, but only then, will you make your confession. Am I right?

RUB. Go away, it's no use.

IVAN. Do you believe that I'm telling you the truth? (*Pause.*) Do you?

RUB. Yes . . . I suppose so.

IVAN. Then why do you want me to go? (*He bends forward, pushing his face into* RUBASHOV'S, *mockingly.*) Because you are afraid of me, because my way of reasoning is your way and you're afraid of the echoes in your own head.

RUB. (*impatiently*). I've had enough of this reasoning. We've been running amok with it for thirty years. Enough.

IVAN. Get thee behind me, Satan. (*Rises, goes to the door, peers out the judas-hole, turns back.*) In the old days temptation was carnal. It took the form of little naked women running around shaking their things in your face. Today it's cerebral. It takes the form of naked reason pushing facts in your face. Values change. (*He drinks.*)

RUB. Why was Bogrov tortured?

IVAN. He was stubborn like you.

RUB. Did you hear him whimpering?

IVAN. No. I didn't hear it. But I've heard and seen others. (*He wheels on* RUBASHOV, *stabbing an accusing finger at him.*) And so have you! And so have you, my General! (*He hobbles to* RUBASHOV, *face thrust forward, accusingly.*) What of it? A conscience is as unsuited to a revolutionary as a double chin. Since when did N. S. Rubashov develop this bourgeois conscience? Hm? When? (*Pause.*) Shall I tell you? The day, the hour, the minute? Nine months, two weeks ago—at 3:10 A.M.—when your little secretary, Luba Loshenko, was shot!

RUB. Bogrov's dead, she's dead. You can afford a little pity.

IVAN. I have many vices:—I drink; for a time, as you know, I took drugs; but so far I've avoided the vice of pity. One drop of that and a revolutionary's lost. (*He fills his glass.*) The great temptation! To renounce violence, to make peace with ourselves . . . Hm? (*He drinks.*) I prefer my synthetic ecstasy in a glass. You get over it in the morning.

RUB. (*after a long silence, shakes his head, murmurs sadly*). Our golden dream! (*Then savagely:*) What a stinking mess we've made of it.

IVAN. (*setting down the glass, articulates carefully*). Have we? (*He lights a fresh cigarette.*) We've taken the land from the landlords. (*He blows a smoke ring.*) We've freed them from industrial exploitation. (*He blows another.*) For the first time in history a revolution is functional.

RUB. Functional? (*He jumps to his feet, furious.*) So functional in taking the land, in one year, we let five million farmers and their families die of starvation! Deliberately. So functional (*He begins to pace up and down.*) in freeing the people from industrial exploitation we sent ten million of them to forced labor under worse conditions than galley slaves. (*He plucks off his spectacles nervously and waves them at* IVANOFF.) So functional, to settle a difference of opinion, the omnipotent Leader knows only one argument—Death!—whether it's a matter of submarines, manure, or the party-line in Indo-China. Death! (*He replaces his spectacles and glares at* IVANOFF.)

IVAN. (*rises, belligerently*). That woman has really given you softening of the brain! What of the millions who die of starvation in China and India, of tuberculosis in rice fields, cotton plantations . . . ?

RUB. In negatives we agree. Where has it led us?

IVAN. Well, where?

RUB. Our standard of living is lower than the most backward country in Europe. Labor conditions are harder; discipline's more inhuman. Our country is run by the police. (*Again he plucks off the glasses for emphasis.*) We've torn the living skin off our people and left them standing with bare tissues, muscles and nerves quivering.

IVAN. Well, and what of it? (*With warmth and conviction.*) Don't you find that wonderful? Has anything more wonderful ever happened in history? We're tearing the old skin off mankind and giving it a new one! That's not an occupation for people with weak nerves, but there was a time it filled you with enthusiasm.

RUB. I know.

IVAN. Look at the pamphlets put out by the anti-vivisectionists. When you read how some

poor cur who has just had his liver cut out, whines and licks his tormentor's hand, it breaks your heart. But if we listened to these sentimentalists we'd have no cures for typhus, cholera, diphtheria . . .

RUB. I know, I know, I know. (*He turns away, sits, moodily.*)

IVAN. (*following him, persistently*). Of course you do. Better than I. And you still insist on being a martyr? (*He waits for an answer. Finally he throws up his hands and growls in disgust:*) All right. Have it your way. (*He picks up the bottle and glass.*) If you must throw yourself into the dust-bin of history, I can't stop you. Go. Let Gletkin have you. You're his. (*He turns to the door, pauses, turns back. His voice becomes soft.*) Only tell me, why? Why are you so in love with death? It stinks! Why do you want to die?

RUB. (*hoarsely*). I don't want to die. No one does.

IVAN. You act as if you do.

RUB. It's a fake. (*He clutches his throat.*) From here up, I'm resigned. From here down, I'm frightened.

IVAN. Yet I offer you your life.

RUB. On what terms?

IVAN. The only terms that matter. To go on being useful. (*He places the bottle on the floor and fumbles in his pocket.*)

RUB. To act the fool in public trial? No, thanks. The terms are too high.

IVAN. (*taking out an official communication, pushes it under* RUBASHOV'S *nose*). Here's a confidential report I received today. (RUBASHOV *takes it, glances at it.*) Read between the lines.

RUB. (*dryly*). I need no instructions, thank you. (*Studies the document.*)

IVAN. What do you see?

RUB. War! It's coming.

IVAN. How soon?

RUB. Depends on how we play our cards. Perhaps years, perhaps months.

IVAN. The last war gave us Russia, Kolya; the next gives us the world. Or does it?

RUB. It could, if . . .

IVAN. If . . . ? Good! (*He sits next to him.*) There's a breach in the Party, in the whole country; the people are restless, dissatisfied; our economy is in pieces. The breach must be mended first; and you, and those who think like you, must mend it!

RUB. Hence the trials! (*Hands him back the document, contemptuously.*) They're better than the opera or the theatre.

IVAN. The goal, Kolya. It's coming. Nearer. Listen. You can hear it on the wind. And when that day comes . . .

RUB. The Gletkins take over.

IVAN. They're brutes. They don't count.

RUB. (*plucking off his spectacles and glaring at* IVANOFF). Who made them brutes? We did! Their Byzantine leader worship is frightening. Their cultivated ignorance is disgusting.

IVAN. Would they have been any use to us any other way?

RUB. You'd trust our revolution to them?

IVAN. Why do you think I'm risking my neck to save you? It's your brain I want to save. When the day comes, your brain will be needed. We'll get rid of them. You'll be needed more than ever!

RUB. (*studies him, replaces his spectacles, shakes his head*). If I thought that . . .

IVAN. (*strongly*). Think it! Think it! (*He watches* RUBASHOV *wrestle with the thought, then leans forward, and softly:*) What other choice have you? To become a Christian martyr? For the Western democracies?

RUB. (*rises, angrily*). What are you talking about, "the Western democracies"? What have I to do with those decadent humanists —those phantoms of religion and superstition?

IVAN. (*pressing his point, sharpening his irony*). Do you want their liberal press, that hated your guts while you were alive, to sanctify you after your death?

RUB. The liberal press? Those puking jackals of holy property? What have I to do with them? I'd rather be two feet of manure in a Russian field. (*He nervously polishes the glasses with his shirt.*)

IVAN. Nevertheless they'll put you in a stained-glass window. Saint Rubashov—the martyr for the Western world! Is that what you want?

RUBASHOV *looks at him, looks away, ponders, replaces the spectacles, sighs. For a long time he stands there, head bowed, wrapped in thought.* IVANOFF *watches him patiently.*

RUB. (*finally, wearily*). I'll think it over.

IVAN. (*triumphantly picks up his bottle,*

*rises, and going to the judas-hole, calls*). Guard! (*He turns back to* RUBASHOV, *beaming.*) You old war-horse. You've had an attack of nerves. (*The* GUARD *opens door.*) But that's over now. Go to bed. Get some sleep. You'll need a clear head tomorrow when we make up your statement.

RUB. (*frowning*). I said I'll think it over.

IVAN. (*nods, laughs*). Good night, Kolya.

RUB. Good night, Sascha.

IVANOFF *goes.* RUBASHOV *stands, thinking, thinking. In the corridor,* IVANOFF *sees* GLETKIN, *leaning against the wall, watching* RUBASHOV'S *cell.*

IVAN. (*crosses to* GLETKIN, *with supreme contempt*). What genius inspired you tonight? (*Pause. He blows a smoke ring.*) It's all right. He'll confess. But I had to sweat blood to repair the damage you did. You are all still suffering from personal feelings. In his place you'd be even more stubborn.

GLET. I have some backbone, which he hasn't.

IVAN. But you're an idiot! For that answer alone, you ought to be shot before he is! (*He blows a cloud of cigarette smoke directly into* GLETKIN'S *face, shows his gold teeth in a grin of utter disdain, and hobbles off down the corridor.*)

GLETKIN *stands there as if he were made of stone, the face completely without expression, then he raises his hand and waves aside the fumes of smoke with a sudden, quick gesture.*

[DIM-OUT AND CURTAIN]

## ACT THREE

SCENE: RUBASHOV'S *cell; several days later.*

AT RISE: RUBASHOV *seated on the cot, his shoes off, his coat thrown over his shoulders, a pad of blank paper on his knee, is writing intently, completely absorbed. He pauses, chews his pencil, studies the page, writes rapidly. Alongside him is a stack of completed pages. The tensions and the fever appear to have abated. As he writes, three taps are heard from* 402'S *wall. He ignores them. Three more taps. Then three more. He glances up, annoyed, but continues to work. The taps now flow from* 402'S *wall rapidly and insistently in a staccato stream. With an exclamation of annoyance,* RUBASHOV *tears off the page he has just completed, lays it carefully on the pile next to him, rises and, crossing to the wall, taps. The lights come up on* 402.

402 (*taps*). I tried to talk to you all day. Why didn't you answer?

RUB. (*taps*). I've been busy.

402 (*taps*). How?

RUB. (*taps*). Writing.

402 (*taps*). What?

RUB. (*taps*). A new theory.

402 (*taps*). What about?

RUB. (*smiling ironically, taps*). The immaturity of the masses. The historical necessity for dictatorship.

402 (*taps*). Repeat!

RUB. (*taps*). Never mind.

402 (*taps*). What's happened?

RUB. (*taps*). I'm waiting for word. Upstairs.

402 (*taps*). Why?

RUB. (*taps*). I am confessing.

402 (*pauses, stunned by this volte-face, then angrily, taps*). I'd rather hang.

RUB. (*cynically, taps*). Each in his own way.

402 (*taps slowly*). I thought you an exception. Have you no honor?

RUB. (*taps*). Our ideas of honor differ.

402 (*taps*). Honor is to live and die for your beliefs.

RUB. (*taps*). I am living for mine.

402 (*taps louder and more sharply*). Honor is decency.

RUB. (*taps slowly, calmly*). What is decency?

402 (*very excited, taps*). Something your kind will never understand.

RUB. (*taps*). We have replaced decency by reason.

402 (*taps*). What reason?

RUB. (*taps*). Pure Reason.

402 (*taps*). You're pure son of bitch.

RUB. (*amused, chuckles and taps*). Flattery does not impress me.

402 (*taps*). I'll never talk to you again.

*The scene is interrupted by a jangling sound. The door of* RUBASHOV'S *cell is thrown open. A* YOUNG OFFICER *enters.*

OFF. Put on your shoes!

RUB. Well! It's about time! (*Crosses to the cot, sits and proceeds to put on his shoes, leisurely.*) I've been waiting on Commissar Ivanoff for several days.

OFF. Put on your shoes, and come with me.

RUB. You might have timed it a little more considerately. But I suppose you Neanderthal men only come out after midnight.

OFF. Don't talk so much. Just put on your shoes and hurry up.

RUB. (*looks at the* OFFICER, *smiles, shakes his head as he ties the laces*). Brutes! (*He rises, the* OFFICER *motions him out with a jerk of the head.* RUBASHOV *goes, remarking over his shoulder:*) But then you wouldn't be any use to us if you weren't, would you? (*Exit. The* OFFICER, *frowns, follows him out. The lights in the cell dim out.*)

402 (*watching at the judas-hole*). Son of a bitch! (*He crosses up to* 302's *wall, taps.*)

*The lights come up in the tier above.* 302 *is pacing. He stops at the sound of tapping, crosses, and listens.*

402 (*taps*). Rubashov is a filthy coward.

302 (*taps*). You're wrong. He's brave. My father told me.

402 (*taps*). Your father is mistaken . . .

302 (*taps*). What's he done?

402 (*taps*). He's saving his skin. He's confessing. They've taken him up now.

302 (*taps*). Oh, my God! Pray for me.

402 (*taps*). For you?

302 (*taps*). Yes, for me. (*He crosses, taps on* 202's *wall. The lights come up on* 202, *who responds and listens.* 302 *taps.*) Rubashov confessing. Pass it on.

202 (*groans, crosses to opposite wall, taps*). Rubashov confessing. Pass it on . . .

*The tappings multiply and the murmur "Rubashov confessing, Rubashov confessing," echoes back and forth through the prison. The cells dim out slowly as the lights come up on* IVANOFF'S *office. Seated at the desk, his chair wheeled around, his back to us, is a man in uniform, apparently* IVANOFF. RUBASHOV *enters, accompanied by the* GUARD. *There is a faint ironic smile on* RUBASHOV'S *lips as he enters. The man seated at the desk swings his chair round to face* RUBASHOV. *It's not* IVANOFF, *it's* GLETKIN! *He looks at* RUBASHOV, *stony-faced. The smile on* RUBASHOV'S *lips vanish, he pauses in his stride, looks about quickly. Near* GLETKIN *a grim-lipped young woman, obviously a secretary, sits, sharpening her pencils.*

GLET. (*rises, waves the* GUARD *out*). Shut the door! (*The* GUARD *goes, shutting the door behind him.* GLETKIN *turns to a heavy floor lamp nearby and switches it on. There is a humming sound, and a fierce, white light strikes* RUBASHOV *full in the eyes. He jerks his face away as if he'd been struck, then turns back to face* GLETKIN, *squinting and shielding his eyes with his hand.* GLETKIN *sits, picks up some official documents.*) We will proceed with with your examination. You wish to make a full confession?

RUB. (*takes off his glasses and wipes his eyes*). Yes. To Commissar Ivanoff. Not to you.

GLET. You will make your confession to me, here and now, or this investigation is closed, and you will be sentenced at once. Those are my orders from above. (RUBASHOV *puts on his spectacles and tries to meet* GLETKIN'S *gaze, but the harsh light blinds him. He removes his glasses again.*) You have your choice. Which is it?

RUB. (*avoiding the light*). I am ready to make a statement.

GLET. Sit there.

RUB. On one condition. (*He turns to* GLETKIN *firmly, even though he has to almost shut his eyes.*) Turn off that dazzle-light! Save these devices for gangsters.

GLET. (*calmly*). You're in no position to make conditions. The fact is you are charged with being the worst kind of "gangster."

RUB. (*controls his anger*). Exactly what are these charges? Please read them to me. Up till now this hasn't been done.

GLET. Very well. Sit here! (RUBASHOV *sits in the chair upon which the dazzle-light has been trained.* GLETKIN *reads the official statement in a rapid monotone.*) "Enemy of the People Nicolai Semonovitch Rubashov, you are charged with being a counter-revolutionary in the pay of hostile, foreign governments; of having, at the instigation of their agents, committed such acts of treason and wreckage as to cause vital shortages—undermining the military power of the U.S.S.R. You are also charged with having incited an accomplice to attempt the assassination of the Leader of the Party. I.e., you are charged with crimes covered by Articles 58-1A; 58-2; 58-7; 58-9 and 58-11 of the Criminal Code." (*He drops the official papers and looks up.*) You've heard the charges? You plead guilty?

RUB. (*turns to face him, shielding his eyes with his hand*). I plead guilty to having fallen out of step with historical necessity. I plead guilty to bourgeois sentimentality. I plead guilty to having wanted an immediate alleviation of the Terror, and extension of freedom to the masses. (*The secretary who is writing this in shorthand smiles contemptuously.* RUBASHOV *glances at her.*) Don't be cynical, young woman. (*To* GLETKIN.) I now realize fully that the regime is right and I am wrong. The times demand a tightening of the dictatorship; any sentimental aberrations at the present moment in history could become suicide. In this sense can you call me a counter-revolutionary, but in this sense only. With the insane charges made in the accusation I have nothing to do. I do deny them categorically.

GLET. Have you finished?

RUB. I deny that I, Rubashov, ever plotted against my country. I deny that I am in the pay of a foreign government. I deny any act of sabotage. I deny ever having taken the least part in any act of terror against the Leader of the Party. (*To the stenographer, quietly:*) Have you all that, young woman?

GLET. Have you finished?

RUB. I have finished.

GLET. Wipe your lips then. They're slimy with lies. Lies! Lies! Vomit! (*He snatches a thick dossier off the desk and cracks* RUBASHOV *across the face with it.*) The statement you have just made is vomit. Enough nobility! Enough posturing! Enough strutting! What we demand of you is not high talk, but a full confession of your real crimes!

RUB. (*his hand to his face, breathing hard, biting back the indignation, fighting for control*). I cannot confess to crimes I have not committed.

GLET. (*pressing a button on the desk*). Oh, no, that you cannot. (*The* GUARD *enters, bringing in* 302, *whose eyes at once fix on* GLETKIN, *and who moves and talks like a sleepwalker. There is something in his manner of the helpless child, desperately eager to be "good" and to please.* GLETKIN *dismisses the* GUARD *with a nod, then points to a spot on the floor.*) Step over here. (*Immediately* 302 *nods and shuffles over to stand correctly as designated.* GLETKIN *crosses above the desk. To* RUBASHOV:) Do you know this person? (*Pause. Harshly.*) You will please pay attention! Do you know this person?

RUB. The light's in my eyes.

GLET. (*softly*). Stand up! (RUBASHOV *hesitates.* GLETKIN *roars:*) Stand up! (RUBASHOV *rises.*) Step over there! (*He points to* 302. RUBASHOV *walks up closer.*) Do you recognize him now?

RUB. (*shielding his eyes from the blinding light, scrutinizes* 302, *then shakes his head*). No.

GLET. You've never met him before?

RUB. (*hesitates*). Mm . . . No.

GLET. You hesitated. Why?

RUB. (*studies* 302's *face*). I don't place him.

GLET. Your memory was once proverbial in the Party. (*A long pause.*) You refuse to answer?

RUB. I do not refuse to answer. I simply do not place him.

GLET. Good. Sit down. (RUBASHOV *sits.* GLETKIN *turns to* 302.) Help Citizen Rubashov's memory. Where did you last meet him?

302. Citizen Rubashov instigated me to murder the Leader of the Party by poison . . .

GLET. (*irritably*). I didn't ask you that. I asked you where you last met him.

RUB. (*smiles grimly and mutters*). Wrong lever.

GLET. (*turns on him, snaps*). What?

RUB. The automatic barrel organ played the wrong tune.

GLET. (*ominously*). I warn you. Remember where you are. We want none of your so-called wit. (*Nods to* 302.)

302. I met Citizen Rubashov in Brussels.

GLET. Can you remember the date?

302: Distinctly. It was on the 17th anniversary of the Revolution. At his apartment!

RUB. (*studying* 302, *suddenly puts his hand to his forehead*). Yes, of course. The date is correct. I didn't recognize Joseph Kieffer. (*To* GLETKIN.) Congratulations!

GLET. You admit you knew him then? You met him on the day and occasion aforementioned?

RUB. (*his eyes glued to the terrible spectacle of* 302's *mangled, ghost-like mask*). I've just told you that. If you'd informed me at once that he was the son of my unfortunate friend, Professor Kieffer, I'd have identified him sooner.

GLET. (*turns to* 302). How did this meeting come about?

302. After the reception at the Legation my father took me up to Citizen Rubashov's apartment.

GLET. (*nods*). Go on.

302. He and my father hadn't seen each other for years. They talked about the early days of the Revolution.

GLET. They were drinking?

302. Yes. They drank and talked. (*A far-away look and a gentle smile illumine his face at the memory.*) In the last few years I've never seen my father in such a good mood.

GLET. (*quietly*). That was three months before the discovery of your father's counter-revolutionary crimes and his execution!

302 *darts a glance at him, licks his lips, and stands there dumb.* RUBASHOV *turns to* GLETKIN *on a sudden impulse, but, blinded by the light, he shuts his eyes and turns slowly away, taking off his spectacles and wiping them on his sleeve. The secretary's pencil scratches on the paper and stops. After a long pause* 302 *regains himself.*

302. Yes.

GLET. Proceed! Repeat their conversation. Only essentials.

302. He said . . .

GLET. Rubashov?

302. Yes. Rubashov said, since the Boss sat on the Party with his broad posterior, the air underneath was no longer breathable. He said they must hold tight and wait the hour.

GLET. What did he mean by that? "Wait the hour"?

302. The hour in which the Leader would be eliminated. (RUBASHOV *smiles.*)

GLET. These reminiscences seem to amuse you.

RUB. Two old friends get a little drunk, talk carelessly, and you make a conspiracy.

GLET. So Rubashov spoke of the hour in which the Leader of the Party would be eliminated? How eliminated?

302. My father said some day the Party would force him to resign.

GLET. And Rubashov?

302. Laughed. He said the Boss had made the Party bureaucracy his puppets. He said the Boss could only be removed by force.

RUB. By this I meant political action.

GLET. As opposed to what?

RUB. Individual terrorism.

GLET. In other words, you preferred civil war?

RUB. No, mass action.

GLET. Which leads to civil war. Is that the distinction on which you place so much value?

RUB. (*loses patience, shouting*). I cannot think straight with that damned light in my eyes.

GLET. (*outshouts him*). I can't change the lighting in this room to suit you. (*To* 302, *quietly.*) So Rubashov said they had to use violence? (302 *nods.*) And his wild talk, plus the alcohol he'd fed you, inflamed you?

302 (*after a pause*). I didn't drink, but he—yes, he made a deep impression on me.

GLET. And later that evening he outlined his plan for you to murder the Leader? (302 *is silent. He blinks into the light.* RUBASHOV *raises his head. A pause, during which one hears only the lamp humming.*) Would you like your memory refreshed?

302 (*quivers as though struck by a whip*). It didn't happen that evening, but next morning.

RUB. (*to* GLETKIN). I believe the defendant has the right to ask questions.

GLET. (*fiercely*). You have no rights here! (*He leans forward to make some notations, and after a brief pause, without looking up.*) Go ahead! Ask your questions.

RUB. (*rises, steps toward* 302, *very gently*). Now, Joseph, if I remember correctly, your father received the Order of Lenin the day after the celebration of the 17th anniversary of the Revolution.

302 (*whispers*). Yes.

RUB. (*gently*). So that is correct. If I again remember rightly, Joseph, you were with him at the time he received it. (302 *nods.*) And as I recall it, the Order was presented at Moscow. Right, Joseph? (302 *nods.* RUBASHOV *pauses, turns to* GLETKIN.) Professor Kieffer took a midnight plane and young Kieffer went with him. This alleged instigation to murder never took place because at the alleged moment young Kieffer was hundreds of miles away, high in the clouds.

*The secretary's pencil comes to a sudden standstill. She turns to* GLETKIN. 302, *his face*

*twisting with bewilderment and fear, also looks to* GLETKIN.

GLET. (*calmly*). Have you any more questions?

RUB. That is all for the present. (*Sits.*)

GLET. Now, Joseph—(*rises, assumes* RUBASHOV'S *gentleness, even exaggerates it, crosses to* 302)—did you leave with your father? Or did you, in fact, join him later after your rendezvous with Rubashov?

302 (*almost a sob of relief*). After! I joined my father later.

GLET. In time to be with him for the presentation?

302. Yes. Yes.

GLET. (*nods, turns to* RUBASHOV). Have you any more questions?

RUB. No.

GLET. (*turns to* 302). You may go.

302. Thank you . . .

GLET. (*calls*). Guard!

*A uniformed* GUARD *enters and leads* 302 *out. At the door* 302 *turns his head once more to* RUBASHOV. RUBASHOV *meets* 302's *imploring glance for a second, then turns away. Exit* 302.

RUB. (*angrily*). Poor devil! What have you done to him?

GLET. (*who has walked away, the full diameter of the room, turns, bellowing*). What can be done to you. (*And with incredible speed for such a huge man he hurls himself across the room, grabs* RUBASHOV *by the throat and pulls him to his feet.*) We have many ways of making a man tell the truth.

RUB. (*quickly*). Very well, what do you want me to sign? (GLETKIN *relaxes his grip.*) If you torture me I will sign anything you place before me. I will say anything you wish me to say at once. But tomorrow I will recant. At the public trial I'll stand up in open court and I'll cry out for all the world to hear, "They are drowning the Revolution in blood. Tyranny is afoot. She strides over our dead bodies." You've become quite pale. It would end your career, wouldn't it? You hold me by the throat, young man, but I hold you by the throat too. Remember that!

GLET. (*slowly releasing* RUBASHOV). Why do you make this so personal?

RUB. Death, even in an impersonal cause, is a personal matter. Death and promotions. (*Sits.*)

GLET. I am here only to serve the Party. I am nothing. (*He sits at the desk, gathering up his papers.*) The personal element in this case has been removed along with your friend Ivanoff.

RUB. (*his face clouding, apprehensively*). Removed?

GLET. There'll be no partial confessions; there'll be no bargains. We promise you nothing.

RUB. What's happened to Ivanoff?

GLET. Enemy of the people Ivanoff was executed early this morning.

RUB. (*after a long pause, nods to himself, murmurs*). I see. (*Looks up at* GLETKIN.) Why? Was it because of me?

GLET. Perhaps.

RUB. Perhaps he thought I was innocent.

GLET. Then he shouldn't have conducted your investigation.

RUB. (*sighs heavily, murmurs*). Go, Sascha. Go, in peace!

GLET. He was corrupt, like so many of your old guard, and his counter-revolutionary action in your examination . . .

RUB. (*jumps to his feet, all his pent-up feelings exploding*). Counter-revolutionary? You ignorant young ass! What the hell do you know about the Revolution or the old guard? When you were peeing in your diapers we were working and fighting and studying and writing one thing: Revolution! Revolution! Half our lives we lived like moles—underground; we rotted away in every prison in Europe; we knew poverty, we knew persecution, we knew starvation, but every living second we dreamed and built the Revolution with our blood and our bones! And now you have the gall to sit there and (*He waves his hand to the faded patches on the wall.*) spit at these, the heroes of your boyhood? Are you insane? Do you really believe that we have all suddenly become venal and corrupt?

GLET. (*leans forward, rising slowly, his face apoplectic*). Quiet! You washed-out, disgusting, rotten old man! You didn't make the Revolution—the Revolution made you. You adventurers rode along, scum on the flood of the people's uprising. But don't make any mistake! You never fooled our Leader! He used you, because he had to use whatever was at hand, but he knew you were defective.

That's why our Leader has taken such pains with us. We have learned to recognize your defectiveness by the smell of you. You were needed for a while like the white-collared intelligentsia after the Revolution. But a new generation is at the helm now and your day is over. Understand! There'll be no bargains! You, we offer nothing! You are going to die! The only question is whether you'll die uselessly, or whether you will confess and perform a last service for the Party. But, die you will, you understand?

RUB. (*stares at him. Something dies; something of the will, and the battle, and the spirit go out of* RUBASHOV *forever. He suddenly becomes a very tired, sick old man. He nods, whispers hoarsely*). I understand.

GLET. (*harshly, triumphant*). Then let's have no more arrogance. (*He pushes a button, picks up the phone.*) Next witness! (*The lights flicker, and as* RUBASHOV *slowly sits the scene vanishes.*)

*The lights come up on the tier of cells. We see* 402 *and the wraith-like* 302. *They are eating their meagre supper of black bread and cabbage soup.*

302 (*taps to* 402). Is Rubashov back yet?

402 (*taps*). No.

302 (*taps*). How long?

402 (*taps*). They've had him upstairs—it must be ten hours now.

302 (*taps*). I wonder are they torturing him now.

402 (*taps*). Why should they? He's confessed.

302 (*taps*). They want more than that from him.

402 (*taps*). What more is there?

302 (*taps*). There's more. I hope he understood. I think he did. I looked into his eyes before I left. He seemed to understand. My father used to talk so well of him. (*Suddenly overcome, to himself.*) Oh, my father, my father!

402 (*taps*). Eat your supper.

*The lights fade and the prisoners vanish. The lights come up again, revealing the office. A new* INTERROGATOR *and* SECRETARY *have replaced* GLETKIN *and the* YOUNG WOMAN. *As the scene appears the* INTERROGATOR, *red-eyed, perspiration-soaked, purple-faced, is standing over* RUBASHOV, *hammering away at him. On the verge of fainting from fatigue, white-faced as the ghosts that haunt him,* RUBASHOV *exerts every ounce of will power to resist the fanatical onslaught. The* SECRETARY *is also washed out with fatigue, his hair in disarray, his tie loosened.*

INTER. (*bellowing*). Is this true? Answer Yes or no!

RUB. I can't . . .

INTER. Yes or no!

RUB. Partially . . .

INTER. (*harshly*). Yes or no! Yes or no!

RUB. (*wearily*). Yes . . . Yes.

INTER. (*grunts*). Yes. Good. (*Returns to the chair at the desk, seats himself.*) And now we return to the Kieffer episode. (*Picks up the documents.*) You admit this conversation with Professor Kieffer? (*Pause. He glances up;* RUBASHOV'S *eyes have closed, his head fallen, rests on his chest. The* INTERROGATOR *shouts:*) You will pay attention!

RUB. (*opens his eyes, raises his head*). What?

INTER. Don't you feel well?

RUB. I'm all right.

INTER. (*with quiet threat*). Would you like me to call in the doctor?

RUB. (*quickly, alert again*). No.

INTER. Stand up! (RUBASHOV *pulls himself to his feet.*) Straight! Head up! Hands at your sides! At attention! (RUBASHOV *obeys.*) Perhaps that will keep you awake. You admit this conversation? Pause. Yes or no!

RUB. There were conversations.

INTER. I didn't ask you about conversations, I ask you about this one.

RUB. In Hegel's philosophy, every yes has a no and every no has a yes.

INTER. You're not here as a philosopher, you're here as a criminal. You'd better not talk about Hegel's philosophy. It'd be better first of all for Hegel. Do you admit this conversation? Yes or no.

RUB. Yes.

*The door opens,* GLETKIN *and his* SECRETARY *enter briskly. They are fresh and rested. She has changed her dress.* GLETKIN *carries an armful of books, with slips inserted.*

INTER. Yes. Good.

RUB. But I deny your conclusions.

GLET. (*interrupting*). That is to say you admit everything except the logical consequence of your admissions? (*He nods to the seated* SECRETARY, *who folds his note-book*

*and rises.* GLETKIN'S SECRETARY *occupies the chair and proceeds to make notes.*)

INTER. Stop this crude lying!

RUB. I'm not lying, young man.

GLET. (*crosses to the desk*). You've been here for ten hours poisoning the air with your Jesuit tactics. What do you expect to gain by this?

RUB. Gain? Nothing.

GLET. (*touches the* INTERROGATOR *who nods, rises*). Then admit your crimes and get it over with!

RUB. Admit to crimes I didn't commit? Even Danton in the French Revolution was allowed to defend himself.

INTER. (*now up out of the chair*). And what happened to the French Revolution?

GLET. (*sliding into the seat, leaning across the desk, without interrupting the interrogation. The effect is of a well-oiled machine*). Powdered pigtails declaiming about personal honor! All that mattered to Danton and Company was to go with a swan song. Is that what you want? (*The* INTERROGATOR *and the male* SECRETARY *exit, stretching, yawning wearily.*)

RUB. I certainly don't want to go howling like a wolf in the night.

GLET. Whether it does good or harm to the Cause, that doesn't matter?

RUB. My whole life has but a single purpose: to serve the Cause.

GLET. There's only one way you can serve it now. A full confession in open court. A voluntary confession of all these crimes.

RUB. (*sways, leans on the desk to support himself*). I've pleaded guilty to a false and harmful policy. Isn't that enough?

GLET. Our country today is the bastion of the new era. Everything depends on our keeping the bastion intact, keeping the country solidly united.

RUB. How does it unite the country? How does it serve the Party that her members have to grovel in the dust? The name N. S. Rubashov is a piece of Party history. By dragging me in the mud you besmirch the Revolution. I—

GLET. I, I, me, me, I! (*He picks up one of the books, opening it to a marked page.*) Do you recognize this book?

RUB. (*puts on his glasses. His hands are trembling. It takes him some time to focus his vision as he peers at the book*). Yes.

GLET. Who wrote it?

RUB. I did.

GLET. (*reads from the page*). "With us the objective result is everything. With us objective good faith is of no interest. Those who prove wrong will pay!" You said that?

RUB. (*his body sags again*). Yes.

GLET. Well, you are wrong.

*The ghost-like image of* RICHARD *appears, pointing a finger at* RUBASHOV.

RUB. (*staring into space, nods*). Yes.

GLET. And you will pay.

*The phantom of* RICHARD *vanishes.*

RUB. I am paying.

GLET. With your life!

RUB. My life has been the Party. My life would be worthless unless I could go on working for it. (*His knees buckle, he sways, about to collapse.*)

GLET. Sit down! (RUBASHOV *sinks to the chair.*) There's only one way you can serve the Party now. As an example to the masses. (*He opens another book, reading from it.*) "For the masses, what is right must be gilded, what is wrong must be black as pitch." You wrote that?

RUB. Yes.

GLET. Even if we let you go on living—as you say—what would you have to live for?

RUB. (*to himself*). Nothing. A man without a country. (*The ghostly image of* LUIGI *appears, smiling, gesticulating.*) Like little Luigi.

GLET. Who?

LUIGI'S *phantom vanishes.*

RUB. (*shakes his head*). Never mind.

GLET. You admit your guilt?

RUB. In thought.

GLET. In thought? (*Holds up a book.*) And this?

RUB. Yes. Mine too.

GLET. (*reads*). "The consequences of our thinking will be felt unto the seventh generation. Hence a wrong thought from us is more criminal than a wrong deed from others." You wrote that?

RUB. Yes. I wrote it.

GLET. Then, when you say you are not guilty, aren't you thinking mechanistically, Citizen Rubashov? (ALBERT'S *image appears.*

*He is waving his hands with the ridiculously exaggerated gestures.* PABLO'S *image appears, juggling plates.*)

RUBASHOV *laughs softly.*

GLET. What are you laughing at?

*The phantoms of* PABLO *and* ALBERT *vanish.*

RUB. (*startled, looks up*). Was I laughing?

GLET. Yes.

RUB. (*passes his hand over his forehead*). I wasn't conscious of it.

GLET. Do you usually do things you're not conscious of?

RUB. No. Not often.

GLET. These acts of sabotage, for example.

RUB. I deny them.

GLET. Perhaps you committed them unconsciously.

RUB. I didn't commit them at all.

GLET. These factories had great losses.

RUB. Yes.

GLET. Sabotage is a weapon of the class struggle.

RUB. Yes. But I didn't employ it.

GLET. You've advocated its use again and again?

RUB. Yes. But I didn't employ it here.

GLET. Didn't you? (*Pause. He looks through the papers.*) The case of the woman Luba Loshenko. She was your secretary? Correct?

RUB. Yes.

GLET. And you were living with her. (RUBASHOV *straightens up.*) Correct? (*Silence.*) Shall I give you the place, dates, conversations? (*He waves the dossier.*) They're all here.

RUB. (*almost inaudible*). Yes, I was living with her.

GLET. Speak up!

RUB. (*loudly*). Yes. I admit the relationship.

GLET. You admit it?

RUB. I said yes.

GLET. She was tried and shot for sabotage, correct?

RUB. (*wildly*). She was innocent.

GLET. Innocent? (*He rises.*)

RUB. Yes.

GLET. She had no political motives? Is that what you mean?

RUB. Precisely.

GLET. Precisely. She was an ordinary young woman, infatuated—blindly, stupidly, the slave and tool of one man who, however, did have considerable political motives—you!

RUB. What motives?

GLET. You hated the Revolution, and you taught her to hate us.

RUB. (*desperately*). That's not true. She was innocent.

GLET. Why didn't you say so at the time?

RUB. You know as well as I there wasn't anything I could do to save her.

GLET. So you did nothing?

RUB. Nothing.

GLET. You were silent.

RUB. I was silent.

GLET. To save your own neck!

RUB. To go on working.

GLET. Without a neck one cannot work; hence, to save your own neck. And this silence of yours was finally responsible for her execution. Correct?

RUB. So I was informed.

GLET. For your further information, I was one of her interrogators.

RUB. (*raises his head*). You?

GLET. (*thumbs through the transcript*). I have here a transcript of her interrogation. I think it might interest you. Ninth day. Tenth day. Yes, here we have it. This Loshenko woman was surprising. These thin delicate ones sometimes really stand up. Listen! (*He reads.*) "Interrogator: Under whose orders?" Loshenko: "No one's . . ."

LUBA'S *image appears in space, bowed, drenched with pain. She shakes her head slowly, moving her lips silently at first, then her trembling voice becomes barely audible, grows stronger, finally topping and supplanting* GLETKIN'S *voice.* GLETKIN *continues to read from the transcript.*

LUBA. No one's. I've told you a hundred times there were no orders.

GLET. Stop lying.

LUBA. No matter what I say you don't believe me. Oh, God! I'm so tired.

GLET. I want the truth.

LUBA. I've told you the truth, over and over and over and over. I'm so tired, I can't . . .

GLET. Who gave you these instructions?

LUBA. No one.

GLET. You sabotaged without instructions?

LUBA. No, no, no. You're twisting my words.

GLET. That's what you said.

LUBA. I didn't say that! I said I didn't do these things and no one asked me to.

GLET. We've all the proofs.

LUBA. What are you trying to make me say?

GLET. Stop shielding Rubashov!

LUBA. I'm not shielding anyone.

GLET. You're shielding Rubashov.

LUBA. A man like that doesn't need shielding. A man like that . . .

GLET. You were living with him, weren't you?

LUBA. I loved him.

GLET. You loved him?

LUBA. Yes.

GLET. You'd do anything he asked you?

LUBA. He wouldn't ask me to commit crimes.

GLET. Idiot! This man has used you.

LUBA. No!

GLET. He's made a fool of you.

LUBA. No!

GLET. And now when you need him, where is he? Where is he?

LUBA. Oh, God, God, make them leave me alone!

GLET. God is dead, Luba Loshenko! God is dead.

LUBA. What do you want of me?

GLET. Rubashov's making you responsible for his guilt.

LUBA. He's not.

GLET. Use your head! He's refused to testify for you.

LUBA. I don't believe that.

GLET. Here are the proofs! Look, look!

LUBA. I don't want to look.

GLET. He was asked to testify and he's refused.

LUBA. I don't believe that. I don't believe you . . . I don't believe you . . .

RUB. (*staring into space, murmurs*). I had no choice, Luba. Don't you see? I had no choice. I couldn't have saved you. It was only a trap to destroy my usefulness. (*The* SECRETARY *rises, leans forward to catch* RUBASHOV'S *words and writes them down.*) I tried! I went everywhere—to my friends in high places. They said no, nothing will help.

GLET. (*reads on*). Save yourself! This is your last chance, Luba Loshenko! You admit these acts of sabotage.

LUBA. I can't admit them because there weren't any. There was no sabotage. There were only tired men and sick men and frightened men.

GLET. (*slaps his hand as he reads*). You stupid bitch! (LUBA'S IMAGE *recoils as if she'd been struck.*) All right! Then you'll be shot in the back of your neck!

LUBA. What are you doing to us? What are you doing to us? We're not stones, we're not machines! We're human beings. We feel, we think, we see, we dream, we're a part of God. Why have you done this to us? You say God is dead, but you've made your own god out of darkness, out of misery and lies and pain! Why? Why are you doing this to us?

RUB. (*stands up unsteadily, staring into space, calls out*). This was not the way it was to be.

GLETKIN *glances quickly at* RUBASHOV *who is no longer aware of his surroundings, nods to the* SECRETARY. *She rises and leans closer to* RUBASHOV, *taking down his words.*

LUBA. You've made a prison . . . out of our wonderful country—a prison.

RUB. We wanted to build a new and better world.

LUBA. You've put chains on our people. Chains. In their hearts, inside their skulls. Why? Why?

RUB. I don't understand why myself. Our principles were right.

LUBA. Our people are more miserable than before the Revolution.

RUB. We diagnosed the disease, but wherever we applied the healing knife . . .

LUBA. Our people are covered with sores.

RUB. Our will was pure. We should have been loved by the people . . .

LUBA. They hate you.

RUB. Why? Why are we so hated? We brought truth.

LUBA. In your mouths everything becomes a lie.

RUB. We brought living life . . .

LUBA. The trees in the forest wither.

RUB. I sang of hope.

LUBA. Your tongues stammer and bark.

RUB. Yes, yes, and every premise of unimpeachable truth has led me to this final weird and ghostly game. Why? Why?

LUBA. Kolya! Kolya, darling! Wherever you are . . . (*She vanishes and only her voice is heard crying "Kolya! Kolya!"*)

RUB. Luba! Luba! What have I done? What have I done? (*He whispers:*) Guilty, guilty, guilty! (*Then, very simply:*) I'm going to faint. (*He slides gently and quietly out of the chair and falls to the floor.*)

GLET. (*rings for his colleague, snaps his fingers at his* SECRETARY). The ammonia! (*The* SECRETARY *rushes across to the table, opens a drawer, takes out a bottle of ammonia and hands it to him.* GLETKIN, *on one knee, slaps* RUBASHOV'S *face and administers the restorative. The door is thrown open and the other* INTERROGATOR *enters.*)

GLET. (*nods, indicating* RUBASHOV'S *crumpled body*). We've got him. We've got the lever. (*The sharp fumes of the ammonia begin to revive* RUBASHOV.) Stand him up! (*The other* INTERROGATOR *lifts* RUBASHOV *to his feet and holds him there, limps as a rag-doll.* GLETKIN *waves the ammonia bottle under his nose until he responds, then, putting one huge hand gently on his shoulder, speaks softly, caressingly:*) You haven't eaten your food today, Comrade Rubashov. Would you like some hot soup?

RUB. (*murmurs*). Sleep. I must sleep.

GLET. You understand, Comrade Rubashov, what the Party expects of you.

RUB. Yes.

GLET. This is the last service you can perform for the Party.

RUB. I must sleep. Sleep.

GLET. Very well. (*To* GUARD). Take him back to his cell. (*To* RUBASHOV, *gently.*) I'll see that you are not disturbed.

RUB. (*like a child, eagerly*). Thank you, Comrade Gletkin. (*The* GUARD *takes* RUBASHOV *out.*)

GLET. (*to the* INTERROGATOR). In exactly twenty minutes wake him up and bring him back here. I'll interrogate him till midnight, you take him till five A.M., and I'll take him again at five. (*Blinks his eyes, avoids the dazzle-light.*) This Loshenko thing—that's the lever. Work it around in his belly. Keep returning to it. It's simply a question of time now. (*The* INTERROGATOR *nods, feels his aching back, and goes, yawning.* GLETKIN *snaps off the dazzle-light.*)

SECRETARY. Congratulations, Comrade Gletkin.

GLET. (*sits down to his desk, stretches his legs, pleased*). It's just a matter of constitution.

*The scene fades out. The lights come up. The Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R. This scene is another memory in the mind of the brooding* RUBASHOV *after the event has occurred. The* PRESIDENT, *bathed in a hot white light, is seated at a long covered table, three judges to his left, three to his right. The rest are shadowy figures.*

PRES. Comrade judges, you have heard the evidence against Citizen Rubashov. Comrade Procurateur of the U.S.S.R. has summed up for the prosecution. Accused Rubashov step forward. (RUBASHOV *appears in the white light before the judges' bench. The* GUARD *brings on a microphone and sets it in front of* RUBASHOV.) Accused Rubashov may make his last plea.

RUB. (*bending a little, speaking into the microphone, in a dead voice*). Citizen Judges. Covered with shame, trampled in the dust, about to die—let me serve my final purpose. Let my horrible story demonstrate how the slightest deflection from the Party line must inevitably drag one down into counter-revolutionary banditry. If I ask myself today: "For what am I dying?" I am confronted by absolute nothingness. Therefore, on the threshold of my final hour, I bend my knees to my country and to my people. The political masquerade is over. We were dead long before the Public Prosecutor demanded our heads. With this my task is ended. I have paid my debts. To ask for mercy would be derision. You must hate me, and you must kill me! I have nothing more to say. (*He stands with lowered head. The* GUARD *removes the microphone.*)

PRES. I will announce the sentence of the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court. (*He reads.*) "The Sentence. The Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R. sentences N. S. Rubashov to the supreme penalty—to be shot, with the confiscation of all his personal property . . ."

*His voice trails off. The lights fade. The court vanishes. Only* RUBASHOV *remains, sitting in his cell, wrapped in meditation, his head between his hands, his brow furrowed, his face old and gray as if all the blood had been drained out of him. An insistent tap-*

*ping.* 402 *comes into view, tapping three times, waiting, and gently repeating the code.*

RUB. (*coming out of his reverie, rises feebly, crosses unsteadily to the wall, taps*). Yes?

402 (*taps*). I thought 302 behaved quite well. He went like a brave man.

RUB. (*taps*). Yes.

402 (*taps*). You still have about ten minutes. What are you doing?

RUB. (*taps*). I'm thinking.

402 (*taps*). Thinking's bad. You won't show the white feather! We know you're a man. A man. (*Pause.* RUBASHOV *listens for a sound from the corridor.* 402 *senses his thoughts.*) Don't listen. I'll tell you in time when they are coming. (*Pause.*) What would you do if you were pardoned?

RUB. (*thinks, taps*). I'd study astronomy.

402 (*taps*). Ha! Ha! Me too, perhaps. But they say other stars are perhaps also inhabited. That would spoil it. (*Pause.*) May I give you some advice?

RUB. (*taps*). Yes.

402 (*taps*). But don't take it wrong. Technical suggestion of an old soldier. Empty your bladder. Is always better in such case. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. Ha! Ha!

RUB. (*smiles, taps*). Thanks. (*Pause.*)

402 (*taps*). Why astronomy?

RUB. (*taps*). As a boy I loved to watch the stars. I wanted to solve the riddle of the universe.

402 (*taps*). Why? Talk to me.

RUB. (*to himself*). Recently I read they have discovered the Universe is finite. Forty years pass and I read that. If the Public Prosecutor had asked, "Defendant Rubashov, what about the Infinite?" I would not have been able to answer. Perhaps there is my real guilt.

402 (*taps*). It's too late to worry about guilt.

RUB. (*taps*). How can I die till I find out what I'm dying for? (*Pause, taps.*) Sorry! Tell me, what are your prospects?

402 (*taps slowly*). Eighteen years more. Not quite. Only six thousand five hundred thirty days. (*Pause.*) Think of it. Another six thousand five hundred thirty days without a woman. I envy you really. My brain is turning to water. I have returned to the habits of my childhood. I loathe myself!

RUB. (*to the wall*). Oh, you poor, poor devil! (*To the entire prison, to all Russia.*) All of you! My hundred and eighty million fellow prisoners, what have I done to you? What have I created? If History is all calculation, Rubashov, give me the sum of a hundred and eighty million nightmares. Quickly calculate me the pressure of a hundred and eighty million cravings. Where in your mathematics, Rubashov, is the human soul? At the very beginning you forgot what you were searching for.

*Footsteps ring out in the corridor.*

402 (*taps*). They're coming. (*The footsteps grow louder.*) What a shame. We were having such a pleasant talk.

RUB. (*taps*). You've helped me a lot. Thanks.

402 (*taps*). Farewell. I envy you, I envy you.

*The door of* RUBASHOV'S *cell is thrown open with a clang.* GLETKIN *enters.*

GLET. Enemy of the People Nicolai Semonovitch Rubashov, before you are executed, have you any last wish?

*A long pause.*

RUB. One. (*He tries to catch* GLETKIN'S *eyes.*) If I could only make you understand where in the very beginning we failed.

GLET. These are your last words. Don't waste them.

RUB. (*passionately*). You don't build a Paradise out of concrete. My son . . .

GLET. (*quickly, distastefully*). I am not your son.

RUB. (*after a long pause, sadly*). Yes, you are. That's the horror. (*He shakes his head bitterly.*) The means have become the end; and darkness has come over the land.

GLET. Have you any last wish?

RUB. To die.

GLETKIN *motions him to walk.* RUBASHOV *moves slowly out of the cell;* GLETKIN *takes out his pistol, cocks it and follows. The* GUARD *opens the gate to the cellar, a shaft of light coming up catches them.* 402 *begins to drum on the door. From all over the prison comes the hollow muffled drumming, which mounts higher and higher as* RUBASHOV *and* GLETKIN *descend, and the iron gate clangs behind them. The drumming reaches a climax as the* CURTAIN *falls slowly.*

# Poetry

## INTRODUCTION

POETRY is now, as it always has been, a form of literature that many readers hold in a special kind of affectionate admiration. This is not without reason. From the earliest times, probably even from times earlier than written language, poets have been the oracles and prophets of their peoples. Poets have always been the best reflection of the temper of the ages, ancient or modern, in which they lived: Homer epitomizes a glorious epoch in Greek history, as Hardy epitomizes the perplexity and despair of late Victorian England. And poets have constituted an almost continuous counterweight to the overworldlinesses that persistently threaten humanity. Readers cherish poetry, for it is a light thrown backward and forward that tests the past and the present for their livability, and prophesies the course Man must take to have, in the full word, a future.

THE NATURE OF POETRY. Poetry cannot be precisely defined, but some of its distinguishing characteristics can be described. For example, poetry deals in matters beyond direct statement—in meanings preponderantly conditioned by emotional attitudes toward subject matter and reader—and to evoke the full flavor and impact of experience is its intention. Poetry often achieves its effects by selecting words that are highly suggestive not only of sensory experience but also of emotional attitudes, by choosing vivid figurative comparisons, and by using communicative rhythms. Finally, the most distinctive feature of poetry is the organic quality it secures by the close organization of its component parts. That is to say, the poet in a sense is a maker of experiences. (The Old English word for poet is *scop,* "the maker.") Life is so cluttered with detail that to most of us it often seems chaotic. Like other artists, the poet discards most of the confusing detail, selects and arranges the remainder to communicate his impression, and therefore creates a meaningful experience which he passes on to his reader.

What one receives from a poem, then, is the experience it affords. Depending on skill in communication (of both writer and reader) the experience of the reader approximates the experience of the writer. I. A. Richards, perhaps the most stimulating of the contemporary critics of poetry, has pointed out that a poem has a "Total Meaning" which is a blend of the poet's *sense* (what the poem is apparently about), his *feeling* (the poet's attitude toward his subject matter), his *tone* (attitude toward his reader), and his *intention* (aim, or effect). A poet, in varying degrees of consciousness, is no doubt

aware of this fact and, as he writes, expresses all the meanings as fully as his ability and his medium will permit. The reader, in turn, will profit by considering all of them when trying to arrive at a full realization of a poem.

Consider, for example, the following occasional poem by Thomas Hardy, "On an Invitation to the United States."

I

My ardours for emprize nigh lost
Since life has bared its bones to me,
I shrink to seek a modern coast
Whose riper times have yet to be;
Where the new regions claim them free
From that long drip of human tears
Which peoples old in tragedy
Have left upon the centuried years.

II

For, wonning in these ancient lands,
Enchased and lettered as a tomb,
And scored with prints of perished hands,
And chronicled with dates of doom,
Though my own Being bear no bloom
I trace the lives such scenes enshrine,
Give past exemplars present room,
And their experience count as mine.

As is obvious from a quick reading of the title and the poem, the poem is about Hardy's declining an invitation to visit the United States. But statement of the *sense* of the poem is not equivalent to the poem itself. We might elaborate on the sense and say that this poem concerns the reaction of the speaker to an invitation to come to a land of greater opportunity and of less fortunate history. Such elaboration puts us little closer. In fact, even the following full paraphrase of the sense of the poem falls far short of the poem itself: "I have almost lost my taste for adventure since I discovered how grim life is; I hesitate to seek a new country that has not yet reached full fruition, and has not had a tragic-storied past. Living in this old land, which is much like a tombstone with its inscriptions, I—even though I do not prosper personally—study the lives of the great people of England's history and consider their experience a part of mine."

For full comprehension we need to absorb the poet's *feeling* about the material, or his attitude toward it. Hardy presents that feeling by implying a contrast between the characters of the pasts of the United States and England and by suggesting a relationship one might assume to his past. He hints some mild doubt of the United States —a country raw and untried by a long history of adversities and tribulations, though

perhaps of a promising future. Just as indirectly he communicates, without sentimentality, his love of England by lingering on imagery that pictures her long and tragic history, full of adversities, trials, and struggles; and he makes clear his desire to share what, from a personal point of view, is an unhappy lot.

We need to grasp his *tone,* or his attitude toward his reader. His tone, like his feeling, is complex, for, though he is addressing himself particularly to the people of the United States, the people who extended to him the invitation that occasioned the poem, in the background he recognizes and includes his English compatriots and fellow-sufferers. With neither condescension to the inviters nor depreciation of the worth of their regard, he courteously declines. Though he reminds his background audience, the English, of their mournful history, and indirectly rededicates them as well as himself to his resolve to endure and to be proud of enduring, he steers as widely clear of national conceit and chauvinism as he does of a defensive attitude that would be uncomfortable to all concerned, English and American alike.

The poem, then, is not narrowly *about* anything. Narrowly, of course, Hardy intends to respond to an invitation to the United States and to explain why he does not accept. But Hardy's full poetic *intention* is to comment feelingly on one's relation to his past and on one's goal in life. He intends the reader to compare America's short, raw, and untouched though fortunate past with England's long, rich, and meaningful though tragic one, to evaluate those pasts, and to evaluate one's relation to his past in terms of what one should pursue as the chief end in life. Furthermore, he intends to imply the judgment that to assume a share of the unhappy human lot may be a greater act than to achieve purely personal well-being—the attitude of a true pessimist.

The total meaning of "On an Invitation to the United States," therefore, depends on its *sense, feeling, tone,* and *intention.* Briefly, Hardy says that he cannot accept the invitation, acknowledges the favorable prospects of America and expresses his love of England, shows to those who invited him a courteous but not deferential appreciation, and takes opportunity to comment on the value of tradition. In other words, the communication of this complex meaning provides an experience for the reader, an experience which *is* the poem.

The experiences afforded by poetry are as various as life itself. By making them our own we may pack our lives with perceptions of mystery, horror, beauty, comedy, villainy, and godliness; with moments of love, resolve, and cynicism; with feelings of friendliness, exhilaration, and compassion; with sensations of discovery, disappointment, contentment, and triumph. Poems provide intellectual adventures and moments of spiritual sublimity; they also provide the ashes-in-the-mouth of frustration and disillusionment. The records of these experiences when stored in our memories enjoy a kind of hidden life so that when we come back to a poem after a lapse of years we are likely to find that it has grown in strength and significance. These experiences are remembered not in the static forms of abstract words, logical arguments, philosophic generalities, or worthy platitudes. They are embodied in images, in recollections of vivid

things and people and events, in sounds of voices heard in moments of delight, irony, and despair.

THE METHOD OF POETRY. As "On an Invitation to the United States" reveals, there is more to a poem than the *scene* which can be translated into direct prose statement or paraphrase. Poets characteristically communicate by suggestion or implication; that is, they say more than their words and word combinations literally mean. Perhaps *indirection* is the best term to summarize the way by which poets say so much in so few words. A study of the method of poetry, then, is a study of indirection—a study of the ways through which poets suggest and intensify meanings.

*Diction.* A poem does not depend solely upon prosaic meanings of the words; what the words *suggest*—their connotative rather than their denotative values—may be even more important to its effect. Words do not have fixed meanings. Word meanings vary not only from age to age and from person to person but also from context to context. Consider, for example, the varying implications of the word *warm*. *Warm* may induce pleasurable or disagreeable sensations: a warm room, a warm reprimand, warm color, warm work, "the warm shadow of her loveliness."

Or consider the implications of some of the words in "On an Invitation to the United States": *modern, riper, emprize, wonning.* In this context *modern* has just a slightly unfavorable overtone; it suggests, though faintly, that Hardy had in mind an overmodernity, an excessive degree of that modernity which is not to be wholly commended. Much the same is true of the word *riper* in its context here: Hardy seems to imply that the United States is presently lacking the maturity he cherishes in England. *Emprize* and *wonning* are also highly implicative words. Their effect here is to promote, by supplying an atmosphere for it, the intention Hardy had of getting the reader to understand and approve his cherishing of his past. Both are archaic--*emprize* having been supplanted by the modern form *enterprise* or *adventure;* and *wonning,* by *dwelling, residing, living.* By using these archaisms Hardy ties the poem to the early history of England. By using them along with such other words as *old, centuried, ancient, chronicled, dates of doom,* he calls up to the reader memories of Norse and Norman invaders, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Alfred and Harold, Maldon and Hastings, the Domesday Book, and Runnymede and Magna Carta.

Despite the attention given here to Hardy's deliberate use of two archaisms, it is true that the words of poetry are for the most part the same words that people use to carry on the plain business of living with other people. Individually those words stand for about the same things and have approximately the same sound in poems as they have in everyday speech. But the poet is likely to be extraordinarily interested in all aspects of words. He chooses and combines them in a contextual relationship that evokes the effects that it is his intention to evoke. Hardy's skill as a poet enabled him to take the everyday words *modern* and *riper* and make them suggest to the reader that mild degree of doubt he desired to communicate, and to take *emprize* and *wonning* and make them win the sympathy he wished.

*Imagery.* The selection of language in poetry is governed primarily by the poet's desire to give his reader sensory experience in order, as Coleridge says, "to instill that energy into the mind, which compels the imagination to produce the picture." By appealing to some one or more of the physical senses—the visual, auditory, gustatory, olfactory, tactile—the poet arouses both the mind and the emotion of the reader so that the reader does in a measure experience physical sensation. These things mentally or imaginatively seen, heard, tasted, smelled, touched, or felt are collectively known as *imagery,* which term, however, has broadened to mean as well those words and word clusters or devices that result in images.

*The Concrete Word.* Doubtless the simplest device to evoke imagery is the single concrete word, a word such as *scored* or *chronicled* in Hardy's poem. Such concrete terms not only communicate more exact shades of meaning than do abstract terms but also are more emotionally powerful. Hardy might have written *marked* "with prints of perished hands" instead of "*scored* with prints of perished hands." But he chose *scored* because it supplies to the reader's imagination the image Hardy desired, that of signs much deeper and more permanent than mere surface "marks." He chose *scored,* furthermore, because in its context here it prompts the emotion he wished the reader to have, that of sympathetic identification with one's cherished (even if painful) tradition and history. So with *chronicled.* Hardy might have written *covered* "with dates of doom" instead of "*chronicled* with dates of doom." But he chose the richer word, the word that suggests a whole complex of meaning (the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and even England's whole history) not merely a narrow, literal meaning. By the selection of *scored* and *chronicled,* then, Hardy has intensified his ideas by instilling them with emotion. Such is the power of the concrete word.

*Figurative Language.* Another device poets use to create imagery is figurative language. Basically, most figures are comparisons, expressed or implied, of things not ordinarily thought of as being alike—comparisons that do not on the surface seem logical but that on closer inspection prove illuminating. For instance, Hardy says "Life has bared its bones to me." He is using a metaphor here, an implied comparison that not only suggests that he has discovered the true character of life and has found it not to be such as to make for personal pleasure, but also suggests it with more effect than an abstract statement would have, for the comparison of life to a skeleton vividly reveals Hardy's state of mind and makes it easy for him to explain why he cannot accept the invitation to the United States and identify himself with its dubious optimism. Again, Hardy directly compares England to a tomb—"ancient lands, / Enchased and lettered as a tomb." Thus he suggests to the reader the richness of England's past—the multitude of deeds and personages that make up England's history. As the inscriptions on tombs record the deeds and exploits (as well as the vital statistics) of the persons buried in them, so England is filled with places and covered with monuments and shrines that recall the richness of her past. So Hardy, by calling these things to mind, presents his feeling for them.

Figurative language is not limited to metaphor and simile. Many other figures of speech are common in poetry—*allegory* with its prolonged and elaborately worked out double meaning; *synecdoche* and *metonymy* with their suggestive substitutions; *personification* and *apostrophe* with their intensifications; *hyperbole, litotes,* and *antithesis* with their surprising contrasts; *symbol* and *allusion* with their power to initiate whole complexes of meaning. In fact, there are other figures used in "On an Invitation to the United States": "drip of human tears," "bear no bloom," "new regions claim them free." Then there are various *epithets,* that is, words, generally adjectives, that describe their objects with especially illuminating appropriateness—"centuried years," for example.

Whatever the concrete word or figure used, the result is imagery, and imagery generally does more than present sensory experience. It often suggests or stands for states of mind as well. As such it is the main dictional device through which the poet works in an effort to furnish the reader with the raw materials of an experience parallel to his own. It is through single concrete words and through figures that Hardy has enabled his reader to get the several kinds of meaning intended in his poem.

*Rhythm and Rime.* Another kind of indirection prominent in the method of poetry is the use of sound effects to intensify meaning. Along with the attempt to communicate his total meaning by choosing words and images which convey his sense, feeling, and tone, the poet attempts to organize his words into a pattern of sound that is a part of that total meaning. The sound, then, like the diction and the imagery, is to be considered only in relation to that total design which results in a multiple-meaning experience for the reader. Again, like the diction and the imagery, the sound intensifies the experience.

Sound effects are the products of organized repetitions. *Rhythm* is the product of systematically repeating *stresses* or *accents* on words and syllables, whereas *rime* repeats similar *sounds* in some apparent scheme. Both rhythm and rime promote susceptibility in the reader, for as soon as he grasps their patterns he unconsciously expects them to continue. Expecting their continuation, he is more attentive not only to the sound itself but also to the sense, feeling, and tone of the poet. Thus sound effects are another component of the indirection that is the overall method the poet uses to achieve his intention.

Different rhythms tend to arouse different emotions, especially when the emotional colorings of word meaning coincide closely with the particular emotion that the rhythm encourages. Consider the following selections in illustration of the increased susceptibility of the reader and of the tendency of certain rhythms to arouse certain emotions.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
    Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
    Chains and slavery!

This rhythmic beat here, along with the sense of the words, sounds a grim, determined battle cry and stirs the reader to a quicker beating of the blood.

Another rhythm attuned to the sense of other words gives another effect, that is, promotes another emotion:

God of our fathers, known of old—
    Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
    Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Here the rhythm helps to induce in the reader the solemnity and even reverence that accompany pomp and ceremony.

Rhythms exist for the full gamut of emotions, since the only limitation upon the variety of rhythms is the limitation that word-meaning imposes. As long as the emotion prompted by the rhythm and the emotion prompted by the meanings of the words agree, almost any effect is possible. Thus rhythms exist for emotions other than those inspired by calls to battle and calls to prayer. They can as easily be found for those quieter emotions accompanying meditation and reflection:

'A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter.'
And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.

This rhythm is less patterned than the preceding two. The poet here has intentionally departed from a strict rhythmic movement much more frequently and prominently than either of the two preceding poets have. These departures, while preserving a reflective mood, make for informality and a conversational tone.

Much the same variation from a rigid metrical pattern and much the same emotional effect is often found, especially in modern poetry. To come back to "On an Invitation to the United States"—it has enough variation to achieve the conversational role Hardy wished to assume. Hardy, as has been pointed out earlier, intended to avoid both chauvinism and sentimentality. By breaking away (in lines five, eight, nine, and six-

teen) from his system of stressing the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth syllables of the line, he gives his statement the irregularity of accent and tempo that approximates normal conversation.

Rime—a patterned recurrence not so much of stresses as of like or similar sounds —also functions indirectly to intensify meaning. It is a further impressing of design upon material in order to achieve an intention in sense, feeling, and tone. It serves as a binding and unifying element and lends continuity. It may be used as a kind of emphasis, especially when, as often occurs, the rime word at the end of a line also concludes a phrase or clause. And it, like rhythm, affords a shock of pleasure at the fulfillment of a pattern the reader has unconsciously recognized. Since most poetry is rimed, when Hardy writes

My ardours for emprize nigh *lost*

the reader has, at least unconsciously, recognized the likelihood that Hardy will somewhere, perhaps in the very next line, come back to a sound similar to the one on which he stopped the first. The reader then is pleased when he finds that expectation fulfilled:

My ardours for emprize nigh *lost*
Since Life has bared its bones to me
I shrink to seek a modern *coast*. . . .

The fact that the rime is not perfect may increase the pleasure of the reader, for he can see by reading further into the poem that the general scheme is preserved. This variation—the imperfect or slant rime—becomes of significance to him. In the first place, he does not demand perfection in rime, for perfect recurrences of sound would be monotonous. Too, perfection here, like perfection in metrical pattern, means rigidity and therefore limitation upon effect. Just as there is significance in having a general rime scheme, there is significance in departures from it. In good poetry, those departures are themselves communicative of meaning. The use of *coast* to rime with *lost* furthers the conversational, reflective tone Hardy assumed toward his reader.

Closely allied to metrical and rime pattern, are a number of textural devices—devices that are near-rime in that they are matters of some kind or degree of correspondence of sounds. These devices, like meter, tend to occur within the line unit of poetry but do affect the total sound pattern as it is an intensification of meaning. *Alliteration, assonance,* and *consonance,* along with the meanings of the words in which they occur, tend to give ease and speed to pronunciation, stepping up melody and tempo. Such pleasantness of sound is called *euphony.* Not always, however, is euphony desirable. In fact, *cacophony,* its opposite, may better achieve the poet's intention. For instance, in Hardy's line

I trace the lives such scenes enshrine

the last three words, *such scenes enshrine,* cause a sense of strain and slowing of tempo. And this is purposeful. Hardy wished the reader not to be so rushed along by sound

that sense, feeling, and tone would be obscured. Hardy is dealing in knowledges and memories that are painful and distressing to consider. For full success, Hardy must slow the reader so that he may experience the painfulness that the poet himself experienced.

A study of the method of poetry, therefore, is a study of *indirection*. Poetic method is largely the poet's making use of the suggestive and intensifying power of words and of sound effects. He chooses and combines words in relationships that imply the meaning—the experience—he has made it his business to evoke. He chooses and combines metrical and rime patterns that indirectly work themselves into that meaning. His intention, then, to say something, to convey his relationship to the thing said, and to the person to whom the thing is said is achieved by indirection.

The nature of poetry and the method of poetry are mutually so dependent upon one another that one cannot be conceived without the other. Their relationship is organic; it is not a mere mechanical association. Poetry creates meaning so inextricably tied up with method that meaning is method and method is meaning. In other words, the way of saying a thing is a large degree of what is said. A poem does much more than say or state. It transmutes sense, feeling, tone, and intention into experience, into being itself.

# *The Poet as Story Teller*

## *Alfred Noyes* THE HIGHWAYMAN

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim, the ostler, listened; his face was white and peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter.
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me my moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight,)
Then he tugged at his reins in the moonlight, and galloped away to the west.

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PART TWO

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—
Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at the side!
There was death at every window;
And Hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.
She heard the dead man say—
*Look for me by moonlight;*
*Watch for me by moonlight;*
*I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!*

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
Up, she stood to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast,
She would not risk their hearing: she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
Blank and bare in the moonlight;
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.

*Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot!* Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear—
*Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot* in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding, riding!
The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up straight and still!

*Tlot-tlot,* in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot* in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with her death.

He turned; he spurred him westward; he did not know who stood
Bowed with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier brandished high!
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden moon; wine-red was his velvet coat;
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,*
*When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,*
*When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,*
*A highwayman comes riding—*
*Riding—riding—*
*A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn yard;*
*And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;*
*He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there*
*But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,*
*Bess, the landlord's daughter,*
*Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

## *James Weldon Johnson* THE CREATION

And God stepped out on space,
And He looked around and said,
*"I'm lonely—*
*I'll make me a world."*

And far as the eye of God could see
Darkness covered everything,
Blacker than a hundred midnights
Down in a cypress swamp.

Then God smiled,
And the light broke,
And the darkness rolled up on one side,
And the light stood shining on the other,
And God said, *"That's good!"*

Then God reached out and took the light in His hands,
And God rolled the light around in His hands
Until He made the sun;
And He set that sun a-blazing in the heavens.
And the light that was left from making the sun
God gathered up in a shining ball
And flung it against the darkness,
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.
Then down between
The darkness and the light
He hurled the world;
And God said, *"That's good!"*

Then God Himself stepped down—
And the sun was on His right hand,
And the moon was on His left;
The stars were clustered about His head,
And the earth was under His feet.
And God walked, and where He trod

THE CREATION: From *God's Trombones* by James Weldon Johnson. Copyright 1927 by The Viking Press, Inc. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

His footsteps hollowed the valleys out
And bulged the mountains up.

Then He stopped and looked and saw
That the earth was hot and barren.
So God stepped over to the edge of the world
And He spat out the seven seas;
He batted His eyes, and the lightnings flashed:
He clapped His hands, and the thunders rolled;
And the waters above the earth came down,
The cooling waters came down.

Then the green grass sprouted,
And the little red flowers blossomed,
The pine-tree pointed his finger to the sky,
And the oak spread out his arms;
The lakes cuddled down in the hollows of the ground,
And the rivers ran down to the sea;
And God smiled again,
And the rainbow appeared,
And curled itself around His shoulder.

Then God raised His arm and He waved His hand
Over the sea and over the land,
And He said, *"Bring forth! Bring forth!"*
And quicker than God could drop His hand,
Fishes and fowls
And beasts and birds
Swam the rivers and the seas,
Roamed the forests and the woods,
And split the air with their wings.
And God said, *"That's good!"*

Then God walked around
And God looked around
On all that He had made.
He looked at His sun,
And He looked at His moon,
And He looked at His little stars;
He looked on His world
With all its living things,
And God said, *"I'm lonely still."*

Then God sat down—
On the side of a hill where He could think;
By a deep, wide river He sat down;
With His head in His hands,
God thought and thought,
Till He thought, *"I'll make me a man!"*

Up from the bed of the river
God scooped the clay;
And by the bank of the river
He kneeled Him down;
And there the great God Almighty,
Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,
Who flung the stars to the most far corner of the night,
Who rounded the earth in the middle of His hand—
This Great God,
Like a mammy bending over her baby,
Kneeled down in the dust
Toiling over a lump of clay
Till He shaped it in His own image;

Then into it He blew the breath of life,
And man became a living soul.
Amen. Amen.

## *Robert Frost* BROWN'S DESCENT

### OR

### THE WILLY-NILLY SLIDE

Brown lived at such a lofty farm
  That every one for miles could see
His lantern when he did his chores
  In winter after half-past three.

And many must have seen him make
  His wild descent from there one night,
'Cross lots, 'cross walls, 'cross everything,
  Describing rings of lantern light.

Between the house and barn the gale
  Got him by something he had on
And blew him out on the icy crust
  That cased the world, and he was gone!

Walls were all buried, trees were few:
  He saw no stay unless he stove
A hole in somewhere with his heel.
  But though repeatedly he strove

And stamped and said things to himself,
  And sometimes something seemed to yield,
He gained no foothold, but pursued
  His journey down from field to field.

BROWN'S DESCENT: From *Complete Poems of Robert Frost*. Copyright, 1930, 1939, 1949, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Copyright, 1936, by Robert Frost. Used by permission of the publishers.

Sometimes he came with arms outspread
  Like wings, revolving in the scene
Upon his longer axis, and
  With no small dignity of mien.

Faster or slower as he chanced,
  Sitting or standing as he chose,
According as he feared to risk
  His neck, or thought to spare his clothes.

He never let the lantern drop.
  And some exclaimed who saw afar
The figure he described with it,
  "I wonder what those signals are

"Brown makes at such an hour of night!
  He's celebrating something strange.
I wonder if he's sold his farm,
  Or been made Master of the Grange."

He reeled, he lurched, he bobbed, he checked;
  He fell and made the lantern rattle
(But saved the light from going out.)
  So halfway down he fought the battle,

Incredulous of his own bad luck.
  And then becoming reconciled
To everything, he gave it up
  And came down like a coasting child.

"Well—I—be—" that was all he said,
  As standing in the river road,
He looked back up the slippery slope
  (Two miles it was) to his abode.

Sometimes as an authority
  On motor-cars, I'm asked if I
Should say our stock was petered out,
  And this is my sincere reply:

Yankees are what they always were.
  Don't think Brown ever gave up hope
Of getting home again because
  He couldn't climb that slippery slope;

Or even thought of standing there
  Until the January thaw
Should take the polish off the crust.
  He bowed with grace to natural law,

And then went round it on his feet,
  After the manner of our stock;
Not much concerned for those to whom,
  At that particular time o'clock,

It must have looked as if the course
  He steered was really straight away
From that which he was headed for—
  Not much concerned for them, I say;

No more so than became a man—
  *And* politician at odd seasons.
I've kept Brown standing in the cold
  While I invested him with reasons;

But now he snapped his eyes three times;
  Then shook his lantern, saying, "He's
'Bout out!" and took the long way home
  By road, a matter of several miles.

## *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

## MR. FLOOD'S PARTY

Old Eben Flood, climbing alone one night
Over the hill between the town below
And the forsaken upland hermitage
That held as much as he should ever know
On earth again of home, paused warily.
The road was his with not a native near;
And Eben, having leisure, said aloud,
For no man else in Tilbury Town to hear:

"Well, Mr. Flood, we have the harvest moon
Again, and we may not have many more;
The bird is on the wing, the poet says,
And you and I have said it here before.
Drink to the bird." He raised up to the light
The jug that he had gone so far to fill,
And answered huskily: "Well, Mr. Flood,
Since you propose it, I believe I will."

Alone, as if enduring to the end
A valiant armor of scarred hopes outworn,
He stood there in the middle of the road
Like Roland's ghost winding a silent horn.
Below him, in the town among the trees,
Where friends of other days had honored him,
A phantom salutation of the dead
Rang thinly till old Eben's eyes were dim.

Then, as a mother lays her sleeping child
Down tenderly, fearing it may awake,

MR. FLOOD'S PARTY: From *Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson*. Copyright, 1935, 1937, by The Macmillan Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

He set the jug down slowly at his feet
With trembling care, knowing that most things
break;
And only when assured that on firm earth
It stood, as the uncertain lives of men
Assuredly did not, he paced away,
And with his hand extended paused again:

"Well, Mr. Flood, we have not met like this
In a long time; and many a change has come
To both of us, I fear, since last it was
We had a drop together. Welcome home!"
Convivially returning with himself,
Again he raised the jug up to the light;
And with an acquiescent quaver said:
"Well, Mr. Flood, if you insist, I might.

"Only a very little, Mr. Flood—
For auld lang syne. No more, sir; that will do."
So, for the time, apparently it did,
And Eben evidently thought so too;
For soon amid the silver loneliness
Of night he lifted up his voice and sang,
Secure, with only two moons listening,
Until the whole harmonious landscape rang—

"For auld lang syne." The weary throat gave out,
The last word wavered; and the song being done,
He raised again the jug regretfully
And shook his head, and was again alone.
There was not much that was ahead of him,
And there was nothing in the town below—
Where strangers would have shut the many doors
That many friends had opened long ago.

## *Anonymous* SIR PATRICK SPENS.

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
And signd it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauchèd he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne:"
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles were richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spens
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

## *Anonymous* THE THREE RAVENS

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
Downe a downe, hay downe, hay downe
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a downe

THE THREE RAVENS: From the *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* by F. J. Child. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as blacke as they might be.
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe.

The one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakefast take?"

"Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

"His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they can their master keepe.

"His haukes they flie so eagerly,
There's no fowle dare him come nie."

Downe there comes a fallow doe,
As great with yong as she might goe.

She lift up his bloudy hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.[1]

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herselfe ere euen-song time.

God send every gentleman,
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.[2]

## *Anonymous* THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane; [1]
The tane [2] unto the t'other say,
"Where sall we gang [3] and dine today?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke,[4]
I wot [5] there lies a new slain knight;
And naebody kens [6] that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,[7]
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;
Wi ae lock o his gowden hair
We'll theek [8] our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
Oer his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

THE TWA CORBIES: From the *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* by F. J. Child. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

1 pit. 2 lover.
1 moan. 2 one. 3 go. 4 turf wall. 5 know. 6 knows. 7 neckbone. 8 thatch.

## *Anonymous* JESSE JAMES

Jesse James was a lad that killed a-many a man;
He robbed the Danville train.
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,
Three children, they were brave.
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
I wonder how he does feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He never could see a man suffer pain:
And with his brother Frank he robbed the Chicago bank,
And stopped the Glendale train.

It was his brother Frank that robbed the Gallatin bank,
And carried the money from the town;
It was in this very place that they had a little race,
For they shot Captain Sheets to the ground.

They went to the crossing not very far from there,
And there they did the same;
With the agent on his knees, he delivered up the keys
To the outlaws, Frank and Jesse James.

JESSE JAMES: Reprinted by permission of Mrs. John A. Lomax.

It was on Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright,
They robbed the Glendale train;
The people they did say, for many miles away,
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.

It was on Saturday night, Jesse was at home
Talking with his family brave,
Robert Ford came along like a thief in the night
And laid poor Jesse in his grave.

The people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,
And wondered how he ever came to die.
It was one of the gang called little Robert Ford,
He shot poor Jesse on the sly.

Jesse went to his rest with his hand on his breast;
The devil will be upon his knee.
He was born one day in the county of Clay
And came from a solitary race.

This song was made by Billy Gashade,
As soon as the news did arrive;
He said there was no man with the law in his hand
Who could take Jesse James when alive.

## *William Rose Benét* JESSE JAMES

Jesse James was a two-gun man,
*(Roll on, Missouri!)*
Strong-arm chief of an outlaw clan.
*(From Kansas to Illinois!)*
He twirled an old Colt forty-five,
*(Roll on, Missouri!)*
They never took Jesse James alive.
*(Roll, Missouri, roll!)*
Jesse James was a King of the Wes';
*(Cataracks in the Missouri!)*
He'd a di'mon' heart in his lef' breas';
*(Brown Missouri rolls!)*
He'd a fire in his heart no hurt could stifle;
*(Thunder, Missouri!)*
Lion eyes an' a Winchester rifle.
*(Missouri, roll down!)*

JESSE JAMES: Reprinted by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company from *Golden Fleece* by William Rose Benét. Copyright, 1935, by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.

Jesse James rode a pinto hawse;
Come at night to a water-cawse;
Tetched with the rowel that pinto's flank;
She sprung the torrent from bank to bank.

Jesse rode through a sleepin' town;
Looked the moonlit street both up an' down;
Crack-crack-crack, the street ran flames
An' a great voice cried, "I'm Jesse James!"

Hawse an' afoot they're after Jess!
*(Roll on, Missouri!)*
Spurrin' an' spurrin'—but he's gone Wes'.
*(Brown Missouri rolls!)*
He was ten foot tall when he stood in his boots;
*(Lightnin' light the Missouri!)*
More'n a match fer sich galoots.
*(Roll, Missouri, roll!)*

Jesse James rode outa the sage;
Roun' the rocks come the swayin' stage;
Straddlin' the road a giant stan's
An' a great voice bellers, "Throw up yer han's!"

Jesse raked in the di'mon' rings,
The big gold watches an' the yuther things;
Jesse divvied 'em then an' thar
With a cryin' child had lost her mar.

The U. S. Troopers is after Jess;
*(Roll on, Missouri!)*
Their hawses sweat foam, but he's gone Wes';
*(Hear Missouri roar!)*
He was broad as a b'ar, he'd a ches' like a drum,
*(Wind an' rain through Missouri!)*
An' his red hair flamed like Kingdom Come.
*(Missouri down to the sea!)*

Jesse James all alone in the rain
Stopped an' stuck up the Eas'-boun' train;
Swayed through the coaches with horns an' a tail,
Lit out with the bullion an' the registered mail.

Jess made 'em all turn green with fright,
Quakin' in the aisles in the pitch-black night;
An' he give all the bullion to a pore ole tramp
Campin' nigh the cuttin' in the dirt an' damp.

The whole U. S. is after Jess;
*(Roll on, Missouri!)*
The son-of-a-gun, if he ain't gone Wes';
*(Missouri to the sea!)*

He could chaw cold iron an' spit blue flame;
(*Cataracks down the Missouri!*)
He rode on a catamount he'd larned to tame.
(*Hear that Missouri roll!*)

Jesse James rode into a bank;
Give his pinto a tetch on the flank;
Jumped the teller's window with an awful crash;
Heaved up the safe an' twirled his mustache;

He said, "So long, boys!" He yelped, "So long!
Feelin' porely today—I ain't feelin' strong!"
Rode right through the wall agoin' crack-crack-crack,—
Took the safe home to Mother in a gunny-sack.

They're creepin', they're crawlin', they're stalkin' Jess;
(*Roll on, Missouri!*)
They's a rumor he's gone much further Wes';
(*Roll, Missouri, roll!*)
They's word of a cayuse hitched to the bars
(*Ruddy clouds on Missouri!*)
Of a golden sunset that busts into stars.
(*Missouri, roll down!*)

Jesse James rode hell fer leather;
He was a hawse an' a man together;
In a cave in a mountain high up in air,
He lived with a rattlesnake, a wolf, an' a bear.

Jesse's heart was as sof' as a woman;
Fer guts an' stren'th he was sooper-human;
He could put six shots through a woodpecker's eye
And take in one swaller a gallon o' rye.

They sought him here an' they sought him there,
(*Roll on, Missouri!*)
But he strides by night through the ways of the air,
(*Brown Missouri rolls!*)
They say he was took an' they say he is dead;
(*Thunder, Missouri!*)
But he ain't—he's a sunset overhead!
(*Missouri down to the sea!*)

Jesse James was a Hercules.
When he went through the woods he tore up the trees.
When he went on the plains he smoked the groun'
An' the hull lan' shuddered fer miles aroun'.

Jesse James wore a red bandanner
That waved on the breeze like the Star Spangled Banner;
In seven states he cut up dadoes.
He's gone with the buffler an' the desperadoes.

Yes, Jesse James was a two-gun man
(*Roll on, Missouri!*)
The same as when this song began;
(*From Kansas to Illinois!*)
An' when you see a sunset bust in flames
(*Lightnin' light the Missouri!*)
Or a thunderstorm blaze—that's Jesse James!
(*Hear that Missouri roll!*)

## *Siegfried Sassoon*

## THE OLD HUNTSMAN

I've never ceased to curse the day I signed
A seven years' bargain for the Golden Fleece.
'Twas a bad deal all round; and dear enough
It cost me, what with my daft management,
And the mean folk as owed and never paid me,
And backing losers; and the local bucks
Egging me on with whiskies while I bragged
The man I was when huntsman to the Squire.

I'd have been prosperous if I'd took a farm
Of seventy acres, drove my gig and haggled
At Monday markets; now I've squandered all
My savings; nigh three hundred pound I got
As testimonial when I'd grown too stiff
And slow to press a beaten fox.

The Fleece!
'Twas the damned Fleece that wore my Emily out,
The wife of thirty years who served me well;
(Not like this beldam clattering in the kitchen,
That never trims a lamp nor sweeps the floor,
And brings me greasy soup in a foul crock.)

Blast the old harridan! What's fetched her now,
Leaving me in the dark, and short of fire?
And where's my pipe? 'Tis lucky I've a turn
For thinking, and remembering all that's past.
And now's my hour, before I hobble to bed,
To set the works a-wheezing, wind the clock

THE OLD HUNTSMAN: From *The Old Huntsman and Other Poems*. Reprinted by permission of the author.

That keeps the time of life with feeble tick
Behind my bleared old face that stares and wonders.

It's queer how, in the dark, comes back to mind
Some morning of September. We've been digging
In a steep, sandy warren, riddled with holes,
And I've just pulled the terrier out and left
A sharp-nosed cub-face blinking there and snapping,
Then in a moment see him mobbed and torn
To strips in the baying hurly of the pack.
I picture it so clear: the dusty sunshine
On bracken, and the men with spades, that wipe
Red faces: one tilts up a mug of ale.
And, having stooped to clean my gory hands,
I whistle the jostling beauties out o' the wood.

I'm but a daft old fool! I often wish
The Squire were back again—ah, he was a man!
They don't breed men like him these days; he'd come
For sure, and sit and talk and suck his briar
Till the old wife brings up a dish of tea.
Aye, those were days, when I was serving Squire!
I never knowed such sport as '85,
The winter afore the one that snowed us silly.

Once in a way the parson will drop in
And read a bit o' the Bible, if I'm bad,—
Pray the Good Lord to make my spirit whole
In faith: he leaves some 'baccy on the shelf,
And wonders I don't keep a dog to cheer me,
Because he knows I'm mortal fond of dogs!

I ask you, what's a gent like that to me,
As wouldn't know Elijah if I saw him,
Nor have the wit to keep him on the talk?
'Tis kind of parson to be troubling still
With such as me; but he's a town-bred chap,
Full of his college notions and Christmas hymns.

Religion beats me. I'm amazed at folk
Drinking the gospels in and never scratching
Their heads for questions. When I was a lad
I learned a bit from mother, and never thought
To educate myself for prayers and psalms.

But now I'm old and bald and serious-minded,
With days to sit and ponder. I'd no chance
When young and gay to get the hang of all
This Hell and Heaven: and when the clergy hoick
And holloa from the pulpits, I'm asleep,
However hard I listen; and when they pray
It seems we're all like children sucking sweets
In school, and wondering whether master sees.

I used to dream of Hell when I was first
Promoted to a huntsman's job, and scent
Was rotten, and all the foxes disappeared,
And hounds were short of blood; and officers
From barracks over-rode 'em all day long
On weedy, whistling nags that knocked a hole
In every fence; good sportsmen to a man
And brigadiers by now, but dreadful hard
On a young huntsman keen to show some sport.

Aye, Hell was thick with captains, and I rode
The lumbering brute that's beat in half a mile,
And blunders into every blind old ditch.
Hell was the coldest scenting land I've known,
And both my whips were always lost, and hounds
Would never get their heads down; and a man
On a great yawing chestnut trying to cast 'em
While I was in a corner pounded by
The ugliest hog-backed stile you've clapped your eyes on.
There was an iron-spiked fence round all the coverts,
And civil-spoken keepers I couldn't trust,
And the main earth unstopp'd. The fox I found
Was always a three-legged 'un from a bag
Who reeked of aniseed and wouldn't run.
The farmers were all plowing their old pasture
And bellowing at me when I rode their beans
To cast for beaten fox, or galloped on
With hounds to a lucky view. I'd lost my voice
Although I shouted fit to burst my guts,
And couldn't blow my horn.

And when I woke,
Emily snored, and barn-cocks started crowing,
And morn was at the window; and I was glad
To be alive because I heard the cry
Of hounds like church-bells chiming on a Sunday,—
Aye, that's the song I'd wish to hear in Heaven!
The cry of hounds was Heaven for me: I know
Parson would call me crazed and wrong to say it,
But where's the use of life and being glad
If God's not in your gladness?

I've no brains
For book-learned studies; but I've heard men say
There's much in print that clergy have to wink at:
Though many I've met were jolly chaps, and rode
To hounds, and walked me puppies; and could pick
Good legs and loins and necks and shoulders, aye,
And feet,—'twas necks and feet I looked at first.
Some hounds I've known were wise as half your saints,
And better hunters. That old dog of the Duke's,
Harlequin; what a dog he was to draw!
And what a note he had, and what a nose
When foxes ran down wind and scent was catchy!
And that light lemon bitch of the Squire's, old Dorcas,—
She were a marvelous hunter, were old Dorcas!
Aye, oft I've thought: "If there were hounds in Heaven,
With God as Master, taking no subscription;
And all His blessed country farmed by tenants;
And a straight-necked old fox in every gorse!"
But when I came to work it out, I found
There'd be too many huntsmen wanting places,—
Though some I've known might get a job with Nick!

I've come to think of God as something like
The figure of a man the old Duke was
When I was turning hounds to Nimrod King,
Before his Grace was took so bad with gout,
And had to quit the saddle. Tall and spare,
Clean-shaved and gray, with shrewd, kind eyes, that twinkled,
And easy walk; who, when he gave good words,
Gave them whole-hearted; and would never blame
Without just cause. Lord God might be like that,
Sitting alone in a great room of books
Some evening after hunting.

Now I'm tired
With hearkening to the tick-tack on the shelf;
And pondering makes me doubtful.

Riding home
On a moonless night of cloud that feels like frost
Though stars are hidden (hold your feet up, horse!),
And thinking what a task I had to draw
A pack with all those lame 'uns, and the lot
Wanting a rest from all this open weather,—
That's what I'm doing now.

And likely, too,
The frost'll be a long 'un, and the night
One sleep. The parsons say we'll wake to find
A country blinding-white with dazzle of snow.

The naked stars make men feel lonely,—wheeling
And glinting on the puddles in the road.
And then you listen to the wind, and wonder
If folk are quite such bucks as they appear
When dressed by London tailors, looking down
Their boots at covert side, and thinking big.

This world's a funny place to live in. Soon
I'll need to change my country; but I know
'Tis little enough I've understood my life,
And a power of sights I've missed, and foreign marvels.

I used to feel it, riding on spring days
In meadows pied with sun and chasing clouds,
And half forget how I was there to catch
The foxes; lose the angry, eager feeling
A huntsman ought to have, that's out for blood,
And means his hounds to get it!

Now I know
It's God that speaks to us when we're bewitched,
Smelling the hay in June and smiling quiet;
Or when there's been a spell of summer drought,
Lying awake and listening to the rain.

I'd like to be the simpleton I was
In the old days when I was whipping-in
To a little harrier-pack in Worcestershire,
And loved a dairymaid, but never knew it
Until she'd wed another. So I've loved
My life; and when the good years are gone down,
Discover what I've lost.

I never broke
Out of my blundering self into the world,
But let it all go past me, like a man
Half-asleep in a land that's full of wars.

What a grand thing 'twould be if I could go
Back to the kennels now and take my hounds
For summer exercise; be riding out
With forty couple when the quiet skies
Are streaked with sunrise, and the silly birds
Grown hoarse with singing; cobwebs on the furze

Up on the hill, and all the country strange,
With no one stirring; and the horses fresh,
Sniffing the air I'll never breathe again.

You've brought the lamp, then, Martha? I've no mind
For newspaper tonight, nor bread and cheese.
Give me the candle, and I'll get to bed.

## *A. E. Housman* HELL GATE

Onward led the road again
Through the sad uncoloured plain
Under twilight brooding dim,
And along the utmost rim
Wall and rampart risen to sight
Cast a shadow not of night,
And beyond them seemed to glow
Bonfires lighted long ago.
And my dark conductor broke
Silence at my side and spoke,
Saying, "You conjecture well:
Yonder is the gate of hell."

Ill as yet the eye could see
The eternal masonry,
But beneath it on the dark
To and fro there stirred a spark.
And again the sombre guide
Knew my question, and replied:
"At hell gate the damned in turn
Pace for sentinel and burn."

Dully at the leaden sky
Staring, and with idle eye
Measuring the listless plain,
I began to think again.
Many things I thought of then,
Battle, and the loves of men,
Cities entered, oceans crossed,
Knowledge gained and virtue lost,
Cureless folly done and said,
And the lovely way that led
To the slimepit and the mire
And the everlasting fire.

And against a smoulder dun
And a dawn without a sun
Did the nearing bastion loom,
And across the gate of gloom
Still one saw the sentry go,
Trim and burning, to and fro,
One for women to admire
In his finery of fire.
Something, as I watched him pace,
Minded me of time and place,
Soldiers of another corps
And a sentry known before.

Ever darker hell on high
Reared its strength upon the sky,
And our footfall on the track
Fetched the daunting echo back.
But the soldier pacing still
The insuperable sill,
Nursing his tormented pride,
Turned his head to neither side,
Sunk into himself apart
And the hell-fire of his heart.
But against our entering in
From the drawbridge Death and Sin
Rose to render key and sword
To their father and their lord.
And the portress foul to see
Lifted up her eyes on me
Smiling, and I made reply:
"Met again, my lass," said I.
Then the sentry turned his head,
Looked, and knew me, and was Ned.

Once he looked, and halted straight,
Set his back against the gate,
Caught his musket to his chin,
While the hive of hell within
Sent abroad a seething hum
As of towns whose king is come
Leading conquest home from far
And the captives of his war,
And the car of triumph waits,
And they open wide the gates.
But across the entry barred
Straddled the revolted guard,
Weaponed and accoutred well
From the arsenals of hell;
And beside him, sick and white,
Sin to left and Death to right
Turned a countenance of fear
On the flaming mutineer.

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Over us the darkness bowed,
And the anger in the cloud
Clenched the lightning for the stroke;
But the traitor musket spoke.

And the hollowness of hell
Sounded as its master fell,
And the mourning echo rolled
Ruin through his kingdom old.
Tyranny and terror flown
Left a pair of friends alone,
And beneath the nether sky
All that stirred was he and I.

Silent, nothing found to say,
We began the backward way;
And the ebbing lustre died
From the soldier at my side,
As in all his spruce attire
Failed the everlasting fire.
Midmost of the homeward track
Once we listened and looked back;
But the city, dusk and mute,
Slept, and there was no pursuit.

## *T. S. Eliot*

## JOURNEY OF THE MAGI

"A cold coming we had of it,
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey:
The ways deep and the weather sharp,
The very dead of winter."
And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,
Lying down in the melting snow.
There were times we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.
Then the camel men cursing and grumbling
And running away, and wanting their liquor and women,
And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters,
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly
And the villages dirty and charging high prices:
A hard time we had of it.
At the end we preferred to travel all night,
Sleeping in snatches,
With the voices singing in our ears, saying
That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;
With a running stream and a water-mill beating the darkness,
And three trees on the low sky,
And an old white horse galloped away in the meadow.
Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.
But there was no information, and so we continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon
Finding the place; it was (you may say) satisfactory.

All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.

JOURNEY OF THE MAGI. From *Collected Poems of T. S. Eliot*. Copyright, 1936, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

# *The Poet as Singer*

## *Robert Burns* SWEET AFTON

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

## *George Gordon, Lord Byron*

### SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

She walks in beauty, like the night
  Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
  Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
  Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
  Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
  Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
  How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
  So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
  But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
  A heart whose love is innocent!

## *Edmund Waller*

### GO, LOVELY ROSE

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

## *Robert Herrick* TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

## *Richard Lovelace* TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

## *Sir John Suckling*

## THE CONSTANT LOVER

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

## *A. E. Housman*

## WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a-plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

## *William Butler Yeats*

## A DEEP-SWORN VOW

Others because you did not keep
That deep-sworn vow have been friends of mine;
Yet always when I look death in the face,
When I clamber to the heights of sleep,
Or when I grow excited with wine,
Suddenly I meet your face.

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*Sir Philip Sidney*

## WITH HOW SAD STEPS, O MOON

With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks; thy languished grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

*William Shakespeare*

## LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:—
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

*Michael Drayton*

## COME, LET US KISS AND PART

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me!
And I am glad, yea, glad, with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever! Cancel all our vows!
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain!
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now, if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

*John Donne* A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go:
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now, and some say, No;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love,
Whose soul is sense, cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we're by love so much refined
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assurèd of the mind,
Care less, eyes, lips, hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;

Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

*Sir Walter Scott*

## WHEN FRIENDS ARE MET

When friends are met o'er merry cheer,
And lovely eyes are laughing near,
And in the goblet's bosom clear,
The cares of day are drown'd;
When puns are made, and bumpers quaff'd,
And wild Wit shoots his roving shaft,
And mirth his jovial laugh has laugh'd,
Then is our banquet crown'd,
Ah gay,
Then is our banquet crown'd.

When glees are sung, and catches troll'd,
And bashfulness grows bright and bold,
And beauty is no longer cold,
And age no longer dull;
When chimes are brief, and cocks do crow,
To tell us it is time to go,
Yet how to part we do not know,
Then is our feast at full,
Ah gay,
Then is our feast at full.

*Anonymous*

## BACK AND SIDE GO BARE

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, &c.

I love no roast but a nutbrown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I would,
I am so wrapped, and thoroughly lapped
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, &c.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls
Or have them lustily trolled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side go bare, &c.

*Walt Whitman*

## I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,

The woodcutter's song, the plowboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission
or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing
or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

## *Robert Burns* SCOTS, WHA HAE WITH WALLACE BLED

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do, or die!

## *Rupert Brooke* THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

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## *Rudyard Kipling* RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old—
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
    Amen.

## *John Masefield* SEA-FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

## *Walter de la Mare* SILVER

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

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*Hamlin Garland*

## DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheeks will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man!

*Robert P. Tristram Coffin*

## STRANGE HOLINESS

There is strange holiness around
Our common days on common ground.
I have heard it in the birds
Whose voices reach above all words,
Going upward, bars on bars,
Until they sound as high as stars.
I have seen it in the snake,
A flowing jewel in the brake.
It has sparkled in my eyes
In luminous breath of fireflies.
I have come upon its track
Where trilliums curled their petals back.
I have seen it flash in under
The towers of the midnight thunder.
Once, I met it face to face
In a fox pressed by the chase.
He came down the road on feet,
Quiet and fragile, light as heat.
He had a fish still wet and bright
In his slender jaws held tight.
His ears were conscious whetted darts,
His eyes had small flames in their hearts.
The preciousness of life and breath
Glowed through him as he outran death.
Strangeness and secrecy and pride
Ran rippling down his golden hide.
His beauty was not meant for me,
With my dull eyes, so close to see.
Unconscious of me, rapt, alone,
He came, and then stopped still as stone.
His eyes went out as in a gust,
His beauty crumbled into dust.
There was but a ruin there,
A hunted creature, stripped and bare.
Then he faded at one stroke,
Like a dingy, melting smoke.
But there his fish lay like a key
To the bright lost mystery.

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*Emily Dickinson*

## I'LL TELL YOU HOW THE SUN ROSE

I'll tell you how the sun rose,—
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little boys and girls
Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

*Emily Dickinson*

## A NARROW FELLOW IN THE GRASS

A narrow fellow in the grass
Occasionally rides;
You may have met him,—did you not?
His notice sudden is.

I'LL TELL YOU HOW THE SUN ROSE and A NARROW FELLOW IN THE GRASS: From *Collected Poems* by Emily Dickinson. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown and Company.

The grass divides as with a comb,
A spotted shaft is seen;
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,
A floor too cool for corn.
Yet when a child, and barefoot,
I more than once, at morn,

Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash
Unbraiding in the sun,—
When, stopping to secure it,
It wrinkled, and was gone.

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

*William Wordsworth*

## THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will not one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

*John Keats* TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

## *Thomas Hardy* THE DARKLING THRUSH

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant;
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

## *Robert Frost* STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

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STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING: From *Complete Poems of Robert Frost.* Copyright, 1930, 1939, 1949, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Copyright, 1936, 1942, by Robert Frost. Used by permission of the publishers.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

## *Orlando Gibbons*

### THE SILVER SWAN

The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached, unlocked her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last, and sung no more.
Farewell, all joys; O death, come close mine eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

## *The Bible* PSALM XIX

1. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

2. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

4. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5. Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7. The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.

8. The statutes of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9. The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.

10. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11. Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12. Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

## *Joseph Addison*

### THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

The Spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue Ethereal Sky,
And spangled Heav'ns, a Shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Power display,
And publishes to every Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly to the list'ning Earth
Repeats the Story of her Birth:
Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets, in their turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

What though, in solemn Silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball?
What tho' nor real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?
In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

## *G. K. Chesterton* THE DONKEY

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood,
Then surely I was born;

With monstrous head and sickening cry
  And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
  On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
  Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb;
  I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
  One far, fierce hour and sweet.
There was a shout about my ears,
  And palms before my feet.

## *George Herbert* THE PULLEY

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
"Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
  Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure.
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,
  Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
  So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
  May toss him to my breast."

## *Emily Dickinson*

## I NEVER SAW A MOOR

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

## *Anonymous* GO DOWN, MOSES

Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land;
Tell ole Pharaoh,
To let my people go.

When Israel was in Egypt land:
Let my people go,
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go.

"Thus spoke the Lord," bold Moses said;
Let my people go,
If not I'll smite your first born dead,
Let my people go.

Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land;
Tell ole Pharaoh,
To let my people go.

I NEVER SAW A MOOR: From *Complete Poems* by Emily Dickinson. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown and Company.

# *The Poet as Wit and Humorist*

## *E. B. White* COMMUTER

Commuter—one who spends his life
In riding to and from his wife;
A man who shaves and takes a train
And then rides back to shave again.

## *Richard Armour*

## ASSORTED RELISHES

### CELERY

When forced to wait and wait for luncheon,
A stalk or two will serve to munch on,
A use which would, indeed, be laudable,
If only it weren't quite so audible.

### OLIVES

Unless its innards are pimento,
Each olive leaves its own memento,
And therefore, should you nibble any,
The seeds will testify how many.

### RADISHES

Though pretty things, they like as not
Are either pithy or too hot,
Nor do you know, till you have bitten,
If you've a tiger or a kitten.

### PICKLES

Since people are of many minds
About the sundry sorts and kinds,
Some way is needed to empower one
To tell a sweet one from a sour one.

### ONIONS

The onion eater and his brother,
Though inoffensive to each other,
Are by their diet alienated
From those who've not participated.

## *Richard Armour* TO A HUMAN SKELETON (Encountered in the Museum of Natural History)

It's hard to think
  Albeit true,
That without flesh
  I'd look like you,

And harder still
  To think, old pal,
That one of these
  Fine days I shall.

## *Arthur Guiterman*

## ON THE VANITY OF EARTHLY GREATNESS

The tusks that clashed in mighty brawls
Of mastodons, are billiard balls.

The sword of Charlemagne the Just
Is ferric oxide, known as rust.

The grizzly bear whose potent hug
Was feared by all, is now a rug.

Great Caesar's bust is on the shelf,
And I don't feel so well myself!

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## *Arthur Guiterman* SEA-CHILL

*When Mrs. John Masefield and her husband, the author of "I Must Go Down to the Seas Again," arrived here on a liner, she said to a reporter, "It was too uppy-downy, and Mr. Masefield was ill."*—News item.

I must go down to the seas again, where the billows romp and reel,
So all I ask is a large ship that rides on an even keel,
And a mild breeze and a broad deck with a slight list to leeward,
And a clean chair in a snug nook and a nice, kind steward.

I must go down to the seas again, the sport of wind and tide,
As the gray wave and the green wave play leapfrog over the side.
And all I want is a glassy calm with a bone-dry scupper,
A good book and a warm rug and a light, plain supper.

I must go down to the seas again, though there I'm a total loss,
And can't say which is worst, the pitch, the plunge, the roll, the toss.
But all I ask is a safe retreat in a bar well tended,
And a soft berth and a smooth course till the long trip's ended.

## *A. E. Housman* OH, WHEN I WAS IN LOVE WITH YOU

Oh, when I was in love with you,
Then I was clean and brave,
And miles around the wonder grew
How well did I behave.

And now the fancy passes by,
And nothing will remain,
And miles around they'll say that I
Am quite myself again.

## *Anonymous* MIND AND MATTER

There was a faith-healer of Deal,
Who said, "Although pain isn't real,
If I sit on a pin
And it punctures my skin,
I dislike what I fancy I feel."

## *Anonymous* FLIGHT

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
"Let us fly!" said the flea,
So they flew through the flaw in the flue.

## *Ethel Jacobson* ATOMIC COURTESY

To smash the simple atom
All mankind was intent.
Now any day
The atom may
Return the compliment.

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ATOMIC COURTESY: Reprinted from *Collier's* by permission of the author and the publishers.

## *Franklin P. Adams* TO A THESAURUS

O precious codex, volume, tome,
  Book, writing, compilation, work
Attend the while I pen a pome,
  A jest, a jape, a quip, a quirk.

For I would pen, engross, indite,
  Transcribe, set forth, compose, address,
Record, submit—yea, even write
  An ode, an elegy to bless—

To bless, set store by, celebrate,
  Approve, esteem, endow with soul,
Commend, acclaim, appreciate,
  Immortalize, laud, praise, extol

Thy merit, goodness, value, worth,
  Expedience, utility—
O manna, honey, salt of earth,
  I sing, I chant, I worship thee!

How could I manage, live, exist,
  Obtain, produce, be real, prevail,
Be present in the flesh, subsist,
  Have place, become, breathe or inhale

Without thy help, recruit, support,
  Opitulation, furtherance,
Assistance, rescue, aid, resort,
  Favour, sustention and advance?

Alas! Alack! and well-a-day!
  My case would then be dour and sad,
Likewise distressing, dismal, grey,
  Pathetic, mournful, dreary, bad.

Though I could keep this up all day,
  This lyric, elegiac song,
Meseems hath come the time to say
  Farewell! Adieu! Good-bye! So long!

## *Ogden Nash* THE PURIST

I give you now Professor Twist,
A conscientious scientist.
Trustees exclaimed, "He never bungles!"
And sent him off to distant jungles.
Camped on a tropic riverside,
One day he missed his loving bride.
She had, the guide informed him later,
Been eaten by an alligator.
Professor Twist could not but smile.
"You mean," he said, "a crocodile."

## *William S. Gilbert* WHEN I WAS A LAD

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an Attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle on the big front door.
  [CHORUS—*He polished up the handle of the big front door.*]
I polished up that handle so carefullee
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
  [CH.—*He polished up that handle so carefullee*
  *That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!*]

As office boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.

TO A THESAURUS: From *Column Book of F.P.A.* by Franklin P. Adams. Copyright, 1928, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. Used by permission of the publishers.
THE PURIST: From *The Face Is Familiar* by Ogden Nash. Used by permission of Little, Brown and Company.

I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand—
[CH.—*He copied all the letters in a big round hand.*]
I copied all the letters in a hand so free,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
[CH.—*He copied all the letters in a hand so free,*
*That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!*]

In serving writs I made such a name
That an articled clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a brand-new suit
For the pass examination at the Institute,
[CH.—*For the pass examination at the Institute.*]
And that pass examination did so well for me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
[CH.—*And that pass examination did so well for he,*
*That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!*]

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
That they took me into the partnership.
And that junior partnership, I ween,
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
[CH.—*Was the only ship that he had ever seen.*]
But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
[CH.—*But that kind of ship so suited he,*
*That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!*]

I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.
[CH.—*He never thought of thinking for himself at all.*]
I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!
[CH.—*He thought so little, they rewarded he*
*By making him the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!*]

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—
[CH.—*Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—*]
Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,
And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee!
[CH.—*Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,*
*And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee!*]

## *George Wither* SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR?

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
  If she be not so to me,
  What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined,
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle dove, or pelican,
  If she be not so to me,
  What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well deserving known,
Make me quite forget mine own?

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
  If she be not such to me,
  What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think, "What, with them, they would do
That, without them, dare to woo!"
  And unless that mind I see,
  What care I though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair!
If she love me (this believe!)
I will die, ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go;
  For if she be not for me,
  What care I for whom she be?

## *Robert Herrick* UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast my eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free,
Oh, how that glittering taketh me!

## *Robert Herrick* DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction:
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher:
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribands to flow confusedly:
A winning wave (deserving note)
In the tempestuous petticoat:
A careless shoestring, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

## *Ogden Nash* LINES IN DISPRAISE OF DISPRAISE

I hereby bequeath to the Bide-a-Wee Home all people who have statistics to prove that a human
Is nothing but a combination of iron and water and potash and albumen.

LINES IN DISPRAISE OF DISPRAISE: From *The Face Is Familiar* by Ogden Nash. Copyright, 1931, by Ogden Nash. Used by permission of the publishers, Little, Brown and Company.

That may very well be the truth
But it's just like saying that a cocktail is nothing but ice and gin and vermouth.
People who go around analyzing
Are indeed very tanalizing.
They always want to get at the bottom
Of everything from spring to ottom.
They can't just look at a Rembrandt or a Bartolozzi
And say, Boy! that's pretty hozzi-tozzi!
No, they have to break it up into its component parts
And reconstruct it with blueprints and charts.
My idea is that while after looking around me and even at me I may not be proud of being a human
I object to having attention called to my iron and water and potash and albumen.
In the first place, it's undignified,
And in the second place, nothing by it is signified.
Because it isn't potash et cetera that makes people Republicans or Democrats or Ghibellines or Guelphs,
It's the natural perversity of the people themselfs.
No, no, you old analysts, away with the whole kit and kaboodle of you.
I wouldn't even make mincemeat to give to a poodle of you.

## *Robert Frost* THE HARDSHIP OF ACCOUNTING

Never ask of money spent
Where the spender thinks it went.
Nobody was ever meant
To remember or invent
What he did with every cent.

## *Robert Frost* DEPARTMENTAL

An ant on the tablecloth
Ran into a dormant moth
Of many times his size.
He showed not the least surprise.
His business wasn't with such.
He gave it scarcely a touch,
And was off on his duty run.
Yet if he encountered one
Of the hive's enquiry squad
Whose work is to find out God
And the nature of time and space,
He would put him onto the case.
Ants are a curious race;
One crossing with hurried tread
The body of one of their dead
Isn't given a moment's arrest—
Seems not even impressed.
But he no doubt reports to any
With whom he crosses antennae,
And they no doubt report
To the higher up at court.
Then word goes forth in Formic:
"Death's come to Jerry McCormic,
Our selfless forager Jerry.
Will the special Janizary
Whose office it is to bury
The dead of the commissary
Go bring him home to his people.
Lay him in state on a sepal.
Wrap him for shroud in a petal.
Embalm him with ichor of nettle.
This is the word of your Queen."
And presently on the scene

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DEPARTMENTAL: From *Complete Poems of Robert Frost 1949.* Copyright, 1949, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Used by permission of the publishers.

Appears a solemn mortician;
And taking formal position
With feelers calmly atwiddle,
Seizes the dead by the middle,
And heaving him high in air,
Carries him out of there.
No one stands round to stare.
It is nobody else's affair.

It couldn't be called ungentle.
But how thoroughly departmental.

## *Rupert Brooke* HEAVEN

Fish (fly-replete, in depth of June,
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,
Each secret fishy hope or fear.
Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond;
But is there anything Beyond?
This life cannot be All, they swear,
For how unpleasant, if it were!

One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud;
And, sure, the reverent eye must see
A Purpose in Liquidity.
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
The future is not Wholly Dry.
Mud unto mud!—Death eddies near—
Not here the appointed End, not here!
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time,
Is wetter water, slimier slime!
And there (they trust) there swimmeth One
Who swam ere rivers were begun,
Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;
And under that Almighty Fin,
The littlest fish may enter in.
Oh! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
But more than mundane weeds are there,
And mud, celestially fair;
Fat caterpillars drift around,
And Paradisal grubs are found;
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.

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# *The Poet as Portrayer of Character*

*Edwin Arlington Robinson*

## UNCLE ANANIAS

His words were magic and his heart was true,
  And everywhere he wandered he was blessed.
Out of all ancient men my childhood knew
  I choose him and I mark him for the best.
Of all authoritative liars, too,
  I crown him loveliest.

How fondly I remember the delight
  That always glorified him in the spring;
The joyous courage and the benedight
  Profusion of his faith in everything!
He was a good old man, and it was right
  That he should have his fling.

And often, underneath the apple-trees,
  When we surprised him in the summer time,
With what superb magnificence and ease
  He sinned enough to make the day sublime!
And if he liked us there about his knees,
  Truly it was no crime.

All summer long we loved him for the same
  Perennial inspiration of his lies;
And when the russet wealth of autumn came,
  There flew but fairer visions to our eyes—
Multiple, tropical, winged with a feathery flame,
  Like birds of paradise.

So to the sheltered end of many a year
  He charmed the seasons out with pageantry
Wearing upon his forehead, with no fear,
  The laurel of approved iniquity.
And every child who knew him, far or near,
  Did love him faithfully.

UNCLE ANANIAS: From *Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson*. Copyright, 1935, 1937, by The Macmillan Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

*Emily Dickinson*

## HE PREACHED UPON "BREADTH"

He preached upon "breadth" till it argued him narrow,—
The broad are too broad to define;
And of "truth" until it proclaimed him a liar,—
The truth never flaunted a sign.

Simplicity fled from his counterfeit presence
As gold the pyrites would shun.
What confusion would cover the innocent Jesus
To meet so enabled a man!

*Phyllis McGinley*

## LADY SELECTING HER CHRISTMAS CARDS

Fastidiously, with gloved and careful fingers,
  Through the marked samples she pursues her search.
Which shall it be: the snowscape's wintry languors
  Complete with church,

An urban skyline, children sweetly pretty
  Sledding downhill, the chaste, ubiquitous wreath,
Schooner or candle or the simple Scottie
  With verses underneath?

Perhaps it might be better to emblazon
  With words alone the stiff, punctilious square.
(Oh, not Victorian, certainly. This season
  One meets it everywhere.)

HE PREACHED UPON "BREADTH": From *Complete Poems* by Emily Dickinson. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown and Company.

LADY SELECTING HER CHRISTMAS CARDS: From *Stones from a Glass House* by Phyllis McGinley. Copyright, 1943, 1946, by Phyllis McGinley. Reprinted by permission of The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

She has a duty proper to the weather—
  A Birth she must announce, a rumor to spread,
Wherefore the very spheres once sang together
  And a star shone overhead.

Here are the Tidings which the shepherds panted
  One to another, kneeling by their flocks.
And they will bear her name (engraved, not printed),
  Ten-fifty for the box.

## *Edgar Lee Masters*

### FIDDLER JONES

The earth keeps some vibration going
There in your heart, and that is you.
And if the people find you can fiddle,
Why, fiddle you must, for all your life.
What do you see, a harvest of clover?
Or a meadow to walk through to the river?
The wind's in the corn; you rub your hands
For beeves hereafter ready for market;
Or else you hear the rustle of skirts
Like the girls when dancing at Little Grove.
To Cooney Potter a pillar of dust
Or whirling leaves meant ruinous drouth;
They looked to me like Red-Head Sammy
Stepping it off, to "Toor-a-Loor."
How could I till my forty acres
Not to speak of getting more,
With a medley of horns, bassoons and piccolos
Stirred in my brain by crows and robins
And the creak of a wind-mill—only these?
And I never started to plow in my life
That some one did not stop in the road
And take me away to a dance or picnic.
I ended up with forty acres;
I ended up with a broken fiddle—
And a broken laugh, and a thousand memories,
And not a single regret.

## *Alexander Pope* ATTICUS

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blessed with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While Wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

## *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known—cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all—
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire

FIDDLER JONES: From *Spoon River Anthology* by Edgar Lee Masters. Used by permission of Mrs. Ellen C. Masters.

To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads,—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

## *Robert Browning* SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER

Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damned flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you!
What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?
Oh, that rose has prior claims—
Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
Hell dry you up with its flames!

At the meal we sit together:
*Salve tibi!* I must hear
Wise talk of the kind of weather,
Sort of season, time of year:
*Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely*
*Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:*
*What's the Latin name for "parsley"?*
What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?

Whew! We'll have our platter burnished,
Laid with care on our own shelf!
With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,
And a goblet for ourself,
Rinsed like something sacrificial
Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps—
Marked with L for our initial!
(He-he! There his lily snaps!)

*Saint,* forsooth! While brown Dolores
Squats outside the Convent bank
With Sanchicha, telling stories,
Steeping tresses in the tank,
Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horse-hairs,
—Can't I see his dead eye glow,
Bright as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?
(That is, if he'd let it show!)

When he finishes refection,
Knife and fork he never lays
Cross-wise, to my recollection,
As do I, in Jesu's praise.
I the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate;
While he drains his at one gulp.

Oh, those melons! If he's able
We're to have a feast! so nice!
One goes to the Abbot's table,
All of us get each a slice.
How go on your flowers? None double?
Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
Strange!—And I, too, at such trouble
Keep them close-nipped on the sly!

There's a great text in Galatians,
  Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
  One sure, if another fails:
If I trip him just a-dying,
  Sure of heaven as sure can be,
Spin him round and send him flying
  Off to hell, a Manichee!

Or, my scrofulous French novel
  On gray paper with blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel
  Hand and foot in Belial's gripe:
If I double down its pages
  At the woeful sixteenth print,
When he gathers his greengages,
  Ope a sieve and slip it in't?

Or, there's Satan! one might venture
  Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
Such a flaw in the indenture
  As he'd miss till, past retrieve,
Blasted lay that rose-acacia
  We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine* . . .
'St, there's Vespers! *Plena gratiâ,*
  *Ave, Virgo!* Gr-r-r—you swine!

## *Donald Davidson* LEE IN THE MOUNTAINS, 1865-1870

Walking into the shadows, walking alone
Where the sun falls through the ruined boughs of locusts
Up to the president's office . . .
                Hearing the voices
Whisper, *Hush, it is General Lee!* And strangely
Hearing my own voice say, *Good morning, boys.*
*(Don't get up. You are early. It is long*
*Before the bell. You will have long to wait*
*On these cold steps. . . .)*
                The young have time to wait.
But soldiers' faces under their tossing flags
Lift no more by any road or field,
And I am spent with old wars and new sorrow.
Walking the rocky path, where steps decay
And the paint cracks and grass eats on the stone.
It is not General Lee, young men . . .
It is Robert Lee in a dark civilian suit who walks,
An outlaw fumbling for the latch, a voice
Commanding in a dream where no flag flies.

My father's house is taken and his hearth
Left to the candle-drippings where the ashes
Whirl at a chimney-breath on the cold stone.
I can hardly remember my father's look, I cannot
Answer his voice as he calls farewell in the misty
Mounting where riders gather at gates.
He was old then—I was a child—his hand
Held out for mine, some daybreak snatched away,
And he rode out, a broken man. Now let
His lone grave keep, surer than cypress roots,
The vow I made beside him. God too late
Unseals to certain eyes the drift

LEE IN THE MOUNTAINS, 1865-1870: From *Lee in the Mountains and Other Poems* by Donald Davidson. Copyright, 1934, 1938, by Donald Davidson. Used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Of time and the hopes of men and a sacred cause.
The fortune of the Lees goes with the land
Whose sons will keep it still. My mother
Told me much. She sat among the candles,
Fingering the *Memoirs,* now so long unread.
And as my pen moves on across the page
Her voice comes back, a murmuring distillation
Of old Virginia times now faint and gone,
The hurt of all that was and cannot be.

Why did my father write? I know he saw
History clutched as a wraith out of blowing mist
Where tongues are loud, and a glut of little souls
Laps at the too much blood and the burning house.
He would have his say, but I shall not have mine.
What I do is only a son's devoir
To a lost father. Let him only speak.
The rest must pass to men who never knew
(But on a written page) the strike of armies,
And never heard the long Confederate cry
Charge through the muzzling smoke or saw the bright
Fyes of the beardless boys go up to death.
It is Robert Lee who writes with his father's hand—
The rest must go unsaid and the lips be locked.
If all were told, as it cannot be told—
If all the dread opinion of the heart
Now could speak, now in the shame and torment
Lashing the bound and trampled States—

If a word were said, as it cannot be said—

I see clear waters run in Virginia's Valley
And in the house the weeping of young women
Rises no more. The waves of grain begin.
The Shenandoah is golden with new grain.
The Blue Ridge, crowned with a haze of light,
Thunders no more. The horse is at plow. The rifle
Returns to the chimney crotch and the hunter's hand.
And nothing else than this? Was it for this
That on an April day we stacked our arms
Obedient to a soldier's trust? To lie
Ground by heels of little men,
Forever maimed, defeated, lost, impunged?
And was I then betrayed? Did I betray?

If it were said, as still it might be said—
If it were said, and a word should run like fire,
Like living fire into the roots of grass,
The sunken flag would kindle on wild hills,
The brooding hearts would waken, and the dream
Stir like a crippled phantom under the pines,
And this torn earth would quicken into shouting

Beneath the feet of ragged bands—
The pen
Turns to the waiting page, the sword
Bows to the rust that cankers and the silence.
Among these boys whose eyes lift up to mine
Within gray walls, where droning wasps repeat
A hollow reveille, I still must face,
Day after day, the courier with his summons
Once more to surrender, now to surrender all.
Without arms or men I stand, but with knowledge only
I face what long I saw, before others knew,
When Pickett's men streamed back, and I heard the tangled
Cry of the Wilderness wounded, bloody with doom.

The mountains, once I said, in the little room
At Richmond, by the huddled fire, but still
The President shook his head. The mountains wait,
I said, in the long beat and rattle of siege
At cratered Petersburg. Too late
We sought the mountains and those people came.
And Lee is in mountains now, beyond Appomattox,
Listening long for voices that never will speak
Again; hearing the hoofbeats come and go and fade
Without a stop, without a brown hand lifting
The tent-flap, or a bugle call at dawn,
Or ever on the long white road the flag
Of Jackson's quick brigades. I am alone,
Trapped, consenting, taken at last in mountains.

It is not the bugle now, or the long roll beating.
The simple stroke of a chapel bell forbids
The hurtling dream, recalls the lonely mind.
Young men, the God of your fathers is a just
And merciful God Who in this blood once shed
On your green altars measures out all days,
And measures out the grace
Whereby alone we live;
And in His might He waits,
Brooding within the certitude of time,
To bring this lost forsaken valor
And the fierce faith undying
And the love quenchless
To flower among the hills to which we cleave,
To fruit upon the mountains whither we flee,
Never forsaking, never denying
His children and His children's children forever
Unto all generations of the faithful heart.

*

## *Stephen Spender* JUDAS ISCARIOT

The eyes of twenty centuries
Pursue me along corridors to where
I am painted at their ends on many walls.
  Ever-revolving future recognize
This red hair and red beard, where I am seated
Within the dark cave of the feast of light.
  Out of my heart-shaped shadow I stretch my hand
Across the white table into the dish
But not to dip the bread. It is as though
The cloth on each side of one dove-bright face
Spread dazzling wings on which the apostles ride
Uplifting them into the vision
Where their eyes watch themselves enthroned.
  My russet hand across the dish
Plucks enviously against one feather
—But still the rushing wings spurn me below!

  Saint Sebastian of wickedness
I stand: all eyes legitimate arrows piercing through
The darkness of my wickedness. They recognize
My halo hammered from thirty silver pieces
And the hemp rope around my neck
Soft as that Spirit's hanging arms
When on my cheek he answered with the kiss
Which cuts for ever—
  My strange stigmata,
All love and hate, all fire and ice!

  But who betrayed whom? O you,
Whose light gaze forms the azure corridor
Through which those other pouring eyes
Arrow into me—answer! Who
Betrayed whom? Who read
In his mind's light from the first day
That the kingdom of heaven on earth must always
Reiterate the garden of Eden,
And each day's revolution be betrayed
Within man's heart, each day?
  Who wrapped
The whispering serpent round the tree
And hung between the leaves the glittering purse
And trapped the fangs with God-appointed poison?
Who knew
I must betray the truth, and made the lie
Betray its truth in me?

  Those hypocrite eyes which aimed at you
Now aim at me. And yet, beyond their world
Each turning on his pole of truth, your pole
Invisible light, and mine
Becoming what man is. We stare
Across two thousand years, and heaven, and hell,
Into each other's gaze.

JUDAS ISCARIOT: From *The Edge of Being* by Stephen Spender. Copyright, 1949, by Stephen Spender. Used by permission of the publishers, Random House, Inc.

# *The Poet as Elegist*

*Walter Savage Landor*

## ROSE AYLMER

Ah, what avails the sceptred race,
  Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
  Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
  May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
  I consecrate to thee.

*William Collins* ODE WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1746

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
Their Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

*William Browne*

## ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
Marble piles let no man raise
To her name: in after days,
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

*A. E. Housman* TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG

The time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

Today, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsman of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay,
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

And round that early-laureled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG: From *A Shropshire Lad* by A. E. Housman. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc.

## *John Gould Fletcher* LINCOLN

Like a gaunt, scraggly pine
Which lifts its head above the mournful sandhills;
And patiently, through dull years of bitter silence,
Untended and uncared for, starts to grow.

Ungainly, laboring, huge,
The wind of the north has twisted and gnarled its branches;
Yet in the heat of mid-summer days, when thunder clouds ring the horizon,
A nation of men shall rest beneath its shade.

And it shall protect them all,
Hold everyone safe there, watching aloof in silence;
Until at last, one mad stray bolt from the zenith
Shall strike it in an instant down to earth.

## *Robert Bridges* ELEGY

The wood is bare: a river-mist is steeping
The trees that winter's chill of life bereaves:
Only their stiffened boughs break silence, weeping
Over their fallen leaves;

That lie upon the dank earth brown and rotten,
Miry and matted in the soaking wet:
Forgotten with the spring, that is forgotten
By them that can forget.

Yet it was here we walked when ferns were springing,
And through the mossy bank shot bud and blade:—
Here found in summer, when the birds were singing,
A green and pleasant shade.

'Twas here we loved in sunnier days and greener;
And now, in this disconsolate decay,
I come to see her where I most have seen her,
And touch the happier day.

For on this path, at every turn and corner,
The fancy of her figure on me falls:
Yet walks she with the slow step of a mourner,
Nor hears my voice that calls.

So through my heart there winds a track of feeling,
A path of memory, that is all her own:
Whereto her phantom beauty ever stealing
Haunts the sad spot alone.

LINCOLN: From *Selected Poems* by John Gould Fletcher. Copyright, 1938, by Farrar and Rinehart, Inc. Used by permission of the publishers.
ELEGY: From *The Shorter Poems of Robert Bridges,* by permission of the Clarendon Press Oxford.

About her steps the trunks are bare, the branches
Drip heavy tears upon her downcast head;
And bleed from unseen wounds that no sun stanches,
For the year's sun is dead.

And dead leaves wrap the fruits that summer planted:
And birds that love the South have taken wing.
The wanderer, loitering o'er the scene enchanted,
Weeps, and despairs of spring.

## *W. H. Auden* IN MEMORY OF W. B. YEATS

1

He disappeared in the dead of winter:
The brooks were frozen, the airports almost deserted,
And snow disfigured the public statues;
The mercury sank in the mouth of the dying day.
O all the instruments agree
The day of his death was a dark cold day.

Far from his illness
The wolves ran on through the evergreen forests,
The peasant river was untempted by the fashionable quays;
By mourning tongues
The death of the poet was kept from his poems.

But for him it was his last afternoon as himself,
An afternoon of nurses and rumors;
The provinces of his body revolted,
The squares of his mind were empty,
Silence invaded the suburbs,
The current of his feeling failed: he became his admirers.

Now he is scattered among a hundred cities
And wholly given over to unfamiliar affections;
To find his happiness in another kind of wood
And be punished under a foreign code of conscience.
The words of a dead man
Are modified in the guts of the living.

But in the importance and noise of tomorrow
When the brokers are roaring like beasts on the floor of the Bourse,
And the poor have the sufferings to which they are fairly accustomed,
And each in the cell of himself is almost convinced of his freedom;
A few thousand will think of this day
As one thinks of a day when one did something slightly unusual.

O all the instruments agree
The day of his death was a dark cold day.

2

You were silly like us: your gift survived it all;
The parish of rich women, physical decay,
Yourself; mad Ireland hurt you into poetry.
Now Ireland has her madness and her weather still,
For poetry makes nothing happen: it survives
In the valley of its saying where executives
Would never want to tamper; it flows south
From ranches of isolation and the busy griefs,
Raw towns that we believe and die in; it survives,
A way of happening, a mouth.

3

Earth, receive an honored guest;
William Yeats is laid to rest:
Let the Irish vessel lie
Emptied of its poetry.

Time that is intolerant
Of the brave and innocent,
And indifferent in a week
To a beautiful physique,

Worships language and forgives
Everyone by whom it lives;

IN MEMORY OF W. B. YEATS: From *Another Time* by W. H. Auden. Copyright, 1940, by W. H. Auden. Used by permission of the publishers, Random House, Inc.

Pardons cowardice, conceit,
Lays its honors at their feet.

Time that with this strange excuse
Pardoned Kipling and his views,
And will pardon Paul Claudel,
Pardons him for writing well.

In the nightmare of the dark
All the dogs of Europe bark,
And the living nations wait,
Each sequestered in its hate;

Intellectual disgrace
Stares from every human face,
And the seas of pity lie
Locked and frozen in each eye.

Follow, poet, follow right
To the bottom of the night,
With your unconstraining voice
Still persuade us to rejoice;

With the farming of a verse
Make a vineyard of the curse,
Sing of human unsuccess
In a rapture of distress;

In the deserts of the heart
Let the healing fountain start,
In the prison of his days
Teach the free man how to praise.

## *Karl Shapiro*

## ELEGY FOR A DEAD SOLDIER

I

A white sheet on the tail-gate of a truck
Becomes an altar; two small candlesticks
Sputter at each side of the crucifix
Laid round with flowers brighter than the blood,
Red as the red of our apocalypse,
Hibiscus that a marching man will pluck
To stick into his rifle or his hat,
And great blue morning-glories pale as lips
That shall no longer taste or kiss or swear.
The wind begins a low magnificat,
The chaplain chats, the palmtrees swirl their hair,
The columns come together through the mud.

ELEGY FOR A DEAD SOLDIER: From *V-Letter and Other Poems* by Karl Shapiro. Copyright, 1944, by Reynal and Hitchcock. Used by permission of the publishers.

II

We too are ashes as we watch and hear
The psalm, the sorrow, and the simple praise
Of one whose promised thoughts of other days
Were such as ours, but now wholly destroyed,
The service record of his youth wiped out,
His dream dispersed by shot, must disappear.
What can we feel but wonder at a loss
That seems to point at nothing but the doubt
Which flirts our sense of luck into the ditch?
Reader of Paul who prays beside this fosse,
Shall we believe our eyes or legends rich
With glory and rebirth beyond the void?

III

For the comrade is dead, dead in the war,
A young man out of millions yet to live,
One cut away from all that war can give,
Freedom of self and peace to wander free.
Who mourns in all this sober multitude
Who did not feel the bite of it before
The bullet found its aim? This worthy flesh,
This boy laid in a coffin and reviewed—
Who has not wrapped himself in this same flag,
Heard the light fall of dirt, his wound still fresh,
Felt his eyes closed, and heard the distant brag
Of the last volley of humanity?

IV

By chance I saw him die, stretched on the ground,
A tattooed arm lifted to take the blood
Of someone else sealed in a tin. I stood
During the last delirium that stays
The intelligence a tiny moment more,
And then the strangulation, the last sound.
The end was sudden, like a foolish play,
A stupid fool slamming a foolish door,
The absurd catastrophe, half-prearranged,
And all the decisive things still left to say.
So we disbanded, angrier and unchanged,
Sick with the utter silence of dispraise.

V

We ask for no statistics of the killed,
For nothing political impinges on
This single casualty, or all those gone,
Missing or healing, sinking or dispersed,
Hundreds of thousands counted, millions lost.
More than an accident and less than willed

Is every fall, and this one like the rest.
However others calculate the cost,
To us the final aggregate is *one,*
One with a name, one transferred to the blest;
And though another stoops and takes the gun,
We cannot add the second to the first.

VI

I would not speak for him who could not speak
Unless my fear were true: he was not wronged,
He knew to which decision he belonged
But let it choose itself. Ripe in instinct,
Neither the victim nor the volunteer,
He followed, and the leaders could not seek
Beyond the followers. Much of this he knew;
The journey was a detour that would steer
Into the Lincoln Highway of a land
Remorselessly improved, excited, new,
And that was what he wanted. He had planned
To earn and drive. He and the world had winked.

VII

No history deceived him, for he knew
Little of times and armies not his own;
He never felt that peace was but a loan,
Had never questioned the idea of gain.
Beyond the headlines once or twice he saw
The gathering of a power by the few
But could not tell their names; he cast his vote,
Distrusting all the elected but not the law.
He laughed at socialism; *on mourrait*
*Pour les industriels?* He shed his coat
And not for brotherhood, but for his pay.
To him the red flag marked the sewer main.

VIII

Above all else he loathed the homily,
The slogan and the ad. He paid his bill
But not for Congressmen at Bunker Hill.
Ideals were few and those were not made
For conversation. He belonged to church
But never spoke of God. The Christmas tree,
The Easter egg, baptism, he observed,
Never denied the preacher on his perch,
And would not sign Resolved That or Whereas.
Softness he had and hours and nights reserved
For thinking, dressing, dancing to the jazz.
His laugh was real, his manners were home made.

IX

Of all men poverty pursued him least;
He was ashamed of all the down and out,
Spurned the panhandler like an uneasy doubt,
And saw the unemployed as a vague mass
Incapable of hunger or revolt.
He hated other races, south or east,
And shoved them to the margin of his mind.
He could recall the justice of the Colt,
Take interest in a gang-war like a game.
His ancestry was somewhere far behind
And left him only his peculiar name.
Doors opened, and he recognized no class.

X

His children would have known a heritage,
Just or unjust, the richest in the world,
The quantum of all art and science curled
In the horn of plenty, bursting from the horn,
A people bathed in honey, Paris come,
Vienna transferred with the highest wage,
A World's Fair spread to Phoenix, Jacksonville,
Earth's capitol, the new Byzantium,
Kingdom of man—who knows? Hollow or firm,
No man can ever prophesy until
Out of our death some undiscovered germ,
Whole toleration or pure peace is born.

XI

The time to mourn is short that best becomes
The military dead. We lift and fold the flag,
Lay bare the coffin with its written tag,
And march away. Behind, four others wait
To lift the box, the heaviest of loads.
The anesthetic afternoon benumbs,
Sickens our senses, forces back our talk.
We know that others on tomorrow's roads
Will fall, ourselves perhaps, the man beside,
Over the world the threatened, all who walk:
And could we mark the grave of him who died
We would write this beneath his name and date:

EPITAPH

Underneath this wooden cross there lies
A Christian killed in battle. You who read,
Remember that this stranger died in pain;
And passing here, if you can lift your eyes
Upon a peace kept by a human creed,
Know that one soldier has not died in vain.

# *The Poet as Critic and Philosopher*

## *W. H. Davies* LEISURE

What is this life, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

## *Percy Bysshe Shelley* OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

LEISURE: From *Collected Poems of W. H. Davies.* Copyright, 1935, by Alfred Knopf, Inc. Used by permission of the publishers.

## *William Wordsworth*

## LONDON, 1802

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

## *Carl Sandburg* CHICAGO

Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:
They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.
And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again.
And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.
And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:
Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.

CHICAGO: From *Chicago Poems.* Copyright, 1916, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Copyright, 1944, by Carl Sandburg. Used by permission of the publishers.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;
Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage pitted against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding.

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs,
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under his ribs the heart of the people,
Laughing!
Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

## *William Rose Benét*

### THIRD ROW, CENTRE

The stage is lighted, the first act half over.
These, the too ample ones, subside and fret,
Fussing with furs, with program and lorgnette,
And finally the dialogue, discover
Where the bright leading-lady with her lover
Moves in the scenic brilliance of the set.
Expressionless they stare at the duet
And gradually their sighing breath recover.

Their escorts, redolent of excellent wine,
Liqueurs, and quite superior cigars,
Slump in their seats and estimate the star's
Height, weight, and substance, and relax the spine
Musing upon the question of her charms
Were she transferred to their own broadcloth arms.

Fish-eyed, they drowse for two hours and a half
Save for the intermissions when they push
Into the aisle and join the lobby's crush
And stare about, and vacuously laugh,
Innerly woeful with no more to quaff,
Putting the barnyard waddlers to the blush
For solid flesh, and sure in any hush
To give the play a brazen epitaph.

So the plot thickens, and the second act,
That even pricks the critics with its pace,
Brings something near to pathos on each face,
As the eyes goggle and the brows contract
And yearningly those vasty bosoms heave,
And, like the mute stalled ox, those others grieve.

Uncomfortably they stir and cough and stir
And wonder dimly what it's all about,
Sniffing at truffles with a quivering snout
When any questionable lines occur,
But otherwise in trance, as they prefer.
And so, at last, their evening is worn out;
And the house-lights come on; and with the rout
They exit in their usual hauteur.

High above Broadway blaze the great sky-signs.
Blare, in the street, a thousand taxi klaxons.
All over town Semites and Anglo-Saxons
Strengthen their old commercial battle-lines . . .
And now in chariots of a newer Rome
The furs and opera-hats are bowling home.

## *Wilfred Owen*

### DULCE ET DECORUM EST

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame, all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

THIRD ROW, CENTRE: Reprinted by permission of Dodd, Mead and Company from *Starry Harness* by William Rose Benét. Copyright, 1933, by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

DULCE ET DECORUM EST: Reprinted by courtesy of New Directions, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, publishers in the United States of the poems of Wilfred Owen.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But some one still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes wilting in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin,
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs
Bitten as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.

*Robinson Jeffers*

## THE BLOODY SIRE

It is not bad. Let them play.
Let the guns bark and the bombing-plane
Speak his prodigious blasphemies.
It is not bad, it is high time,
Stark violence is still the sire of all the world's values.

What but the wolf's tooth whittled so fine
The fleet limbs of the antelope?
What but fear winged the birds, and hunger
Jeweled with such eyes the great goshawk's head?
Violence has been the sire of all the world's values.

Who would remember Helen's face
Lacking the terrible halo of spears?
Who formed Christ but Herod and Caesar,
The cruel and bloody victories of Caesar?
Violence, the bloody sire of all the world's values.

Never weep, let them play,
Old violence is not too old to beget new values.

*Walt Whitman*

## WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER

When I heard the learn'd astronomer;
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me;
When I was shown the charts and the diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them;
When I, sitting, heard the astronomer, where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon, unaccountable, I became tired and sick;
Till rising and gliding out, I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

*Archibald MacLeish* ARS POETICA

A poem should be palpable and mute
As a globed fruit

Dumb
As old medallions to the thumb

Silent as the sleeve-worn stone
Of casement ledges where the moss has grown—

A poem should be wordless
As the flight of birds

THE BLOODY SIRE: Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc. Copyright, 1941, by Robinson Jeffers.
ARS POETICA: From *Poems 1924-1933* by Archibald MacLeish by permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs

Leaving, as the moon releases
Twig by twig the night-entangled trees,

Leaving, as the moon behind the winter leaves,
Memory by memory the mind—

A poem should be motionless in time
As the moon climbs

A poem should be equal to:
Not true

For all the history of grief
An empty doorway and a maple leaf

For love
The leaning grasses and two lights above the sea—

A poem should not mean
But be.

## *A. E. Housman* "TERENCE, THIS IS STUPID STUFF—"

"Terence, this is stupid stuff:
You eat your victuals fast enough;
There can't be much amiss, 'tis clear,
To see the rate you drink your beer.
But oh, good Lord, the verse you make,
It gives a chap the belly-ache.
The cow, the old cow, she is dead;
It sleeps well, the horned head:
We poor lads, 'tis our turn now
To hear such tunes as killed the cow.
Pretty friendship 'tis to rhyme
Your friends to death before their time
Moping melancholy mad:
Come, pipe a tune to dance to, lad."

Why, if 'tis dancing you would be,
There's brisker pipes than poetry.
Say, for what were hop-yards meant,
Or why was Burton built on Trent?

Oh many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think:
Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world's not.
And faith, 'tis pleasant till 'tis past:
The mischief is that 'twill not last.
Oh I have been to Ludlow fair
And left my necktie God knows where,
And carried half-way home, or near,
Pints and quarts of Ludlow beer:
Then the world seemed none so bad,
And I myself a sterling lad;
And down in lovely muck I've lain,
Happy till I woke again.
Then I saw the morning sky:
Heigho, the tale was all a lie;
The world, it was the old world yet,
I was I, my things were wet,
And nothing now remained to do
But begin the game anew.

Therefore, since the world has still
Much good, but much less good than ill,
And while the sun and moon endure
Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure,
I'd face it as a wise man would,
And train for ill and not for good.
'Tis true, the stuff I bring for sale
Is not so brisk a brew as ale:
Out of a stem that scored the hand
I wrung it in a weary land.
But take it: if the smack is sour,
The better for the embittered hour;
It should do good to heart and head
When your soul is in my soul's stead;
And I will friend you, if I may,
In the dark and cloudy day.

There was a king reigned in the East:
There, when kings will sit to feast,
They get their fill before they think
With poisoned meat and poisoned drink.
He gathered all that springs to birth
From the many-venomed earth;
First a little, thence to more,
He sampled all her killing store;
And easy, smiling, seasoned sound
Sate the king when healths went round.

"TERENCE, THIS IS STUPID STUFF—": From *A Shropshire Lad* by A. E. Housman. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc.

They put arsenic in his meat
And stared aghast to watch him eat;
They poured strychnine in his cup
And shook to see him drink it up:
They shook, they stared as white's their shirt:
Them it was their poison hurt.
—I tell the tale that I heard told.
Mithridates, he died old.

## *John Keats*

### ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens over wrought,
With forests branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

## *Matthew Arnold* DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

*Arthur Hugh Clough*

## SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

*Thomas Hardy* HAP

If but some vengeful god would call to me
From up the sky, and laugh: "Thou suffering thing,
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting!"

Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die,
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited;
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?
—Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan. . . .
These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

*Emily Dickinson*

## HE ATE AND DRANK THE PRECIOUS WORDS

He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!

*Emily Dickinson*

## THE BUSTLE IN A HOUSE

The bustle in a house
The morning after death
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon earth,—

The sweeping up the heart,
And putting love away
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.

*Countee Cullen*

## YET DO I MARVEL

I doubt not God is good, well-meaning, kind,
And did He stoop to quibble could tell why
The little buried mole continues blind.
Why flesh that mirrors Him must some day die;

HAP: From *Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy*. Copyright, 1946, by the Macmillan Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

HE ATE AND DRANK THE PRECIOUS WORDS and THE BUSTLE IN A HOUSE: From *Complete Poems* by Emily Dickinson. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown and Company.

YET DO I MARVEL: From *Color*. Reprinted by permission of Harper and Brothers.

Make plain the reason tortured Tantalus
  Is baited by the ficklefruit, declare
If merely brute caprice dooms Sisyphus
  To struggle up a never-ending stair.
Inscrutable His ways are, and immune
To catechism by a mind too strewn
  With petty cares to slightly understand
  What awful brain compels His awful hand.
Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:
To make a poet black and bid him sing.

## *John Milton* ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest He returning chide;
  "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
  Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
    Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly. Thousands at His bidding speed
  And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
    They also serve who only stand and wait.

## *Edwin Arlington Robinson* KARMA

Christmas was in the air and all was well
With him, but for a few confusing flaws
In divers of God's images. Because
A friend of his would neither buy nor sell,
Was he to answer for the axe that fell?
He pondered; and the reason for it was,
Partly, a slowly freezing Santa Claus
Upon the corner, with his beard and bell.

Acknowledging an improvident surprise,
He magnified a fancy that he wished
The friend whom he had wrecked were here again.
Not sure of that, he found a compromise;
And from the fullness of his heart he fished
A dime for Jesus who had died for men.

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## *Robert Frost* PROVIDE, PROVIDE

The witch that came (the withered hag)
To wash the steps with pail and rag,
Was once the beauty Abishag,

The picture pride of Hollywood.
Too many fall from great and good
For you to doubt the likelihood.

Die early and avoid the fate.
Or if predestined to die late,
Make up your mind to die in state.

Make the whole stock exchange your own!
If need be occupy a throne,
Where nobody can call *you* crone.

Some have relied on what they knew;
Others on being simply true.
What worked for them might work for you.

No memory of having starred
Atones for later disregard,
Or keeps the end from being hard.

Better to go down dignified
With boughten friendship at your side
Than none at all. Provide, provide!

## *Thomas Hardy* THE OXEN

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock.
  "Now they are all on their knees,"
An elder said as we sat in a flock
  By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where
  They dwelt in their strawy pen,
Nor did it occur to one of us there
  To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave
  In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
  "Come; see the oxen kneel,

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THE OXEN: From *Collected Poems* by Thomas Hardy. Copyright, 1925, by The Macmillan Company and used with their permission.

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
  Our childhood used to know,"
I should go with him in the gloom,
  Hoping it might be so.

## *Marianne Moore* SILENCE

My father used to say,
"Superior people never make long visits,
have to be shown Longfellow's grave
or the glass flowers at Harvard.
Self-reliant like the cat—
that takes its prey to privacy,
the mouse's limp tail hanging like a shoelace from its mouth—
they sometimes enjoy solitude,
and can be robbed of speech
by speech which has delighted them.
The deepest feeling always shows itself in silence;
not in silence, but restraint."
Nor was he insincere in saying, "Make my house your inn."
Inns are not residences.

## *Elinor Wylie*

### THE EAGLE AND THE MOLE

Avoid the reeking herd,
Shun the polluted flock,
Live like that stoic bird,
The eagle of the rock.

The huddled warmth of crowds
Begets and fosters hate;
He keeps, above the clouds,
His cliff inviolate.

When flocks are folded warm,
And herds to shelter run,
He sails above the storm,
He stares into the sun.

If in the eagle's track
Your sinews cannot leap,
Avoid the lathered pack,
Turn from the steaming sheep.

If you would keep your soul
From spotted sight or sound,
Live like the velvet mole;
Go burrow underground.

And there hold intercourse
With roots of trees and stones,
With rivers at their source,
And disembodied bones.

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THE EAGLE AND THE MOLE: From *Collected Poems of Elinor Wylie,* by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Copyright 1921, 1932 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

## *William Blake* THE TIGER

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

## *George Meredith*

### LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT

On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.
  Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
  Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
Where sinners hugged their specter of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
  And now upon his western wing he leaned,
  Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened,

Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.

*Gerard Manley Hopkins*

## SPRING AND FALL: TO A YOUNG CHILD

Margaret, are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leaves, like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow's springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

*W. H. Auden* LAW LIKE LOVE

Law, say the gardeners, is the sun,
Law is the one
All gardeners obey
Tomorrow, yesterday, today.

Law is the wisdom of the old
The impotent grandfathers shrilly scold;
The grandchildren put out a treble tongue,
Law is the senses of the young.

Law, says the priest with a priestly look,
Expounding to an unpriestly people,
Law is the words in my priestly book,
Law is my pulpit and my steeple.

Law, says the judge as he looks down his nose,
Speaking clearly and most severely,
Law is as I've told you before,
Law is as you know I suppose,
Law is but let me explain it once more,
Law is the Law.

Yet law-abiding scholars write;
Law is neither wrong nor right,
Law is only crimes
Punished by places and by times,
Law is the clothes men wear
Anytime, anywhere,
Law is Good morning and Good night.

Others say, Law is our Fate;
Others say, Law is our State;
Others say, others say
Law is no more
Law has gone away.

And always the loud angry crowd
Very angry and very loud
Law is We,
And always the soft idiot softly Me.
If we, dear, know we know no more
Than they about the law,
If I no more than you
Know what we should and should not do
Except that all agree
Gladly or miserably
That the law is
And that all know this,
If therefore thinking it absurd
To identify Law with some other word.
Unlike so many men
I cannot say Law is again,
No more than they can we suppress
The universal wish to guess
Or slip out of our own position
Into an unconcerned condition.
Although I can at least confine
Your vanity and mine
To stating timidly
A timid similarity,
We shall boast anyway:
Like love I say.

Like love we don't know where or why
Like love we can't compel or fly
Like love we often weep
Like love we seldom keep.

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*T. S. Eliot*

## ANIMULA

"Issues from the hand of God, the simple soul"
To a flat world of changing lights and noise,
To light, dark, dry or damp, chilly or warm;
Moving between the legs of tables and of chairs,
Rising or falling, grasping at kisses and toys,
Advancing boldly, sudden to take alarm,
Retreating to the corner of arm and knee,
Eager to be reassured, taking pleasure
In the fragrant brilliance of the Christmas tree,
Pleasure in the wind, the sunlight and the sea;
Studies the sunlit pattern on the floor
And running stags around a silver tray;
Confounds the actual and the fanciful,
Content with playing-cards and kings and queens,
What the fairies do and what the servants say.
The heavy burden of the growing soul
Perplexes and offends more, day by day;
Week by week, offends and perplexes more
With the imperatives of "is and seems"
And may and may not, desire and control.
The pain of living and the drug of dreams
Curl up the small soul in the window seat
Behind the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.*
Issues from the hand of time the simple soul
Irresolute and selfish, misshapen, lame,
Unable to fare forward or retreat,
Fearing the warm reality, the offered good,
Denying the importunity of the blood,
Shadow of its own shadows, spectre in its own gloom,
Leaving disordered papers in a dusty room;
Living first in the silence after the viaticum.

Pray for Guiterriez, avid of speed and power,
For Boudin, blown to pieces,
For this one who made a great fortune,
And that one who went his own way.
Pray for Floret, by the boarhound slain between the yew trees,
Pray for us now and at the hour of our birth.

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*Francis Thompson*

## THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities
(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside);
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to:
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to Dawn: Be sudden—to Eve: Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover—
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet:—

Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
*They* at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
"Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
With me" (said I) "your delicate fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured daïs,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."
So it was done:
*I* in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
*I* knew all the swift importings
On the willful face of skies;
I knew how the clouds arise
Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with; made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine;
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;

Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's gray cheek.
For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound *I* speak—
*Their* sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
Let her, if she would owe me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness:
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;
And past those noisèd Feet
A Voice comes yet more fleet—
"Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee;
I am defenseless utterly.
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours,
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
For earth with heavy griefs so overplused.
Ah! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-dripping stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver

Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
Such is; what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again.
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest-fields
Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
"And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
See none but I makes much of naught" (He said),
"And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee
Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

# *Glossary of Poetic Terms*

*Abstract.* Considered apart from application to particular things; not directly perceptible through the physical senses. See *Concrete, Imagery.*

*Accent.* Stress or emphasis given to a poetic syllable. See *Prosody.*

*Allegory.* A narrative in which objects and persons stand for meanings outside the narrative itself; an elaborated metaphor. See *Figurative Language.*

*Alliteration.* The repetition of initial consonant sounds or of accented consonant sounds. See *Rime, Texture.*

*Allusion.* A reference to something outside the primary content of the poem, often figurative in effect. See *Figurative Language, Indirection.*

*Analogy.* A comparison, bordering on metaphor, of particular points of resemblance between two things not of the same class.

*Anapest.* A metrical foot consisting of two unaccented syllables followed by one that is accented. See *Foot, Meter, Prosody.*

*Apostrophe.* Direct address to a person, object or abstract idea, often treating the dead as living, the non-human as human, and the absent as present. See *Figurative Language.*

*Assonance.* Repetition of vowel sounds that are not followed, as in rime, by similar consonants. See *Rime, Texture.*

*Ballad.* In its original form a simple, highly concentrated verse-story, often sung. The more recent literary ballad is a consciously artistic imitation. See *Narrative, Types of Poetry.*

*Blank Verse.* Unrimed iambic pentameter. See *Prosody, Stanza, Verse Paragraphs.*

*Cacophony.* Harsh, unpleasant sound. See *Euphony, Texture.*

*Cadence.* Rhythmic, though not regularly metrical, flow of language. Cadence is influenced by much the same factors as those determining rhythm. See *Rhythm.*

*Caesura.* The main sense pause within a line of poetry. See *Prosody.*

*Climax.* Usually defined as the point at which the emotional response of the reader is greatest.

*Concrete.* Directly and specifically exprcssed, immediately perceptible through the senses. See *Imagery.*

*Connotation.* The associations and overtones of a word. See *Denotation.*

*Consonance.* Identity of the pattern of consonants (*deer, door*); unlike rime in that the vowels involved differ. See *Rime, Texture.*

*Couplet.* The form of verse with two successive lines riming. See *Stanza.*

*Dactyl.* A metrical foot consisting of one accented syllable followed by two that are unaccented. See *Foot, Meter, Prosody.*

*Denotation.* The exact, scientific meaning of a word without regard to its associations. See *Connotation.*

*Descriptive.* Descriptive poetry, a branch of the lyric, attempts to reproduce in the imagination the physical qualities of a person, place or thing. See *Lyric, Types of Poetry.*

*Dimeter.* A line consisting of two feet. See *Line, Meter, Prosody.*

*Dramatic.* That one of the three major types of poetry which presents its materials directly and concretely, using methods that resemble the methods of drama. See *Types of Poetry.*

*Dramatic Monologue.* Poem which is the speech of a single character.

*Elegy.* A subjective, meditative poem, usually expressing emotions associated with grief or death. See *Lyric, Types of Poetry.*

*End-stopped Line.* Line whose end coincides with a pause in sense. See *Prosody.*

*Envoy.* A short stanza in the nature of a postscript at the end of a poem.

*Epic.* A long narrative poem dealing in elevated style with heroic personalities and great actions. See *Narrative, Types of Poetry.*

*Euphony.* Sound combinations, consonant or vowel, that are pleasing to the ear. See *Cacophony, Texture.*

*Eye-rime.* A terminal pairing of words or syllables that appear from the spelling to rime but in pronunciation do not (*yea, tea*).

*Feeling.* Frequently defined as the poet's attitude toward his material. See *Tone.*

*Figurative Language.* The saying of one thing when another thing is meant, in order to communicate more clearly and intensely. Many figures of speech are based upon comparison or intensification. The more common figures are *simile* and *metaphor,* which are based on comparison. Other figurative comparisons are *symbol* and *allegory.* Some figures based on intensification are *personification, apostrophe, hyperbole, litotes* or *understatement,* and *irony. Allusion* itself, by virtue of its indirectness, is figurative.

*Foot.* A metrical unit composed of one accented and one or more unaccented syllables. See *Meter, Prosody.*

*Form.* The organization of the elements in a poem with relation to its total effect. See *Structure, Style.*

*Free Verse.* Verse with loose or irregular rhythm. See *Stanza.*

*Heptameter.* A line consisting of seven feet. See *Line, Meter, Prosody.*

*Hexameter.* A line consisting of six feet. See *Line, Meter, Prosody.*

*Hyperbole.* The figure of speech using an exaggerated statement not intended to be taken literally; overstatement. See *Understatement, Figurative Language.*

*Iamb.* A metrical foot consisting of one unaccented syllable followed by one that is accented. See *Foot, Meter, Prosody.*

*Imagery.* The representation of sensory experience by use of allusions, concrete words, and figurative language in general. See *Allusion, Concrete, Figurative Language.*

*Indirection.* The use of such devices as irony and understatement in dependence upon the reader to grasp the implications imaginatively. See *Irony, Understatement.*

*Irony.* The use of implication opposite to the meaning of the literal words used; a situation or effect opposite to the expected and the normally appropriate one. See *Figurative Language.*

*Internal Rime.* Rime occurring within a single line of poetry. See *Rime.*

*Italian Sonnet.* See *Sonnet.*

*Light Verse.* Verse that deals in a witty, sophisticated way with subjects that are not primarily serious. Sometimes called *vers de société.*

*Line.* A typographical unit of one or more metrical feet in verse. The poetic line is described by the predominant kind of foot and the number of feet it contains. See *Foot, Meter, Prosody.*

*Lyric.* A poem meant to be sung, or an especially musical or highly subjective poem; one of the three main types of poetry. See *Types of Poetry.*

*Metaphor.* Narrowly, the figure of speech expressing indirectly (by implication, not using *as* or *like*) a resemblance, in one or more points, of an object in one class to an object of another class. Broadly, figurative language in general. See *Figurative Language, Simile.*

*Meter.* The relationship of accented and unaccented syllables. Used both to designate the kind of metrical foot and the number of feet in a line of verse. The common kinds of meter in English are anapest, dactyl, trochee, iamb. The spondee, a metrical foot of two accented syllables, is only approximated in English prosody. Common line lengths (reckoned in number of metrical feet) are monometer, dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter, pentameter, hexameter, heptameter. See *Line, Rhythm, Prosody.*

*Monometer.* A one-foot line. See *Line, Meter, Prosody.*

*Narrative.* An account told as a story; the one of the three major types of poetry that tells a connected series of events. See *Types of Poetry.*

*Octave.* Stanza of eight lines, or the first eight lines of a sonnet. See *Sonnet.*

*Ode.* Usually a serious, formal poem that follows a set, complicated pattern and is written for a special purpose and occasion. See *Lyric, Types of Poetry.*

*Onomatopoeia.* Words formed in imitation of the natural sounds they name. See *Texture.*

*Paradox.* Statement which is apparently self-contradictory but which may be true in fact.

*Parody.* An imitation of the language, style, and ideas of another work for comic or critical effect.

*Pastoral.* An exact type of classical poetry, or, more broadly, any favorable treatment of rural life. See *Lyric, Types of Poetry.*

*Pentameter.* A line consisting of five feet. See *Line, Meter, Prosody.*

*Personification.* Figure of speech in which human qualities are given to non-human objects or abstract qualities. See *Figurative Language.*

*Petrarchan Sonnet.* See *Sonnet.*

*Prosody.* Art of metrical composition, or a special theory or practice in metrics. See fuller discussion of prosody below.

*Quatrain.* Four-line stanza in any of a number of end-rime schemes. See *Prosody, Stanza.*

*Rhythm.* Literally, the measured motion of language. Rhythm is primarily a product of the relationship of accented and unaccented syllables or sounds, though pitch, tempo, syllabic length, and sentence structure are other influential factors. Often rhythm refers to regular metrical pattern. See *Foot, Meter.*

*Rime.* Usually refers to end rime, the similarity or correspondence of the terminal sounds of words; but, in general, rime is any degree of correspondence of sound combinations whether terminal or internal (within a line). Slant or partial rime is only approximate correspondence of sounds. Textural effects—assonance, consonance, alliteration—are themselves forms of rime. See *End Rime, Internal Rime, Texture.*

*Rime Scheme.* The patterns of end rime in a stanza. Small letters are ordinarily used to indicate this pattern; thus: couplet—*aa,* ballad quatrain—*abcb,* envelope quatrain—*abba,* Rubáiyát quatrain —*aaba,* Spenserian stanza—*ababbcbcc.* See *Stanza.*

*Run-on Line.* A line in which the sense is not concluded but continues into the next line without pause. See *Prosody.*

*Scansion.* The determining of the relationship between accented and unaccented syllables in verse. See *Prosody.*

*Shakespearean Sonnet.* See *Sonnet.*

*Simile.* The figure of speech expressing directly (with *as* or *like*) a resemblance in one or more points of an object of one class to an object of another class. See *Figurative Language, Metaphor.*

*Slant Rime.* Loose or approximate rime (*run, tone*). See *Rime.*

*Sonnet.* A poem of fourteen lines in iambic pentameter. The Petrarchan or Italian sonnet commonly divides itself into an octave riming *abbaabba,* in which the theme is presented, and a sestet riming *cdecde,* or sometimes more freely, in which the conclusion to the theme is presented. The Shakespearean sonnet, riming *ababcdcdefefgg,* commonly develops the theme in three quatrains and concludes it in a couplet.

*Spondee.* A metrical foot of two accented syllables. See *Foot, Meter, Prosody.*

*Stanza.* A pattern of lines and rimes in verse. Stanzas are identified on the basis of the type of meter, number of metrical feet in each line, number of lines, and the pattern of rime when rime is employed. Many stanzaic patterns have been long established and have conventional names—couplet, ballad quatrain, Spenserian, etc. Blank verse (unrimed iambic pentameter) and other non-stanzaic verse forms (like free verse) may be broken into verse paragraphs which are determined more by content than by form. See *Prosody.*

*Structure.* Narrowly, the selection and arrangement of details, not including the language itself, which give the literary work its form. Broadly, structure is synonymous with form. See *Form, Style.*

*Style.* Narrowly, the selection or handling of language. Broadly, an artist's distinctive manner of presentation. See *Form, Structure.*

*Symbol.* In the broadest sense, something that suggests or stands for an idea, quality, or conception larger than itself, as the lion is the symbol of courage, the cross the symbol of Christianity. In poetic usage, a symbol is a more central and pervasive comparison than either simile or metaphor, often providing the basic imagery of an entire poem. It represents a step beyond metaphor in that the first term of the comparison is not supplied. See *Figurative Language.*

*Tempo.* Rate of articulation or delivery of words and syllables. See *Rhythm.*

*Tetrameter.* A line consisting of four feet. See *Line, Meter, Prosody.*

*Texture.* As applied to poetry, texture is the general relationship of sounds, not generally including the more exact forms of rime. Important textural devices are cacophony and euphony, onomatopoeia, alliteration, assonance, consonance. See *Rime.*

*Tone.* The attitude the poet expresses towards his reader in the treatment of his material. See *Feeling.*

*Trimeter.* A line consisting of three feet. See *Line, Meter, Prosody.*

*Trochee.* A metrical foot consisting of one accented syllable followed by one that is unaccented. See *Foot, Meter, Prosody.*

*Types of Poetry.* There is no sound classification of poems into types, for in the various conventional schemes the bases of classification shift, sometimes emphasizing form and sometimes emphasizing content, and there are many overlappings and inconsistencies. However, conventional classification has some values in that it does distinguish likenesses and differences and in that it is the terminology of critics. Generally, poetry is divided into three main types: the narrative, which is the story poem; the dramatic, which uses many of the direct concrete methods of the drama itself; and the lyric, which is highly musical, emotional, subjective. Some common types of dramatic poetry are the dramatic monologue and the verse-drama. Some common types of lyric are the descriptive lyric, the didactic lyric, the elegy, the hymn, the sonnet, the ode, the pastoral, the reflective or philosophical lyric, and the satiric lyric. See *Dramatic, Lyric, Narrative.*

*Understatement.* Popular designation of the figure of speech classically known as *litotes.* Understatement is the saying less about an occasion than might normally be expected. See *Figurative Language, Indirection.*

*Variation.* A departure from the regular established pattern in some respect such as meter, line length, rime scheme.

*Verse.* A single line of a poem. A literary composition with a systematic metrical pattern as opposed to prose. Sometimes *verse* is used disparagingly in reference to such compositions as attain only the outward and mechanical features and not the high quality of poetry.

*Verse Paragraphs.* Thought divisions in nonstanzaic verse forms such as blank verse and free verse. See *Stanza.*

## PROSODY

*Prosody,* generally defined as the science of versification, is of some value as a mechanical exercise, but prosody rises above mere attention to the mechanical considerations of metrical structure to become an art of communication in which the sound furthers the sense and in which the sense intensifies the sound. Since English verse is primarily accentual and not quantitative (that is, primarily dependent upon emphasis given a syllable rather than on length of syllable), English prosody is much a matter of studying the occurrence of accents.

The prosodic structure of a stanza is analyzed by a process known as *scansion.* In scanning, one examines (1) the prevailing metrical foot; (2) the line length; (3) the placement of pauses; and (4) the number of lines and, if the verse is rimed, the pattern of end rime.

### 1. METRICAL FEET

*Iamb*—unaccented syllable, accented syllable (a-go)

*Trochee*—accented syllable, unaccented syllable (dwel-ling)

*Anapest*—two unaccented syllables, accented syllable (of the sun)

*Dactyl*—accented syllable, two unaccented syllables (mer-ri-ly)

A fifth kind of metrical foot seems to exist, the *spondee,* where two consecutive accented syllables from different metrical feet occur or where a primary and secondary accent occur consecutively (play-house).

### 2. LINE

The line length in metrical feet is *monometer* if the line has one foot, *dimeter* if two feet, *trimeter* if three, *tetrameter* if four, *pentameter* if five, *hexameter* (*Alexandrine*) if six, *heptameter* if seven, *octameter* if eight. In theory there may be more than eight feet in a line, but in practice a line longer than heptameter tends to break up into two or more lines.

### 3. PAUSES

Also important, especially in blank verse, alliterative verse, and the heroic couplet, is the location of pauses ending sense units—phrases, clauses, sentences—within the line. A main pause, known as the *caesura,* and secondary pauses are common. (In scansion they are indicated by the symbols // and /.) A line is termed *end-stopped* when it ends with a sense pause; *run-on* when the sense extends into the next line.

Little verse is metrically perfect, for metrical perfection does not permit the flexibility necessary

to combine sense and sound most fittingly. Nearly all English verse is iambic, but *substitution* of another type of foot is common and substantial passages of trochee, dactyl, and anapest can be found.

4. PATTERN OF LINES AND RIMES

The number of lines and the rime pattern are described as *couplet* (*aa*), *tercet* or *triplet* (*terza rima—aba-bcb-cdc,* etc.), *quatrain* (*ballad—abcb; Rubáiyát—aaba; In Memoriam—abba*), *octave,* etc.

*Metrical Description of Some Common Verse Patterns*

A. BLANK VERSE: iambic pentameter unrimed

The world | was all | before | them, // where | to choose
Their place | of rest, |// and Prov | idence | their guide.
They, // hand | in hand, |/ with wan | dering steps | and slow,
Through E | den // took | their sol | itar | y way.

B. HEROIC COUPLET: iambic pentameter rimed (*aa*); first couplet below is run-on, second couplet end-stopped.

Of all | the caus | es which | conspire | to blind
Man's er | ring judge | ment, and | misguide | the mind.
What the | weak head | with strong | est bi | as rules,
Is Pride, // the nev | er fail | ing vice | of fools.

C. BALLAD MEASURE: iambic, first and third lines tetrameter, second and fourth lines trimeter, and second and fourth lines riming (or iambic, 4-3-4-3, *abcb*)

Farewell, | farewell! | but this | I tell
To thee, | thou Wed | ding-Guest!
He pray | eth well, | who lov | eth well,
Both man | and bird | and beast.

D. RUBÁIYÁT QUATRAIN: iambic pentameter rimed *aaba*

Come, fill | the cup, |// and in | the fire | of Spring
Your Win | ter-gar | ment of | Repen | tance fling.
The Bird | of Time | has but | a lit | tle way
To flut | ter // —and | the Bird | is on | the Wing.

E. SPENSERIAN STANZA: iambic pentameter rimed *ababbcbcc,* the last line being hexameter (Alexandrine)

And still | she slept | an az | ure-lid | ded sleep,
In blan | chèd lin | en, smooth, | and lav | endered,
While he | from forth | the clos | et brought | a heap
Of can | died ap | ple, quince, | and plum, | and gourd;
With jel | lies sooth | er than | the cream | y curd,
And lu | cent syr | ops, tinct | with cin | namon;
Manna | and dates, | in ar | gosy | transferred
From Fez; | and spic | èd dain | ties, ev | ery one,
From sil | ken Sam | arcand // to ce | dared Leb | anon.

# *Notes on the Poets*

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS (1881- ), a journalist of distinction, has published much light verse. For a number of years he wrote a popular newspaper column called *The Conning Tower,* and more recently he has appeared on the radio program "Information Please."

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719), English essayist, poet, dramatist, and statesman, helped to establish the essay as a literary form by his urbane and polished writing for the *Tatler* and the *Spectator.*

RICHARD ARMOUR (1906- ), professor, editor, and biographer, is popular as a writer of light verse.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888), an English poet and critic greatly interested in social and religious topics, was strongly affected by the science of his day. In both his poetry and his prose he reveals wide learning and a deep respect for culture, which he defined as "the best that has been thought and said in the world."

W. H. AUDEN (1907- ), a British-born, Oxford-educated poet now a naturalized American citizen, was, in the 1930's, a leader of a group of young English poets who wrote about the political and social problems of our times. More recently, Auden's verse has shown a religious and philosophical outlook.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT (1886-1950) was one of the founders of the *Saturday Review of Literature.* He was equally distinguished as an editor, a poet, and a critic.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827), the self-educated son of a London tradesman, was a rare combination of poet and painter. In his lyrics and in his highly original paintings, notably those for *The Book of Job,* he expressed a mystical awareness of the Divine.

ROBERT BRIDGES (1884-1930), British surgeon, essayist, poet, and playwright, became poet laureate in 1913. He is admired particularly for his skill in using various verse forms.

RUPERT BROOKE (1887-1915), after a short but brilliant poetic career, enlisted in the British Army in World War I, and died of sunstroke. His best poems are probably his sonnets.

WILLIAM BROWNE (1591-1643), a British nature poet who influenced Milton, Keats, and Mrs. Browning, is best known for his narrative in verse entitled *Britannia's Pastorals* and for his epitaphs.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889), one of the most frequently discussed English poets of the Victorian period, is especially known for his employment of the dramatic verse monologue to reveal character and personality.

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796), Scotland's greatest poet and national hero, was born a peasant. His love poems, his character studies, his celebration of the common man—most of all, his command of melody—make him a universal favorite.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788-1824), versatile poet of early nineteenth-century England, was an adventurer. His poetic heroes are romantic; his manner of expression is fluent and lyrically intense; his ideas are liberal, sometimes extreme; but often he writes biting satire that is closer in spirit to the Age of Pope than to the Age of Romanticism in which he lived.

G. K. CHESTERTON (1874-1936), often called the master of paradox, began his literary career as a critic of art books. A versatile writer, his literary output includes fiction (he is best remembered in this field as the creator of Father Brown, a whimsical priest-detective), biography, criticism, poetry, essays, and plays.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN (1892- ), a scholar whose special field of interest is English and classical literature, is a prolific nature poet and a historian of Maine, his native state. He spends much time lecturing and giving poetry recitations, and conducts a number of writers' conferences.

WILLIAM COLLINS (1721-1759), English lyricist, died young, leaving only a small body of verse, the best of which are his brief and eloquent odes.

COUNTEE CULLEN (1903-1946), a Negro poet who was popular during the twenties and thirties, wrote seven volumes of verse (*Color* was the first; *On These I Stand,* the last) largely about the feelings and aspirations of Negroes.

DONALD DAVIDSON (1893- ), teacher, critic, writer, testifies to his Tennessee birth and education in that both his poetry and prose are chiefly

concerned with glorifying the life of the pre-Civil War South.

W. H. DAVIES (1870-1940), Welsh-English poet, spent his early life as a vagabond. His chief merit as a poet is his sense of wonder, his fresh vision of the common objects most of us take for granted.

WALTER DE LA MARE (1873- ), English novelist and poet, writes verse marked by music and mystery, for children and adults.

EMILY DICKINSON (1830-1886), now accounted one of America's greatest poets, spent most of her life in self-imposed seclusion. She published only four poems in her lifetime and won no wide audience until the 1920's. Though uniformly brief, her poems show close observation, intensity, and illuminating, often whimsical, metaphor.

JOHN DONNE (1573-1631), who, after an intense spiritual struggle, became the most famous Anglican preacher of his day, won his lasting reputation not so much on his *Sermons* as on two groups of poems, the love lyrics of his youth and the religious lyrics of his maturity.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631), Elizabethan dramatist and poet, is best known for his sonnet sequence *Idea's Mirrour.*

T. S. ELIOT (1888- ), an American-born critic and poet now a British citizen, has influenced a whole generation of writers, particularly through his long, controversial poem *The Wasteland.* His major theme is the frustration, and the consequent spiritual inadequacy, of our times.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER (1886-1950) for a time was affiliated with the Imagist school of Amy Lowell. Later his poetry developed a note of prophecy and mysticism. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1939.

ROBERT FROST (1875- ), though born in San Francisco, is identified with the New England of his forebears. As a young man, he taught, farmed, and wrote poetry there—all with little initial success. Not until he went to England for the years 1912-15 did he come to the attention of critics and public. After his return to New England, his reputation grew steadily—he has won the Pulitzer Prize four times and is now considered America's foremost living poet.

HAMLIN GARLAND (1860-1940) was primarily a writer of novels and stories about rural life of the turn-of-the-century Midwest, which he described realistically in rebellion against the romantic interpretations of his contemporaries.

ORLANDO GIBBONS (1583-1625), an illustrious Elizabethan musician, is especially famed for his anthems and hymns and for his collection of madrigals.

WILLIAM S. GILBERT (1836-1911), in collaboration with the composer Arthur Sullivan, wrote thirteen light operas—*H.M.S. Pinafore, Patience, Iolanthe, The Mikado,* etc.—that still hold the stage today. A clever illustrator as well as a writer, Gilbert left few English foibles untouched in his satiric librettos for the operettas and his *Bab Ballads.*

ARTHUR GUITERMAN (1871-1943), an American lecturer and magazine editor, wrote light verse with wry humor and unexpected twists.

THOMAS HARDY (1840-1928), who is one of the two or three English writers to have produced both great poetry and great novels, was trained as an architect. His earliest writings were poems; about 1870 he turned to the novel and wrote all his novels in the succeeding twenty-six years; in 1896, discouraged by harsh criticism of *Jude the Obscure,* he returned to poetry. In this the final period of his work he wrote *The Dynasts,* a great epic drama in verse and the most ambitious of his poems.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633) was born into one of the great families of England. Under the influence of his mother, a woman of exceptional brilliance, he entered the church, but only after passing through a period of worldly ambition. The last years of his short life were spent quietly in the service of St. Andrew's Church at Bemerton—one of the smallest churches in England.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674), the most popular of the Cavalier poets, was, like Donne and Herbert, a churchman as well as a poet. Like Donne, too, he is best known for his love lyrics and religious lyrics. His chief theme, handled always with delicacy and lightness, is the contemplation of the brevity of life and beauty.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS (1844-1898), a brilliant Oxford graduate, became converted to Catholicism and entered the priesthood. His poetry, which is experimental in its imagery and rhythm, was not known until 1918, when Robert Bridges published a volume of his verse.

A. E. HOUSMAN (1859-1936), English scholar and poet, was not a prolific writer; he produced only three small volumes of lyrics. But the simplicity, irony, and flawlessness of these volumes place him among the chief English poets.

ETHEL JACOBSON grew up in New York City but now lives in California with her family (a hus-

band and two daughters), "a houseful of Siamese cats and a dog Rover." She has contributed light verse to the *Saturday Evening Post,* the *Atlantic,* and other national magazines.

ROBINSON JEFFERS (1877- ) has been called American poetry's apostle of negation. Jeffers' poetic line resembles Whitman's in length, vigor, and rhythm, but the philosophies of the two poets are at opposite poles. Jeffers' creed is violence, a word he writes large.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON (1871-1938), Negro lawyer, diplomat, and writer, served as U. S. Consul in Venezuela and Nicaragua, and as professor of creative literature at Fisk University. He wrote light opera, novels, autobiography, spirituals, and other poetry reflecting the religious life of the Negro.

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821), English poet of the Romantic movement, produced a remarkable number of richly sensuous, melodic verses before his death at the age of twenty-six.

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-1936) wrote poems with swinging rhythms and vigorous themes that won him great popular favor. For his poetry, stories, and novels, most of them about life in India under British rule, he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1907.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864), English classical scholar and poet, is best known for his *Imaginary Conversations,* in which historical figures discuss classical, medieval, and modern themes. His carefully chiseled short poems are often modeled after Greek and Latin originals.

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658), a follower of the Stuarts during the turbulent years of England's Civil War, spent much of his life in a Puritan prison. One of the school of Cavalier poets, his fame rests upon a slender group of poems that glorify loyalty in war and love.

PHYLLIS MC GINLEY (1905- ), writer of light verse, has published several volumes and contributed widely to national magazines.

ARCHIBALD MAC LEISH (1892- ), an important public figure as well as a literary man, has been Librarian of Congress and an Undersecretary of State. In 1949, he was awarded the Boylston Professorship of oratory and rhetoric at Harvard University. A skillful technician, MacLeish writes with equal ease a taut, controlled lyric and a long, flexible line.

JOHN MASEFIELD (1878- ), poet laureate of England since 1930, achieved fame with long, realistic narrative poems—*The Everlasting Mercy, Dauber, Reynard the Fox*—but he is probably better known today for his short poems of the sea. He has been a prolific writer of poetry, prose, and drama.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS (1869-1950) is a poet whose reputation rests almost entirely on one work—the *Spoon River Anthology,* a collection of autobiographical epitaphs of the inhabitants of a Midwest town. These poems, with conversational simplicity, lay bare the passions, triumphs, and defeats beyond the uneventful surface of small-town life.

GEORGE MEREDITH (1828-1909), Victorian novelist and poet, tried his hand at various aspects of the publishing business and finally settled down as a publisher's reader—a job he held for thirty-five years. His novels (*The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, Diana of the Crossways,* and others) are brilliantly witty, and reveal a keen perception of human motivations. Meredith's best-known group of poems is the pseudo-sonnet sequence *Modern Love.*

MARIANNE MOORE (1887- ) is noted for her effective imagery and keen wit. Her poems are unusual even in their arrangement on the page.

THOMAS MOORE (1799-1852), through his personal charm and his easy-flowing lyrics, was immensely popular with the public of his day. He was a thorough-going Romantic, a writer of exotic Oriental romances, and a friend of Byron.

OGDEN NASH (1902- ), master of light verse, uses an irregular rhythm and an intriguingly clever rhyme in his poetic commentaries on the modern scene.

ALFRED NOYES (1880- ), English critic, novelist, and poet, is a favorite with the public because his poems are rhythmical and easy to understand.

WILFRED OWEN (1893-1918), British poet of World War I, returned to the Western Front after having been wounded and invalided home, was decorated for gallantry, and was killed in action one week before the Armistice.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744) was one of the first English poets to earn a living, independent of patrons, through his craft. Denied access to schools because of his sickly body and his Roman Catholic faith, he educated himself. Fame came to him in his early twenties with the writing of *An Essay on Criticism* and *The Rape of the Lock;* from his translation of the *Iliad* came his fortune.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON (1869-1935), three-

time Pulitzer Prize winner, is in the first rank of American poets. He wrote character studies in verse, revealing the inner triumphs and outward failures of man.

CARL SANDBURG (1878- ), poet, Lincoln biographer, and authority on American folksongs, had varied experience before settling to newspaper work and writing. This background equipped him well to become the glorifier of industrial America. In line, language, and subject matter he extends the Whitman tradition.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON (1886- ), English soldier and poet of World War I, is perhaps the most realistic and bitter of all the poetic recorders of war's brutality.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832), Scottish editor, biographer, historian, antiquarian, and poet, is most famous as a romantic novelist, though some consider his best work to be the short lyrics he scattered through his long poems and novels.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616), England's, and perhaps the world's, greatest dramatic poet, produced some thirty plays, many of which contain memorable short songs. Apart from his plays, his chief work is his sequence of one hundred and fifty-four sonnets.

KARL SHAPIRO (1913- ) published two books of poetry while stationed in the Pacific during World War II (*Person, Place and Thing, V-Letter and Other Poems*). Like many other contemporary poets, Shapiro is a teacher.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822), English Romantic poet, was an idealist who revolted against tyranny in all forms—political, social, and moral—and who led an unconventional life in accordance with his ideals. His major theme is the possibility of human perfection.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586), who more than any other Elizabethan represents the ideal Renaissance man, was a courtier, diplomat, soldier, novelist, critic, and poet. His sonnet sequence *Astrophel and Stella* is his chief poetic work.

STEPHEN SPENDER (1909- ) was a fellow student of Auden's at Oxford and was much influenced by him. Like Auden, Spender now lives in the United States, and, again like Auden, he has been chiefly concerned in his writing with social and political problems.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642), courtier of Charles I, is a dramatist whose plays are remembered chiefly for the graceful, witty lyrics in them.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892) is, in many ways, the poet who best represents the spirit of Victoria's England. After an early period of neglect and adverse criticism, he perfected his poetic craftsmanship and won public favor, which he held to his death. He became poet laureate in 1850.

FRANCIS THOMPSON (1859-1907), an English poet whose life was marked by failure and spiritual conflict, wrote one of the greatest religious poems of modern times, "The Hound of Heaven."

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687), English Royalist poet, is best known for his witty love lyrics. A contemporary of Dryden, he helped to perfect the closed couplet verse form.

E. B. WHITE (1899- ) is one of modern America's wittiest and most entertaining writers. His name is almost synonymous with the *New Yorker,* with which he has been associated for many years.

WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892) created the free verse form. His *Leaves of Grass,* published in 1855, was a revolutionary book. In it Whitman spoke as the prophet of democracy and a worshiper of the common man. His technique has influenced two generations of later poets, including Sandburg, MacLeish, and Jeffers.

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667), English Puritan satirist and poet, is remembered chiefly for his love lyrics and pastorals.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850), English Romantic poet, found most of his subjects in nature and the life of simple people. He had the genius to see and record the beauty and wonder of the familiar.

ELINOR WYLIE (1885-1928), whose poems are always controlled, exact, and brilliant, was in her personal life a rebel against social convention. Her peak of popularity came in the early 1920's when, as the wife of William Rose Benét, she took an active part in the literary life of New York City.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865-1939), foremost figure of the Irish Renaissance, was politician, editor, folklorist, playwright, and poet. His best poetry is sinewy, conversational, and musical.

*Book Two*

# Fundamentals of Speaking and Writing

*Part Three*

# An Introduction to Semantics

BY S. I. HAYAKAWA

IN CONSULTATION WITH BASIL H. PILLARD

## I. THE FUNCTIONS OF LANGUAGE

### 1. Language and Survival

#### CO-OPERATION

When someone shouts at you, "look out!" and you jump just in time to avoid being hit by an automobile, you owe your escape from injury to the fundamental co-operative act by which most of the higher animals survive, namely, communication by means of noises. You did not see the car coming; nevertheless, someone did see it, and he made certain *noises to communicate* his alarm to you. In other words, although your nervous system did not record the danger, you were unharmed because another nervous system did record it. You had, for the time being, the advantage of someone else's nervous system in addition to your own.

Indeed, most of the time when we are listening to the noises people make or looking at the black marks on paper that stand for such noises, we are drawing upon the experiences of others in order to make up what we ourselves have missed. Now obviously the more an individual can make use of the nervous systems of others to supplement his own, the easier it is for him to survive. And, of course, the more individuals there are in a group accustomed to co-operating by making helpful noises at each other, the better it is for all—within the limits, naturally, of the group's talents for social organization. Birds and animals congregate with their own kind and make noises when they find food or become alarmed. In fact, gregariousness as an aid to self-defense and survival is forced upon animals as well as upon men by the necessity of uniting nervous systems even more than by the necessity of uniting physical strength. Societies, both animal and human, might almost be regarded as huge co-operative nervous systems.

While animals use only a few limited cries, however, human beings use extremely complicated systems of sputtering, hissing, gurgling, clucking, cooing noises called *language,* with which they express and report what goes on in their nervous systems. Language is, in addition to being more complicated, immeasurably more flexible than the animal cries from which it was developed—so flexible indeed that it can be used not only to report the tremendous variety of things that go on in the human nervous system, but *to report those reports.* That is, when an animal yelps, he may cause a second animal to yelp in imitation or alarm, but the second yelp is not *about* the

first yelp. But when a man says, "I see a river," a second man can say, "He says he sees a river" —which is a statement about a statement. About this statement-about-a-statement further statements can be made—and about these, still more. *Language, in short, can be about language.* This is a fundamental way in which human noise-making systems differ from the cries of animals.

## THE POOLING OF KNOWLEDGE

In addition to having developed language, man has also developed means of making, on clay tablets, bits of wood or stone, skins of animals, and paper, more or less permanent marks and scratches which *stand for* language. These marks enable him to communicate with people who are beyond the reach of his voice, both in space and in time. There is a long course of evolution from the marked trees that indicated Indian trails to the metropolitan daily newspaper, but they have this in common: They pass on what one individual has known to other individuals, for their convenience or, in the broadest sense, instruction. The Indians are dead, but many of their trails are still marked and can be followed to this day. Archimedes is dead, but we still have his reports on what he observed in his experiments in physics. Keats is dead, but he can still tell us how he felt on first reading Chapman's Homer. From our newspapers and radios we learn with great rapidity facts about the world we live in. From books and magazines we learn how hundreds of people whom we shall never be able to see have felt and thought. All this information is useful to us at one time or another in the solution of our own problems.

A human being, then, is never dependent on his own experience alone for his information. Even in a primitive culture he can make use of the experience of his neighbors, friends, and relatives, which they communicate to him by means of language. Therefore, instead of remaining helpless because of the limitations of his own experience and knowledge, instead of having to discover what others have already discovered, instead of exploring the false trails they explored and repeating their errors, he can *go on from where they left off.* Language, that is to say, makes progress possible.

Indeed, most of what we call the human characteristics of our species are expressed and developed through our ability to cooperate by means of our systems of making meaningful noises and meaningful scratches on paper. Even people who belong to backward cultures in which writing has not been invented are able to exchange information and to hand down from generation to generation considerable stores of traditional knowledge. There seems, however, to be a limit both to the trustworthiness and to the amount of knowledge that can be transmitted orally. But when writing is invented, a tremendous step forward is taken. The accuracy of reports can be checked and rechecked by successive generations of observers. The amount of knowledge accumulated ceases to be limited by people's ability to remember what has been told them. The result is that in any literate culture of a few centuries' standing, human beings accumulate vast stores of knowledge—far more than any individual in that culture can read in his lifetime, let alone remember. These stores of knowledge, which are being added to constantly, are made widely available to all who want them through such mechanical processes as printing and through such distributive agencies as the book trade, the newspaper and magazine trade, and library systems. The result is that all of us who can read any of the major European or Asiatic languages are potentially in touch with the intellectual resources of centuries of human endeavor in all parts of the civilized world.

Language, that is to say, is the indispensable mechanism of human life—of life such as ours that is molded, guided, enriched, and made possible by the accumulation of the *past* experience of members of our own species. Dogs and cats and chimpanzees do not, so far as we can tell, increase their wisdom, their information, or their control over their environment from one generation to the next. But human beings do. The cultural accomplishments of the ages, the invention of cooking, of weapons, of writing, of printing, of methods of building, of games and amusements, of means of transportation, and the discoveries of all the arts and sciences come to us as *free gifts from the dead.* These gifts, which none of us has done anything to earn, offer us not only the

opportunity for a richer life than our forebears enjoyed, but also the opportunity to add to the sum total of human achievement by our own contributions, however small.

To be able to read and write, therefore, is to learn to profit by and take part in the greatest of human achievements—that which makes all other achievements possible—namely, the pooling of our experiences in great co-operative stores of knowledge, available (except where special privilege, censorship, or suppression stand in the way) to all. From the warning cry of primitive man to the latest scientific monograph or radio newsflash, language is social. Cultural and intellectual co-operation is the great principle of *human* life.

This is by no means an easy principle to accept or to understand—except as a kind of pious truism that we should like, because we are well-meaning people, to believe. We live in a highly competitive society, each of us trying to outdo the other in wealth, in popularity or social prestige, in dress, in scholastic grades or golf scores. As we read our daily papers, there is always news of conflict rather than of co-operation—conflict between labor and management, between rival corporations or movie stars, between rival political parties and nations. Over us all hangs the perpetual fear of another war even more unthinkably horrible than the last. One is often tempted to say that conflict, rather than co-operation, is the great governing principle of human life.

But what such a philosophy overlooks is that, despite all the competition at the surface, there is a huge substratum of co-operation *taken for granted* that keeps the world going. The co-ordination of the efforts of engineers, actors, musicians, utilities companies, typists, program directors, advertising agencies, writers, and hundreds of others is required to put on a single radio program. Hundreds of thousands of persons co-operate in the production of motor cars, including suppliers and shippers of raw materials from different parts of the earth. Any organized business activity whatsoever is an elaborate act of co-operation, in which every individual worker contributes his share. A lockout or a strike is a *withdrawal of co-operation*—things are regarded as "back to normal" when co-operation is restored. We may indeed as individuals compete for jobs, but our function in the job, once we get it, is to contribute at the right time and place to that innumerable series of co-operative acts that eventually result in automobiles being manufactured, in cakes appearing in pastry shops, in department stores being able to serve their customers, in the trains and airlines running as scheduled. And what is important for our purposes here is that all this co-ordination of effort necessary for the functioning of society is *of necessity achieved by language or else it is not achieved at all.*

## 2. Symbols

### THE SYMBOLIC PROCESS

Animals struggle with each other for food or for leadership, but they do not, like human beings, struggle with each other for things that *stand for* food or leadership: such things as our paper symbols of wealth (money, bonds, titles), badges of rank to wear on our clothes, or low-number license plates, supposed by some people to stand for social precedence. For animals, the relationship in which one thing *stands for* something else does not appear to exist except in very rudimentary form.[1]

The process by means of which human beings can arbitrarily make certain things *stand for* other things may be called the *symbolic process.* Whenever two or more human beings can communicate with each other, they can,

[1] One investigator, J. B. Wolfe, trained chimpanzees to put poker chips into an especially constructed vending machine ("chimpomat") which supplied grapes, bananas, and other food. The chimpanzees proved to be able to distinguish chips of different "values" (1 grape, 2 grapes, zero, and so on) and also proved to be willing to work for them if the rewards were fairly immediate. They tended, however, not to work as they accumulated more chips. Their "money system" was definitely limited to rudimentary and immediate transactions. See Robert M. Yerkes' *Chimpanzees: A Laboratory Colony* (Yale University Press, 1943).

Other examples of animals successfully learning to react meaningfully to things-that-stand-for-other-things can readily be offered, but as a general rule these animal reactions are extremely simple and limited when contrasted with human possibilities in this direction. For example, it appears likely that a chimpanzee

by agreement, make anything stand for anything. For example, here are two symbols:

X Y

We can agree to let X stand for buttons and Y stand for bows; then we can freely change our agreement and let X stand for the Chicago White Sox and Y for the Cincinnati Reds; or let X stand for Chaucer and Y for Shakespeare, X for the CIO and Y for the AFL. *We are, as human beings, uniquely free to manufacture and manipulate and assign values to our symbols as we please.* Indeed, we can go further by making symbols that stand for symbols. If necessary we can, for instance, let the symbol M stand for all the X's in the above example (buttons, White Sox, Chaucer, CIO) and let N stand for all the Y's (bows, Cincinnati Reds, Shakespeare, AFL). Then we can make another symbol, T, stand for M and N, which would be an instance of a symbol of symbols of symbols. This freedom to create symbols of *any* assigned value and to create *symbols that stand for symbols* is essential to what we call the symbolic process.

Everywhere we turn, we see the symbolic process at work. Feathers worn on the head or stripes on the sleeve can be made to stand for military leadership; cowrie shells or rings of brass or pieces of paper can stand for wealth; crossed sticks can stand for a set of religious beliefs; buttons, elks' teeth, ribbons, special styles of ornamental haircutting or tattooing, can stand for social affiliations. The symbolic process permeates human life at the most primitive as well as at the most civilized levels. Warriors, medicine men, policemen, doormen, telegraph boys, cardinals, and kings wear costumes that symbolize their occupations. Savages collect scalps, college students collect membership keys in honorary societies, to symbolize victories in their respective fields. There are few things that men do or want to do, possess or want to possess, that have not, in addition to their mechanical or biological value, a symbolic value.

might be taught to drive a simplified car, but there would be one thing wrong with its driving: its reactions are such that if a red light showed when it was half way across a street, it would stop in the middle of the crossing, while, if a green light showed when another car was stalled in its path, it would go ahead regardless of consequences. In other words, so far as such a chimpanzee would be concerned, the red light could hardly be said to *stand for* stop; it *is* stop.

## LANGUAGE AS SYMBOLISM

Of all forms of symbolism, language is the most highly developed, most subtle, and most complicated. It has been pointed out that human beings, by agreement, can make anything stand for anything. Now, human beings have agreed, in the course of centuries of mutual dependency, to let the various noises that they can produce with their lungs, throats, tongues, teeth, and lips systematically stand for specified happenings in their nervous systems. We call that system of agreements *language.* For example, we who speak English have been so trained that, when our nervous systems register the presence of a certain kind of animal, we may make the following noise: "There's a cat." Anyone hearing us expects to find that, by looking in the same direction, he will experience a similar event in his nervous system—one that will lead him to make an almost identical noise. Again, we have been so trained that when we are conscious of wanting food, we make the noise, "I'm hungry."

There is, as has been said, *no necessary connection between the symbol and that which is symbolized.* Just as men can wear yachting costumes without ever having been near a yacht, so they can make the noise, "I'm hungry," without being hungry. Furthermore, just as social rank can be symbolized by feathers in the hair, by tattooing on the breast, by gold ornaments on the watch chain, or by a thousand different devices according to the culture we live in, so the fact of being hungry can be symbolized by a thousand different noises according to the culture we live in: "J'ai faim," or "Es hungert mich," or "Ho appetito," or "Hara ga hetta," and so on.

However obvious these facts may appear at first glance, they are actually not so obvious as they seem except when we take special pains to think about the subject. Symbols and things symbolized are independent of each other; nevertheless, we all have a way of feeling as if, and sometimes acting as if, there were necessary connections. For example, there is the vague sense we all have that foreign languages are inherently absurd: foreigners

have such funny names for things, and why can't they call things by their right names? This feeling exhibits itself most strongly in those English and American tourists who seem to believe that they can make the natives of any country understand English if they shout loud enough. Like the little boy who was reported to have said, "Pigs are called pigs because they are such dirty animals," they feel that the symbol is inherently connected in some way with the things symbolized. Then there are the people who feel that since snakes are "nasty, slimy creatures" (incidentally, snakes are *not* slimy), the word "snake" is a *nasty, slimy word.*

## THE WORD IS NOT THE THING

The above, however, are only the more striking examples of confused attitudes toward words and symbols. There would be little point in mentioning them if we were *uniformly and permanently aware* of the independence of symbols from things symbolized, as all human beings, in the writer's opinion, *can be* and *should be.*[2] But we are not. Most of us have, in some area or other of our thinking, improper habits of evaluation. For this, society itself is often to blame: most societies systematically encourage, concerning certain topics, the habitual confusion of symbols with things symbolized. For example, if a Japanese schoolhouse caught on fire, it used to be obligatory in the days of emperor-worship to try to rescue the emperor's *picture* (there was one in every schoolhouse), even at the risk of one's life. (If you got burned to death, you were posthumously ennobled.) In our society, we are encouraged to go into debt in order that we may display, as symbols of prosperity, shiny new automobiles. Strangely enough, the possession of shiny automobiles even under these conditions makes their "owners" *feel* prosperous. In all civilized societies (and probably in many primitive ones as well), the symbols of piety, of civic virtue, or of patriotism are often prized above actual piety, civic virtue, or patriotism. In one way or another, we are all like the brilliant student who cheats in his exams in order to make Phi Beta Kappa: it is so much more important to have the symbol than the things it stands for.

The habitual confusion of symbols with things symbolized, whether on the part of individuals or societies, is serious enough at all levels of culture to provide a perennial human problem.[3] But with the rise of modern communications systems, there arises with peculiar urgency the problem of confusion of verbal symbols with realities. We are constantly being talked at, by teachers, preachers, salesmen, public relations counsels, governmental agencies, and moving-picture sound tracks. The cries of the hawkers of soft drinks, soap chips, and laxatives pursue us into our homes, thanks to the radio—and in some houses the radio is never turned off from morning to night. The mailman brings direct mail advertising. Billboards confront us on the highway, and we even take portable radios with us to the seashore.

We live in an environment shaped and largely created by hitherto unparalleled semantic influences: mass circulation newspapers and magazines which are given to reflecting, in a shocking number of cases, the weird prejudices and obsessions of their publishers and owners; radio programs, both local and network, almost completely dominated by commercial motives; public relations counsels, who are simply highly paid craftsmen in the art of manipulating and reshaping our semantic environment in ways favorable to their clients. It is an exciting environment, but fraught with danger: it is only a slight exaggeration to say that Hitler conquered Austria by radio.

Citizens of a modern society need, therefore, more than ordinary "common sense"—which was recently defined by Stuart Chase as that which tells you that the world is flat. They need to be scientifically aware of the powers and limitations of symbols, especially words, if they are to guard against being driven into

[2] Much of the make-believe activity of small children, even as young as two years, appears to arise from the spontaneous and joyous discovery of the symbolic process, involving clear distinctions between symbols and things symbolized and a pleasure in the independence and manipulability of symbols. A great deal of the natural wisdom of children is, however, snuffed out in the course of their education.

[3] The charge against the Pharisees, it will be remembered, was that they were obsessively concerned with the symbols of piety at the expense of an adequate concern with its spirit.

complete bewilderment by the complexity of their semantic environment. The first of the principles governing symbols is this: The symbol is NOT the thing symbolized; the word is NOT the thing; the map is NOT the territory it stands for.

## MAPS AND TERRITORIES

There is a sense in which we all live in two worlds. First, we live in the world of happenings about us which we know at first hand. But this is an extremely small world, consisting only of that continuum of the things that we have actually seen, felt, or heard—the flow of events constantly passing before our senses. So far as this world of personal experience is concerned, Africa, South America, Asia, Washington, New York, or Los Angeles do not exist if we have never been to these places. Chiang Kai-shek is only a name if we have never seen him. When we ask ourselves how much we know at first hand, we discover that we know very little indeed.

Most of our knowledge, acquired from parents, friends, schools, newspapers, books, conversation, speeches, and radio, is received *verbally*. All our knowledge of history, for example, comes to us only in words. The only proof we have that the Battle of Waterloo ever took place is that we have had reports to that effect. These reports are not given us by people who saw it happen, but are based on other reports: reports of reports of reports, which go back ultimately to the first-hand reports given by people who did see it happening. It is through reports, then, and through reports of reports, that we receive most knowledge: about government, about what is happening in China, about what picture is showing at the downtown theater—in fact, about anything which we do not know through direct experience.

Let us call this world that comes to us through words the *verbal world*, as opposed to the world we know or are capable of knowing through our own experience, which we shall call the *extensional world*. (The reason for the choice of the word "extensional" will become clear later.) The human being, like any other creature, begins to make his acquaintance with the extensional world from infancy. Unlike other creatures, however, he begins to receive, as soon as he can learn to understand, reports, reports of reports, reports of reports of reports. In addition he receives inferences made from reports, inferences made from other inferences, and so on. By the time a child is a few years old, has gone to school and to Sunday school, and has made a few friends, he has accumulated a considerable amount of second- and third-hand information about morals, geography, history, nature, people, games—all of which information together constitutes his verbal world.

Now this verbal world ought to stand in relation to the extensional world as a *map* does to the *territory* it is supposed to represent. If a child grows to adulthood with a verbal world in his head which corresponds fairly closely to the extensional world that he finds around him in his widening experience, he is in relatively small danger of being shocked or hurt by what he finds, because his verbal world has told him what, more or less, to expect. He is prepared for life. If, however, he grows up with a false map in his head—that is, with a head crammed with false knowledge and superstition—he will constantly be running into trouble, wasting his efforts, and acting like a fool. He will not be adjusted to the world as it is; he may, if the lack of adjustment is serious, end up in a mental hospital.

Some of the follies we commit because of false maps in our heads are so commonplace that we do not even think of them as remarkable. There are those who protect themselves from accidents by carrying a rabbit's foot in the pocket. Some refuse to sleep on the thirteenth floor of hotels—this is so common that most big hotels, even in the capitals of our scientific culture, skip "13" in numbering their floors. Some plan their lives on the basis of astrological predictions. Some play fifty-to-one shots on the basis of dream books. Some hope to make their teeth whiter by changing their brand of tooth paste. All such people are living in verbal worlds that bear little, if any, resemblance to the extensional world.

Now, no matter how beautiful a map may be, it is useless to a traveler unless it accurately shows the relationship of places to each other, the structure of the territory. If we draw, for example, a big dent in the outline

of a lake for, let us say, artistic reasons, the map is worthless. But if we are just drawing maps for fun without paying any attention to the structure of the region, there is nothing in the world to prevent us from putting in all the extra curlicues and twists we want in the lakes, rivers, and roads. No harm will be done *unless someone tries to plan a trip by such a map.*

Similarly, by means of imaginary or false reports, or by false inferences from good reports, or by mere rhetorical exercises, we can manufacture at will, with language, "maps" which have no reference to the extensional world. Here again no harm will be done unless someone makes the mistake of regarding such "maps" as representing real territories.

We all inherit a great deal of useless knowledge, and a great deal of misinformation and error (maps that were formerly thought to be accurate), so that there is always a portion of what we have been told that must be discarded. But the cultural heritage of our civilization that is transmitted to us—our socially pooled knowledge, both scientific and humane —has been valued principally because we have believed that it gives us accurate maps of experience. The analogy of verbal worlds to maps is an important one and will be referred to frequently throughout this book. It should be noticed at this point, however, that there are two ways of getting false maps of the world into our heads: first, by having them given to us; second, by making them up for ourselves by misreading the true maps given to us.

## 3. The Language of Reports

For the purposes of the interchange of information, the basic symbolic act is the *report* of what we have seen, heard, or felt: "There is a ditch on each side of the road." "You can get those at Smith's hardware store for $2.75." "There aren't any fish on that side of the lake, but there are on this side." Then there are reports of reports: "The longest waterfall in the world is Victoria Falls in Rhodesia." "The Battle of Hastings took place in 1066." "The papers say that there was a big smash-up on Highway 41 near Evansville." Reports adhere to the following rules: first, they are *capable of verification;* second, they *exclude,* as far as possible, *inferences* and *judgments.* (These terms will be defined later.)

### VERIFIABILITY

Reports are verifiable. We may not always be able to verify them ourselves, since we cannot track down the evidence for every piece of history we know, nor can we all go to Evansville to see the remains of the smash-up before they are cleared away. But if we are roughly agreed on the names of things, on what constitutes a "foot," "yard," "bushel," and so on, and on how to measure time, there is relatively little danger of our misunderstanding each other. Even in a world such as we have today, in which everybody seems to be quarreling with everybody else, *we still to a surprising degree trust each other's reports.* We ask directions of total strangers when we are traveling. We follow directions on road signs without being suspicious of the people who put them up. We read books of information about science, mathematics, automotive engineering, travel, geography, the history of costume, and other such factual matters, and we usually assume that the author is doing his best to tell us as truly as he can what he knows. And we are safe in so assuming most of the time. With the emphasis that is being given today to the discussion of biased newspapers, propagandists, and the general untrustworthiness of many of the communications we receive, we are likely to forget that we still have an enormous amount of reliable information available and that deliberate misinformation, except in warfare, still is more the exception than the rule. The desire for self-preservation that compelled men to evolve means for the exchange of information also compels them to regard the giving of false information as profoundly reprehensible.

At its highest development, the language of reports is the language of science. By "highest development" we mean greatest general usefulness. Presbyterian and Catholic, workingman and capitalist, German and Englishman, *agree* on the meanings of such symbols as $2 \times 2 = 4$, *100° C.*, $HNO_3$, *3:35* A.M., *1940* A.D., *5000 r.p.m., 1000 kilowatts, pulex irritans,*

and so on. But how, it may be asked, can there be agreement about even this much among people who are at each other's throats about practically everything else: political philosophies, ethical ideas, religious beliefs, and the survival of my business *versus* the survival of yours? The answer is that circumstances *compel men to agree,* whether they wish to or not. If, for example, there were a dozen different religious sects in the United States, each insisting on its own way of naming the time of the day and the days of the year, the mere necessity of having a dozen different calendars, a dozen different kinds of watches, and a dozen sets of schedules for business hours, trains, and radio programs, to say nothing of the effort that would be required for translating terms from one nomenclature to another, would make life as we know it impossible.[4]

The language of reports, then, including the more accurate reports of science, is "map" language, and because it gives us reasonably accurate representations of the "territory," it enables us to get work done. Such language may often be what is commonly termed "dull" or "uninteresting" reading: one does not usually read logarithmic tables or telephone directories for entertainment. But we could not get along without it. There are numberless occasions in the talking and writing we do in everyday life that *require that we state things in such a way that everybody will agree with our formulation.*

[4] According to information supplied by the Association of American Railroads, "Before 1883 there were nearly 100 different time zones in the United States. It wasn't until November 18 of that year that . . . a system of standard time was adopted here and in Canada. Before then there was nothing but local or 'solar' time. . . . The Pennsylvania Railroad in the East used Philadelphia time, which was five minutes slower than New York time and five minutes faster than Baltimore time. The Baltimore & Ohio used Baltimore time for trains running out of Baltimore, Columbus time for Ohio, Vincennes (Indiana) time for those going out of Cincinnati. . . . When it was noon in Chicago, it was 12:31 in Pittsburgh; 12:24 in Cleveland; 12:17 in Toledo; 12:13 in Cincinnati; 12:09 in Louisville; 12:07 in Indianapolis; 11:50 in St. Louis; 11:48 in Dubuque; 11:39 in St. Paul, and 11:27 in Omaha. There were 27 local time zones in Michigan alone. . . . A person traveling from Eastport, Maine, to San Francisco, if he wanted always to have the right railroad time and get off at the right place, had to twist the hands of his watch 20 times en route." Chicago *Daily News,* September 29, 1948.

## INFERENCES

The reader will find that practice in writing reports is a quick means of increasing his linguistic awareness. It is an exercise which will constantly provide him with his own examples of the principles of language and interpretation under discussion. The reports should be about first-hand experience—scenes the reader has witnessed himself, meetings and social events he has taken part in, people he knows well. They should be of such a nature that they can be verified and agreed upon. For the purpose of this exercise, inferences will be excluded.

Not that inferences are not important—we rely in everyday life and in science as much on *inferences* as on reports—in some areas of thought, for example, geology, paleontology, and nuclear physics, reports are the foundations, but inferences (and inferences upon inferences) are the main body of the science. An inference, as we shall use the term, is *a statement about the unknown made on the basis of the known.* We may *infer* from the handsomeness of a woman's clothes her wealth or social position; we may *infer* from the character of the ruins the origin of the fire that destroyed the building; we may *infer* from a man's calloused hands the nature of his occupation; we may *infer* from a senator's vote on an armaments bill his attitude toward Russia; we may *infer* from the structure of the land the path of a prehistoric glacier; we may *infer* from a halo on an unexposed photographic plate that it has been in the vicinity of radioactive materials; we may *infer* from the noise an engine makes the condition of its connecting rods. Inferences may be carelessly or carefully made. They may be made on the basis of a great background of previous experience with the subject-matter, or no experience at all. For example, the inferences a good mechanic can make about the internal condition of a motor by listening to it are often startlingly accurate, while the inferences made by an amateur (if he tries to make any) may be entirely wrong. But the common characteristic of inferences is that they are statements

about matters which are not directly known, made on the basis of what has been observed.

The avoidance of inferences in our suggested practice in report-writing requires that we make no guesses as to what is going on in other people's minds. When we say, "He was angry," we are not reporting; we are making an inference from such observable facts as the following: "He pounded his fist on the table; he swore; he threw the telephone directory at his stenographer." In this particular example, the inference appears to be fairly safe; nevertheless, it is important to remember, especially for the purposes of training oneself, that it is an inference. Such expressions as "He thought a lot of himself," "He was scared of girls," "He has an inferiority complex," made on the basis of casual social observation, and "What Russia really wants to do is to establish a world communist dictatorship," made on the basis of casual newspaper reading, are highly inferential. One should keep in mind their inferential character and, in our suggested exercises, should substitute for them such statements as "He rarely spoke to subordinates in the plant," "I saw him at a party, and he never danced except when one of the girls asked him to," "He wouldn't apply for the scholarship although I believe he could have won it easily," and "The Russian delegation to the United Nations has asked for A, B, and C. Last year they voted against M and N, and voted for X and Y. On the basis of facts such as these, the newspaper I read makes the inference that what Russia really wants is to establish a world communist dictatorship. I tend to agree."

## JUDGMENTS

In our suggested writing exercise, judgments are also to be excluded. By judgments, we shall mean *all expressions of the writer's approval or disapproval of the occurrences, persons, or objects he is describing.* For example, a report cannot say, "It was a wonderful car," but must say something like this: "It has been driven 50,000 miles and has never required any repairs." Again statements like "Jack lied to us" must be suppressed in favor of the more verifiable statement, "Jack told us he didn't have the keys to his car with him. However, when he pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket a few minutes later, a bunch of car keys fell out." Also a report may not say, "The senator was stubborn, defiant, and unco-operative," or "The senator courageously stood by his principles"; it must say instead, "The senator's vote was the only one against the bill."

Many people regard statements like the following as statements of "fact": "Jack *lied* to us," "Jerry is a *thief*," "Tommy is *clever*." As ordinarily employed, however, the word "lied" involves first an inference (that Jack knew otherwise and deliberately misstated the facts) and secondly a judgment (that the speaker disapproves of what he has inferred that Jack did). In the other two instances, we may substitute such expressions as, "Jerry was convicted of theft and served two years at Waupun," and "Tommy plays the violin, leads his class in school, and is captain of the debating team." After all, to say of a man that he is a "thief" is to say in effect, "He has stolen *and will steal again*"—which is more of a prediction than a report. Even to say, "He has stolen," is to make an inference (and simultaneously to pass a judgment) on an act about which there may be difference of opinion among those who have examined the evidence upon which the conviction was obtained. But to say that he was "convicted of theft" is to make a statement capable of being agreed upon through verification in court and prison records.

Scientific verifiability rests upon the external observation of facts, not upon the heaping up of judgments. If one person says, "Peter is a deadbeat," and another says, "I think so too," the statement has not been verified. In court cases, considerable trouble is sometimes caused by witnesses who cannot distinguish their judgments from the facts upon which those judgments are based. Cross-examinations under these circumstances go something like this:

WITNESS: That dirty double-crosser Jacobs ratted on me.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: Your honor, I object.

JUDGE: Objection sustained. (Witness's remark is stricken from the record.) Now, try to tell the court exactly what happened.

WITNESS: He double-crossed me, the dirty, lying rat!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: Your honor, I object!

JUDGE: Objection sustained. (Witness's remark is again stricken from the record.) Will the witness try to stick to the facts.

WITNESS: But I'm telling you the facts, your honor. He did double-cross me.

This can continue indefinitely unless the cross-examiner exercises some ingenuity in order to get at the facts behind the judgment. To the witness it is a "fact" that he was "double-crossed." Often hours of patient questioning are required before the factual bases of the judgment are revealed.

Many words, of course, simultaneously convey a report and a judgment on the fact reported, as will be discussed more fully in a later chapter. For the purposes of a report as here defined, these should be avoided. Instead of "sneaked in," one might say "entered quietly"; instead of "politicians," "congressmen," or "aldermen," or "candidates for office"; instead of "bureaucrat," "public official"; instead of "tramp," "homeless unemployed"; instead of "dictatorial set-up," "centralized authority"; instead of "crackpots," "holders of uncommon views." A newspaper reporter, for example, is not permitted to write, "A crowd of suckers came to listen to Senator Smith last evening in that rickety firetrap and ex-dive that disfigures the south edge of town." Instead he says, "Between seventy-five and a hundred people heard an address last evening by Senator Smith at the Evergreen Gardens near the South Side city limits."

## SNARL-WORDS AND PURR-WORDS

Throughout this book, it is important to remember that we are considering language not as an isolated phenomenon, but language in action—language in the full context of the nonlinguistic events which are its setting. The making of noises with the vocal organs is a muscular activity, and like other muscular activities, often involuntary. Our responses to powerful stimuli, such as to something that makes us very angry, are a complex of muscular and physiological events: the contracting of fighting muscles, the increase of blood pressure, change in body chemistry, clutching one's hair, and so on, *and* the making of noises, such as growls and snarls. We are a little too dignified, perhaps, to growl like dogs, but we do the next best thing and substitute series of words, such as "You dirty double-crosser!" "The filthy scum!" Similarly, if we are pleasurably agitated, we may, instead of purring or wagging the tail, say things like "She's the sweetest girl in all the world!"

Speeches such as these are, as direct expressions of approval or disapproval, judgments in their simplest form. They may be said to be human equivalents of snarling and purring. "She's the sweetest girl in all the world" is not a statement about the girl; it is a purr. This seems to be a fairly obvious fact; nevertheless, it is surprising how often, when such a statement is made, both the speaker and the hearer feel that something has been said about the girl. This error is especially common in the interpretation of utterances of orators and editorialists in some of their more excited denunciations of "Reds," "greedy monopolists," "Wall Street," "radicals," "foreign ideologies," and in their more fulsome dithyrambs about "our way of life." Constantly, because of the impressive sound of the words, the elaborate structure of the sentences, and the appearance of intellectual progression, we get the feeling that something is being said about something. On closer examination, however, we discover that these utterances merely say, "What I hate ('Reds,' 'Wall Street,' or whatever) I hate very, very much," and "What I like ('our way of life') I like very, very much." We may call such utterances "snarl-words" and "purr-words." They are not reports describing conditions in the extensional world in any way.

To call these judgments "snarl-words" and "purr-words" does not mean that we should simply shrug them off. It means that we should be careful to *allocate the meaning correctly*—placing such a statement as "She's the sweetest girl in the world" as a revelation of the speaker's state of mind, and not as a revelation of facts about the girl. If the "snarl-words" about "Reds," or "greedy monopolists" are accompanied by verifiable reports (which would also mean that we have previously agreed as to who, specifically, is meant by the terms "Reds" or "greedy monopolists"), we might find reason to be just as disturbed as the speaker. If the "purr-words" about the sweetest girl in the world are accompanied by verifiable reports about her appearance, manners, skill in cooking, and so on, we might

find reason to admire her too. But "snarl-words" and "purr-words" as such, unaccompanied by reports, offer nothing further to discuss, except possibly the question, "Why do you feel as you do?"

It is usually fruitless to debate such questions as "Was President Roosevelt a great statesman or merely a skillful politician?" "Is the music of Wagner the greatest music of all time or is it merely hysterical screeching?" "Which is the finer sport, tennis or baseball?" "Could Joe Louis in his prime have licked Bob Fitzsimmons in his prime?" To take sides on such issues of conflicting judgments is to reduce oneself to the same level of stubborn imbecility as one's opponents. But to ask questions of the form, "Why do you like (or dislike) Roosevelt (or Wagner, or tennis, or Joe Louis)?" is to learn something about one's friends and neighbors. After listening to their opinions and their reasons for them, we may leave the discussion slightly wiser, slightly better informed, and perhaps slightly less one-sided than we were before the discussion began.

## 4. Contexts

### HOW DICTIONARIES ARE MADE

It is an almost universal belief that every word has a correct meaning, that we learn these meanings principally from teachers and grammarians (except that most of the time we don't bother to, so that we ordinarily speak "sloppy English"), and that dictionaries and grammars are the supreme authority in matters of meaning and usage. Few people ask by what authority the writers of dictionaries and grammars say what they say. The docility with which most people bow down to the dictionary is amazing, and the person who says, "Well, the dictionary is wrong!" is looked upon as out of his mind.

Let us see how dictionaries are made and how the editors arrive at definitions. What follows applies, incidentally, only to those dictionary offices where first-hand, original research goes on—not those in which editors simply copy existing dictionaries. The task of writing a dictionary begins with the reading of vast amounts of the literature of the period or subject that it is intended to cover. As the editors read, they copy on cards every interesting or rare word, every unusual or peculiar occurrence of a common word, a large number of common words in their ordinary uses, and also the sentences in which each of these words appears, thus:

pail

The dairy *pails* bring home increase of milk
Keats, *Endymion*
I, 44-45

That is to say, the context of each word is collected, along with the word itself. For a really big job of dictionary writing, such as the *Oxford English Dictionary* (usually bound in about twenty-five volumes), millions of such cards are collected, and the task of editing occupies decades. As the cards are collected, they are alphabetized and sorted. When the sorting is completed, there will be for each word anywhere from two to three to several hundred illustrative quotations, each on its card.

To define a word, then, the dictionary editor places before him the stack of cards illustrating that word; each of the cards represents an actual use of the word by a writer of some literary or historical importance. He reads the cards carefully, discards some, rereads the rest, and divides up the stack according to what he thinks are the several senses of the word. Finally, he writes his definitions, following the hard-and-fast rule that each definition *must* be based on what the quotations in front of him reveal about the meaning of the word. The editor cannot be influenced by what *he* thinks a given word *ought* to mean. He must work according to the cards, or not at all.

The writing of a dictionary, therefore, is not a task of setting up authoritative statements about the "true meanings" of words, but a task of *recording*, to the best of one's ability, what various words *have meant* to authors in the distant or immediate past. ***The writer of a dictionary is a historian, not a law-***

*giver.* If, for example, we had been writing a dictionary in 1890, or even as late as 1919, we could have said that the word "broadcast" means "to scatter" (seed and so on) but we could not have decreed that from 1921 on, the commonest meaning of the word should become "to disseminate audible messages, etc., by wireless telephony." To regard the dictionary as an "authority," therefore, is to credit the dictionary writer with gifts of prophecy which neither he nor anyone else possesses. In choosing our words when we speak or write, we can be *guided* by the historical record afforded us by the dictionary, but we cannot be *bound* by it, because new situations, new experiences, new inventions, new feelings, are always compelling us to give new uses to old words. Looking under a "hood," we should ordinarily have found, five hundred years ago, a monk; today, we find a motorcar engine.

## VERBAL AND PHYSICAL CONTEXTS

The way in which the dictionary writer arrives at his definitions is merely the systematization of the way in which we all learn the meanings of words, beginning at infancy, and continuing for the rest of our lives. Let us say that we have never heard the word "oboe" before, and we overhear a conversation in which the following sentences occur:

> He used to be the best *oboe* player in town. . . . Whenever they came to that *oboe* part in the third movement, he used to get very excited. . . . I saw him one day at the music shop, buying a new reed for his *oboe*. . . . He never liked to play the clarinet after he started playing the *oboe*. . . . He said it wasn't much fun, because it was too easy.

Although the word may be unfamiliar, its meaning becomes clear to us as we listen. After hearing the first sentence, we know that an "oboe" is "played," so that it must be either a game or a musical instrument. With the second sentence the possibility of its being a game is eliminated. With each succeeding sentence the possibilities as to what an "oboe" may be are narrowed down until we get a fairly clear idea of what is meant. This is how we learn by *verbal context.*

But even independently of this, we learn by physical and social context. Let us say that we are playing golf and that we have hit the ball in a certain way with certain unfortunate results, so that our companion says to us, "That's a bad *slice.*" He repeats this remark every time our ball fails to go straight. If we are reasonably bright, we learn in a very short time to say, when it happens again, "That's a bad slice." On one occasion, however, our friend says to us, "That's not a *slice* this time; that's a *hook.*" In this case we consider what has happened, and we wonder what is different about the last stroke from those previous. As soon as we make the distinction, we have added still another word to our vocabulary. The result is that after nine holes of golf, we can use both these words accurately—and perhaps several others as well, such as "divot," "number-five iron," "approach shot," *without ever having been told what they mean.* Indeed, we may play golf for years without ever being able to give a dictionary definition of "to slice": "To strike (the ball) so that the face of the club draws inward across the face of the ball, causing it to curve toward the right in flight (with a right-handed player)" (*Webster's New International Dictionary*). But even without being able to give such a definition, we should still be able to use the word accurately whenever the occasion demanded.

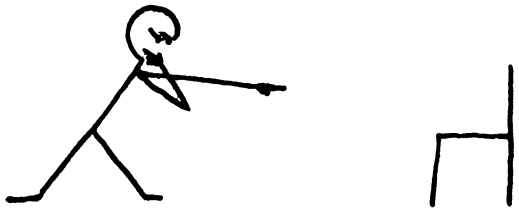
We learn the meanings of practically all our words (which are, it will be remembered, merely complicated noises), not from dictionaries, not from definitions, but from hearing these noises as they accompany actual situations in life and learning to associate certain noises with certain situations. Even as dogs learn to recognize "words," as for example by hearing "biscuit" at the same time as an actual biscuit is held before their noses, so do we all learn to interpret language by being aware of the happenings that accompany the noises people make at us—by being aware, in short, of contexts.

The definitions given by little children in school show clearly how they associate words with situations; they almost always define in terms of physical and social contexts: "Punishment is when you have been bad and they

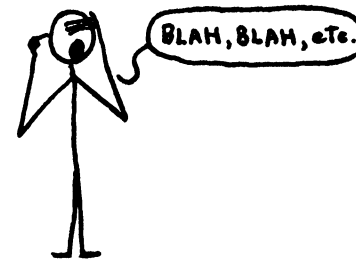
put you in a closet and don't let you have any supper." "Newspapers are what the paper boy brings and you wrap up the garbage with it." These are good definitions. The main reason that they cannot be used in dictionaries is that they are too specific; it would be impossible to list the myriads of situations in which every word has been used. For this reason, dictionaries give definitions on a high level of abstraction; that is, with particular references left out for the sake of conciseness. This is another reason why it is a great mistake to regard a dictionary definition as telling us all about a word.

## EXTENSIONAL AND INTENSIONAL MEANING

From this point on, it will be necessary to employ some special terms in talking about meaning: *extensional meaning*, which will also be referred to as *denotation*, and *intensional meaning*—note the *s*—which will also be referred to as connotation. Briefly explained, the extensional meaning of an utterance is that which it *points to* or denotes in the extensional world, referred to in Section 2 above. That is to say, the extensional meaning is something that *cannot be expressed in words*, because it is that which words stand for. An easy way to remember this is to put your hand over your mouth and point whenever you are asked to give an extensional meaning.



The *intensional meaning* of a word or expression, on the other hand, is that which is *suggested* (connoted) inside one's head. Roughly speaking, whenever we express the meaning of words by uttering more words, we are giving intensional meaning, or connotations. To remember this, put your hand over your eyes and let the words spin around in your head.




Utterances may have, of course, both extensional and intensional meaning. If they have no intensional meaning at all—that is, if they start no notions whatever spinning about in our heads—they are meaningless noises, like foreign languages that we do not understand. On the other hand, it is possible for utterances to have no extensional meaning at all, in spite of the fact that they may start many notions spinning about in our heads. The statement, "Angels watch over my bed at night," is one that has intensional but no extensional meaning. This does not mean that there are no angels watching over my bed at night. When we say that the statement has no extensional meaning, we are merely saying that we cannot see, touch, photograph, or in any scientific manner detect the presence of angels. The result is that, if an argument begins on the subject whether or not angels watch over my bed, *there is no way of ending the argument to the satisfaction of all disputants,* the Christians and the non-Christians, the pious and the agnostic, the mystical and the scientific. Therefore, whether we believe in angels or not, knowing in advance that any argument on the subject will be both endless and futile, we can avoid getting into fights about it.

When, on the other hand, statements have extensional content, as when we say, "This room is fifteen feet long," arguments can come to a close. No matter how many guesses there are about the length of the room, all discussion ceases when someone produces a tape measure. This, then, is the important difference between extensional and intensional meanings: namely, when utterances have extensional meanings, discussion can be ended and agreement reached; when utterances have intensional meanings only and no extensional meanings, arguments may, and often do, go on indefinitely. Such arguments can result

only in irreconcilable conflict. Among individuals, they may result in the breaking up of friendships; in society, they often split organizations into bitterly opposed groups; among nations they may aggravate existing tensions so seriously as to become real obstacles to the peaceful settling of disputes.

Arguments of this kind may be termed "nonsense arguments," because they are based on utterances about which no sense data can be collected. Needless to say, there are occasions when the hyphen may be omitted—that depends on one's feelings toward the particular argument under consideration. The reader is requested to provide his own examples of "non-sense arguments." Even the foregoing example of the angels may give offense to some people, in spite of the fact that no attempt is made to deny or affirm the existence of angels. He can imagine, therefore, the uproar that might result from giving a number of examples from theology, politics, law, economics, literary criticism, and other fields in which it is not customary to distinguish clearly sense from non-sense.

## THE "ONE WORD, ONE MEANING" FALLACY

Everyone, of course, who has ever given any thought to the meanings of words has noticed that they are always shifting and changing in meaning. Usually, people regard this as a misfortune, because it "leads to sloppy thinking" and "mental confusion." To remedy this condition, they are likely to suggest that we should all agree on "one meaning" for each word and use it only with that meaning. Thereupon it will occur to them that we simply cannot make people agree in this way, even if we could set up an ironclad dictatorship under a committee of lexicographers who would place censors in every newspaper office and microphones in every home. The situation, therefore, appears hopeless.

Such an impasse is avoided when we start with a new premise altogether—one of the premises upon which modern linguistic thought is based: namely, that *no word ever has exactly the same meaning twice.* The extent to which this premise fits the facts can be demonstrated in a number of ways. First, if we accept the proposition that the contexts of an utterance determine its meaning, it becomes apparent that since no two contexts are ever *exactly* the same, no two meanings can ever be exactly the same. How can we "fix the meaning" even for so common an expression as "to believe in" when it can be used in such sentences as the following:

I believe in you (I have confidence in you).
I believe in democracy (I accept the principles implied by the term democracy).
I believe in Santa Claus (It is my opinion that Santa Claus exists).

Secondly, we can take, for example, a word of "simple" meaning like "kettle." But when John says "kettle," its intensional meanings to him are the common characteristics of all the kettles John remembers. When Peter says "kettle," however, its intensional meanings to him are the common characteristics of all the kettles he remembers. *No matter how small or how negligible the differences may be between John's "kettle" and Peter's "kettle," there is some difference.*

Finally, let us examine utterances in terms of extensional meanings. If John, Peter, Harold, and George each say "my typewriter," we would have to point to four different typewriters to get the extensional meaning in each case: John's new Underwood, Peter's old Corona, Harold's L. C. Smith, and the undenotable intended "typewriter" that George plans some day to buy: "My typewriter, when I buy one, will be a noiseless." Also, if John says "my typewriter" today, and again "my typewriter" tomorrow, the extensional meaning is different in the two cases, because the typewriter is not exactly the same from one day to the next (nor from one minute to the next): slow processes of wear, change, and decay are going on constantly. Although we can say, then, that the differences in the meanings of a word on one occasion, on another occasion a minute later, and on still another occasion another minute later, are negligible, we cannot say that the meanings are *exactly* the same.

To say dogmatically that we know what a word means *in advance of its utterance* is nonsense. All we can know in advance is *approximately* what it will mean. After the utterance, we interpret what has been said in the

light of both verbal and physical contexts, and act according to our interpretation. An examination of the verbal context of an utterance, as well as the examination of the utterance itself, directs us to the intensional meanings; an examination of the physical context directs us to the extensional meanings. When John says to James, "Bring me that book, will you?" James looks in the direction of John's pointed finger (physical context) and sees a desk with several books on it (physical context); he thinks back over their previous conversation (verbal context) and knows which of those books is being referred to.

Interpretation *must* be based, therefore, on the totality of contexts. If it were otherwise, we should not be able to account for the fact that even if we fail to use the right (customary) words in some situations, people can very frequently understand us. For example:

A: Gosh, look at that second baseman go!
B (looking): You mean the shortstop?
A: Yes, that's what I mean.

A: There must be something wrong with the oil line; the engine has started to balk.
B: Don't you mean "gas line"?
A: Yes—didn't I say gas line?

Contexts sometimes indicate so clearly what we mean that often we do not even have to say what we mean in order to be understood.

## 5. The Language of Social Cohesion

### NOISES AS EXPRESSION

What above all complicates the problems of interpretation is the fact that informative uses of language are intimately fused with older and deeper functions of language, so that only a small proportion of utterances in everyday life can be described as purely informative. We have every reason to believe that the ability to use language for strictly informative purposes was developed relatively late in the course of linguistic evolution. Long before we developed language as we now know it, we probably made, like the lower animals, all sorts of cries, expressive of such internal conditions as hunger, fear, loneliness, triumph, and sexual desire. We can recognize a variety of such noises and the conditions of which they are symptoms in our domestic animals. Gradually such noises seem to have become more and more differentiated, consciousness expanded. Grunts and gibberings became language. Therefore, although we have developed language in which accurate reports may be given, we almost universally tend to *express* our internal condition *first,* then to follow up with a report if necessary: "Ow! (expression) My tooth hurts" (report). Many utterances are, as we have seen with regard to "snarl-words" and "purr-words," vocal equivalents of expressive gestures, such as crying in pain, baring the teeth in anger, nuzzling to express friendliness, dancing with delight, and so on. When words are used as vocal equivalents of expressive gestures, we shall say that language is being used in *presymbolic* ways. These presymbolic uses of language coexist with our symbolic systems, and the talking we do in everyday life is a thorough blending of symbolic and presymbolic.

Indeed, the presymbolic factors in everyday language are always most apparent in expressions of strong feeling of any kind. If we carelessly step off a curb when a car is coming, it doesn't much matter whether someone yells, "Look out!" or "Kiwotsuke!" or "Hey!" or "Prends garde!" or simply utters a scream, so long as whatever noise is made is uttered loudly enough to alarm us. It is the fear expressed in the *loudness* and *tone* of the cry that conveys the necessary sensations, and not the words. Similarly, commands given sharply and angrily usually produce quicker results than the same commands uttered tonelessly. The quality of the voice itself, that is to say, has a power of expressing feelings that is almost independent of the symbols used. We can say, "I hope you'll come to see us again," in a way that clearly indicates that we hope the visitor never comes back. Or again, if a young lady with whom we are strolling says, "The moon is bright tonight," we are able to tell by the tone whether she is making a meteorological observation or indicating that she wants to be kissed.

Very small infants understand the love, the warmth, or the irritation in a mother's voice long before they are able to understand her

words. Most children retain this sensitivity to presymbolic factors in language. Some adults retain and refine this sensitivity as they grow older; they are the people credited with "intuition" or "unusual tact." Their talent lies in their skill in interpreting tones of voice, facial expressions, and other symptoms of the internal condition of the speaker: they listen not only to *what* is said, but to *how* it is said. On the other hand, people who have spent much of their lives in the study of *written* symbols (scientists, intellectuals, bookkeepers) tend to be relatively deaf to everything but the surface sense of the words. If a lady wants a person of this kind to kiss her, she usually has to tell him so in so many words.

## PRESYMBOLIC LANGUAGE IN RITUAL

Sermons, political caucuses, conventions, "pep rallies," and other ceremonial gatherings illustrate the fact that all groups—religious, political, patriotic, scientific, and occupational—like to gather together at intervals for the purpose of sharing certain accustomed activities, wearing special costumes (vestments in religious organizations, regalia in lodges, uniforms in patriotic societies, and so on), eating together (banquets), displaying the flags, ribbons, or emblems of their group, and marching in processions. Among these ritual activities is always included a number of speeches, either traditionally worded or specially composed for the occasion, whose principal function is *not* to give the audience information it did not have before, *not* to create new ways of feeling, but something else altogether.

What this something else is, we shall analyze more fully in Section 7 on "The Language of Social Control." We can analyze now, however, one aspect of language as it appears in ritual speeches. Let us look at what happens at a "pep rally" such as precedes college football games. The members of "our team" are "introduced" to a crowd that already knows them. Called upon to make speeches, the players mutter a few incoherent and often ungrammatical remarks, which are received with wild applause. The leaders of the rally make fantastic promises about the mayhem to be performed on the opposing team the next day. The crowd utters "cheers," which normally consist of animalistic noises arranged in extremely primitive rhythms. *No one comes out any wiser or better informed than he was before he went in.*

To some extent religious ceremonies are equally puzzling at first glance. The priest or clergyman in charge utters set speeches, *often in a language incomprehensible to the congregation* (Hebrew in orthodox Jewish synagogues, Latin in the Roman Catholic Church, Sanskrit in Chinese and Japanese temples), with the result that, as often as not, no information whatsoever is communicated to those present.

If we approach these linguistic events from a detached point of view, and if also we examine our own reactions when we enter into the spirit of such occasions, we cannot help observing that, whatever the words used in ritual utterance may signify, we often do not think very much about their signification during the course of the ritual. Most of us, for example, have often repeated the Lord's Prayer or sung "The Star-Spangled Banner" without thinking about the words at all. As children we are taught to repeat such sets of words before we can understand them, and many of us continue to say them for the rest of our lives without bothering about their signification. Only the superficial, however, will dismiss these facts as "simply showing what fools human beings are." We cannot regard such utterances as "meaningless," because they have a genuine effect upon us. We may come out of church, for example, with no clear memory of what the sermon was about, but with a sense nevertheless that the service has somehow "done us good."

What is the "good" that is done us in ritual utterances? It is the *reaffirmation of social cohesion:* the Christian feels closer to his fellow-Christians, the Elk feels more united with his brother Elks, the American feels more American and the Frenchman more French, as the result of these rituals. Societies are held together by such bonds of common reactions to sets of linguistic stimuli.

Ritualistic utterances, therefore, whether made up of words that have symbolic significance at other times, of words in foreign or obsolete tongues, or of meaningless syllables,

may be regarded as consisting in large part of presymbolic uses of language: that is, *accustomed sets of noises* which convey no information, but to which feelings (often group feelings) are attached. Such utterances rarely make sense to anyone not a member of the group. The abracadabra of a lodge meeting is absurd to anyone not a member of the lodge. When language becomes ritual, that is to say, its effect becomes to a considerable extent independent of whatever significations the words once possessed.

## 6. The Double Task of Language

### INFORMATIVE CONNOTATIONS

The informative connotations of a word are its socially agreed upon, "impersonal" meanings, *insofar as meanings can be given at all by additional words.* For example, if we talk about a "pig," we cannot readily give the extensional meaning (denotation) of the word unless there happens to be an actual pig around for us to point at; but we can give the informative connotations: "mammalian domestic quadruped of the kind generally raised by farmers to be made into pork, bacon, ham, lard . . ."—which are connotations upon which everybody can agree. Sometimes, however, the informative connotations of words used in everyday life differ so much from place to place and from individual to individual that a special substitute terminology with more fixed informative connotations has to be used when special accuracy is desired. The scientific names for plants and animals are an example of terminology with such carefully established informative connotations.

### AFFECTIVE CONNOTATIONS

The affective connotations of a word, on the other hand, are the aura of personal feelings it arouses, as, for example, "pig": "Ugh! Dirty, evil-smelling creatures, wallowing in filthy sties," and so on. While there is no necessary agreement about these feelings—some people like pigs and others don't—it is the existence of these feelings that enables us to use words, under certain circumstances, *for their affective connotations alone,* without regard to their informative connotations. That is to say, when we are strongly moved, we express our feelings by uttering words with the affective connotations appropriate to our feelings, without paying any attention to the informative connotations they may have. We angrily call people "reptiles," "wolves," "old bears," "skunks," or lovingly call them "honey," "sugar," "duck," and "apple dumpling." Indeed, all verbal expressions of feeling make use to some extent of the affective connotations of words.

All words have, according to the uses to which they are put, some affective character. There are many words that exist more for their affective value than for their informative value; for example, we can refer to "that man" as "that gentleman," "that individual," "that person," "that gent," "that guy," "that hombre," "that bird," or "that bozo"—and while the person referred to may be the same in all these cases, each of these terms reveals a difference in our feelings toward him. Dealers in knickknacks frequently write "Gyfte Shoppe" over the door, hoping that such a spelling carries, even if their merchandise does not, the flavor of antiquity. Affective connotations suggestive of England and Scotland are often sought in the choice of brand names for men's suits and overcoats: "Glenmoor," "Regent Park," "Bond Street." Sellers of perfume choose names for their products that suggest France—"Mon Désir," "Indiscret," "Evening in Paris"—and expensive brands always come in "flacons," never in bottles. Consider, too, the differences among the following expressions:

I have the honor to inform Your Excellency . . .
This is to advise you . . .
I should like to tell you, sir . . .
I'm telling you, Mister . . .
Cheez, boss, git a load of dis . . .

The parallel columns below also illustrate how affective connotations can be changed while extensional meanings remain the same.

| | |
|---|---|
| Finest quality filet mignon. | First-class piece of dead cow. |
| Cubs trounce Giants 5-3. | Score: Cubs 5, Giants 3. |
| McCormick Bill steamrollered through Senate. | Senate passes McCormick Bill over strong opposition. |

| | |
|---|---|
| She has her husband under her thumb. | She is deeply interested in her husband's affairs. |
| French armies in rapid retreat! | The retirement of the French forces to previously prepared positions in the rear was accomplished briskly and efficiently. |
| The governor appeared to be gravely concerned and said that a statement would be issued in a few days after careful examination of the facts. | The governor was on the spot. |

The story is told that, during the Boer War, the Boers were described in the British press as "sneaking and skulking behind rocks and bushes." The British forces, when they finally learned from the Boers how to employ tactics suitable to veldt warfare, were described as "cleverly taking advantage of cover."

## EVERYDAY USES OF LANGUAGE

The language of everyday life, then, differs from "reports" such as those discussed in Section 3. As in reports, we have to be accurate in choosing words that have the informative connotations we want; otherwise the reader or hearer will not know what we are talking about. But in addition, we have to give those words the affective connotations we want in order that he will be interested or moved by what we are saying, and feel towards things the way we do. This double task confronts us in almost all ordinary conversation, oratory, persuasive writing, and literature. Much of this task, however, is performed intuitively; without being aware of it, we choose the tone of voice, the rhythms, and the affective connotations appropriate to our utterance. Over the informative connotations of our utterances we exercise somewhat more conscious control. Improvement in our ability to understand language, as well as in our ability to use it, depends, therefore, not only upon sharpening our sense for the informative connotations of words, but *also upon the sharpening of our insight into the affective elements in language through social experience, through contact with many kinds of people in many kinds of situations, and through literary study.*

The following, finally, are some of the things that can happen in any speech event:

1. The informative connotations may be inadequate or misleading, but the affective connotations may be sufficiently well directed so that we are able to interpret correctly. For example, when someone says, "Imagine who I saw today! Old What's-his-name—oh, you know who I mean—Whoosis, that old buzzard that lives on, oh—what's the name of that street!" there are means, certainly not clearly informative, by which we manage to understand who is being referred to.

2. The informative connotations may be correct enough and the extensional meanings clear, but the affective connotations may be inappropriate, misleading, or ludicrous. This happens frequently when people try to write elegantly: "Jim ate so many bags of *Arachis hypogaea,* commonly known as peanuts, at the ball game today that he was unable to do justice to his evening repast."

3. Both informative and affective connotations may "sound all right," but there may be no "territory" corresponding to the "map." For example: "He lived for many years in the beautiful hill country just south of Chicago." There is no hill country just south of Chicago.

4. Both informative and affective connotations may be used *consciously* to create "maps" of "territories" that do not exist. There are many reasons why we should wish on occasion to do so. Of these, only two need be mentioned now. First we may wish to give pleasure:

> Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
> It fell upon a little western flower,
> Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
> And maidens call it, Love-in-idleness.
> Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
> The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
> Will make or man or woman madly dote
> Upon the next live creature that it sees.
>
> —*A Midsummer Night's Dream*

A second reason is to enable us to plan for the future. For example, we can say, "Let us suppose there is a bridge at the foot of this street; then the heavy traffic on High Street would be partly diverted over the new bridge; shopping would be less concentrated on High Street. . . ." Having visualized the condition that would result, we can recommend or oppose the bridge according to whether or not

we like the probable results. The relationship of present words to future events is a subject we must leave for the next chapter.

# 7. The Language of Social Control

## MAKING THINGS HAPPEN

The most interesting and perhaps least understood of the relations between words and things is the relation between words and future events. When we say, for example, "Come here!" we are not describing the extensional world about us, nor are we merely expressing our feelings; we are trying to *make something happen.* What we call "commands," "pleas," "requests," and "orders" are the simplest ways we have of making things happen by means of words. There are, however, more roundabout ways. When we say, for example, "Our candidate is a great American," we are of course making an enthusiastic purr about him, but we may also be influencing other people to vote for him. Again, when we say, "Our war against the enemy is God's war. God wills that we must triumph," we are saying something that is incapable of scientific verification; nevertheless, it may influence others to help in the prosecution of the war. Or if we merely state as a fact, "Milk contains vitamins," we may be influencing others to buy milk.

Consider, too, such a statement as "I'll meet you tomorrow at two o'clock in front of the Palace Theater." Such a statement about *future* events can only be made, it will be observed, in a system in which symbols are independent of things symbolized. The future, like the recorded past, is a specifically human dimension. To a dog, the expression "hamburger *tomorrow*" is meaningless—he will look at you expectantly, hoping for the extensional meaning of the word "hamburger" to be produced *now.* Squirrels, to be sure, store food for "next winter," but the fact that they store food regardless of whether or not their needs are adequately provided for demonstrates that such behavior (usually called "instinctive") is governed neither by symbols nor by other interpreted stimuli. Human beings are unique in their ability to react meaningfully to such expressions as "next Saturday," "on our next wedding anniversary," "twenty years after date I promise to pay," "some day, perhaps five hundred years from now." That is to say, maps can be made, in spite of the fact that the territories they stand for are not yet an actuality. Guiding ourselves by means of such maps of territories-to-be, we can impose a certain predictability upon future events.

With words, therefore, we influence and to an enormous extent *control future events.* It is for this reason that writers write; preachers preach; employers, parents, and teachers scold; propagandists send out news releases; statesmen give addresses. All of them, for various reasons, are trying to influence our conduct—sometimes for our good, sometimes for their own. These attempts to control, direct, or influence the future actions of fellow human beings with words may be termed *directive uses of language.*

Now it is obvious that if directive language is going to direct, it cannot be dull or uninteresting. If it is to influence our conduct, it *must* make use of every affective element in language: dramatic variations in tone of voice, rhyme and rhythm, purring and snarling, words with strong affective connotations, endless repetition. If meaningless noises will move the audience, meaningless noises must be made; if facts move them, facts must be given; if noble ideals move them, we must make our proposals appear noble; if they will respond only to fear, we must scare them stiff.

The nature of the affective means used in directive language is limited, of course, by the nature of our aims. If we are trying to direct people to be more kindly toward each other, we obviously do not want to arouse feelings of cruelty or hate. If we are trying to direct people to think and act more intelligently, we obviously should not use subrational appeals. If we are trying to direct people to lead better lives, we use affective appeals that arouse their finest feelings. Included among directive utterances, therefore, are many of the greatest and most treasured works of literature: the Christian and Buddhist scriptures, the writings of Confucius, Milton's *Areopagitica,* and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

## THE FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY

However, preaching, no matter how noble, and propaganda, no matter how persuasive, do not create society. We can, if we wish, ignore such directives. We come now to directive utterances that we cannot ignore if we wish to remain organized in our social groups.

What we call society is a vast network of mutual agreements. We agree to refrain from murdering our fellow citizens, and they in turn agree to refrain from murdering us; we agree to drive on the right-hand side of the road, and others agree to do the same; we agree to deliver specified goods, and others agree to pay us for them; we agree to observe the rules of an organization, and the organization agrees to let us enjoy its privileges. This complicated network of agreements, into which almost every detail of our lives is woven and upon which most of our expectations in life are based, consists essentially of *statements about future events which we are supposed, with our own efforts, to bring about.* Without such agreements, there would be no such thing as society. All of us would be huddling in miserable and lonely caves, not daring to trust anyone. With such agreements, and a will on the part of the vast majority of people to live by them, behavior begins to fall into relatively predictable patterns; co-operation becomes possible; peace and freedom are established.

Therefore, in order that we shall continue to exist as human beings, we *must* impose patterns of behavior on each other. We must make citizens conform to social and civic customs; we must make husbands dutiful to their wives; we must make soldiers courageous, judges just, priests pious, and teachers solicitous for the welfare of their pupils. In early stages of culture the principal means of imposing patterns of behavior was, of course, physical coercion. But such control can also be exercised, as human beings must have discovered extremely early in history, by *words* —that is, by directive language. Therefore, directives about matters which society as a whole regards as essential to its own safety are made especially powerful, so that no individual in that society will fail to be impressed with a sense of his obligations. To make doubly sure, the words are further reinforced by the assurance that punishment, possibly including torture and death, will be visited upon those who fail to heed them.

## DIRECTIVES AND DISILLUSIONMENT

A few cautions may be added before we leave the subject of directive language. First, it should be remembered that, since words cannot "say all" about anything, the promises implied in directive language are never more than "outline maps" of "territories-to-be." The future will fill in those outlines, often in unexpected ways. Sometimes the future will bear no relation to our "maps" at all, in spite of all our endeavors to bring about the promised events. We swear always to be good citizens, always to do our duty, and so on, but we never quite succeed in being good citizens *every* day of our lives or in performing *all* our duties. A realization that directives cannot *fully* impose any pattern on the future saves us from having impossible expectations and therefore from suffering needless disappointments.

Secondly, one should distinguish between directive and informative utterances, which often look alike. Such statements as "A Boy Scout is clean and chivalrous and brave" or "Policemen are defenders of the weak" *set up goals* and do not necessarily describe the present situation. This is extremely important, because all too often people understand such definitions as being descriptive and are thereupon shocked, horrified, and disillusioned upon encountering a Boy Scout who is not chivalrous or a policeman who is a bully. They decide that they are "through with the Boy Scouts" or "disgusted with all policemen," which, of course, is nonsense.

A third source of disappointment and disillusionment arising from the improper understanding of directives arises from reading into directives things that were not said. A common instance is provided by advertisements of the antiseptics and patent medicines which people buy under the impression that they will prevent or cure colds. Because of rulings of the Federal Trade Commission, the writers of these advertisements carefully avoid saying that their preparations will prevent or cure anything. Instead, they say that they "help reduce the severity of the infection," "help

relieve the symptoms of a cold," or "help guard against sniffling and other discomforts." If after reading these advertisements you feel that prevention or cure of colds has been promised, you are exactly the kind of sucker they are looking for.

Another way of reading into directives things that were not said is by believing promises to be more specific and concrete than they really are. When, for example, a candidate for political office promises to "help the farmer," and you vote for him, and then you discover that he helps the *cotton* farmer without helping the *potato* farmer (and you grow potatoes)—you cannot exactly accuse him of having broken his promise. Or, if another candidate promises to "protect union labor," and you vote for him, and he helps to pass legislation that infuriates the officials of your union (he calls it "legislation to protect union members from their own racketeering leadership")—again you cannot exactly accuse him of having broken his promise, since his action may well have been sincerely in accord with his notion of "helping union labor."

Politicians are often accused of breaking their promises. No doubt many of them do. But it must be remarked that they often do not promise as much as their constituents think they do. The platforms of the major parties are almost always at high levels of abstraction ("they mean all things to all men," as the cynical say), but they are often understood by voters to be more specific and concrete (i.e., at lower levels of abstraction) than they are. If one is "disillusioned" by the acts of a politician, sometimes the politician is to blame, but sometimes the voter is to blame for having had the illusion to start with—or, as we shall say, for having *confused different levels of abstraction*. What is meant by this expression will be more fully explained in ensuing chapters.

# 8. The Language of Affective Communication

The language of science is instrumental in getting done the work necessary for life, but it does not tell us anything about what life feels like in the living. We can communicate scientific facts to each other without knowing or caring about each other's feelings; but before love, friendship, and community can be established among men so that we *want* to co-operate and become a society, there must be, as we have seen, a flow of sympathy between one man and another. This flow of sympathy is established, of course, by means of the affective uses of language. Most of the time, after all, we are not interested in keeping our feelings out of our discourse, but rather we are eager to express them as fully as we can. Let us examine, then, some more of the ways in which language can be made to work affectively.

## VERBAL HYPNOTISM

First, it should be pointed out again that fine-sounding speeches, long words, and the general *air* of saying something important are affective in result, regardless of what is being said. Often when we are hearing or reading impressively worded sermons, speeches, political addresses, essays, or "fine writing," we stop being critical altogether, and simply allow ourselves to feel as excited, sad, joyous, or angry as the author wishes us to feel. Like snakes under the influence of a snake charmer's flute, we are swayed by the musical phrases of the verbal hypnotist. If the author is a man to be trusted, there is no reason why we should not enjoy ourselves in this way now and then. But to listen or read in this way habitually is a debilitating habit.

There is a kind of churchgoer who habitually listens in this way, however. He enjoys any sermon, no matter what the moral principles recommended, no matter how poorly organized or developed, no matter how shabby its rhetoric, so long as it is delivered in an impressive tone of voice with proper musical and physical settings. Such listeners are by no means to be found only in churches. The writer has frequently been enraged when, after he has spoken before women's clubs on problems about which he wished to arouse thoughtful discussion, certain ladies have remarked, "That was such a lovely address, professor. You have such a nice voice."

Some people, that is, never listen to *what* is

being said, since they are interested only in what might be called the gentle inward massage that the *sound* of words gives them. Just as cats and dogs like to be stroked, so do some human beings like to be verbally stroked at fairly regular intervals, it is a form of rudimentary sensual gratification. Because listeners of this kind are numerous, intellectual shortcomings are rarely a barrier to a successful career in public life, on the stage or radio, on the lecture platform, or in the ministry.

## METAPHOR AND SIMILE

As we have seen, words have affective connotations in addition to their informative value, and this accounts for the fact that statements of the kind: "I've been waiting *ages* for you—you're an hour overdue!" "He's got *tons* of money!" "I'm so tired I'm simply *dead!*"—which are nonsensical if interpreted literally—nevertheless "make sense." The inaccuracy or inappropriateness of the informative connotations of our words are irrelevant from the point of view of affective communication. Therefore we may refer to the moon as "a piece of cheese," "a lady," "a silver ship," "a fragment of angry candy," or anything else, so long as the words arouse the desired feelings toward the moon or toward the whole situation in which the moon appears. This, incidentally, is the reason literature is so difficult to translate from one language to another—a translation that follows informative connotations will often falsify the affective connotations, and vice versa, so that readers who know both the language of the original and the language of the translation are almost sure to be dissatisfied, feeling either that the "spirit of the original has been sacrificed" or else that the translation is "full of inaccuracies."

During the long time in which *metaphor* and *simile* were regarded as "ornaments" of speech—that is, as if they were like embroidery, which improves the appearance of our linen but adds nothing to its utility—the psychology of such communicative devices was neglected. We tend to assume, in ways that will be discussed more fully in later chapters, that things that create in us the same responses are identical with each other. If, for example, we are revolted by the conduct of an acquaintance at dinner and we have had such a sense of revulsion before only when watching pigs at a trough, our first, unreflecting reaction is naturally to say, "He is a pig." So far as our feelings are concerned, the man and the pig are identical with each other. Again, the soft winds of spring may produce in us agreeable sensations, the soft hands of lovely young girls also produce agreeable sensations; therefore, "Spring has soft hands." This is the basic process by which we arrive at metaphor. Metaphors are not "ornaments of discourse"; they are direct expressions of evaluations and are bound to occur whenever we have strong feelings to express. They are to be found in special abundance, therefore, in all primitive speech, in folk speech, in the speech of the unlearned, in the speech of children, and in the professional argot of the theater, of gangsters, and other lively occupations.

So far as our feelings are concerned, there is no distinction between animate and inanimate objects. Our fright *feels* the same whether it is a creature or object that we fear. Therefore, in the expression of our feelings, a car may "lie down and die," the wind "kisses" our cheeks, the waves are "angry" and "roar" against the cliffs, the roads are icy and "treacherous," the mountains "look down" on the sea, machine guns "spit," revolvers "bark," volcanoes "vomit" fire, and the engine "gobbles" coal. This special kind of metaphor is called *personification* and is ordinarily described in textbooks of rhetoric as "making animate things out of inanimate." It is better understood, however, if we describe it as *not distinguishing between the animate and the inanimate.*

# II. LANGUAGE AND THOUGHT

## 9. How We Know What We Know

### BESSIE, THE COW

The universe is in a perpetual state of flux. The stars are in constant motion, growing, cooling, exploding. The earth itself is not unchanging; mountains are being worn away, rivers are altering their channels, valleys are deepening. All life is also a process of change, through birth, growth, decay, and death. Even what we used to call "inert matter"—chairs and tables and stones—is not inert, as we now know, for, at the submicroscopic level, it is a whirl of electrons. If a table looks today very much as it did yesterday or as it did a hundred years ago, it is not because it has not changed, but because the changes have been too minute for our coarse perceptions. To modern science there is no "solid matter." If matter looks "solid" to us, it does so only because its motion is too rapid or too minute to be felt. It is "solid" only in the sense that a rapidly rotating color chart is "white" or a rapidly spinning top is "standing still." Our senses are extremely limited, so that we constantly have to use instruments such as microscopes, telescopes, speedometers, stethoscopes, and seismographs to detect and record occurrences which our senses are not able to record directly. The way in which we happen to see and feel things is the result of the peculiarities of our nervous systems. There are "sights" we cannot see, and, as even children know today with their high-frequency dog whistles, "sounds" that we cannot hear. It is absurd, therefore, to imagine that we ever perceive anything "as it really is."

Inadequate as our senses are, with the help of instruments they tell us a great deal. The discovery of microorganisms with the use of the microscope has given us a measure of control over bacteria, we cannot see, hear, or feel radio waves, but we can create and transform them to useful purpose. Most of our conquest of the external world, in engineering, in chemistry, and in medicine, is due to our use of mechanical contrivances of one kind or another to increase the capacity of our nervous systems. In modern life, our unaided senses are not half enough to get us about in the world. We cannot even obey speed laws or compute our gas and electric bills without mechanical aids to perception.

To return, then, to the relations between words and what they stand for, let us say that there is before us "Bessie," a cow. Bessie is a living organism, constantly changing, constantly ingesting food and air, transforming it, getting rid of it again. Her blood is circulating, her nerves are sending messages. Viewed microscopically, she is a mass of variegated corpuscles, cells, and bacterial organisms; viewed from the point of view of modern physics, she is a perpetual dance of electrons. What she is in her entirety, we can never know, even if we could at any precise moment say what she was, at the next moment she would have changed enough so that our description would no longer be accurate. It is impossible to say completely what Bessie or anything else really *is*. Bessie is no static "object," but a dynamic process.

The Bessie that we experience, however, is something else again. We experience only a small fraction of the total Bessie: the lights and shadows of her exterior, her motions, her general configuration, the noises she makes, and the sensations she presents to our sense of touch. *And because of our previous experience, we observe resemblances in her to certain other animals to which, in the past, we have applied the word "cow."*

### THE PROCESS OF ABSTRACTING

The "object" of our experience, then, is not the "thing in itself," but *an interaction between our nervous systems (with all their imperfections) and something outside them.* Bessie is unique—there is nothing else in the universe exactly like her in all respects. But our nervous systems, automatically *abstracting* or selecting from the process-Bessie those features

of hers in which she resembles other animals of like size, functions, and habits, *classify* her as "cow."

When we say, then, that "Bessie is a cow," we are only noting the process-Bessie's resemblances to other "cows" and *ignoring differences.* What is more, we are leaping a huge chasm: from the dynamic process-Bessie, a whirl of electro-chemico-neural eventfulness, to a relatively static "idea," "concept," or *word,* "cow."

The "object" we see is an abstraction of the lowest level, but it is still an abstraction, since it leaves out characteristics of the process that is the real Bessie. The *word* "Bessie" ($cow_1$) is the lowest *verbal* level of abstraction, leaving out further characteristics—the differences between Bessie yesterday and Bessie today, between Bessie today and Bessie tomorrow—and selecting only the similarities. The word "cow" selects only the similarities between Bessie ($cow_1$), Daisy ($cow_2$), Rosie ($cow_3$), and so on, and therefore leaves out still more about Bessie. The word "livestock" selects or abstracts only the features that Bessie has in common with pigs, chickens, goats, and sheep. The term "farm asset" abstracts only the features Bessie has in common with barns, fences, livestock, furniture, generating plants, and tractors, and is therefore on a very high level of abstraction.

The reason we must concern ourselves with the process of abstracting is that the study of language is all too often regarded as being a matter of examining such things as pronunciation, spelling, vocabulary, grammar, and sentence structure. The methods by which composition and oratory are taught in old-fashioned school systems seems to be largely responsible for this widespread notion that the way to study words is to concentrate one's attention exclusively on words.

But as we know from everyday experience, learning language is not simply a matter of learning words; it is a matter of correctly relating our words to the things and happenings for which they stand. We learn the language of baseball by playing or watching the game *and studying what goes on.* It is not enough for a child to learn to *say* "cookie" or "dog"; he must be able to use these words in their proper relationship to nonverbal cookies and nonverbal dogs before we can grant that he is learning the language. As Wendell Johnson has said, "The study of language begins properly with a study of what language is about."

Once we begin to concern ourselves with what language is about, we are at once thrown into a consideration of how the human nervous system works. When we call Beau (the Boston terrier), Pedro (the Chihuahua), Snuffles (the English bulldog), and Shane (the Irish wolfhound)—creatures that differ greatly in size, shape, appearance, and behavior—by the same name, "dog," our nervous system has obviously gone to work *abstracting* what is common to them all, ignoring for the time being the differences among them.

## WHY WE MUST ABSTRACT

This process of abstracting, of leaving characteristics out, is an indispensable convenience. To illustrate by still another example, suppose that we live in an isolated village of four families, each owning a house. A's house is referred to as *maga;* B's house is *biyo;* C's is *kata,* and D's is *pelel.* This is quite satisfactory for ordinary purposes of communication in the village, unless a discussion arises about building a new house—a spare one, let us say. We cannot refer to the projected house by any one of the four words we have for the existing houses, since each of these has too specific a meaning. We must find a *general* term, at a higher level of abstraction, that means "something that has certain characteristics in common with *maga, biyo, kata,* and *pelel,* and yet is not A's, B's, C's, or D's." Since this is much too complicated to say each time, an *abbreviation* must be invented. Let us say we choose the noise, *house.* Out of such needs do our words come—they are a form of shorthand. The invention of a new abstraction is a great step forward, since it *makes discussion possible*—as, in this case, not only the discussion of a fifth house, but of all future houses we may build or see in our travels or dream about.

A producer of educational films once remarked to the writer that it is impossible to make a shot of "work." You can shoot Joe hoeing potatoes, Frank greasing a car, Bill spraying paint on a barn, but never just

"work." "Work," too, is a shorthand term, standing, at a higher level of abstraction, for a characteristic that a multitude of activities, from dishwashing to navigation to running an advertising agency to governing a nation, have in common.

The indispensability of this process of abstracting can again be illustrated by what we do when we "calculate." The word "calculate" originates from the Latin word *calculus*, meaning "pebble," and comes to have its present meaning from such ancient practices as that of putting a pebble into a box for each sheep as it left the fold, so that one could tell, by checking the sheep returning at night against the pebbles, whether any had been lost. Primitive as this example of calculation is, it will serve to show why mathematics works. Each pebble is, in this example, an abstraction representing the "oneness" of each sheep—its numerical value. And because we are abstracting from extensional events on clearly understood and uniform principles, the numerical facts about the pebbles are also, barring unforeseen circumstances, numerical facts about the sheep. Our *x*'s and *y*'s and other mathematical symbols are abstractions made from numerical abstractions, and are therefore abstractions of still higher level. And they are useful in predicting occurrences and in getting work done because, since they are abstractions properly and uniformly made from starting points in the extensional world, the relations revealed by the symbols will be, again barring unforeseen circumstances, relations existing in the extensional world.

## ON DEFINITIONS

Definitions, contrary to popular opinion, tell us nothing about things. They only describe people's linguistic habits; that is, they tell us what noises people make under what conditions. Definitions should be understood as *statements about language.*

*House.* This is a word, at the next higher level of abstraction, that can be substituted for the more cumbersome expression, "Something that has characteristics in common with Bill's bungalow, Jordan's cottage, Mrs. Smith's tourist home, Dr. Jones's mansion . . ."

*Red.* A feature that rubies, roses, ripe tomatoes, robins' breasts, uncooked beef, and lipsticks have in common is abstracted, and this word expresses that abstraction.

*Kangaroo.* Where the biologist would say "herbivorous mammal, a marsupial of the family Macropodidae," ordinary people say "kangaroo."

Now it will be observed that while the definitions of "house" and "red" given here point *down* to *lower* levels of abstraction, the definition of "kangaroo" remains at the same level. That is to say, in the case of "house," we could if necessary go and *look* at Bill's bungalow, Jordan's cottage, Mrs. Smith's tourist home, and Dr. Jones's mansion, and figure out for ourselves what features they seem to have in common; in this way, we might begin to understand under what conditions to use the word "house." But all we know about "kangaroo" from the above is that where some people say one thing, other people say another. That is, when we stay at the *same* level of abstraction in giving a definition, we do not give any information, unless, of course, the listener or reader is already sufficiently familiar with the defining words so that he can work himself down the levels of abstraction. Dictionaries, in order to save space, have to assume in many cases such familiarity with the language on the part of the reader. But where the assumption is unwarranted, definitions at the same level of abstraction are worse than useless. Looking up "indifference" in some cheap pocket dictionaries, we find it defined as "apathy"; we look up "apathy" and find it defined as "indifference."

Even more useless, however, are the definitions that go *up* to higher levels of abstraction —the kind most of us tend to make automatically. Try the following experiment on an unsuspecting friend:

"What is meant by the word *red*?"
"It's a color."
"What's a *color*?"
"Why, it's a quality things have."
"What's a *quality*?"
"Say, what are you trying to do, anyway?"

You have pushed him into the clouds. He is lost.

If, on the other hand, we habitually go *down* to *lower* levels of abstraction when we are asked the meaning of a word, we are less

likely to get lost in verbal mazes; we will tend to "have our feet on the ground" and know what we are talking about. This habit displays itself in an answer such as this:

"What is meant by the word *red*?"

"Well, the next time you see a bunch of cars stopped at an intersection, look at the traffic light facing them. Also, you might go to the fire department and see how their trucks are painted."

## CONFUSION OF LEVELS OF ABSTRACTION

In a wider sense, however, we are confusing levels of abstraction—confusing that which is inside our heads with that which is outside—all the time. For example, we talk about the yellowness of a pencil as if the yellowness were a "property" of the pencil and not a product, as we have seen, of the *interaction* of something outside our skins with our nervous systems. We confuse, that is to say, the two lowest levels of abstraction and treat them as one. Properly speaking, we should not say, "The pencil is yellow," which is a statement that places the yellowness in the pencil; we should say instead, "That which has an effect on me which leads me to say 'pencil' also has an effect on me which leads me to say 'yellow.'" We don't have to be that precise, of course, in the language of everyday life, but it should be observed that the latter statement takes into consideration the part our nervous systems play in creating whatever pictures of reality we may have in our heads, while the former statement does not.

Now this habit of confusing that which is inside our skins and that which is outside is essentially a relic of prescientific patterns of thinking. The more advanced civilization becomes, the more conscious we must be that our nervous systems *automatically leave out characteristics* of the events before us. If we are not aware of characteristics left out, if we are not conscious of the process of abstracting, we make *seeing and believing a single process.* If, for example, you react to the twenty-second rattlesnake you have seen in your life as if it were identical with the abstraction you have in your head as the result of the last twenty-one rattlesnakes you have seen, you may not be far out in your reactions. But civilized life provides our nervous systems with more complicated problems than rattlesnakes to deal with. There is a case cited by Korzybski in *Science and Sanity* of a man who suffered from hay fever whenever there were roses in the room. In an experiment, a bunch of roses was produced unexpectedly in front of him, and he immediately had a violent attack of hay fever, despite the fact that the "roses" in this case were *made of paper.* That is, his nervous system saw-and-believed in one operation.

But words, as we have seen, are still higher levels of abstraction than the "objects" of experience. The more words at extremely high levels of abstraction we have, then, the more conscious we must be of this process of abstracting. For example, the word "rattlesnake" leaves out every important feature of the actual rattlesnake. But if the word is vividly remembered as part of a whole complex of terrifying experiences with an actual rattlesnake, the word itself is capable of arousing the same feelings as an actual rattlesnake. There are people, therefore, who turn pale at the *word.*[5]

This, then, is the origin of word-magic. The word "rattlesnake" and the actual creature are felt to be *one and the same thing,* because they arouse the same reactions. This sounds like nonsense, of course, and it is nonsense. But from the point of view of a prescientific logic, it has its justification. As Lévy-Bruhl explains in his *How Natives Think,* primitive "logic" works on such a principle. The creature frightens us; the word frightens us; therefore the creature and the word are "the same"—not actually the same, perhaps, but there is a "mystic connection" between the two. This sense of "mystic connection" is Lévy-Bruhl's term for what we have called "necessary connection" in our discussion in Section 2 of naïve attitudes towards symbols. As a conse-

[5] A recent musical comedy ("High Button Shoes") contains a routine in which a comedian gets an attack of sneezing at the mention of the words "fresh country air" and "ragweed." The fact that this theme of reacting to words as things is extremely common in the humor of comic strips, movies, and radio shows demonstrates, I believe, not only that such reactions are widespread, but also that most people in the audience have enough of a tendency in this direction to recognize in the comedy characterizations *an exaggeration of their own reactions.*

quence of this naïveté, "mystical power" is attributed to words. There come to be "fearful words," "forbidden words," "unspeakable words"—words taking on the characteristics of the things they stand for. Such feelings as these about the power of words are, as we have already seen, probably in part responsible for such social phenomena as the strenuous campaign in the early 1930's to bring back prosperity through frequent reiteration of the *words,* "Prosperity is around the corner!"

The commonest form of this confusion of levels of abstraction, however, is illustrated by our reacting to the twenty-second Republican we encounter in our lives as if he were identical with the abstraction "Republican" inside our heads. "If he's Republican, he must be O.K."—or "an old fogey," we are likely to say, confusing the extensional Republican with our abstraction "Republican," which is the product not only of the last twenty-one "Republicans" we have met, but also of all that we have been *told* about "Republicans."

## 10. The Two-Valued Orientation

In such an expression as "We must listen to *both* sides of every question," there is an assumption, frequently unexamined, that every question has, fundamentally, only two sides. We tend to think in opposites, to feel that what is not "good" must be "bad" and that what is not "bad" must be "good." This feeling is heightened when we are excited or angry. During war times, for example, it is often felt that whoever is not a "100 per cent patriot" *must* be a "foreign agent." Children manifest this same tendency. When they are taught English history, for example, the first thing they want to know about every ruler is whether he was a "good king" or a "bad king." In popular literature and movie scenarios written for childish mentalities, there are always "heroes" on the one hand, to be cheered, and "villains" on the other, to be hissed. Much popular political thought is based upon the opposition of "Americanism" (whatever that may mean) against "foreign -isms" (whatever that may mean). This tendency to see things in terms of two values only, affirmative and negative, good and bad, hot and cold, love and hate, may be termed the *two-valued orientation.*

### THE TWO-VALUED ORIENTATION AND COMBAT

Now, in terms of a single desire, there are only two values, roughly speaking: things that gratify or things that frustrate that desire. If we are starving, there are only two kinds of things in the world so far as we are concerned at the moment: edible things and inedible things. If we are in danger, there are the things that we fear and the things that may help and protect us. At primitive levels of existence, in our absorption in self-defense or food-seeking, there are, in terms of those limited desires, only two categories possible: things that give us pain and things that give us pleasure. Life at such levels can be folded neatly down the middle, with all good on one side, all bad on the other, and *everything is accounted for,* because things that are irrelevant to our interests escape our notice altogether.

When we are fighting, moreover, we are reduced at once to such a two-valued orientation. For the time being, nothing in the world exists except ourselves and our opponent. Dinner tomorrow, the beauties of the landscape, the interested bystanders—all are forgotten. We fight, therefore, with all the intensity we are capable of; our muscles are tense, our hearts beat much faster than usual, our veins swell, changes occur in the chemical composition of our blood in anticipation of possible damage. Indeed, the two-valued orientation, which under conditions of great excitement shows as many "physical" manifestations as "mental," may be regarded as an inevitable accompaniment to combat.

In the life of many primitive and warlike peoples, whose existence is a perpetual fight with the elements, with enemies, with wild animals, or with hostile spirits supposed to reside in natural objects, the two-valued orientation appears to be the normal orientation. Every act of a man's life in such a society is strictly governed by ritual necessity or taboo. There is, as cultural anthropologists have

shown, little freedom in some types of primitive existence, since strict compulsions about "good" and "bad" govern every detail of life. One must, for example, hunt and fish in specified ways with specified ceremonials in order to achieve success; one must avoid walking on people's shadows; one must avoid stirring the pot from right to left instead of left to right; one must avoid calling people by their given names lest the name be overheard by evil spirits. A bird flying over the village is either "good luck" or "bad luck." Nothing is meaningless or accidental under such evaluative systems, because everything one sees, if it comes to notice at all, *must* be accounted for under one of the two values.

The trouble with such thought, of course, is that there is never any way of evaluating any new experience, process, or object other than by such terms as "good magic" or "bad magic." Any departure from custom is discouraged on the ground that it is "unprecedented" and therefore "bad magic." For this reason, many primitive peoples have apparently static civilizations in which each generation duplicates almost exactly the ways of life of previous generations—hence they become what is known as "backward" peoples. They have in their language no means of progressing towards new evaluations, since all things are viewed only in terms of two sets of values.[6]

## DEFEATING ONE'S OWN ENDS

Convictions of a two-valued kind are far from being unknown in our own country. The resulting behavior, when carried out to its logical conclusion, is certainly horrible from any humanitarian point of view. But there is an even graver objection from what might be called a technological point of view, namely, that action resulting from two-valued orientations notoriously fails to achieve its objectives. The mobs, during World War I, that descended upon dissenting pacifist or religious groups in order to compel them by force to kiss the flag did not advance the cause of national defense, but weakened it by creating burning resentments among those minorities. Southern lynch mobs do not solve the Negro problem; they simply make matters worse. What hardens "hardened criminals" is usually the way they are treated by a two-valued society and two-valued policemen. In short, the two-valued orientation produces the combative spirit, *and nothing else.* When guided by it for any purpose other than fighting, we practically always achieve results *opposite* from those intended.

Nevertheless, some orators and editorial writers employ the crude, unqualified two-valued orientation with extraordinary frequency, although in the alleged interests of peace, prosperity, good government, and other laudable aims. Do such writers and speakers do this because they know no better? Or are they so contemptuous of their audiences that they feel that "it don't pay to be subtle"? Another possibility is that they are sincere; like some physicians at the mention of "socialized medicine," they cannot help having two-valued reactions when certain hated subjects come into their minds. Another explanation, less pleasant to think about but in many instances highly probable, is that all the two-valued furore and spread-eagle oratory are a means of diverting public attention from more immediate issues. One can, by making an uproar about "atheism in the state university," "communists on the government pay roll," "theft of atomic information," or "who was to blame for Pearl Harbor," keep people from noticing what is going on with respect to such immediate problems as housing legislation, misuse of highway funds, forest and soil conservation, and the appointment of stooges for public utility companies to public utility regulating commissions.

## THE MULTI-VALUED ORIENTATION

Except in quarrels and violent controversies, the language of everyday life shows what may be termed a multi-valued orientation. We have *scales* of judgment. Instead of "good" and "bad," we have "very bad," "bad," "not

[6] This is not to say that primitive peoples are "not intelligent." It simply means that lack of cultural intercommunication has deprived them of the opportunity to pool their knowledge with other peoples, so that they have had little occasion to develop the linguistic machinery which would offer finer evaluations needed for the accurate pooling of knowledge. Civilized people, insofar as they are civilized, have advanced not because of superior native intelligence, but because they have inherited the products of centuries of widest cultural intercommunication.

bad," "fair," "good," "very good"; instead of "sane" and "insane," we have "quite sane," "sane enough," "mildly neurotic," "neurotic," "almost psychotic," "psychotic." If we have only two values, for example, "law-abiding" and "law-breaking," we have only two ways of acting toward a given legal situation; the former are freed, and the latter are, let us say, executed. The man who rushes a traffic light is, of course, under such a dispensation, "just as much a law-breaker as a murderer" and will therefore have to get the same punishment. If this seems absurd, one has only to recall the medieval heresy trials in which the "orthodox" were freed and the "heretics" put to death—with the result that pious men who made slight theological errors through excess of Christian zeal were burned to as black a crisp as infidels or desecrators of the church. As soon as additional distinctions between *degrees* of offense are established, additional possibilities are thrown open, so that a minor traffic offense may mean a one-dollar fine; vagrancy, ten days; smuggling, two to five years in prison; grand larceny, five to fifteen years—that is, as many *degrees* of punishment as there are *degrees* of guilt recognized.

The greater the number of distinctions, the greater becomes the number of courses of action suggested to us. This means that we become increasingly capable of reacting *appropriately* to the many complex situations life presents. The physician does not lump all people together into the two classes of the "healthy" and the "ill." He distinguishes an indefinite number of conditions that may be described as "illness" and has an indefinite number of treatments or combinations of treatments. But the witch-doctor did one song and dance for all illnesses.

The two-valued orientation is an orientation based ultimately, as we have seen, on a single interest. But human beings have many interests: they want to eat, to sleep, to have friends, to publish books, to sell real estate, to build bridges, to listen to music, to maintain peace, to conquer disease. Some of these desires are stronger than others, and life presents a perpetual problem of weighing one set of desires against others and making choices: "I like having the money, but I think I would like having that car even better." "I'd like to fire the strikers, but I think it's more important to obey the labor board." "I'd like to obey the labor board, but I think it's more important that those strikers be taught a lesson." "I don't like standing in line for tickets, but I do want to see that show." For weighing the various and complicated desires that civilization gives rise to, an increasingly finely graduated scale of values is necessary, as well as foresight, lest in satisfying one desire we frustrate even more important ones. The ability to see things in terms of more than two values may be referred to as a *multi-valued orientation.*

# 11. The Great Snafu [7]

## INTENSIONAL ORIENTATION

In previous chapters, we have analyzed particular kinds of misevaluation. All of these can now be summed up under one term: *intensional orientation*—the habit of guiding ourselves by *words alone,* rather than by the facts to which words should guide us. We all tend to assume, when professors, writers, politicians, or other apparently responsible individuals open their mouths, that they are saying something meaningful, simply because words have informative and affective connotations that arouse our feelings. When we open our own mouths, we are even more likely to make that assumption. As Wendell Johnson says, "Every man is his most interested and affected listener." The result of such indiscriminate lumping together of sense and nonsense is that "maps" pile up independently of "territory." And, in the course of a lifetime, we may pile up entire systems of meaningless noises, placidly unaware that they bear no relationship to reality whatever.

Intensional orientation may be regarded as a general term (at the next higher level of abstraction) covering the multitude of more specific errors already pointed out: the unawareness of contexts; the tendency toward automatic reactions; the confusion of levels of ab-

[7] See Section 4: "The writer of a dictionary is a historian, not a lawgiver." The historians have caught up with this GI term. See *The American College Dictionary,* p. 1142.

straction (of what is inside one's head with what is outside); the consciousness of similarities, but not of differences; the habit of being content to explain words by means of definitions, that is, more words. By intensional orientation, "capitalists," "Bolsheviks," "farmers," and "workingmen" "are" what we *say* they are; America "is" a democracy, because everybody *says* so; "atheists *must* be immoral" because it "logically follows" that if people do not fear God they have "no reason to behave themselves."

## OVERVERBALIZATION

Let us take a term, such as "churchgoer," which *denotes* $Smith_1$, $Smith_2$, $Smith_3$ . . . , who attend divine services with moderate regularity. Note that the *denotation* says nothing about the "churchgoer's" character: his kindness to children or lack of it, the happiness or unhappiness of his married life, the honesty or dishonesty of his business practices. The term is applicable to a large number of people, some good, some bad, some poor, some rich, and so on. The *intensional* meanings or *connotations* of the term, however, are quite a different matter. "Churchgoer" *suggests* "good Christian"; "good Christian" *suggests* fidelity to wife and home, kindness to children, honesty in business, sobriety of living habits, and a whole range of admirable qualities. These suggestions further *suggest,* by two-valued orientation, that non-churchgoers are likely not to have these qualities.

If our intensional orientations are serious, therefore, we can manufacture verbally a whole system of values—a whole system for the classification of mankind into sheep and goats—out of the connotations, informative and affective, of the term "churchgoer." That is to say, once the term is given, we can, by proceeding from connotation to connotation, keep going indefinitely. A map is independent of territory, so that we can keep on adding mountains and rivers after we have drawn in all the mountains and rivers that actually exist in the territory. Once we get started, we can spin out whole essays, sermons, books, and even philosophical systems on the basis of the word "churchgoer" without paying a particle of further attention to $Smith_1$, $Smith_2$, $Smith_3$. . . .

Now let us go back to our "churchgoer." A certain Mr. William McDinsmore—the name is fictitious, of course—has had the term applied to him because of his habit of going to church. On examination, Mr. McDinsmore turns out to be, let us say, indifferent to his social obligations, unkind to his children, unfaithful to his wife, and dishonest in his trusteeship of other people's funds. If we have been habitually orientated towards Mr. McDinsmore by the intensional meanings of the word "churchgoer," this proves to be a shocking case. "How can a man be a churchgoer and so dishonest at the same time?" *The problem is completely incapable of solution for some people.* Unable to separate the intensional from the extensional "churchgoer," they are forced to one of three conclusions, all absurd:

1. "This is an exceptional case"—meaning, "I'm not changing my mind about churchgoers, who are *always* nice people *no matter how many exceptions you can find.*"

2. "He isn't *really* that bad! He *can't* be!"—that is, *denying* the fact in order to escape the necessity of accounting for it.

3. "All my ideals are shattered! A man can't believe anything any more! My belief in human nature is destroyed!" [8]

An unfounded complacency, which can so easily be followed by "disillusionment," is perhaps the most serious consequence of intensional orientation. And, as we have seen, we all have intensional orientation regarding some subjects. In the 1930's the federal government, confronted by mass unemployment, created the Works Progress Administration, an agency which hired men and women and thought up public projects for them to work on. These WPA jobs were described scornfully by opponents of the administration as "made work," as distinguished from "real work" such as private industry was at that time failing to provide. It became a matter of pious faith on

[8] When Sinclair Lewis's *Elmer Gantry* (1927) was published, it created much controversy. The disputants divided into two main factions. First, there were those who maintained that such a minister as Elmer Gantry —by intensional definition of "minister"—"couldn't possibly have existed," and that therefore Lewis had libeled the profession; secondly, there were the cynics who hailed the book as "an exposé of religion." Neither conclusion was, of course, justified by the novel.

the part of these critics of the administration to believe that "WPA workers don't ever *really* work." The capacity for verbal autointoxication being as great as it is in some people, many of the believers in this faith were able to drive daily past gangs of WPA workers sweating over the construction of roads and bridges and still to declare quite honestly, "I've never yet seen a WPA worker do any work!" Another instance of this same self-induced blindness is to be found in widespread attitudes toward "women drivers." Many of us encounter daily hundreds of cars driven by women who handle them expertly; yet we declare, again quite honestly, "I never saw a woman yet who could *really* drive a car." By *definition,* women are "timid," "nervous," and "easily frightened"; therefore, they "can't drive." If we know women who have driven successfully for years, we maintain that "they've just been lucky," or that "they don't drive like women."

The important fact to be noticed about such attitudes towards "churchgoers," "WPA workers," and "women drivers" is that we should never have made such mistakes nor so blinded ourselves if we had never heard anything about them beforehand. Such attitudes are not the product of ignorance; genuine ignorance doesn't have attitudes. They are the result of false knowledge—false knowledge that robs us of whatever good sense we were born with. As we have already seen, part of this false knowledge we make up for ourselves with our confusions of levels of abstraction and other evaluative errors described in earlier chapters. However, a great deal of it is *manufactured* simply through our universal habit of *talking too much.*

Many people, indeed, are in a perpetual vicious circle. Because of intensional orientation, they are oververbalized; by oververbalization, they strengthen their intensional orientation. Such people burst into speech as automatically as juke boxes; a nickel in the slot, and they're off. With habits of this kind, it is possible for us to *talk ourselves into unsane attitudes,* not only towards "women drivers," "Jews," "capitalists," "bankers," and "labor unions," but also toward our personal problems: "mother," "relatives," "money," "popularity," "success," "failure"—and, most of all, towards "love" and "sex."

## RULES FOR EXTENSIONAL ORIENTATION

Just as a mechanic carries around a pair of pliers and a screw driver for use in an emergency—just as we all carry around in our heads tables of multiplication for daily use—so can we all carry with us in our heads convenient rules for extensional orientation. These rules need not be complicated; a short, rough-and-ready set of formulas will do. Their principal function will be to prevent us from going round in circles of intensional thinking, to prevent automatic reactions, to prevent us from trying to answer unanswerable questions, to prevent us from repeating old mistakes endlessly. They will *not* magically show us what better solutions are possible, but they will *start us looking* for better courses of action than the old ones. The following rules, then, are a brief summary of the parts of the book that directly apply to problems of evaluation. These rules should be memorized.

1. A map is NOT the territory it stands for; words are NOT things.

A map does not represent ALL of a territory; words never say ALL about anything.

Maps of maps, maps of maps of maps, and so on, can be made indefinitely, with or without relationship to a territory. (Sections 2 and 9.)

2. The meanings of words are NOT in the words; they are in US. (Sections 2 and 9.)

3. Contexts determine meaning (Section 4):
I like fish. (Cooked, edible fish.)
He caught a fish. (Live fish.)
You poor fish! (Not fish at all.)
To fish for compliments. (To seek.)

4. Beware of the word "is," which, when not simply used as an auxiliary verb ("he is coming"), can crystallize misevaluations:

The grass *is* green. (But what about the part our nervous system plays? Section 9.)
Business *is* business. (A directive. Section 7.)
A thing *is* what it *is*. (Unless this is understood as a rule of language, there is dan-

ger of ignoring alternative ways of classifying, as well as of ignoring the fact that everything is in process of change. Section 9.)

**5.** Don't try to cross bridges that aren t built yet. Distinguish between directive and informative statements. (Section 7.)

**6.** Distinguish at least three senses of the word "true":

Some mushrooms are poisonous. (If we call this "true," it means that it is a *report that can be and has been verified.* Section 3.)

Sally is the sweetest girl in the world. (If we call this "true," it means that *we feel the same way* toward Sally. Sections 6 and 8.)

All men are created equal. (If we call this "true," it means that this is *a directive which we believe should be obeyed.* Section 7.)

**7.** When tempted to "fight fire with fire," remember that the fire department usually uses water. (Section 10.)

**8.** The two-valued orientation is the *starter, not the steering apparatus.* (Section 10.)

**9.** Beware of definitions, which are words about words. Think with examples rather than definitions wherever possible. (Sections 4 and 9.)

**10.** Use INDEX NUMBERS and DATES as reminders that NO WORD EVER HAS EXACTLY THE SAME MEANING TWICE.

$\text{Cow}_1$ is *not* $\text{cow}_2$, $\text{cow}_2$ is *not* $\text{cow}_3$, . . .
$\text{Smith}_{1949}$ is *not* $\text{Smith}_{1950}$, $\text{Smith}_{1950}$ is *not* $\text{Smith}_{1951}$, . . .

If these rules are too much to remember, the reader is asked to memorize *at least* this much:

$\text{COW}_1$ IS NOT $\text{COW}_2$, $\text{COW}_2$ IS NOT $\text{COW}_3$, . . .

This is the simplest and most general of the rules for extensional orientation. The word "cow" gives us the intensional meanings, informative and affective; it calls up in our minds the features that this "cow" has *in common* with other "cows." The index number, however, reminds us that this one is *different;* it reminds us that "cow" does *not* tell us "all about" the event; it reminds us of the *characteristics left out* in the process of abstracting; it prevents us from equating the word with the thing, that is, from confusing the abstraction "cow" with the extensional cow.

*Part Four*

# Fundamentals of Speech

BY HENRY PHILIP CONSTANS

## The Importance of Speaking

Early man communicated through speech, however rudimentary, long before he had worked out a set of symbols with which he could write or read. Modern man relies entirely on oral communication for his first five or six years, and throughout the remainder of his life transacts most of his affairs—in his home and in society and business—by means of speech. Indeed, that part of the world's work which relies upon communication is carried on largely by people speaking to one another or to groups. Learning to speak clearly and effectively is a prime consideration for anyone who wishes to meet fully his social responsibilities.

Speaking is closely linked with thinking. We frequently hear someone say, "I am just thinking out loud." What does he mean? Putting it in simplest terms, he means he is speaking. Let us then ask, What would he be doing if he were thinking *not* out loud? The answer is he would be speaking to himself, that is, he would be using word-symbols, though not audibly expressed. In either case he is speaking, using words which are symbols of ideas. When we think, most of us do so in terms of words. While it is said to be possible to think without resorting to language, few people claim to have achieved so abstract a degree of thinking.

This close relationship between speaking and thinking leads us to some important considerations. If we are not to be misunderstood, it is important that we say what we mean and mean what we say. To put it another way, straight thinking is expressed in accurate speaking. When a student impulsively says, "There are eight traffic lights between the campus and Main Street and all of them are unnecessary," he is probably exaggerating. But more important than that, he is probably neither saying what he means nor meaning what he says. If he actually means what he says, he must be able to support his statements with evidence; he must not merely be giving unrestrained expression to his emotions because he has been delayed—apparently unnecessarily—by a traffic light.

Speaking is likely to lead to clearer thinking because the ideas expressed are subject to examination by the listeners. When we know that others are going to pass judgment on what we say, we are more likely to examine our reasoning and test its soundness. Moreover, we know that the listener will not only evaluate our ideas but will also judge us as a person. Most of us prefer to have that judgment reflect credit upon us.

Often in reply to a question we may hear a fellow student say, "I know what it is but I can't say it." To what extent is this correct? Does not the student deceive himself or his hearers? If he knows the answer, he knows it in terms of words; if he cannot express it in words, he does not know it. He may lack the words to express it accurately, adequately, clearly, or completely; *but what he knows he can say.* Expecting a person to be able to ex-

press an idea puts a premium on his thinking. In turn, this serves as a motivating force to impel him to broaden his command of language. The broader one's command of language, the better his thinking; the better one's thinking, the better his speaking; conversely, the better one's speaking, the better his thinking.

Of all classroom activities, speaking, more than any other, produces the greatest degree of interaction. The speaker reacts to his fellow students; they react to him. When a student writes a composition, too often it is directed to and written for one person, the instructor. The instructor reads the composition and returns it to the writer with comments, suggestions, and a grade. Rarely will the instructor read the paper aloud to the class; even less frequently will the writer be asked to read aloud his own paper to the class. That is, his written ideas, feelings, and reasoning are seldom subjected to public examination. How different when the student speaks! The group looks at him, listens to him, evaluates what he says and does, and judges him for what he is or appears to be. This is true whether the speaker is explaining the solution of a problem in algebra, giving a demonstration of a chemical reaction, answering a question in history, or making a talk before a class in forestry, music, or education.

Every speaker is judged by the audience even before he begins to speak. As he sits in the classroom, at the front of the class, or on a platform, he is the object of attention. His observers decide whether they like his appearance, the clothes he wears, the way he deports himself—all this before he has spoken a word. Men in the public eye know this and endeavor to capitalize upon it. Consider, for instance, the personality expressed in the mere appearance of Winston Churchill. But every speaker, professional or amateur, knows that as soon as he begins speaking, the previous judgment of the audience may be shifted; it may swing from positive to neutral to negative, or vice versa. The speaker may begin his talk with these words: "I know most of you are ignorant of conditions in Hawaii, so I am going to enlighten you." Or he may start as follows: "I believe you are familiar with this passage from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*." Another speaker's opening words may be: "I am going to talk about hunting." When you hear any of these introductory statements, your response to the speaker is immediate. You say to yourself, "I like him; he's all right." Or, "He's got the big head; he's a blowhard; look at the conceited fool." Or, "Here we go again with the same old stuff." Every speaker is judged by every member of his audience on the basis of what he looks like, what he does, and what he says. Since this is true, it is important for the speaker to be judged at his best.

The ability to speak is often considered a measure of one's education. An educated person is expected to be able to present his ideas in a logical, grammatical, and effective manner. Even though a person has attended a college or university for only a semester, many of the people in his community think that he should have gained some of the marks of an educated person—and the one they think of foremost is the ability to speak. After all, they say, he has had the opportunity of a college education. As a college-trained man, therefore, you may be invited to speak to the high school assembly, the community club, the women's club, the church or Sunday school, or some other group. You will be expected to do a creditable job of speaking; in fact, your degree of educational attainment may be judged in no small part by how you "measure up."

Whatever profession or occupation you plan to enter, you should realize that, almost of necessity, you will probably be called upon to do a considerable amount of speaking. If you expect to be a lawyer, preacher, teacher, salesman, county demonstration agent, athletic coach, recreation director, or a candidate for political office, you will no doubt concede the necessity for your being able to speak. In brief, speaking is a part of the "stock-in-trade" of people in those professions or occupations. You may, however, say that you are going to be an engineer or a doctor and will not need to be an effective public speaker. But as an engineer you will almost certainly find that you will be presenting plans, drawings, sketches, or specifications to a board of public works, a city commission, county trustees, or the manager of a plant. And approval of those plans is dependent, to a considerable extent, on your ability to make an

effective oral presentation. In other words, you must present your proposal so as to convince the potential buyer that it is the most efficient, most economical, or most feasible one available. The engineer's success, then, may actually be contingent upon his speaking ability. Likewise, a brief examination of the storm of controversy occasioned by proposals of socialized or state medical service suggests that the members of the medical profession need to be effective spokesmen. Doctors face futures in which speaking beyond the walls of their offices will be a part of their professional careers. Indeed, it is almost impossible to choose a career of any kind today in which effective speaking is not an invaluable asset.

Furthermore, and regardless of your occupational plans for the future, as a citizen in a democracy it is important for you to be able to speak well. It is a truism that if a representative form of government such as ours is to function effectively, the citizenry must be enlightened. And this does not mean merely that the individual will himself be informed on the crucial issues. The citizen owes an obligation to society to see that others are informed, and the greater his ability, the greater his obligation. He shirks his responsibility when he remains silent. The passive citizen may say, "I'll let someone else speak for me." But someone else may not say what the passive citizen would say, what he wants said, what should be said. We simply cannot afford to let someone else speak for us! It can be downright dangerous! Good citizenship demands that each one speak for himself.

In times of stress, when the decision to be made, the action to be taken, the course to be pursued vitally affect the group, the spoken word is resorted to. Mediation between management and employees, annual meetings of boards of directors, sales meetings, all call for conferences—face-to-face speaking. The spoken word focuses attention on the speaker and the issues. It will be remembered how John Paul Jones aroused the fighting spirit of a nation with his words "I have not yet begun to fight"; how Colonel C. E. Stanton, during a speech at Lafayette's grave in 1917, symbolized the spirit of the Allies when he said, "Lafayette, we are here." No one can accurately measure the impact of Winston Churchill when with the phrase "blood, toil, tears, and sweat" he rallied a nation. No one knows how many fearful spirits were calmed and reassured by Franklin D. Roosevelt saying, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself." Churchill and Roosevelt could have resorted to the press and had their words printed; instead, they *spoke* to millions. The printed symbol seldom has the power of the spoken word.

## Some Criteria of Good Speaking

A speaker should always be impelled by a desire to communicate. But communication is always a two-way process—there must be a listener who responds. This brings us to the point that every talk can and must be tested in terms of audience response. A speaker must decide early in his preparation what response he hopes to secure. The first criterion of good speaking, then, is that every speech must have a definite purpose. Here are some of the major purposes for speaking:

*To inform.* The explaining of a process, the giving of directions or of orders, and the presenting of pertinent facts are primarily designed to give information. The test of the effectiveness of this type of speech is whether the material can easily be understood by every listener.

*To entertain.* The after-dinner talk, the telling of a story, the relating of an amusing incident have as their primary purpose the entertainment of the audience. The test of their effectiveness is whether the audience listens with delight and enjoyment.

*To stimulate.* The sermon, the community "booster" speech, the college "pep talk," and the talk at a political rally are types of speeches whose main purpose is to stimulate. The test of their effectiveness is whether the listeners feel inspired, whether they experience an emotional lift.

*To convince.* The business man in conference, the lawyer pleading a case, and the speaker addressing a legislative assembly are chiefly interested in convincing their listeners. The test of their effectiveness is whether the hearers agree with what the speaker has said.

whether they accept the argument he has presented.

*To actuate.* Talks designed to sell, to raise funds, or to secure votes are intended to stir up action. The test of their effectiveness is whether the audience takes the definite action, frequently physical, advocated by the speaker.

These purposes are not mutually exclusive; they may and do overlap. In a talk it may be desirable to entertain, inform, and convince before you can get your hearers to take the step which is the real goal, the purpose of your talk. The important thing to remember is that if your speaking is to be effective, you must have a definite purpose expressed in terms of audience reaction. Without a purpose you are almost certain to fail; with it, you have satisfied one of the criteria of effective speaking.

Many years ago the famous orator Wendell Phillips was described as a "gentleman conversing." In his day the idea that good speaking is conversation at its best was revolutionary. Now it is generally accepted and is commonly called the conversational mode of speaking. Conversation at its best carries with it certain implications of which, upon reflection, we are all aware. What are the marks of good conversation? Many might be cited, but three should be borne in mind by a student learning to speak. They are *directness, genuineness,* and *liveliness.*

When conversation is direct, we feel the speaker is personally concerned with us and with our reaction. This is true even though others may be present. He probably looks at us, inclines his head in our direction, possibly emphasizes a point with a gesture. No barrier, real or imaginary, is between us. Have you not seen guests in conversation at a dinner table trying to look over or around a centerpiece of flowers which blocked their view of each other? Members of an audience shift position until they have an unobstructed view of the speaker. All of this emphasizes the importance of directness in conversation.

The second characteristic of conversation at its best is genuineness. The participants are being themselves. The false front and the artificial social manner crumble in real conversation. We feel that the speaker is not saying something for effect, to show off, or to impress others. Rather, he is the real man speaking sincerely.

Conversation at its best is also lively. It moves along with an undercurrent of eagerness and a desire to participate. At times it may take on the aspects of a game of tennis when a volley is in progress: the conversational ball goes back and forth from one to the other with a rapidity of exchange that may make it difficult to follow. But liveliness should not be confused with speed of utterance; many times it is not the rate of speaking but rather the inherent interest the conversationalist shows that makes for liveliness. This interest frequently reveals itself in the sparkle in the eye, the bodily set, and the radiant glow of enjoyment that suffuses the speaker.

Conversation at its best is not limited by the number of participants. It can include many or few listeners. The size of the group should not change the conversational aspect of the situation. True, the person speaking before a large audience may speak louder, may speak from a platform, may use more care in diction, may be clothed in academic regalia; but if he is to be very effective, he must exemplify the gentleman conversing—he must be direct, genuine, and lively.

All of us have heard, or been subjected to, speakers who, forgetting the qualities of effective conversation, fail because they think speaking before an audience calls for a certain manner of delivery different from that of good conversation. Three of these types may be designated as *Miss Pedantic, Senator Stump,* and *Dr. Dry Dust.*

Miss Pedantic talks to her class of high school students with the patronizing air of superiority, the over-preciseness which she confuses with correctness, or the stiffness of the person who fears for her dignity. Having once mounted the pedagogical pedestal, she dares not communicate as a genuine human being. Fortunately, her kind is becoming scarce.

Senator Stump, seizing every occasion to speak, launches forth in stentorian tones accompanied with a vocal vibrato that would be the envy of a coloratura soprano. "To you good pee-pul of Mon-u-ah-men-tah County, my fel-low cit-i-zens of this guh-rate and guh-lory-us state, I want to state that I ah-pear

before you as a guh-rate-ful ser-vunt of the pee-pul," he begins--and continues. He lacks genuineness and directness. He talks *at,* not *with,* his hearers. Fortunately, too, the number of his kind is decreasing.

Dr. Dry Dust appears before his audience or his university class armed with a series of lecture cards or copious notes and proceeds to read or speak from them with little apparent regard for his listeners. His eyes, when not fixed on his notes, search the ceiling or gaze vaguely out the window. If he is interested in what he is doing, he is careful to conceal it. In a desire to be objective, he frequently becomes detached; his audience ceases to impinge on his consciousness. He fails as a speaker in large part because he is indirect and dull. Unfortunately, too many of this type are still with us, even though they are also in a decreasing minority.

Perhaps because the above types of speaker —Senator Stump's style has been greatly altered by modern public address and broadcasting systems—are not so numerous as they once were, and because they represent professional and political groups, you may think that the problems of avoiding non-conversational styles of speaking do not concern you greatly. Let us leave public life and enter your classroom for a brief survey of the speaking habits of your classmates. There you may find the mumbler, who exerts no effort to make anyone hear him. His enunciation is so indistinct and his voice so low and monotonous that his hearers are under constant strain to understand his inarticulate mutterings. Or you may find the fidgeter, who takes seriously the statement that for every action there is a reaction. Consequently, he acts and reacts until his hearers are totally unaware of what he is attempting to say. They watch him as visitors at a zoo watch the antics of a caged monkey. Look further. You may discover another fellow student who blocks his own communication--the "and-uh" vocalist. Instead of making a clean pause at the end of a thought, he fills the pause with meaningless sounds, making it difficult for his hearers to get the interrelationship of his thought units.

Survey your own speaking habits and those of your classmates for these ineffective modes of speaking. You may detect other faulty mannerisms. Be alert to avoid any style or mode of speaking which interferes with clear-cut communication.

Given a purpose for speaking and a style resembling conversation at its best, the speaker still has at least two considerations to take into account. You may have said of a speaker, "I enjoyed him, but he never said a thing." Or, you may have remarked, "What he was talking about is very important, but he failed to hold the attention of his audience." Both statements describe unfortunate extremes. We should strive for the happy solution expressed in the Duke of Wellington's famous theory of style, "Have something to say, and say it."

One point is never so obvious but that it will bear repeating: Whatever the purpose of the speaker may be—to inform, to entertain, to stimulate, to convince, to actuate—the hearers should feel fully repaid for their time. The speaker should avail himself of every possible source—his own experience, the opinions of others, what has been written or said about the topic—to the end that he may be well informed and prepared for the occasion. And, being well prepared will not only make for effective speaking but will also be found a good cure for stage fright and fear of the speaking situation in general. Another criterion of good speaking is adequate coverage of a timely topic.

Appropriate level of language and proper diction (assuming clear enunciation and correct pronunciation) are as requisite for an effective speech as for any other form of verbal composition. Even as skilled an orator as Patrick Henry, invited on one occasion to speak in a remote mountain locality of Virginia, made the error of speaking to his unlettered but not unlearned hearers in their own language pattern. Knowing he did not usually talk as he did that day, they thought he was belittling them and resented his effort to meet them on their level. The old-time Negro preacher in James Weldon Johnson's *God's Trombones* does not speak in the Negro dialect because, as Johnson says, the tone and the intended effect of the sermon-poems would have been lost and the serious sermons made amusing. For the purpose and under the circumstances the Negro dialect would not have been the proper language level. There is a

level of language usage for the occasion just as there is an appropriate attire. The use of ornate language when simple language is more in keeping may make the speaker, though he is in dead earnest, seem merely ludicrous. In any situation, the use of abstract or general words for concrete or specific ones may not only reflect the speaker's laziness but also prevent the hearers from getting any explicit meaning or direct information. Couch your speech in appropriate, concrete, and simple language that says exactly what you mean. (For a more detailed treatment of the various levels of language usage see the Handbook, pp. 851-66.)

## Overcoming Common Hindrances to Effective Speaking

Most beginning speakers get along with little or no difficulty. Those who have hindrances often find they arise from two sources, one psychological and the other physiological. The psychological ones result from fear—usually unfounded; the physiological ones from the speaker's realization for the first time that certain parts of his body seem to get in the way when he attempts to make a speech. An examination of these hindrances—their source, manifestation, and cure—may be helpful.

The feeling of inadequacy, rooted in fear, or "being afraid," has several possible sources. The student has been used to reciting in class, talking before classmates, and possibly appearing before high school assemblies or civic groups in his home town. On these occasions he doubtless spoke with comparative ease and confidence; he knew many of his listeners, possibly all of them. Now he is called upon to prepare and deliver a talk before a college class. He does not know many of his audience, maybe only a few, possibly none well. In his mind's eye he sees himself standing before a group of strangers where there is no friendly eye, no familiar face, to turn to. Even the room looks different, possibly somewhat forbidding. Mentally he dwells on the strange, the new, and the unfamiliar aspects of the speaking situation which is to confront him; possibly he exaggerates the circumstances until the prospect is drear indeed. If you find yourself with this mental and emotional attitude toward speaking, what can you do about it? First, the most helpful suggestion is for you to practice. Practice before your roommate or a small group of friends. Practice will build your confidence. Each time you speak before the class it will be easier than the preceding time; soon the unfamiliar situation has become familiar.

To the beginner, the thought of failure frequently looms large. He thinks that if he fails to live up to his hopes and desires the result will be fatal. In actuality, such fears are not reasonable. Seldom does a student altogether fail as a speaker if he actually tries to do his best. But suppose he does not come up to the expectations of himself or others? The answer is that the consequences are slight. After all, nothing particularly serious is at stake; he, like others, is learning; and the classroom is the place in which to learn. He who has an opportunity to study speaking in college has a double advantage in that he will have several chances to speak and will do his speaking under the direction of an instructor who is trained as a critic. The important thing is to make the best of every speaking opportunity.

Unfortunately, many persons associate speaking with speaking from memory. They believe that it is not only desirable but necessary for the beginning speaker to write out and "learn by heart" his entire speech. Actually, he may be afraid not to commit the talk to memory; and then having memorized it he is afraid he may forget it. All of us have been present at speaking contests or commencement exercises where the contestant or graduate who has memorized the talk until he is "letter perfect" forgets. We have all held our breath during that painful pause that ensued, physically and emotionally tried to help him over the barrier of forgetfulness, and agonized if he could not recall, or sighed with relief if after the pause he continued. How can we insure the speaker against going through this type of painful experience? How can we be certain that he will not forget? The answer is a simple one. *You can't forget if you don't memorize.* Do not attempt to memorize the

talk! Make an outline of the talk, put it on a small card, put the card face down on the table or lectern. Refer to the outline only in case of absolute necessity. The only thing you have to learn, or memorize, is the relatively few main points in the outline. Even if you forget these you can turn over the card, glance at the outline, and then again place the card face down. Learn to speak by doing it the easier, the better way—*don't memorize the talk!*

Occasionally, the thought occurs to the student that his listeners may be hostile and that potential cheers may turn to jeers. Actually, this almost never happens in the classroom. When it does, the fault has been not with the listeners but with the speaker who, with an air of arrogance, conceit, or cocksureness, has turned the listeners against him. Your classmates believe in giving a man a chance, a chance to be heard; in short, in fair play. In this connection let us look a little more closely at the speaking situation in a college class. Upon examination we see that the listener cannot afford to be hostile. He may be called on to speak next; as surely as his name is on the class roll his turn to speak will come. This is another way of saying that the members of the class, or your audience, are all in the same position—they cannot afford to be hostile. But on the positive side, since we all like a winner, the chances are that they hope you will speak well, and the better you speak, the better they will like it. As a matter of fact, they will, in all likelihood, fervently hope for your success. You can approach your classroom speaking situations confident in the thought that your listeners will accord you courtesy and kindness. They, like you, are beginners desirous of learning.

It is common experience for nervous tensions to manifest themselves in physical behavior; sometimes they are so severe that the muscles become rigid and no action is possible. But this is unusual; most of us when under nervous tension are subject to too much action, or action that we cannot control. The result is that we shake, mainly in the arms and legs. What are we to do about it? The first and best suggestion is to relax. Try to relax mentally and physically before you get up to speak. If, after you start speaking, you find that your leg muscles are shaking, move around. Do not stand still. Take several steps. You will find that often you can literally "walk it off"; you can dissipate muscular tensions by moving. This does not mean that you are to pace regularly back and forth like a caged animal; however, it is better to move too much than not at all.

In most conversations, we look at our listener because we can judge in part his reaction to what we are saying by watching his facial expression. In speaking, you are equally concerned with the listeners' reaction; consequently, you watch for the audience's response. It is obvious that you cannot know what is going on in the audience if you are looking at the ceiling, the floor, or out the window. Even if nervousness impels you to avoid looking at the listeners, force yourself to do so. Fix your gaze at about their eye level; avoid looking merely at the hearers as a group or at any individual for too long a time.

You may find that the first time or two you speak you have difficulty with your breathing. You cannot get enough air, or your chest seems tight. Again it is excessive nervous tension. If you will pause before you begin to speak and, while you pause, look at your audience, you will gain considerable control over your breathing. And while you are pausing, if you will take a deep breath and slowly exhale, then another and exhale, you will start the breathing process going regularly and evenly. This will help you get "over the hump." Do not hurry; do not worry; take it easy.

The question of what the speaker should do with his hands is a pertinent one. Many a beginning speaker takes a deathlike grip on the lectern, buttons and unbuttons his coat, thrusts a hand in his coat pocket or both hands in his trouser pockets, and finally, in near desperation, puts his hands behind his back and locks them together in a vise-like grip. The young woman frequently resorts to fumbling needlessly with her handkerchief, toying with a necklace, or assuming the clasped-hands-at-waist position, usually characteristic of women singers.

What should the speaker do with his hands? Do nothing! Leave them alone and they will take care of themselves. The natural position

for the hands is at the sides; they look well there; they are readily available for use. If, perchance, you may be impelled to make some gesture, the hands will be ready. Remember, for as many years as you are old, your hands have been a part of you and have never been a problem. Do not let them become one now. If you let your hands hang easily at your sides, you will find that gaining control over this part of the body will help relieve the excessive nervous tension of the entire body.

The preceding paragraphs have discussed some means of controlling excessive nervous tension. In this connection, let us remember that it is natural to have some nervous tension before and during a talk. Effective, experienced speakers feel it. But we must conceal and control this natural nervousness. If we let it control us, it becomes an enemy that defeats us. If we control it, it becomes an ally that aids us. For we should be under just enough nervous tension to have a feeling of anticipation, of buoyancy, of alertness.

Finally, one of the best ways to overcome excessive nervous tension is to have a definite purpose, an appropriate topic, a satisfactory outline, and effective illustrative materials. Nothing will defeat you as quickly as a lack of preparation; nothing will give you the same degree of calm assurance as thorough preparation. Resolve to give yourself that added confidence that comes only from having something to say.

## Selecting and Organizing Materials for a Speech

Neither as a student who is learning to speak nor as a college graduate who is invited to address some group should you permit the problem "What shall I speak about?" to become bothersome. Always, regardless of the speaking situation that may confront you, choose a subject—or some phase of an assigned subject—that interests you and about which you have some knowledge. Then decide what your purpose is to be in terms of the response you seek to obtain from your audience.

Once a subject in which you are genuinely interested is selected, consider the sources of material available. Turn first to yourself and explore your own resources. What do you know about this subject, especially as a result of first-hand experience or observation? Let us assume that you have decided to talk on the general subject "Causes of Automobile Accidents." You are genuinely interested in this general subject; you know something about it; and you believe you can gather sufficient material on the topic for an effective talk. You realize, of course, that the subject is too general, too broad, too extensive to be covered in a brief talk, perhaps even in a long one. But, even before you attempt to narrow the subject, you might well explore the general sources of material that are available.

Begin, then, with an examination of your own knowledge of the subject. What do you yourself know about it? Presumably you may know that automobile accidents are increasing in the nation, you may remember seeing some predictions about the number of automobile accidents that would occur over the Labor Day week end, you may recall that the predictions proved reasonably accurate. But all of this is general and rather vague. What first-hand experience or observation do you have to present? More than likely you have witnessed an accident, or come upon the scene soon after an accident has occurred. Possibly you have been the unfortunate victim of an accident. You got out to inspect the damage done, you sensed the acrid odor of the friction-burned tires, you looked at the skid tracks. You decided this accident was caused because the driver of the other car was going too fast, had waited too long before applying his brakes, was operating a mechanically defective car, or had ignored the caution sign. Possibly the fault lay with you. At any rate, right now you have some impressions, some recollections of automobile accidents; in short, you have some first-hand knowledge of the general subject "Causes of Automobile Accidents."

Feeling the need to supplement your knowledge, you may write letters to persons who are informed on the subject—for instance, the director of your state highway patrol, the traffic officer of some city, or the chairman of the highway safety commission—for facts and figures on the number and causes of automobile accidents and for other available perti-

nent material. On the national level your Congressman will be glad to answer your letter seeking information, or he will refer it to the appropriate governmental agency, which will send you the material you want. The American Automobile Association and the National Highway Safety Conference will be glad to supply available information. A little thinking on your part and a few intelligent inquiries will reveal the names of additional persons or agencies to whom a letter, seeking specific information, may be written. In your letter remember to seek *specific* information.

In most instances the college student has an unusual opportunity to secure information from members of the faculty who can qualify, at least to some extent, as experts. Though not necessarily exhaustively informed on that aspect of the subject about which the student is seeking additional information, some faculty member probably has a grasp of the underlying principles involved. In the case of "Causes of Automobile Accidents" an interview with a psychologist, a sociologist, or an engineer is likely to be rewarding. A member of the law faculty may be able to supply graphic data from his legal experience. There are other sources in your community. Talk to the chief of police or the officer in charge of the traffic department, call on the judge in whose court traffic violations are tried, pay a visit to the city or county attorney. These people can be a great help to you as sources of material for your talk.

It must be conceded that many radio programs do not add to the listener's knowledge, except in a most incidental and indirect way; nevertheless, every radio station has some programs that can be a source of material for a talk. This is particularly true of forums, interviews, round tables, and educational farm or home programs. For many years five-minute talks on highway safety, interviews with state highway patrol officers, and fifteen-minute shows dramatizing highway accidents have been broadcast by radio stations in many states. Not infrequently the talk by a government official or even the speech of a political campaigner may supply you with material for a talk. For example, a candidate for the governorship who has a better-highway plank in his platform will present a plan for the reduction of accidents in partial support of this particular plank. An examination of the radio schedule printed in the local newspaper will apprise you of the opportunities for using the radio as a source of material for talks.

You may well wonder why books, magazines, and newspapers—the most obvious source of material for a talk—were not mentioned first. For this reason only: It is almost axiomatic that in searching for such material you would immediately think of going to the library,[1] looking in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* under the heading of "Highways" or "Accidents," finding in the designated magazine an article on highway accidents, reading it, jotting down some notes or possibly a quotation or so—and then return to your room satisfied that you had the necessary material for a talk. Because you would think of such printed matter first, you might also think of it as the only source, overlooking the other sources that not infrequently will be of greater aid to you. Newspapers, magazines, and books are always available to the student who has the initiative to go to the library and do some reading. He should use this source of material. But there is a danger: he may read *one* article in some magazine and give an oral carbon copy of it before a class, many of the members of which have probably read the same article. If the sole source of material for your talk is a magazine article, then for the sake of individuality, at least tell your listeners the source of your talk and then give them your reaction to the article.

Most audiences are not particularly interested in what you have read, how well you have memorized it, or how much of it you can recall; but they are interested in your opinion of what you have read—what *you* think of it. Does the article give an unbiased presentation, is it fair, is it comprehensive, is it logical, is it reasonable, is it supported by the facts? Only by your answers to questions like these do you justify your use of a printed article as a sole source of material for a talk. Your talk should spring from, and not consist of, the content of the article. The question you should

[1] See the Handbook, pp. 918-32, for specific information on the use of the library.

ask yourself is, "What do *I* have to contribute to this topic?"

After you have selected a topic that interests you and have obtained from the many sources the material for your talk, after you have decided what your purpose is to be—to inform, entertain, stimulate, convince, or actuate—the next problem is to organize the material. Good talks, like good written papers, must have order. They must have a framework which supports them, just as the skeleton supports the human body. In most talks the material can be organized in outline form,[2] which aids the speaker in presenting his material and his audience in following his thought. The most common outline forms are the complete sentence outline and the topical outline. The first of these serves best in the preparation of a talk; the second is to be preferred for use in presenting a talk. Material to be outlined may take one of several orders of arrangement, among which the most common are the chronological, the spatial, the selective, and the logical.

The chronological, or time, order is an arrangement of material in the order of occurrence, a marking of divisions by the clock or calendar. For instance, if you tell chronologically what took place on a trip, you begin with your departure and close with your arrival at your destination. This order is common in narration. Essentially chronological, also, is the description or explanation of the steps in a process in which a sequence is followed. For example, a talk on the packing of citrus fruit, the canning of corn, the manufacture of shoes, all follow a sequential plan of organization.

The spatial order is an arrangement of material in order of what comes first, second, third (or vice versa) in space rather than in time. Select a point of vantage, for instance, the entrance gate to a park, museum, or prison, and proceed to tell of those objects or persons or procedures that radiate or extend from this point. This type of organization lends itself especially to descriptive material.

In the selective order a choice is made. From the many points he could present, the speaker selects the ones most useful to his purpose—and the order in which they shall be presented. Suppose you have decided to speak on "Some Needed Improvements in My Home Town." Immediately you realize that the topic is too broad and general; it must be made specific in terms of your purpose. You decide, however, in canvassing the subject, that among the improvements needed are more sidewalks, paved streets, curbs and gutters, a swimming pool, an addition to the library, a juvenile court, a new jail, a teen-age recreation center, more traffic lights, a more efficient police force, the commission form of government, parking meters, and a drive-in theatre. It is obvious to anyone that all of these topics cannot adequately be dealt with in one talk—not even in a long one. Consequently, you must select those topics that will best serve the purpose of your speech and be of most interest to your audience. Suppose two teen-age boys, each driving a car, have recently been involved in an automobile accident. You might choose traffic lights, a more efficient police force, a juvenile court, and a teen-age recreation center as the needed improvements in your home town. You might decide to use as the title for your talk "Your Youth and You" or "Tennis Courts or Police Courts." You may prefer the prosaic statement "Rockville Needs a Youth Recreation Center." Employing the selective order, you choose those items that point up the need for a recreation center. This order of organization lends itself best to the persuasive talk in which the speaker's purpose is to stimulate or actuate his audience.

The logical order is based on what may be called the rules of reasoning. The experience of the human race gives validity to the assumption (if not to the actual belief) that there is order in nature and that "laws" of human behavior prevail. This leads to such well known statements as "Every effect has a cause"; "For every stimulus there is a response"; "Every action is followed by an equal and opposite reaction"; and "Nothing happens by chance." Every doctor who examines a patient makes a diagnosis; every prosecuting attorney in a criminal case endeavors to discover a motive for the crime; and every teacher is supposed to find the reason for the failure of his students to show satisfactory progress. It is assumed that there is a reason for everything,

[2] For illustrative and specific information concerning outlining see the Handbook, pages 906-18.

that life is logical. Suppose you were asked to make a speech advocating student government for a college, or setting forth the need of a state central purchasing agency, or giving the advantages of lowering the voting age to eighteen years. You might well employ the logical, or cause-and-effect, type of organization. Bearing this is mind, you may well consider answers to the following questions: Is there any need for the change you advocate? If there is no necessity, is the change then desirable? Are the advantages of the suggested change likely to outweigh the disadvantages? Has the course advocated been tried elsewhere? If it has been tried, under what conditions, and were the results favorable? If it has failed, are conditions now so different that success is possible? The logical organization, as these questions suggest, is generally employed in speeches that are argumentative in nature, in which the speaker's purpose is to convince his hearers of his point of view.

Having secured the material, determined your purpose, decided on the order of organization for your talk, and made an outline, you still have to decide how to begin and close your speech. Consider first the introduction. Stated in its simplest form, the chief aim of an introduction is to secure the attention of the audience, to arouse an interest in the subject, and to show the relevancy of the subject to the occasion. In beginning a speech, avoid such trite expressions as "I am going to talk today about . . ."; "My subject is . . ."; "The topic selected by me is . . ."; or "I'm reminded of a story." Do not start any speech on the dead level of mediocrity. Remember that your speech should strike fire at the first stroke of the verbal flint.

Let us look at some examples of speeches well begun, introductions that meet the criteria set forth. A British-born student attending an American university, endeavoring to show the necessity of American aid to war-torn Europe, began by saying, "We here tonight are living in an uncongested city of 25,000 population, spread over approximately sixteen square miles. Two hundred miles to our south is a city of 300,000, with which most of you are familiar. Visualize an area as large as this small city completely destroyed in the very heart of that larger city and you will understand the condition of my home city in England following World War II. Imagine the helplessness and hopelessness of the people in a city of 300,000 inhabitants with its business or industrial center blotted out." By thus referring to familiar physical surroundings, the speaker made his introduction graphic and prepared the way for the acceptance, even support, of his argument for American aid as a means of preventing desperate peoples from falling a prey to perilous isms. Another student speaker, whose purpose was to convince his hearers that they should learn to play golf, began: "I am here to tell you why every one of you should learn to play golf. 'Golf,' you say; 'what are you talking about? Why, that's an old man's game!' Now, that's where you fall into error. It's not an old man's game and I want to prove it to you." Here's still another good introduction. The speaker used a startling statement: "Even while I am speaking to you tonight fifty people will die of cancer. That's right, cancer will claim fifty lives in the next five minutes." Or, to go outside the classroom let us examine the introductory statement of a radio address by Fred A. Hartley, Jr., who at the time was Congressman from New Jersey. The purpose of the address was to show that everyone, even if he pays no income or real-estate tax, is a heavy taxpayer. He began by saying, "This talk concerns your pocketbook." With this commonplace but personal introductory reference the speaker captured his hearers' interest at once and continued to make lively and challenging a topic often tedious with details and laden with dull statistics.

When you prepare the introduction to your talk see that it meets the criteria of a good beginning.

Now let us see what the conclusion of a speech should accomplish. Again, stated in the simplest terms, the purpose of the conclusion is to round off the talk, summarize the material, appeal for action on the part of the audience, challenge the audience. In closing a speech, avoid such hackneyed statements as "I see my time is up, so I'll quit"; "If I had time I could say much more"; "Last but not least"; or "I guess that's all I have to say."

Like the distance runner who paces himself so as to have a surge of speed to carry him to the finish line, build your speech so that it closes strong.

Let us consider briefly some good conclusions of speeches. Patrick Henry closed his famous speech with this challenging statement, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death." In a less dramatic situation but with a sincerity of sentiment, Robert Ingersoll closed the eulogy he delivered at his brother's funeral with this summary sentence, "There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man." A person need not be an orator of national renown to bring his talk to an effective conclusion. Here are some good examples from student speeches. A sophomore closed his talk on a phase of education with this statement, which combined a summary with an appeal for action, "If you believe the schools of this state need better facilities, if you agree that the state has the money to provide them, then you will support this minimum school program." A talk on a proposal to change a specific provision of the student government constitution was concluded with these words, "We have examined the causes of failure in our present constitution, we have weighed the advantages and the disadvantages of the proposed change, we have found that there is much to gain and nothing to lose. Let's vote for the amendment." Plan to bring your talks to a strong conclusion. Remember: let the last impression you make upon your audience be a favorable and enduring one.

## Making the Body Aid in Speaking

Let us visit a class in any college or university and observe the students while a discussion is in progress. Let us watch some students who are engrossed in the discussion, each eager to have his say: their animation is obvious. The play of facial expression, the sparkle in the eyes, the movements of the head and the body, the gestures of the hands—all illuminate, illustrate, emphasize, and punctuate what is being said. Each student speaks with his entire body, and that fact largely accounts for his effectiveness.

Now let us ask one of them to stand, come to the front of the room, and enlarge on what he has been saying. All too often the student seems to undergo a metamorphosis. His body becomes stiff, his face mask-like, his hands seem glued to the edges of the desk. For some unexplainable reason, now that he is standing before the class (as he puts it, "making a speech"), he seems to feel that his body has suddenly become a hindrance. His physical frame, the muscles he used to advantage when participating in the class discussion, now loom as a barrier between him and his attempt to communicate effectively. This should not and need not be.

The use of the body while speaking is normal, as is shown in the behavior of children. Observe any group of normally uninhibited children from six to twelve years of age when they are on the playground or the athletic field or in a class meeting. Watch them speak; literally, *watch* them *speak*. What do they do? They twist about, wave their arms, jump to their feet, smile, frown, grimace, scowl, pout—in short, run the gamut of bodily activity and facial expression. And you say to yourself, "That is good; it is effective." And it *is* effective: effective because it is free from artificiality or affectation; effective because it is genuine and normal; effective because it aids in conveying meaning. Such was the now-petrified speaker when he was just a few years younger.

Society, through its customs and traditional modes of behavior, tends to exert pressure on the individual and force him to the common level of the group. He naturally shrinks from scorn, cringes under ridicule, wilts at public laughter, does not dare to be different; in short, he tries to conform to the group and be as inconspicuous as possible. This desire for anonymity leads him to suppress his natural tendency to use bodily action when speaking. Yet when he is so aroused that he is eager to justify his point of view, or enthusiastic over the material he is presenting, or angry in defending himself under questioning, he uses his body in his speaking. He becomes, once again, a normal speaker. If you have come under the curb of convention, so to

speak, then become yourself once again and speak as you once spoke, using your body to help you speak.

There is another reason why the beginning speaker should use bodily action. Most speaking, and certainly the best speaking, has a foundation in feeling. To be effective a speaker must feel that what he is saying is worth saying well, is worth listening to, is a matter of importance. Recognizing as his first goal the necessity of securing and holding the attention of his audience, he should bring to the occasion some feeling—enthusiasm or sympathy or indignation or whatever is appropriate. Genuine feeling should permeate his very being, physical, mental, emotional. That is, the speaker should summon to his aid all his resources; he should seek to acquire the habit of speaking with his whole body.

If you have ever seen a moving picture showing Franklin D. Roosevelt speaking, you must have detected in the set of his body, in the expression of his face, and in the tone of his voice an undercurrent of feeling that permeated the man. Every fibre of the man's being was in his utterance; he was tremendously effective. Every talk you make should have a similar foundation—a foundation built on genuine feeling. A spirit of enthusiasm should be evident in all talks: you should sound enthusiastic, look enthusiastic, feel enthusiastic.

The speaker who refuses to let his body aid him in expressing his feeling soon finds that he has suppressed the feeling. Rather than an indignation that is evident throughout his whole being, what he shows, if he stands physically inert, with muscles lax and face immobile, is mere mild disapproval or complete indifference. The speaker's action, or lack of it, may weaken, warp, or even contradict his words. Give physical vent to your feelings, not in a wild, unrestrained fashion but in the manner of a sensible, cultured person.

Sometimes, when you seem to be tense, you will find that this tension expresses itself in your emotions, causing a feeling of uneasiness to come over you. The more tense you become physically the tighter you become emotionally, and vice versa. The best way to free yourself from the effects of this circular response pattern is through the use of bodily action. Even before you get up to speak, move your fingers and your hands, wiggle your toes, start working off the excessive bodily tensions. When it is time for you to speak, move briskly to the appropriate place, swinging the arms freely as you walk. Before you actually start speaking, it may even be advisable to busy your hands for a few moments arranging your notes. Release the bodily tensions by physical action. Do not remain a slave to these tensions; free yourself.

It is a commonplace that action should aid in conveying the meaning of the speaker Suppose you are describing a rectangular ob ject whose dimensions are twelve by eighteen inches. A descriptive bit of hand action shows the shape and the approximate dimensions. When you state that an object is about five feet high, at the same time indicate the height. In telling a story, simulate the action of an individual, and show increased tension or excitement, at least in part, by the tension or physical set of your body. You may say at a certain point in the narrative that one of the characters was wringing his hands. Do so with your own hands. In argumentative speaking you may wish to drive home a good point; drive it home with action that serves to emphasize the idea. In practically all speaking situations bodily action can aid in conveying the meaning. And the test to apply to any and all bodily action is this: Does it aid in conveying your meaning?

One of the best ways to indicate a transition in thought is to change your position. Do not be content with a slight shuffle to one side; actually walk, taking several steps. Action helps not only to secure but also to direct the attention of your listeners.

Sometimes beginners have the notion that the way to improve their use of action is to apply mechanical exercises. Nothing could be further from the truth. Prearranged bodily activity—such as planning at certain points in a talk to move one or two steps to the right or left; to raise the right hand or thrust out the forefinger of the left hand; to look upward, out the window, or at the floor—is mechanical and meaningless. Such gestures are artificial; they do not spring from a genuine desire to communicate; they may actually become amusing to the audience.

Animation, one of the requisites of good ac-

tion, simply means showing signs of life. The speaker who employs good action has taken the first step in making a lively presentation. The sparkle of his eye, the way in which he walks, the alertness of his entire body—all say to the observer that this man is alive. Today we are all familiar with animated cartoons. An outstanding characteristic of these is action, movement; whatever else they may lack they do not want for animation. In speaking, it is better to err on the side of too much rather than of too little action and animation. Your instructor can easily apply what little restraint may be needed if your enthusiasm carries you beyond the bounds of good action, that is, if your bodily movements tend to draw attention from what you are saying to what you are doing. But you yourself should constantly remember that, as a speaker, you must be alert physically as well as mentally.

## A Final Note of Challenge

You have finished a brief study of the principles underlying good speaking and some suggestions for making those principles effective in practice. To apply them is important. But the application of the principles may not make you a good speaker. A good speaker, as T. V. Smith states in his definition of an educated man (page 12), is, first of all, one who, when he calls upon himself, finds somebody at home. Or, to paraphrase Emerson, one should strive to be not merely a good speaker, but a good man speaking effectively. In the final analysis, your speaking will be a reflection of your character.

This is a day of high specialization. Standards are prescribed for those engaged in every occupation or profession—barbers, plumbers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, engineers. One of the earliest professional codes originated about 2500 years ago when Hippocrates, a famous physician of ancient Greece, gave the medical profession an admirable code of ethics. To this date the Hippocratic oath, administered to those about to enter upon the practice of medicine, may be found in doctors' offices throughout the world. Citizens of a democracy, where speaking plays so large a part in molding public opinion, would no doubt profit greatly by some improved standards for public speakers. To this end, Professor Brigance [3] suggests that each person who wishes to make public addresses, after having passed a prescribed test, be certified to speak in public only after he has been required to take a Hippocratic oath for speakers, pledging that he will never speak in public unless he has prepared himself with something worth saying and has put it in a form that can be comprehended; that whenever he appears before an audience he will think of its welfare and not of his own pride; that he will not mumble or fidget or otherwise evade or shirk his duty; and that he will present his ideas with such sincerity, earnestness, and consideration for the audience that none can fail to hear or comprehend.

This is indeed a high ideal. You have begun its attainment. Your continued effort can help bring this ideal to full fruition in your experience as a speaker.

[3] For a full text of a Hippocratic oath for speakers, see William Norwood Brigance, *Speech Communication*, New York: F. S. Crofts & Co., 1947, p. 8.

## Postscript: Reading Aloud

In ancient and medieval times, when nearly everyone was illiterate, most instruction was given orally by the clergy, the scholar, or the minstrel. With the advent of printing, there was an immediate increase in literacy; and being able to read became, after a time, synonymous with being able to read silently. Today most reading is silent and private: students studying in their room; members of the family seated in the living room, each absorbed in his newspaper, magazine, or book; commuters riding on train or bus with their faces hidden by newspapers. Since for the past several years schools have emphasized the necessity of improving the speed and the comprehension of silent reading, little oral

reading is done in the public schools and even less in the colleges and universities.

And yet, oral reading has an increasingly important place in social and intellectual life. Many of you belong to one or more clubs whose work is largely done by committees. It may often fall to your lot to give the report for a committee; this report is usually written and read aloud to the larger group whose understanding of it will depend upon your ability to convey clearly the ideas expressed in the report. Some of you are or may become secretary of an organization. A good secretary takes accurate and adequate notes of the proceedings, writes them up in acceptable English, and reads them aloud to the members at the next meeting of the organization. It is also a duty of the secretary to read aloud the letters and other written communications that are sent to the organization. Some of you may be preparing for the teaching profession or the ministry, both of which require much oral reading. A few of you may become actors (professional or amateur), radio announcers, sportscasters, or news commentators—activities in which ability in oral reading is certainly of prime importance. Then there is the perennial experience of reading to children, from which the adult may derive a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction as he observes the joy of the child listener.

If you consider that at least two types of literature, drama and poetry, are written to be read aloud, you, as college students, will again be impressed with the importance of oral reading. The essence of the dramatic form is dialogue; the effect of poetry depends in no small measure on the merging of sound and sense. Only when the printed words have projected into them the sound of the reader's voice do they become alive and full of meaning. If you are to derive from literature the full degree of pleasure that is there, you must learn to read aloud with understanding and feeling. The effective oral reader blends thought, language, voice, and body into a harmonious whole.

The first step in becoming a good oral reader is to get beyond the word-recognition and word-calling stage. When a child reads "I-see-the-cat" with equal time intervals between words and a sameness of pitch, he is failing to read ideas. Similarly the college student who reads in a methodical manner "Four-score-and-seven-years-ago" is still performing on an elementary reading level. Ideas are usually expressed by word groups, not by words used singly. Even the group of words "Four score and seven years ago" expresses one idea which is part of a much larger and more important idea expressed in these words of President Lincoln, "Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." When read as a group, these words express a complete idea.

The second step in improving oral reading is to increase your knowledge of the meaning of words. While it is true that frequently you can guess the meaning of a word from its context, this does not necessarily follow. In the sentence "He is an expert in ballistics," if you think that *ballistics* is related to *ballet* or *ball,* you have completely missed the meaning. In the sentence "He is skilled in histrionics," if you associate *histrionics* with *history,* you have likewise failed to comprehend the meaning expressed. Again in the sentence "He is an indefatigable worker," knowing what the *indefatigable* means gives the key to the idea.

In addition to knowing the meaning of words, you must know how to pronounce them. Hesitating, stumbling, struggling over the pronunciation indicate not only lack of preparation but also the level of the reader's education. If in the last sentence in the preceding paragraph the word "indefatigable" is pronounced *"in-de-fa-tīg'a-ble,"* the result would probably be a supercilious smile or a look of pained embarrassment on the part of the informed listener. At times shifting the accent in a word from one syllable to another may so change the sound of the word that it becomes ludicrous or even unrecognizable; for example, *su-per-flu'ous* for *su-per'flu-ous, dis-cip'line* for *dis'ci-pline, om-ni-po'tence* for *om-nip'o-tence.* Mispronunciations embarrass the reader and confuse or amuse the listener.

In oral reading it is important to realize that the idea conveyed depends upon the word stressed. The meaning of "I am telling

you to go," for example, will vary as the stress shifts from one word to another.

*I* am telling you to go. (I, no one else)
I *am* telling you to go. (No doubt about it)
I am *telling* you to go. (Not writing or telegraphing)
I am telling *you* to go. (You, not the others)
I am telling you to *go*. (Don't delay, don't argue)

A similar technique in improving oral reading is to make important words or ideas stand out by pausing before we speak them. For example, in *Hamlet* the old man Polonius in the course of advising his son Laertes, who is about to go on a journey, closes with these words,

> This above all: to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

The punctuation and the sense of the selection indicate that a pause at the colon will serve to give the added emphasis needed to the ideas that are to follow. Similarly a pause after "true" gives the preceding idea a better chance to impress itself upon the hearer. At times a pause accompanied by a lowering of the pitch of the voice may serve to indicate that the material read is subordinate or incidental. In the sentence "The owner of the car, Gordon—whose first name I have forgotten, and it is unimportant anyway—reported the accident to the policeman," the reading of the portion set off by dashes with a lowered pitch of the voice indicates that it is parenthetical and not a necessary part of the main thought.

A word of caution is needed, however: vocal techniques are not to be applied mechanically; the idea to be expressed must always be the governing factor. The reader thinks the author's thought and re-creates the idea in its intellectual setting as he reads the material aloud. Therefore the reader must, at the outset, determine the mood or the spirit of the selection. Lincoln's "Second Inaugural Address" was given at a sobering time in American history; the occasion was serious, solemn, dignified, and the thought expressed, as is evident from the concluding paragraphs, grips one with its undertone of dedication and devotion.

> Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."
>
> With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

For a marked contrast in mood to this address consider this passage from Mark Twain's speech on "New England Weather."

> Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it, you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling-pot, and ten to one you get drowned. You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know, you get struck by lightning.
>
> These are great disappointments. But they can't be helped. The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing! When it strikes a thing, it doesn't leave enough of that thing behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable, and a Congressman had been there.
>
> And the thunder. When the thunder commences to merely tune up, and scrape, and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say: "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins you'll find that stranger down in the cellar, with his head in the ash-barrel.

It is also desirable when reading aloud to show changes in mood or character, usually indicated by bodily sets and vocal variations. This is particularly applicable in the case of dialogue. The speakers are different, have in-

dividual characteristics, ideas, ideals, mentalities, and emotions. The speech of the easy-going, slow-thinking person necessitates a reading manner that suggests this type. The reader would indicate this by relaxation in his own body and voice. On the other hand, the speech of an alert, energetic, enthusiastic person calls for tension in the body and voice of the reader. Imagine, for instance, how each of the characters would speak his lines in the following excerpt from *The Male Animal*—Joe, a former all-American football player; Tommy, an English professor; Ed, an anti-Communist member of the Board of Trustees; Damon, Dean of the College—and observe how the meaning and the dramatic effect depend on the personalities and ideas as communicated through these lines.

JOE: Americanism is a fine thing.

TOMMY: Fine! But how would you define Americanism?

ED: Why—er—everybody knows what Americanism is. What do you believe in?

TOMMY: I believe that a college should be concerned with ideas. Not just your ideas or my ideas, but all ideas.

ED: (*Drowning him out*): No, sir! That's the *trouble*—too many ideas floating around— You put ideas of any kind into young people's heads, and the first thing you know, they start believing them.

DAMON: (*Coming down, at Joe*): On the contrary. I have been putting ideas into young people's heads for forty-two years with no (*Twinkles slyly at Joe.*)—visible—results whatever.

(*There is a dubious laugh from Ed and Joe until Joe gets Damon's meaning.*)

BLANCHE: Come, Frederick. Good night, Ellen! Lovely party! (*She bustles Damon out up left.*)

A final suggestion for improving oral reading is to observe the explicit cues that the author gives in descriptive words that precede the speech of a character: such words and phrases as "hesitatingly," "after a long pause," "speaking rapidly," "whispering," "with words tumbling over one another," "screaming," "angrily," "sympathetically," "belligerently," "softly," "soothingly," "pompously," "precisely," "puffing like a locomotive." Note, for example, how, in the following passages from *Huckleberry Finn,* body and voice cues are given to the reader.

"Why he . . ." I stopped. I reckoned I better keep still. She run on, and never noticed I had put in at all.

Then she took off the hank and looked me straight in the face, but very pleasant, and says:

"Come, now—what's your real name?"

He set there a-mumbling and a-growling a minute and then he says—"Ain't you a sweet-scented dandy, though?"

The duke had to learn him over and over again, how to say every speech; and he made him sigh, and put his hand on his heart, and after a while he said he done it pretty well; "only," he says, "you mustn't bellow out *Romeo!* that way, like a bull—you must say it soft and sick, and languishy, so—R-o-o-meo! that is the idea. . . ."

Mary Jane straightened herself up, and my, but she was handsome! she says: "*Here* is my answer: She hove up the bag of money and put it in the king's hand. . . ."

Sometimes, on the other hand, the cues are only implied in the dialogue itself. In *Hamlet,* Act III, Scene 2, though there are no explicit cues given, one can tell exactly how Shakespeare intended the lines to be read.

HAMLET. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I could have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant. It out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

FIRST PLAYER. I warrant your honour.

HAMLET. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature. For anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the

censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

And in poetry, of course, there are seldom any explicit directions as to how the lines should be read, but there are two general principles which the reader may find helpful to keep in mind: observe the punctuation marks, perhaps even more closely than in prose, and be governed by the sense of the poetry regardless of the break in the lines. Note, for instance, that observing these principles as one reads the first stanza of Robert Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" facilitates an understanding of these quiet lines.

> Whose woods these are I think I know.
> His house is in the village though;
> He will not see me stopping here
> To watch his woods fill up with snow.

And, in the following stanza of Alfred Noyes's "The Highwayman," the reader need only to consider the content of the lines to recognize their effective onomatopoeia and telling rhythm. These qualities, if such a stanza is read properly, in turn intensify the excitement and suspense of the passage.

> Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,
> And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;
> He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
> But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
> Bess, the landlord's daughter,
> Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

Thus far some of the basic principles in oral reading have been considered and some points on preparing to read aloud have been given. When reading aloud you will doubtlessly be more effective if you can put some or all of the following practical techniques into use:

1. Relax but be sufficiently alert to give the appearance of confidence in yourself and of interest in what you are doing.

2. Face your hearers squarely with the weight of your body about equally distributed on both feet, hips level, chest up.

3. If there is a speaker's stand, place the material to be read on it. If not, hold the book in both hands at a comfortable distance from your eyes. Do not hold the book so that it obstructs the eye level contact you have with the audience.

4. Read in a manner that is genuinely communicative. Get the sense of the selection across to the listener. Read with enough volume to be easily heard. Look up occasionally from the printed page.

5. Observe the punctuation marks, which are guides to the sense of the selection.

6. When reading the words of a character do not be afraid to "let yourself go" a little; suggest the individual with bodily set, possibly gesture, certainly facial expression and voice.

*Part Five*

# Harbrace College Handbook

THIRD EDITION

BY JOHN C. HODGES, *The University of Tennessee*

IN CONSULTATION WITH FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY, *Fordham University*

# TO THE INSTRUCTOR

THE *Harbrace College Handbook* is both a guide for the individual writer and a text for use in class. It presents the subject matter in a readily usable form, and thus lightens the instructor's task of reading student papers.

**Numbers.** The book contains only thirty-five major sections. To determine the sections actually needed, and consequently the numbers to appear in the correction chart, twenty thousand freshman papers were tabulated according to the corrections marked by sixteen instructors, who represent such widely scattered parts of the country as Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, Colorado, North Carolina, Florida, Texas, and California.

Although the major principles (numbers) of the correction chart are few, they include everything to which instructors commonly refer in marking student papers. Other principles less frequently used have not been overlooked. They are subordinated logically to the thirty-five major principles and may be found readily by reference to the detailed Index. If an instructor wishes to have any of these conveniently before him, he may add them in the blanks provided on the chart inside the back cover. Both major and subordinate numbers are shown in the detailed table of contents that follows.

**Symbols.** Instead of the simplified list of numbers, the instructor may, if he prefers, use the corresponding symbols. Most of these symbols are well known to English teachers; they are entered on the back endpaper chart.

**General Plan.** The sections on "Sentence Sense" (1) and "Grammatical Terms" (35) are general sections. The former may be used, whenever needed, as an introduction to the other sections; the latter should be used throughout as a glossary of terms. For correction of specific errors, students will normally be referred to Sections 2-34.

**Drill Materials.** Exercises are provided both for the major sections and for many subsections. Many of these exercises consist of lively paragraphs instead of conventional groups of unrelated sentences. Many other exercises are of a positive type, in which the student is asked not to correct errors but to compose good sentences to illustrate the principle involved.

**Contemporary Usage.** This Third Edition of the *Harbrace Handbook* is a thorough revision. It seeks especially to take full account of the normal usage of cultivated speakers and writers at the opening of the second half of our century, as determined by recent linguistic scholarship and current speech and literature.

**Acknowledgments.** Among the many persons who have helped in one way or another to make this handbook more effectively usable, the author wishes to thank Professors A. J. Bryan (Louisiana State), F. E. Bowman (Duke), Edward F. Chapman (Utah), Phil S. Grant (California), D. W. Hendrickson (Western Maryland), William C. Hildreth (Ohio State), Jane S. Lawson and the Freshman Staff (Washington), A. G. D. Wiles (The Citadel), and Robert Daniel, Kenneth Knickerbocker, Alwin Thaler, and the Freshman Staff (Tennessee). For important contributions to Section 33, the author is grateful to Mr. Billy James Williamson (Harvard) and Mr. Charles R. Woodard (Tennessee).

Finally, the author is particularly indebted to Professor Francis X. Connolly (Fordham), who has provided the bulk of the drill materials and has made fine contributions to Sections 19-32, especially to Section 20.

J.C.H.

# TO THE STUDENT

**Numbers or Symbols.** A number or a symbol written in the margin of your paper indicates an error and calls for a correction. If a number is used, turn directly to the corresponding boldface number at the top of the page in the handbook. If a symbol is used, first consult the alphabetical list of symbols inside the back cover to find the number to which you should turn.

**Ordinary References.** The ordinary reference will be to the boldface number or symbol standing at the head of one of the thirty-five sections of the handbook. Study the section to which you are referred—the whole of the section if necessary—until you understand thoroughly the correction that should be made. The statement in large boldface at the beginning of each section covers the section as a whole. Usually you will need more specific information, found somewhere within the section, to correct your error. An *ex* written by your instructor after a number or symbol calls also for the writing out of the appropriate exercise.

**Specific References.** Whenever your instructor wishes to refer you to a specific part of a section, he will add the appropriate letter to the boldface number or symbol.

EXAMPLES **2c** (*or* **frag-c**), **18b** (*or* **sp-b**), **28d** (*or* **ref-d**).

**General References.** Sometimes your instructor may give you a very general reference from which you are to determine and correct your error. For example, the symbol **gr** will refer you to the whole division on GRAMMAR, including Sections **1-7**; the symbol **m** to the division on MECHANICS, Sections **8-11**; the symbol **p** to the division on PUNCTUATION, Sections **12-17**; and so forth. An obvious error may be called to your attention by the symbol **x**, and general awkwardness by the symbol **k**.

**Diagraming.** To supplement the explanations, simple diagrams are used throughout the handbook. These diagrams are often limited to parts of sentences—in order to concentrate your attention on the immediate problem and to prevent your becoming more interested in complicated lines than in grammatical relationships.

**Additional Help.** Some of the principles treated in English handbooks can be mastered only by students who understand the fundamentals of the sentence. A well-developed "sentence sense" is especially helpful in the mastery of Sections **2** (Sentence Fragment), **3** (Comma Splice), **4** (Adjectives and Adverbs), **6** (Agreement), **12** (The Comma), **14** (The Semicolon), **21** (Wordiness), **23** (Unity), **24** (Subordination), **25** (Coherence), **26** (Parallelism), and **30** (Variety). If you have difficulty in understanding these sections, you should first master the fundamentals of the sentence treated in Section **1** (Sentence Sense), and then turn again to the principle immediately involved. If you fail to understand any term of grammar used in the handbook, consult the alphabetical list in Section **35** (Grammatical Terms).

**Revision.** After you have mastered the principle underlying the correction of each error, you should make careful revision in the manner prescribed by your instructor. One method of revision is explained in Section **8** (Manuscript Form and Revision), pages 821-822.

**Exercises.** The exercises are to be written out on paper, not marked in the book.

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# GRAMMAR

## SENTENCE SENSE

### 1. Master the essentials of the sentence as an aid to effective writing and intelligent reading.

Mastery of sentence sense—a recognition of what *makes* a sentence, and of the proper relationships between its several parts—is your key to good writing and reading. Lack of sentence sense means that you are unable to communicate your own thoughts and are also locked outside the thoughts of intelligent men and women. If you have sentence sense you will have, or can readily acquire, a mastery of the elements that make up a sentence; that is, you will be able to arrange nouns, verbs, and modifiers in proper order to express your ideas.

Sentence sense is prerequisite to the intelligent use of this handbook, especially Sections **2** (Sentence Fragment), **3** (Comma Splice), **4** (Adjectives and Adverbs), **6** (Agreement), **12** (The Comma), **14** (The Semicolon), **21** (Wordiness), **23** (Unity), **24** (Subordination), **25** (Coherence), **26** (Parallelism), and **30** (Variety).

The student who lacks a well-developed sentence sense will find it difficult to recognize and to avoid the sentence fragment—that is, the failure to complete a thought. He will be prone to make comma splices—that is, to link main clauses with only a comma between them—simply because he cannot recognize main clauses (see *Caution,* page 801); to make errors in agreement because he cannot determine the verbs and associate them with their subjects; to misuse the comma because he lacks the ability to distinguish such parts of the sentence as main and subordinate clauses, adverbial clauses, adjective clauses, compound predicates, and phrases. Once he has learned how to analyze his sentences he can make them more effective by applying the principles underlying unity, subordination, coherence, parallelism, and sentence variety. Any student who does not understand the usual and normal construction of the sentence should develop his sentence sense and then study anew the sections of the handbook concerned with his particular difficulties.

#### 1a. Learn to recognize verbs.

The verb ("He *ran* fast"; "you *are* late") is the heart of the sentence. Without a verb any group of words ("after a while"; "the day being now almost over") is only a sentence fragment. Verbs are action words; they indicate a state of being or assert something. They are used (1) in making a statement, (2) in asking a question, or (3) in giving a command.

1. The rain *falls* gently.
2. *Are* you happy?
3. *Walk* carefully.

The verb may consist of one word (as in the three sentences above) or of a cluster of two, three, or four words.

1. The man *will work* faithfully.
2. The man *has been working* faithfully.
3. The man *should have been working* faithfully.

The words that make up a verb cluster are often separated.

1. It *is* not *raining.*
2. It *will* almost certainly *rain* tomorrow.

A verb may be combined with *not,* or with a contraction of *not.* In such combinations the *not,* or the contraction of *not,* is no part of the verb.

1. He *can*not *go.*
2. He *can't go.*
3. It *isn't* cold.
4. He *does*n't *know.*

The student who can find the verb (or verb cluster) and can separate it from other elements has gone a long way toward acquiring sentence sense.

◈ EXERCISE 1. For each of the following sentences supply an appropriate verb (or verb cluster). Then compose five sentences of your own and underscore each verb (or verb cluster).

1. The chairman —— the meeting to order. 2. Then the minutes of the last meeting —— —— by the secretary. 3. The secretary also —— minutes from an earlier meeting that —— —— —— —— months before. 4. Some members —— not —— the secretary's tardiness. 5. "We ——n't —— our secretary," —— the chairman.

◈ EXERCISE 2. Underscore the twelve verbs and the six verb clusters in the following sentences.

1. Legislation against discrimination in public housing was passed by the Senate today. 2. The bill now goes to the assembly. 3. The bill defines discrimination as "the selection of tenants for public housing because of race, creed, or national origin." 4. The bill was introduced by Senator William Brattle, who said that his chauffeur had been refused tenancy in the Thomas Jefferson Community Housing Project in this city. 5. Although there was no strong opposition to the bill, the vote was cast on party lines. 6. The majority party approved the measure unanimously. 7. The opposition party unanimously voted no. 8. Minority leader Emerson Ewing, however, explained that his party had not voted against the bill on principle but preferred another and better solution of the problem. 9. The governor promised that he would sign the bill as soon as it came to his desk. 10. "It is a nonpolitical issue," he said.

◈ EXERCISE 3. Underscore all verbs (or verb clusters) in the following sentences.

1. Saul M. Sternberg, a senior student at the high school, has just been awarded the Westinghouse Grand Science Scholarship. 2. Saul won the first prize for a report "on the measurement of the tracks of helium atoms across a photographic plate." 3. The project, Saul said, led to problems "which I hope I can solve." 4. The sixteen-year-old scientist plans a career as a theoretical physicist. 5. He said that his progress thus far could be explained by his constant research and the sympathy of his parents. 6. A cousin suggested the idea for his project. 7. He was assisted in his work by Washington University in St. Louis. 8. Saul sent his photographic plates, which had been impregnated with boron, to the University. 9. There they were bombarded with neutrons in the University's atom-smasher. 10. The names of forty other scholarship winners were also announced by the Westinghouse Educational Foundation.

*Note:* Ask a competent person to check the accuracy of your spotting of verbs. If you can mark the verbs accurately, you are ready to take up the next exercises. If not, mark verbs in other lists of sentences and get assistance in checking the accuracy of your work.

***Caution:* Do not confuse verbs and verbals.**

Infinitives, participles, and gerunds[1] are called verbals. They are derived from verbs, but they are not verbs—because, unlike verbs, they cannot make a statement, ask a question, or give a command. In the sentences below, the verbs are in *italics* and the verbals are in **boldface.**

INFINITIVES (nouns derived from verbs)

1. I *hope* **to go.**
2. **To go** *is* easier than **to stay.**
3. I *hope* **to be selected** as the person **to go.**

PARTICIPLES (adjectives derived from verbs)

1. The **whistling** wind *died* down.
2. The officer *stopped* the **speeding** car.
3. The **loaded** wagon *overturned.*
4. **Having completed** the work, the laborer *departed.*
5. **Having been detected,** the thief *fled.*

GERUNDS (nouns derived from verbs)

1. **Walking** *is* good exercise.
2. He *enjoys* **walking.**
3. By **walking** home he *saved* money.

◈ EXERCISE 4. Underscore each verb (or verb cluster) with a straight line, each verbal with a wavy line.

1. Driving his oxen in the face of the dust storm was a wearying task. 2. He kept his face buried in his scarf, his eyes closed. 3. Stumbling, he almost fell. 4. "Keep going," he said to himself. 5. His wife called from the wagon, her voice muffled by the roaring storm and the flapping of the canvas. 6. Finally he made out what she was saying. 7. "Don't you think we ought to stop?" she said. 8.

[1] If you do not know the meaning of such grammatical terms, consult the alphabetical list in Section **35, Grammatical Terms.**

"No," he shouted back. 9. There would be time to stop when they reached water, when he could do something for the stumbling oxen, whose anguished bellowing seemed to reproach him. 10. He hoped then to rest, to sleep, for months, if possible.

◈ EXERCISE 5. Underscore each verb (or verb cluster) with a straight line, each verbal with a wavy line.

1. Every student should remember to take physical exercise frequently. 2. Exercise is essential to physical well-being. 3. And physical well-being is a necessary condition for studying. 4. The student who is always tired, who is forcing himself to stay awake in class, or who drowses over his reading might well ask himself whether he is getting enough exercise. 5. If you can't compete in a varsity squad, or participate in intramural sports, find some other convenient way to get physical recreation. 6. The gymnasium offers you calisthenics, handball, swimming, boxing, and many other opportunities for exercise. 7. You will enjoy walking. 8. Don't think of your legs as you do of a vermiform appendix. 9. Legs are still meant to be used. 10. Once you start moving your legs, your arms will start swinging, your heart will pump faster, and before you know it you will feel toned up, even exhilarated.

*Note:* Ask a competent person to check your accuracy in marking verbs and verbals. If necessary, mark verbs and verbals in other lists of sentences or in continuous passages. Do not study further in this section until you can identify verbs readily and can distinguish them from verbals.

### 1b. Learn how to find the subjects of verbs.

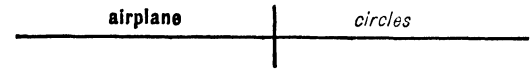
*A sentence is a group of words that contains a subject and its verb*[2] *and expresses a complete thought.* Every verb has its subject, that part of the sentence about which the verb asserts something. This subject may be a noun, a pronoun, or some word or group of words functioning as a noun. In each of the following sentences the verb is italicized; the subject is in boldface.

1. **Birds** *fly.* [The subject is a noun.]
2. **Airplanes** *are flown.* [The subject is a noun.]
3. **He** *is* old. [The subject is a pronoun.]
4. **Walking** *is* good exercise. [The subject is a gerund.]

[2] The verb is also called the *predicate.* See *Predicate* in Section **35, Grammatical Terms.**

5. **To walk** *is* good exercise. [The subject is an infinitive.]
6. **That he was hungry** *was* evident. [The subject is a noun clause.]
7. There *were* good **reasons** for his promotion. [The extra word, or expletive, *there* anticipates the real subject *reasons.*]
8. The **airplane,** having reached Miami after a long flight from South America, *circles* the city before landing at the airport. [The subject is separated from its verb.]

No matter how long or how involved the sentence is, the subject can readily be found —if the verb has first been recognized. Simply ask, in connection with the verb, "Who or what?" In the sentence listed above, who or what *circles?* The airplane *circles.* It is sometimes helpful to diagram the subject and its verb by placing the two on a horizontal line and separating them by a vertical line, thus:




Any student who can bring the subject and verb together in this way should have little trouble in making the two "agree" (see Section 6); for example, **airplane** *circles,* **airplanes** *circle.*

*Caution in regard to subjects:* In commands the subject is usually not expressed.

1. *Go* into the house. [The subject **You** is understood.]
2. *Open* the door. [The subject **You** is understood.]
3. *Mind* your own business. [The subject **You** is understood.]
4. You *mind* your own business. [The subject **You** is used for emphasis.]

The subject of an interrogative sentence is more readily located when the sentence is recast in the form of a statement.

*Has* the **last** of the deserters *surrendered?* [The **last** of the deserters *has surrendered.*]

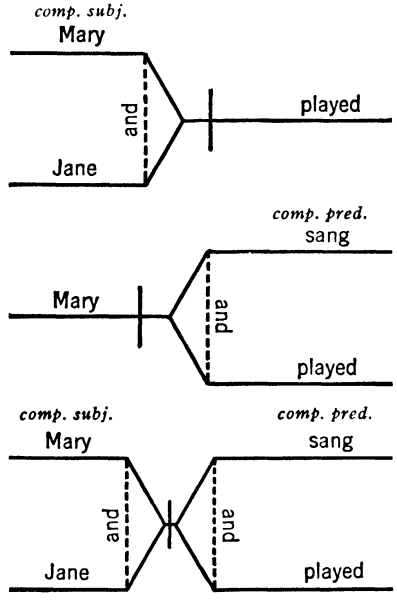
◈ EXERCISE 6a. Underscore each verb (or verb cluster) once, each subject twice.

1. Henry drove into the gas station. 2. He honked his horn to attract the attendant. 3. "Shall I fill her up?" asked the attendant. 4. Henry nodded assent. 5. He watched the fuel gauge flutter from empty to full. 6. The gasoline pump stopped whirring. 7. "Shall I check your oil and water?" 8. The attendant grinned at him through the windshield. 9. He lifted up the hood and,

after fussing with the oil stick and radiator cap, he snapped back the hood. 10. "You don't need any oil or water, but your carburetor is leaking and the points need cleaning." 11. Henry, anxious to get home, waved a five-dollar bill as a signal that he would take up the question of major repairs at some other time. 12. Having pocketed the change, he started the engine, stepped on the gas, and was soon rounding the corner on two wheels.

◈ EXERCISE 6b. Compose ten complete sentences and underscore each verb or verb cluster once and each subject twice.

A sentence may have a compound subject (**Mary** and **Jane** *played*), a compound predicate (**Mary** *sang* and *played*), or both compound subject and compound predicate (**Mary** and **Jane** *sang* and *played*).




◈ EXERCISE 7. Diagram the subject and predicate in each of the following sentences. Note that some of the subjects and predicates are compound.

1. Looking out from the attic window, Jim and Ben could see the cattle grazing on the range and hear the bleating of the calves. 2. There were two herds, one of Herefords and one of Angus. 3. Was anything more beautiful than such a sight on a clear, spring morning? 4. Jim opened the window and sniffed the air. 5. Quietly, joyfully his eyes embraced the scene, the woods on the left, the creek in the foreground, the range beyond, the corral and bunkhouse on the right. 6. He looked and thought. 7. A thing like this should last forever. 8. If not forever, then it should last for a very long time. 9. Home and the ranch meant a great deal to him that morning. 10. He counted it a golden moment, a golden day, to be treasured against the coming deficit of time.

## 1c. Learn to recognize all the parts of speech.[3]

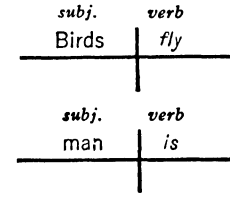
1. VERBS: receive, think, tell, has told, has been told
2, 3. NOUNS, PRONOUNS: man (he), Mary (she), book (it)
4. ADJECTIVES: happy, hot, rapid, fast
5. ADVERBS: happily, hotly, rapidly, fast
6. PREPOSITIONS: about, after, at, before, for, in, in spite of, of, since, to, with
7. CONJUNCTIONS: *Co-ordinating conjunctions* —and, but, for, or, nor *Subordinating conjunctions*--after, as, as long as, because, before, if, since, until, when, why
8. INTERJECTIONS: oh! whew! alas! bah!

### 1. VERBS

The *verb*—a word or word cluster that asserts action or state of being—is the most important of all the parts of speech. Since it is the very heart of the sentence, it should be mastered first of all. (See the detailed treatment at the beginning of this section.)

***Caution:* Make every verb agree in number with its subject.** (See also Section **6a.**)

Birds *fly*. The man *is* old.[4]




[3] For definitions of the various parts of speech, see Section **35.** Sometimes a word may be any one of several parts of speech, according to the function of the word in the sentence.

The *fast* train was late. [*Fast* used as an adjective.]
The train moved *fast*. [*Fast* used as an adverb.]
He left in March and has not returned *since*. [*Since* used as an adverb.]
Much has happened *since* your arrival. [*Since* used as a preposition.]
Much has happened *since* you arrived. [*Since* used as a conjunction.]

[4] Some words are intentionally omitted from the diagrams to throw the emphasis on the immediate problem.

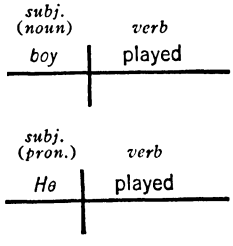
### 2, 3. NOUNS AND PRONOUNS

A *noun* is the name of a person, place, thing, quality, etc. A *pronoun* is a word used instead of a noun. Nouns and pronouns have many uses in the sentence. Most commonly they are used as (a) subjects of verbs, (b) objects of verbs, (c) predicate nominatives, and (d) objects of prepositions.

**Caution: Be careful to use the nominative case of pronouns for subjects of verbs and for predicate nominatives. Use the objective case for objects of verbs and objects of prepositions.** (See also Section 5.)

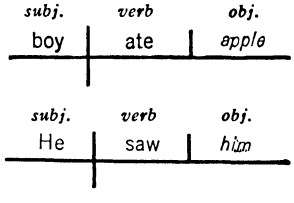
*(a) Subjects of Verbs:*

The *boy* played. *He* played.



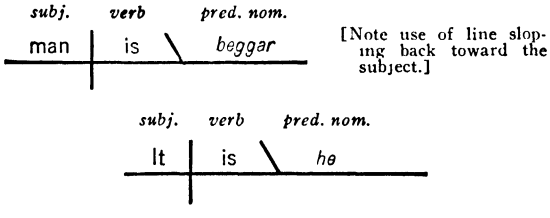

*(b) Objects of Verbs:*

The boy ate an *apple*. He saw *him*.



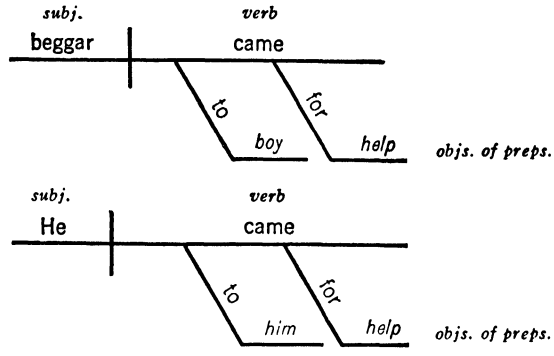

*(c) Predicate Nominatives:*

The man is a *beggar*. It is *he*.

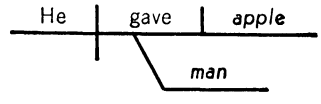



*(d) Objects of Prepositions:*

The beggar came to the *boy* for *help*.
He came to *him* for *help*.




*Note:* Some verbs may take both a direct object and an indirect object. "He gave the *man* (indirect object) an *apple* (direct object)." Since it is usually possible to substitute for the indirect object a prepositional phrase with *to*, the indirect object is diagramed as a prepositional phrase with *to* understood.




◈ EXERCISE 8. Underscore all verbs once and all nouns and pronouns twice. Then diagram enough of each sentence to show how the nouns and pronouns are used.

1. What does total diplomacy mean to us? 2. It is a new concept for many citizens. 3. The Secretary of State has clarified the matter in a statement from his office. 4. Total diplomacy is called a two-pronged policy. 5. One prong is purely defensive. 6. It points against aggression not only in the Near East and China but at any possible focus of aggression against us or against our allies. 7. The other prong is positive but not aggressive. 8. This second prong is the creation of "economic, political, social, and psychological conditions" necessary to the democratic way of life. 9. Obviously, the second element of our foreign policy depends upon the whole nation as well as upon the government. 10. Only the citizens, thoroughly and ardently united, can create the conditions essential to a democratic society, conditions that are acceptable to a free people and will thus make democracy successful.

### 4, 5. ADJECTIVES AND ADVERBS

*Adjectives* and *adverbs* are modifiers. That is, they make the meaning of the words they modify more precise or specific. Adjectives modify only nouns or pronouns. Adverbs

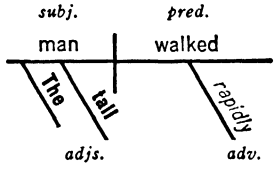
modify only verbs, adjectives, or other adverbs.

**Caution: Do not confuse adjectives and adverbs.**

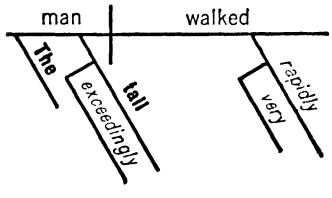
(Some words may be used either as adjectives or adverbs. See Section 4.) Do not allow a word which the dictionary lists only as an adjective to modify a verb, an adjective, or an adverb. Do not allow a word listed only as an adverb to modify a noun or a pronoun.

In the following sentences, adjectives are in boldface, adverbs in italics. In the diagrams the modifiers are attached to the words they modify: adjectives only to nouns or pronouns; adverbs only to verbs, adjectives, or other adverbs.

**The tall** man walked *rapidly.*

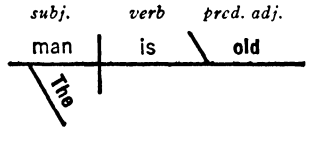



**The** *exceedingly* **tall** man walked *very rapidly.*



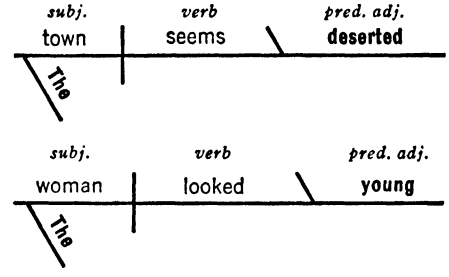

A *predicate adjective* helps to complete the meaning of the verb and, at the same time, to describe or modify the subject. (In the diagrams such an adjective is not attached to the subject but is diagramed like a predicate nominative.)

**The** man is **old.**



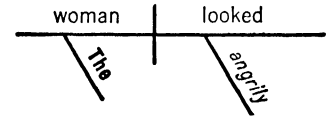

As a rule a predicate adjective, rather than an adverb, follows *is, was, were, seems, becomes,* and the verbs pertaining to the senses (*feel, look, smell, sound, taste*) because the subject rather than the verb is modified.

**The** town seems **deserted. The** woman looked **young.**




But the adverb (not the predicate adjective) is used when the modifier refers to the verb. (See also Section 4b.)

**The** woman looked *angrily* at him.




◈ EXERCISE 9. Diagram the sentences in Exercise 8, attaching each adjective or adverb to the word it modifies.

◈ EXERCISE 10a. In some of the following sentences a word approved by the dictionary only as an adjective is wrongly made to modify a verb, an adjective, or an adverb. A word listed only as an adverb should not be made to modify a noun or pronoun. Look up questionable words in the dictionary and rewrite each incorrect sentence. Write *C* in place of each correct sentence.

1. The roses smell sweetly.
2. Do not fail to be promptly at the theater.
3. He sings real well at times.
4. Did you sleep good last night?
5. The sun shines hot in Carolina.
6. Performing perfect, the colt rounded the far turn.
7. I feel good after an eight-hour sleep.
8. I now introduce our sometime president, our onetime secretary, our all-the-time good friend, popular Calvin Sweeney.
9. Silent flows the river.
10. Look carefully, listen well, proceed cautious.

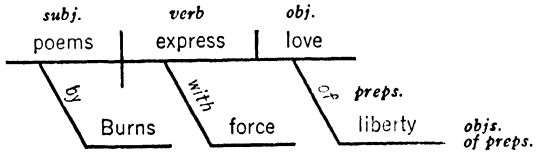
◈ EXERCISE 10b. Compose and diagram sentences to illustrate an adjective modifying the subject, a predicate adjective, an adverb modifying a verb, an adverb modifying an adjective, and an adverb modifying another adverb.

### 6. PREPOSITIONS

A *preposition* is a word used with a noun or pronoun to show its relation to some other word in the sentence. The noun or pronoun is said to be the object of the preposition. Among the common prepositions are *across, after, as, at, before, between, by, for, from, in, of, on, over, to, under, up, with.*

**Caution: Select prepositions carefully to express the exact relation between the object of the preposition and the word modified by the prepositional phrase.**

The poems *by* Burns express *with* great force his love *of* liberty.




*Note:* The preposition may follow, rather than precede, the noun or pronoun, and appear at the end of the sentence. At times a sentence is most idiomatic or emphatic with the preposition at the end.

UNNATURAL *For* what are you waiting?
NATURAL What are you waiting *for?*
NATURAL We live *by* faith.
NATURAL (*and more emphatic*) Faith is what we live *by.*

◈ EXERCISE 11. Compose ten sentences to illustrate the proper use of ten different prepositions from the list given above.

### 7. CONJUNCTIONS

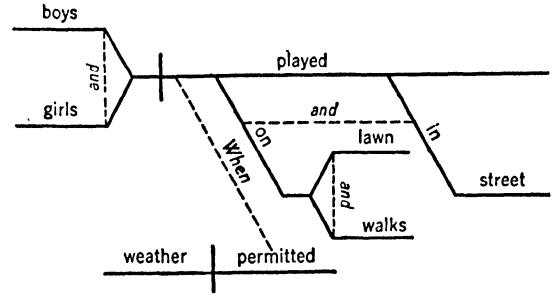
A *conjunction* is a word used to connect words, phrases, or clauses. The *co-ordinating conjunctions* (*and, but, or, nor, for*) connect words, phrases, or clauses of equal rank.[5] The *subordinating conjunctions* (such as *after, because, if, since, till, when, where, while*) connect subordinate clauses with main clauses.

**Caution: Select conjunctions carefully to express the exact meaning.** Use as conjunctions only the words so designated by a good dictionary. (See also Sections 19 and 20.)

In diagrams, conjunctions are usually placed on broken lines drawn between the parts connected by the conjunction.

[5] *Yet* may be used as a co-ordinating conjunction equivalent to *but.*

*When* the weather permitted, boys *and* girls played on the lawn *and* walks *and* even in the street.

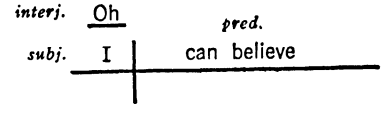



◈ EXERCISE 12. List all conjunctions used in Exercise 8. Diagram each sentence in which a conjunction appears.

### 8. INTERJECTIONS

An *interjection* is a word expressing emotion; it has no grammatical relation to other words in the sentence. If the emotion is strong, the interjection may be followed by an exclamation point; otherwise it is normally followed by a comma. In diagrams the interjection is set off by itself to indicate its grammatical independence of the rest of the sentence.

*Oh,* I can hardly believe it.




## 1d. Learn to recognize phrases.

A *phrase* is any group of related words which has no subject and verb, and is used as a single part of speech. If the phrase modifies a noun or pronoun, it is an *adjective phrase.* If it modifies a verb, it is an *adverb phrase.* If it is used as a noun, it is a *noun phrase.* (A verb cluster is sometimes called a *verb phrase.*)

**Caution: A phrase cannot stand by itself as a sentence.** (See also Section 2.)

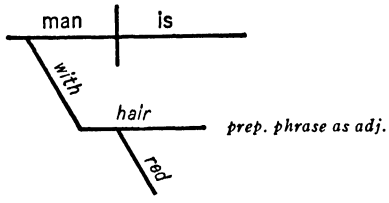
Some of the commonest types of phrases are built around (1) prepositions, (2) participles, (3) gerunds, and (4) infinitives.

### 1. PREPOSITIONAL PHRASES

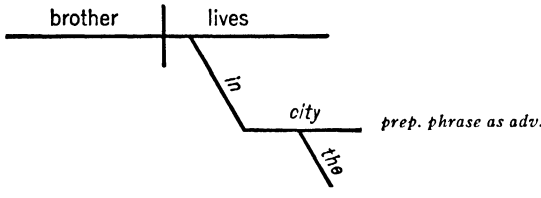
Phrases built around prepositions, the commonest of all phrases, are used as adjectives,

adverbs, or nouns. Be careful not to confuse a prepositional phrase introduced by *to* with an infinitive phrase. (See 1d 4.)

The man *with red hair* is my brother.




My brother lives *in the city.*



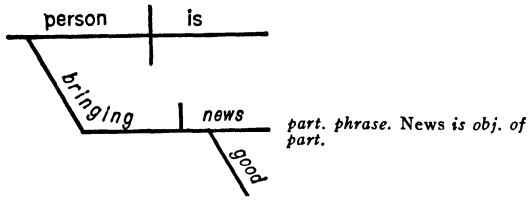

*Over the fence* is out of bounds. [Prepositional phrase used as a noun.]

◈ EXERCISE 13. Identify all prepositional phrases in Exercise 8. Determine which phrases are used as adjectives and which as adverbs. Compose and diagram three sentences containing prepositional adjective phrases and three containing prepositional adverb phrases.

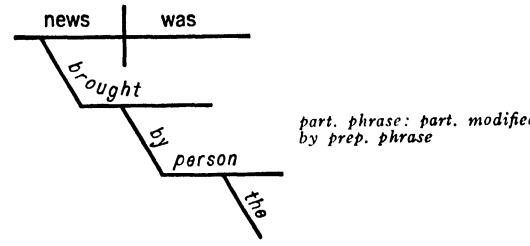
### 2. PARTICIPIAL PHRASES

A *participle* is derived from the verb and is used as an adjective. Therefore a participial phrase is always an adjective phrase. In tense, participles are either present (*bringing, hoping, leaving*) or past (*brought, hoped, left*) or perfect (*having brought, having hoped, having left*).

A person *bringing good news* is always welcome.



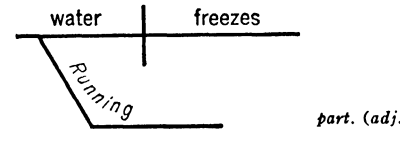

The good news *brought by the person* was welcome.



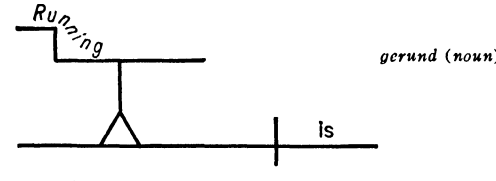

### 3. GERUND PHRASES

A *gerund* is derived from a verb and is used as a noun. Therefore a phrase built around a gerund is always a noun phrase. Since the gerund ends in *-ing*, it is called "the verbal noun in *-ing*." But the present participle (an adjective) also ends in *-ing*, and therefore the gerund can be distinguished from the present participle only by its use in the sentence. If the verbal in *-ing* is used as a noun, it is a gerund; if it is used as an adjective (that is, if it modifies a noun or a pronoun), it is a participle.

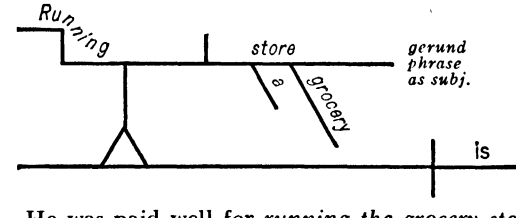
*Running* water seldom freezes.



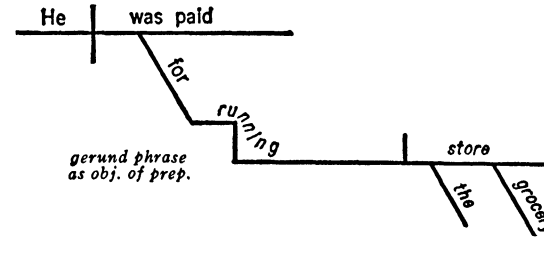

*Running* is good exercise.




*Running a grocery store* is sometimes difficult.



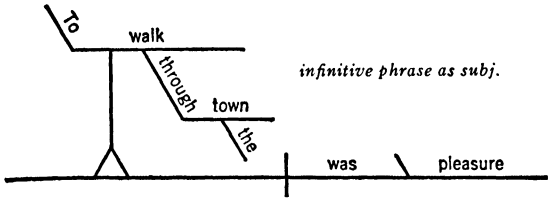

He was paid well for *running the grocery store.*



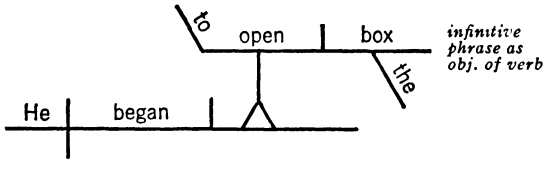
#### 4. INFINITIVE PHRASES

An *infinitive* is a verbal regularly preceded by *to* and used as a noun, an adjective, or an adverb. Phrases built around infinitives are likewise used as nouns, adjectives, or adverbs.

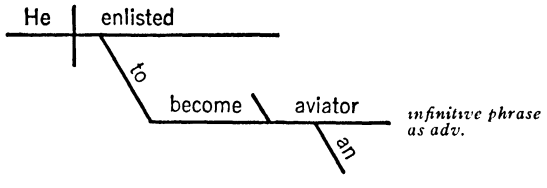
*To walk through the town* was a pleasure.




He began *to open the box.*




He enlisted *to become an aviator.*




◈ EXERCISE 14. Diagram the following sentences to show the uses of the participial, gerund, and infinitive phrases.

1. He wanted to become a Congressman. 2. Encouraged by his friends, he decided to announce his candidacy. 3. His one desire was to win. 4. He found electioneering thrilling, exciting, inspiring. 5. To speak before throngs assembled in large auditoriums was a challenge to his powers. 6. There was nothing like it for trying a man's mettle. 7. Having won the audience to his way of thinking, he often left them shouting with enthusiasm. 8. Campaigning became a real joy. 9. Success, working in him like wine, stimulated him to greater effort. 10. He was amply repaid for toiling over his books, for practicing oratory hour on hour.

### 1e. Learn to distinguish between subordinate clauses and main clauses.

Anyone who can point out verbs and their subjects can also point out clauses, for a clause is simply part of a sentence containing a verb and its subject. There are two kinds of clauses:

1. Subordinate (also called *dependent*) clauses.
2. Main (also called *independent* or *principal*) clauses.

#### 1. SUBORDINATE CLAUSES

A subordinate clause cannot stand alone. It depends upon the rest of the sentence for its meaning.

EXAMPLE *When it rains,* the work stops. [*When it rains* is a subordinate clause preceding the main clause. A sentence containing a main clause and one or more subordinate clauses is called a *complex sentence.*]

Subordinate clauses are used as adverbs (called *adverb clauses*), as adjectives (called *adjective clauses*), or as nouns (called *noun clauses*).

*(a) Adverb Clauses:*

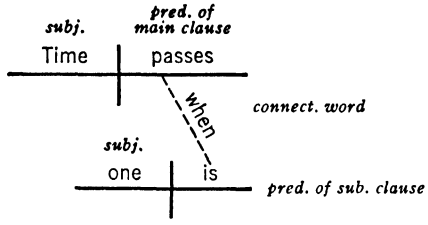
Any clause that modifies a verb is an adverb clause. In the following exercise, each subordinate clause modifies the verb of the main clause. Therefore the subordinate clause serves as an adverb and is called an *adverb clause.*

◈ EXERCISE 15. Bracket ([]) the adverb clause in each of the following sentences.

1. Time passes rapidly when one is busy.
2. While we are waiting, we might spend the time profitably in reading or conversation.
3. My roommate studied German because he planned to enter graduate school.
4. The professor should stop speaking as soon as the bell rings.
5. If the people make their wishes known, the bill will be passed.
6. Whenever war strikes one nation, all nations suffer.
7. The new members need not come to the next business meeting unless they are called.
8. Since you cannot go, I will stay with you.

Note the connecting words (conjunctions) used in these eight sentences to relate the adverb clause to the main clause: *when, while, because, as soon as, if, whenever, unless,* and *since.* Other subordinating conjunctions commonly used to introduce adverb clauses are *after, although, as, before, than, though,* and *till.*

◈ EXERCISE 16. Diagram the sentences in Exercise 15, thus:




◈ EXERCISE 17. Compose five sentences containing adverb clauses. Use subordinating conjunctions not already used in Exercise 15.

**Caution: Do not misuse an adverb clause as a noun clause.**

WRONG Because he was sick was his only excuse.
RIGHT His sickness was his only excuse.
RIGHT The fact that he was sick was his only excuse.

### (b) *Adjective Clauses:*

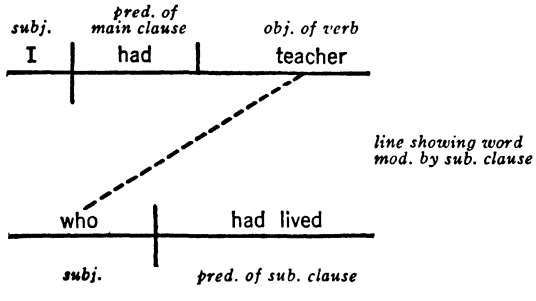
Any clause that modifies a noun or a pronoun is an adjective clause.

Each subordinate clause in the following exercise modifies a noun. In other words, it serves as an adjective. Therefore it is called an *adjective clause.* Adjective clauses are frequently introduced by the relative pronouns *who, which,* or *that.* The relative pronoun often serves as the subject of the subordinate clause.

◈ EXERCISE 18. Bracket the adjective clause in each of the following sentences.

1. I had a teacher who had once lived in Denmark.
2. The honor that is earned is never embarrassing.
3. My neighbor, who is my mother-in-law, furnishes more protection than the police.
4. Can you recommend a restaurant which is open at all hours?
5. This book contains the information that you need.

◈ EXERCISE 19. Diagram the sentences in Exercise 18, thus:




◈ EXERCISE 20. Compose five sentences containing adjective clauses.

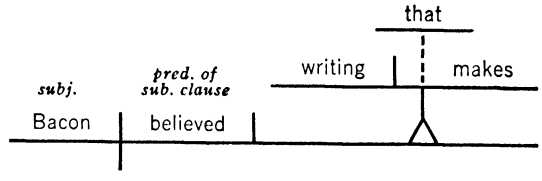
### (c) *Noun Clauses:*

A clause used as subject, or object, or in any other capacity as a noun, is a noun clause.

◈ EXERCISE 21. Bracket the noun clause in each of the following sentences and explain its use in the sentence.

1. Bacon believed that writing makes an exact man.
2. That we can if we will is a truth worth proving for ourselves.
3. I often wonder what *wonder* really means.
4. What concerned the government was the loss of tax income.
5. I do not know who first told the story.

◈ EXERCISE 22. Diagram the sentences in Exercise 21, thus:




◈ EXERCISE 23. Compose five sentences containing noun clauses.

**Caution: Do not write a subordinate clause as a sentence.**

Each of the sentences in Exercise 15 consists of one main clause and one subordinate clause. Each of the main clauses could stand by itself as a sentence. But any one of the subordinate clauses, if allowed to stand by itself, would be merely a sentence fragment. Let us take, for example, the first sentence in Exercise 15: "Time passes rapidly when one is busy." *Time passes rapidly* is a main clause with the subject *time* and the verb *passes.* This clause could stand by itself as a sentence. *When one is busy* has the subject *one* and the predicate *is,* but this clause cannot stand alone as a sentence because it is introduced by the subordinating conjunction *when* and thus merely qualifies the action in the main clause. (See also Section 2.)

#### 2. MAIN CLAUSES

A main clause (an independent part of a sentence) has both subject and verb and is not introduced by a subordinating conjunction. A main clause does not modify anything. It can stand alone as a simple sentence.

*Note:* Sentences are classified structurally as (1) simple, (2) compound, (3) complex, or (4) compound-complex.

A **simple sentence** is a sentence made up of one main clause.

EXAMPLE The work stops.

A **compound sentence** is a sentence made up of two (or more) main clauses.

EXAMPLE The work stops, but the tools are kept in readiness.

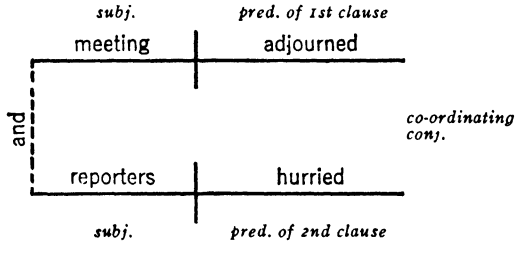
A **complex sentence** is a sentence made up of one main clause and at least one subordinate clause.

EXAMPLE The work stops when it rains.

A **compound-complex sentence** is a sentence made up of two (or more) main clauses and at least one subordinate clause.

EXAMPLE The work stops when it rains, but the tools are kept in readiness.

◈ EXERCISE 24. In the following compound sentences point out the subject and the predicate of each main clause. Then diagram the clauses, beginning with sentence 1, thus:




1. The meeting adjourned promptly at three o'clock, and the reporters hurried away to file their reports.

2. Some of the reporters used telephones, but most of them delivered their copy to the telegraph operators.

3. Within a few hours the whole country knew the facts, but their meaning was not clear for several days.

4. The situation could lead to a strike, or at best we could maintain a precarious industrial peace for a few months.

5. Fortunately we were rescued from the dilemma; a third possibility, arbitration, was suggested in time.

◈ EXERCISE 25. Compose five or more compound sentences.

**Caution: Do not make a comma splice.**

Main clauses are separated by a comma only when joined by one of the co-ordinating conjunctions (*and, but, or, nor, for*), as in the first four sentences in Exercise 24. Otherwise a semicolon must be used, as in the last sentence of Exercise 24. Using only a comma between main clauses not joined by *and, but, or, nor,* or *for* is a serious error known as the *comma splice.* It is still worse to use no punctuation whatever between main clauses not joined by a co-ordinating conjunction. (See also Section 3.)

# SENTENCE FRAGMENT (PERIOD FAULT)

## 2. Do not carelessly write a sentence fragment—a phrase or a subordinate clause—as if it were a complete sentence.

*Caution:* Can you distinguish between phrases and clauses, and between main and subordinate clauses? Until you can do so, you will probably continue to write not sentences but mere fragments of sentences. It may be necessary for you to master the fundamentals of the sentence treated in Section **1, Sentence Sense,** especially **1d** and **1e,** before you can understand Section **2.**

A phrase or a subordinate clause is but part of a sentence: a sentence fragment. It should not be set off as if it were a complete sentence. The fragment should be (1) included in the sentence, that is, attached to the main clause, or else it should be (2) rewritten to form a sentence by itself.

WRONG He registered for the summer session. Hoping thus to graduate ahead of his class. [Sentence made up of one main clause. Participial phrase—a sentence fragment.]

RIGHT He registered for the summer session, hop-

ing thus to graduate ahead of his class. [Participial phrase included in the sentence.]

RIGHT He registered for the summer session. By this means he hoped to graduate ahead of his class. [Participial phrase made into a sentence.]

WRONG He registered for the summer session. Because he hoped thus to graduate ahead of his class. [Sentence made up of one main clause. Subordinate clause.]

RIGHT He registered for the summer session because he hoped thus to graduate ahead of his class. [Subordinate clause included in the sentence.]

RIGHT He registered for the summer session. By this means he hoped to graduate ahead of his class. [Subordinate clause made into a sentence.]

#### A TEST FOR SENTENCE COMPLETENESS

The sentence fragment is characterized by its incompleteness of meaning. This incompleteness, if not obvious, may be tested (1) by searching for the verb and its subject and (2) by determining whether this verb and subject are introduced by a subordinating conjunction. If the supposed sentence does not have *both* verb and subject, it may be identified at once as a phrase. *Hoping thus to graduate ahead of his class,* for example, has no verb. *Hoping* is a participle and *to graduate* is an infinitive, but there is no verb. Even when both verb and subject are present, they may be introduced by a subordinating conjunction and thus constitute a subordinate clause. *Because he hoped to graduate ahead of his class* has the verb *hoped* and the subject *he*. But since these words are introduced by the subordinating conjunction *because,* the group of words is still a subordinate clause—a sentence fragment.

Make a diagram, or at least get a mental picture, of the core of each sentence: its subject + its verb (predicate). Then if you find that subject and verb are not introduced by a subordinating conjunction such as *because, since, if,* or *when,* you may be reasonably sure that the sentence is grammatically complete. (For logical completeness see Section 23.)

He registered for the summer session.

| *subj.* | *verb* |
|---|---|
| He | registered |

The diagram shows subject and verb, and there is no subordinating conjunction: the sentence is complete.

### 2a. Do not write a phrase (participial, prepositional, or infinitive) as a complete sentence.

WRONG I made little progress. *Finally giving up all my efforts.* [Participial phrase.]

RIGHT I made little progress and finally gave up all my efforts. [Fragment included with the sentence.]

RIGHT I made so little progress that I finally gave up all my efforts.

RIGHT I made little progress. Finally I gave up all my efforts. [Fragment made into a sentence.]

WRONG Soon I began to work for the company. *First in the rock pit and later on the highway.* [Prepositional phrases.]

RIGHT Soon I began to work for the company, first in the rock pit and later on the highway. [Fragment included with the sentence.]

WRONG He will have an opportunity to visit his home town. *And to talk with many of his old friends.* [Infinitive phrase.]

RIGHT He will have an opportunity to visit his home town and to talk with many of his old friends. [Fragment included with the sentence.]

### 2b. Do not write a subordinate clause as a complete sentence.

WRONG A railway control board should be constructed with care. *Because from this board trains are moved through a system of tracks and switches.* [Subordinate clause.]

RIGHT A railway control board should be constructed with care, because from this board trains are moved through a system of tracks and switches. [Fragment included with the sentence.]

WRONG I had some definite ideas about college. *Although I had never been on a college campus before.* [Subordinate clause.]

RIGHT I had some definite ideas about college although I had never been on a college campus before. [Fragment included with the sentence.]

### 2c. Do not write as a complete sentence any other fragment, such as an appositive or a member of a compound predicate.

WRONG My father was born in Cartersville. *A little country town where everyone knows everyone else.* [Appositive.]

RIGHT My father was born in Cartersville, a little country town where everyone knows everyone else.

WRONG At school Paul ran into new problems. *Such as handling his pocket money and choosing his friends.* [Appositive.]

RIGHT At school Paul ran into new problems, such as handling his pocket money and choosing his friends.

WRONG William was elected president of his class. *And was made a member of the National Honor Society.* [Detached member of a compound predicate.]

RIGHT William was elected president of his class and was made a member of the National Honor Society.

WRONG She tried to stand up. Struggled for a good footing, and then fell. [Detached members of a compound predicate.]

RIGHT She tried to stand up, struggled for a good footing, and then fell.

*Exceptions:* At times sentences may be grammatically incomplete and yet clear because omitted words can be readily supplied by the reader. Such elliptical expressions occur in commands, in exclamations, and in questions and answers, especially in dialogue. But these expressions are not real fragments since the completion is unmistakably implied.

COMMANDS Come nearer. Open the door. Please enter. [You will please enter.]

EXCLAMATIONS Too bad! What a pity! Remarkable! [It is remarkable.]

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Why did he go? Because his friends were going. [He went because his friends were going.]

"Will you play with me? A lot?" [Will you play with me a lot?]

"Perhaps." [Perhaps I will.]

The student will find other types of sentence fragments in the work of even the best modern writers—especially writers of fiction. For instance:

We speak often today of freedom. *And truth.* But we are. . . .

I saw her the other day. *Judy.* But she went by so fast. . . .

But such fragments are employed consciously, for rhetorical effect, by experienced writers. The student should learn the fundamentals of English composition and the accepted style of expository writing before permitting himself the liberties allowed to experienced craftsmen.

# COMMA SPLICE AND FUSED SENTENCE

## 3. Do not carelessly link together two main clauses with only a comma between them (comma splice) or, worse still, without any punctuation (fused sentence).

*Caution:* Main clauses are properly linked by a comma when the comma is followed by one of the co-ordinating conjunctions—*and, but, or, nor,* or *for.* If you cannot recognize main clauses, you should study Section **1, Sentence Sense,** especially **1d** and **1e,** before trying to apply the following instructions to your own writing.

COMMA SPLICE I stored my gun in a dry place, in this way I ran less risk of having it misfire. [The two main clauses are linked only by a comma.]

FUSED SENTENCE I stored my gun in a dry place in this way I ran less risk of having it misfire. [Omission of the comma makes the error even worse than the comma splice.]

RIGHT I stored my gun in a dry place. In this way I ran less risk of having it misfire. [Each main clause made into a sentence.]

RIGHT Because I stored my gun in a dry place, I ran less risk of having it misfire. [Subordination of one main clause—usually the preferred method of correction.]

A comma splice or a fused sentence can be corrected by placing a period at the end of the first main clause and allowing each main clause to stand as a sentence (as in the first

correction above) or by using between the main clauses either a semicolon or a comma and a co-ordinating conjunction. But some method of subordination (as in the second correction above) is usually needed to show the proper relation of ideas.[1]

### 3a. Correct each comma splice by the method that best expresses your thought.

#### (1) Correction by subordination (usually preferable)

WRONG The current was swift, he could not swim to shore. [Comma splice.]

RIGHT Since the current was swift, he could not swim to shore. [First main clause reduced to a subordinate clause.]

RIGHT The current was so swift that he could not swim to shore. [Second main clause reduced to a subordinate clause.]

RIGHT Because of the swift current he could not swim to shore. [First main clause reduced to a prepositional phrase.]

RIGHT The swiftness of the current prevented his swimming to shore. [The two main clauses reduced to one simple sentence.]

#### (2) Correction by co-ordination (sometimes preferable)

If the writer wishes to give equal weight to the ideas in the two main clauses, he may

(a) Set off each main clause in a separate sentence (when the ideas are sufficiently independent).

WRONG The hunting instinct in man is deep, it is universal. [Comma splice.]

RIGHT The hunting instinct in man is deep. It is universal. [Each main clause made into a sentence.]

—NEW YORK TIMES SUNDAY MAGAZINE

WRONG Hiking is great fun, you should try it. [Comma splice.]

RIGHT Hiking is great fun. You should try it. [Each main clause made into a sentence.]

(b) Separate the main clauses (1) by a semicolon instead of a comma or (2) by a comma + *and, but, or, nor,* or *for* (when the ideas are closely related).

WRONG He dared not retract, money and fame were at stake. [Comma splice.]

RIGHT He dared not retract; money and fame were at stake. [Main clauses separated by a semicolon.] —SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

WRONG I thought about that, I found the answer. [Comma splice.]

RIGHT I thought about that, and I found the answer. [Main clauses separated by a comma + *and.*] —ATLANTIC MONTHLY

WRONG He kept no old friends, he made lots of shiny new friends. [Comma splice.]

RIGHT He kept no old friends, but he made lots of shiny new friends. [Main clauses separated by a comma + *but.*] —ATLANTIC MONTHLY

*Caution in regard to adverbs as connectives:* Conjunctive adverbs between main clauses do not correct the comma splice. When adverbs (such as *accordingly, also, besides, consequently, however, moreover, then, therefore, thus*) and transitional phrases (such as *at first, at least, in fact, on the other hand*) are used as connectives between main clauses, they normally follow (1) a semicolon or (2) a comma + a co-ordinating conjunction—*and, but, or, nor,* or *for.* (*Yet* is used as a co-ordinating conjunction equivalent to *but.* Informal writing frequently uses *so* as a conjunction preceded by a comma instead of the more formal semicolon. But careful writers usually avoid the *so*-sentence by subordinating one of the clauses. See **19i.**)

WRONG The two teams line up for the kickoff, then comes the thrill. [Comma splice.]

RIGHT The two teams line up for the kickoff; then comes the thrill. [Semicolon used instead of comma.]

RIGHT The two teams line up for the kickoff, and then comes the thrill. [Co-ordinating conjunction supplied.]

WRONG The story was not true, however, it was interesting. [Comma splice.]

RIGHT The story was not true; however, it was interesting. [Semicolon used instead of comma.]

RIGHT The story was not true, but it was interesting. [Co-ordinating conjunction substituted.]

WRONG Bears in the park are very tame, in fact, they will eat food from one's hands. [Comma splice.]

RIGHT Bears in the park are very tame; in fact, they will eat food from one's hands. [Semicolon used.]

*Caution in regard to divided quotations:* Many students have a tendency to make comma splices in divided quotations.

[1] See also Section **24, Subordination.**

WRONG "Your answer is wrong," he said, "correct it."
RIGHT "Your answer is wrong," he said. "Correct it."

WRONG "What are you looking for?" she asked, "may I help you?"
RIGHT "What are you looking for?" she asked. "May I help you?"

*Exceptions:* Short co-ordinate clauses in series, parallel in form and unified in thought, may be separated by commas:

RIGHT I came, I saw, I conquered.
ALSO RIGHT I came; I saw; I conquered.

Main clauses separated only by commas are fairly common in some informal types of writing. Occasional examples are found in more formal writing, chiefly when there is a delicate balance in thought between the main clauses. For example, a distinguished critic writes: "The English of those days did not paint broadly, they filled in with deft touches" (Bonamy Dobrée). But the immature writer is much more likely to produce an ordinary comma splice than an effective sentence of this sort. He will do well to make sure that main clauses in his sentences are separated (1) by a comma + a co-ordinate conjunction or (2) by a semicolon.

### 3b. Correct the fused sentence in exactly the same way as the comma splice.

A "fused" sentence, sometimes called a "telescoped" or a "run-together" sentence, results when two main clauses are run together without either a co-ordinating conjunction or any mark of punctuation between them. In other words, the fused sentence is a comma splice with the comma left out.

WRONG The current was swift, he could not swim to shore. [Comma splice—main clauses separated only by a comma.]
WRONG The current was swift he could not swim to shore. [Fused sentence—even worse than a comma splice.]
RIGHT Since the current was swift, he could not swim to shore. [First main clause reduced to a subordinate clause.] (For other methods of correction see **3a.**)

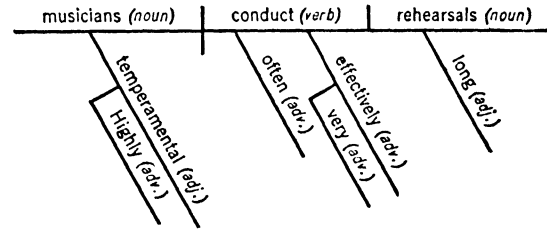
# ADJECTIVES AND ADVERBS

## 4. Distinguish between the adjective and the adverb and use the correct form for each.

You may learn from a good dictionary the correct form for the adjective or the adverb, but only your ability to analyze the sentence will show whether the adjective or the adverb is required. If you lack this ability, you may find it necessary to study Section **1, Sentence Sense,** especially **1c,** in order to understand Section 4.

Adjectives modify (qualify) only nouns or pronouns; adverbs modify verbs, adjectives, or other adverbs.

*adv.* *adj.* *adv.*
EXAMPLE Highly temperamental musicians often
*adj.* *adv.* *adv.*
conduct long rehearsals very effectively.




[In this diagram each adjective or adverb is attached to the word it modifies.]

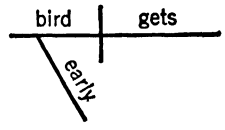
### WORDS WITH THE SAME FORM FOR ADJECTIVE AND ADVERB

The ending *-ly* (*evenly, rapidly, smoothly*) is not an unfailing sign of the adverb, for some adjectives have the same ending (*manly,*

*saintly, womanly,* etc.), and a few words ending in *-ly* may be used either as adjectives or as adverbs, e.g., *only, early, cowardly.*

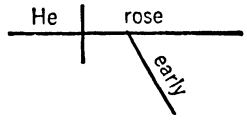
*Adjective*

He was an *only* son.
The *early* bird gets the worm.
He was a *cowardly* knight.




*Adverb*

The boy has *only* two apples.
He rose *early* to go to work.
He acted *cowardly.*




A considerable number of common adverbs not ending in *-ly* are identical in form with the adjectives.

*Adjective*

He lives in a *far* country.
The train was *late.*
I have *little* energy.
Stop at the *right* place.
All is *well* today.

*Adverb*

He went too *far.*
The guests came *late.*
He is a *little* ambitious.
Please do it *right.*
He was *well* pleased.

Some adverbs have both a form identical with that of the adjective (*loud, quick, slow*) and also another form in *-ly* (*loudly, quickly, slowly*). For such adverbs, standard English generally prefers the form in *-ly*. The shorter form is very common in commands: "Drive slow," "Move quick," "Speak loud."

## WORDS WITH DIFFERENT FORMS FOR ADJECTIVE AND ADVERB

**4a. Use the adjective form to modify only a noun or a pronoun; use the adverb form to modify only a verb, an adjective, or another adverb.**

Especially common is the misuse of the adjective form to modify a verb.

WRONG His clothes fit him *perfect.* [The adjective *perfect* cannot modify the verb *fit.*]
RIGHT His clothes fit him *perfectly.*

WRONG One can drown in a pool as *easy* as in a lake. [The adjective *easy* cannot modify the verb *can drown.*]
RIGHT One can drown in a pool as *easily* as in a lake.

WRONG He took his wife's death fairly *good.* [The adjective *good* cannot modify the verb *took.*]
RIGHT He took his wife's death fairly *well.*

The adjective is frequently misused to modify another adjective.

WRONG The farmer has a *reasonable* secure future. [The adjective *reasonable* cannot modify the adjective *secure.*]
RIGHT The farmer has a *reasonably* secure future.

WRONG The plane was a *special* built fighter.
RIGHT The plane was a *specially* built fighter.

Except after verbs pertaining to the senses (see **4b**), adverbs are seldom misused.

WRONG A *thoroughly* mixing of the paint is important.
RIGHT A *thorough* mixing of the paint is important.

**4b. As a rule *is, was, seems, becomes,* and the verbs pertaining to the senses (*feel, look, smell, sound, taste*) are followed by an adjective.**

RIGHT The man is *old.* [*Old* is an adjective modifying *man:* The man is an *old* man.]
RIGHT The girl was *excited.* [An *excited* girl.]
RIGHT The town seems *deserted.* [A *deserted* town.]
RIGHT The Indian became *hostile.* [A *hostile* Indian.]
RIGHT The boy felt *lonesome.* [A *lonesome* boy.]
RIGHT The woman looked *angry.* [An *angry* woman.]
RIGHT The flower *smells* sweet. [A *sweet* flower.]
RIGHT The milk *tastes* sour. [The *sour* milk.]

*Exception:* The modifier is an adverb when it refers to the manner of the action of the verb.

RIGHT The blind beggar felt *cautiously* along the wall. [The adverb *cautiously* qualifies the verb *felt.*]
RIGHT The woman looked *angrily* at him. [The adverb *angrily* qualifies the verb *looked.*]

**4c. A modifier following a verb and its direct object is an adjective if it refers to the object, an adverb if it refers to the manner of the action of the verb.**

RIGHT He held the boat *steady*. [*Steady* is an adjective: *steady* boat.]

RIGHT He held the boat *steadily* on its course. [The adverb *steadily* describes the manner of the holding.]

**4d. Use comparative and superlative forms accurately.**

In general the shorter adjectives (and a few adverbs) form the comparative degree by adding *-er* and the superlative by adding *-est;* the longer adjectives and most adverbs form the comparative by the use of *more* (*less*) and the superlative by the use of *most* (*least*). Some adjectives, such as *good* and *bad,* and some adverbs, such as *well* and *badly,* have an irregular comparison. But these are among our common words and are seldom confused.

ADJECTIVES

| *Positive* | *Comparative* | *Superlative* |
|---|---|---|
| warm | warmer | warmest |
| tired | more tired | most tired |
| good | better | best |
| bad | worse | worst |

ADVERBS

| *Positive* | *Comparative* | *Superlative* |
|---|---|---|
| warmly | more warmly | most warmly |
| well | better | best |
| badly | worse | worst |

*Comparative degree for two persons or things:*

RIGHT Today is *warmer* than yesterday.

RIGHT James was the *taller* of the two boys. [The superlative is occasionally used in such sentences, especially in informal speaking and writing.]

*Superlative degree for three or more persons or things:*

RIGHT Today is the *warmest* day of the year.

RIGHT William was the *tallest* of the three boys.

Usage tends to ignore the fact that such adjectives as *round, square, perfect,* and *unique* are logically incapable of comparison.

ILLOGICAL This hoop is *rounder* than that.

LOGICAL This hoop is *more nearly round* than that. [Preferred by some careful writers.]

**4e. Avoid any awkward or ambiguous use of a noun form as an adjective.**

AWKWARD The man sometimes forgets his *gentleman* habits.

BETTER The man sometimes forgets his *gentlemanly* habits. [The regular adjective form substituted.]

AWKWARD The mob gathered at the *monastery* rear entrance.

BETTER The mob gathered at the rear entrance *of the monastery.* [An *of*-phrase substituted.]

AMBIGUOUS Recently I was involved in a *race* argument.

BETTER Recently I was involved in an argument *concerning race* (or *about racing*).

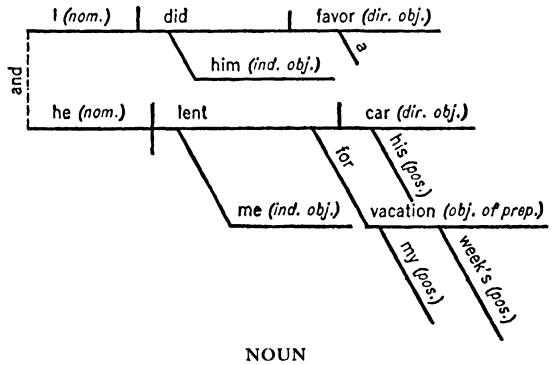
Many noun forms may be used effectively as adjectives: *boat* race, *show* business, *opera* tickets, etc.

# CASE

## 5. Use the proper case form to show the function of each noun or pronoun in the sentence.

The case of a noun or pronoun indicates its function in the sentence as subject (nominative case), possessor (possessive case), or object (objective case). Nouns have a distinctive case form only in the possessive (*year's*), and consequently require little attention. Personal pronouns (*I, you, he, she, it*) and the relative-interrogative pronoun (*who*) must be used with more care because they have distinctive forms in all three cases.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | *nom.* | | *obj.* | *obj.* | | *nom.* | | |
| EXAMPLE | I | did | him | a | favor, | and | he | lent | |
| *obj.* | *pos.* | *obj.* | | *pos.* | *pos.* | | *obj.* | | |
| me | his | car | for | my | week's | | vacation. | | |




NOUN

| | *Nominative* | *Possessive* | *Objective* |
|---|---|---|---|
| SING. | day | day's | day |
| PL. | days | days' | days |

PRONOUN

*Singular*

| | *Nominative* | *Possessive* | *Objective* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | I | my, mine | me |
| 2. | you | your, yours | you |
| 3. | he, she, it | his, her, hers, its | him, her, it |

*Plural*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | we | our, ours | us |
| 2. | you | your, yours | you |
| 3. | they | their, theirs | them |
| SING. PL. | who | whose | whom |

*Note on appositives:* An appositive has the same case as the noun or pronoun with which it is in apposition.

RIGHT We—*John* and *I*—are responsible for the damage. [The appositives *John* and *I* are in the nominative case, in agreement with *we*.]

RIGHT The damage was caused by us—*John* and *me*. [The appositives *John* and *me* are in the objective case, in agreement with *us*.]

## NOMINATIVE CASE

**5a. Use the nominative case for subjects of verbs.** See 5g for subjects of infinitives.

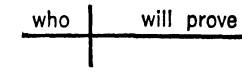
RIGHT *He* is old. *She* is kind. *They* work diligently.

In certain types of sentences care must be taken to prevent mistaking the subject for the object:

**(1) Do not allow the nominative *who* (*whoever, whosoever*) to be incorrectly changed to *whom* (*whomever, whomsoever*) by a following parenthetical expression such as *I think* or *He says*.** (Note that such parenthetical expressions may be omitted without destroying the sense of the sentence.)

WRONG She is a very dependable person *whom* I think will prove worthy of every trust.

RIGHT She is a very dependable person *who* I think will prove worthy of every trust.




WRONG Jones is a man *whom* we know is dependable.

RIGHT Jones is a man *who* we know is dependable.

**(2) When a noun clause is used as the object of a verb or of a preposition, the subject of that clause is in the nominative case.**

WRONG Employ *whomever* is willing to work.

RIGHT Employ *whoever* is willing to work. [*Whoever* is the subject of *is willing*. The object of *employ* is the whole clause *whoever is willing to work*.]

WRONG He had respect for *whomever* was in power.

RIGHT. He had respect for *whoever* was in power. [The complete clause, not merely the pronoun *whoever*, is the object of the preposition *for*.]

**(3) Use the nominative case after the conjunctions *than* or *as* if the pronoun is the subject of an implied verb.**

RIGHT He is older than *I* [am].

RIGHT He is as wise as *they* [are].

◈ EXERCISE 1. In the following sentences choose between the pronouns in brackets and justify your choice.

1. Of the two [who, whom] do you think deserves the prize?

2. Shakespeare is a better poet than Milton, [who, whom], in turn, we think is better than the other English poets.

3. We ought to listen with respect to those who are better informed than [we, us].

4. I challenge [whomever, whoever] made that statement to offer his proof.

5. Choose [whoever, whomever] you feel will co-operate with you most effectively.

6. Older than [him, he] by five years, she was wiser by fifty.

7. If you were as slim as [he, him] you wouldn't have to keep in trim.

8. The one [who, whom] is expected has arrived.

9. I will give the package to [whomever, whoever] comes to pick it up.

10. Along came the policeman [who, whom] we had all thought was still drinking coffee in Sara Wingate's kitchen.

11. I will notify [whomsoever, whosoever] may be nominated.

12. No one understands the situation so well as [we, us].

13. I will employ the man [who, whom] you believe will be most competent.

14. A chance to win the prize is given to [whomsoever, whosoever] will compete.

15. Most of the men will vote for [whoever, whomever] is nominated.

◈ EXERCISE 2. Compose ten sentences of your own to illustrate the appropriate use of pronouns as discussed above in 5a, (1), (2), (3). Underscore the pertinent pronouns in each sentence.

**5b. Use the nominative case for the predicate (subjective) complement.**

RIGHT It is *I* (*he, she, we, they*).

*Note:* Informal usage accepts *It is me* (*It's me*) but not *It is him* (*her, us, them*).

## POSSESSIVE CASE

**5c. Use the apostrophe to form the possessive of nouns and indefinite pronouns, but not the possessive of personal pronouns (*my, mine, your, yours, his, hers, its, our, ours, their, theirs*) nor of the relative-interrogative pronoun *whose*.[1]**

*Apostrophe carelessly omitted:*

WRONG my *sons* wife; both *sons* wives; *everyones* wife

RIGHT my *son's* wife; both *sons'* wives; *everyone's* wife

*Apostrophe wrongly used:*

WRONG Virtue is *it's* own reward. The hat is *her's*.

RIGHT Virtue is *its* own reward. The hat is *hers*.

Remember that the possessive *it's* or *her's* or *our's* or *their's* is just as incorrect as *hi's*—an error no one would make. Of course *it's* is correct as a contraction of *it is*: "*It's* cold today."

[1] See further details for forming the possessive case under Section 15.

**5d. A pronoun immediately preceding the gerund is usually in the possessive case.**

RIGHT My brother approved of *my* (*her, our, your, their*) going to the fair.

When a pronoun (*this, that*) has no common possessive form, or when either a noun or a pronoun is separated from the gerund, the use of the possessive would be awkward or incorrect.

RIGHT I cannot approve of *this* (*that*) being done.

RIGHT The chance of *anyone* in the party *falling* out was remote.

Nouns immediately preceding the gerund are often in the possessive case, but they are also common in the objective case, especially when the emphasis falls on the noun rather than on the gerund.

RIGHT I was pleased by *John's* asking me to dinner.

RIGHT Just imagine *Mary* being on time. [Emphasis on *Mary*. In such sentences the "gerund" may be interpreted as actually a participle in *-ing*.]

**5e. An *of*-phrase instead of the possessive in *'s* is generally used in speaking of lifeless things.**

AWKWARD The house's roof; the wall's surface; the property's value

BETTER The roof of the house; the surface of the wall; the value of the property

*Note:* Usage justifies many exceptions, especially to indicate time or measure (*month's leave, day's work, hour's delay, year's end, stone's throw*) or personification (*love's song, pity's sake, mercy's plea*).

## OBJECTIVE CASE

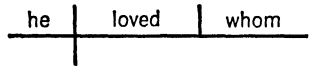
**5f. Use the objective case for the object of a verb, a verbal, or a preposition.**

RIGHT All of *us* (not *we*) students gave *him money*. [*Us* is the object of the preposition *of; him* is the indirect object of the verb *gave; money* is the direct object of the verb *gave*.]

RIGHT By opposing *him* we offended *her*. [*Him* is the object of the verbal *opposing; her* is the object of the verb *offended*.]

(1) Especially troublesome are the relative and interrogative pronouns:

WRONG The artist and the model *who* he loved had a quarrel.
RIGHT The artist and the model *whom* he loved had a quarrel. [*Whom* is the object of *loved.*]

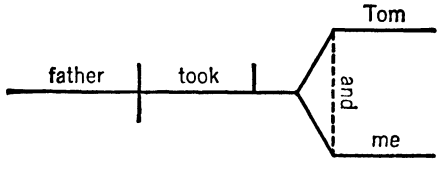



WRONG For *who* did you vote? [Interrogative pronoun not in the initial position.]
RIGHT For *whom* did you vote?

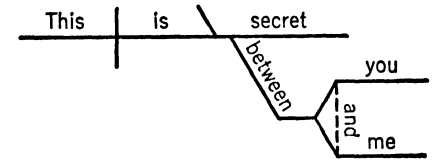
RIGHT *Whom* did you vote for?
RIGHT *Who* did you vote for? [Informal usage of the interrogative *who* in the initial position.]

(2) Pronouns following the conjunction *and* are frequently put in the wrong case.

WRONG Last summer my father took Tom and *I* on a camping trip.
RIGHT Last summer my father took Tom and *me* on a camping trip. [*Me* is an object of the verb *took.*]




WRONG This is a secret between you and *I.*
RIGHT This is a secret between you and *me.* [*Me* is an object of the preposition *between.*]

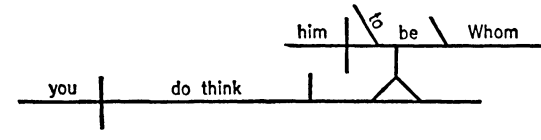



(3) After the conjunctions *than* or *as* a pronoun is in the objective case if it is the object of an implied verb.

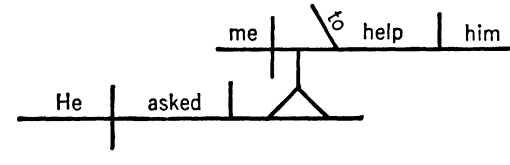
RIGHT He likes you better than [he likes] *me.* He likes you as well as [he likes] *me.*

### 5g. Use the objective case for the subject, the object, or the complement of an infinitive.

RIGHT *Whom* do you think *him* to be? [*Whom* is the complement and *him* the subject of the infinitive *to be. Him to be whom* is the object of the verb *do think.*]




RIGHT He asked *me* to help *him.* [*Me* is the subject and *him* the object of the infinitive *to help.*]




# AGREEMENT

## 6. Make every verb agree in number[1] with its subject; make every pronoun agree in number[2] with its antecedent.

*Caution:* Can you easily distinguish verbs and relate them to their subjects? Can you readily find the antecedents of pronouns? Until you can do so, you may continue to have difficulty with agreement.[3] If so, master first the fundamentals of the sentence treated in Section 1, **Sentence Sense,** especially 1a, 1b, and 1c; then study Section 6.

RIGHT The *engine runs* smoothly. [Singular subject—singular verb.]

RIGHT The *engines run* smoothly. [Plural subject—plural verb.]

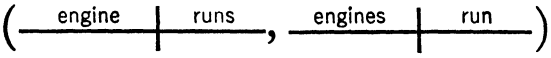
RIGHT The *woman* washes *her* clothes. [Singular antecedent—singular pronoun.]

[1] A verb also agrees with its subject in person: *I go, he goes.* But agreement in person demands little attention since hardly anyone is illiterate enough to say *I goes.*

[2] A pronoun also agrees with its antecedent in person and in gender. The relative pronoun *who* usually refers to persons, *which* to things, and *that* to either per-

RIGHT The *women* wash *their* clothes. [Plural antecedent—plural pronoun.]

Make a diagram, or at least form a mental picture, of each subject and its verb




and of each antecedent and its pronoun (*woman* ← *her, women* ← *their*). This practice will make it easy to avoid errors in agreement.

## SUBJECT AND VERB

### 6a. Make every verb agree in number with its subject.

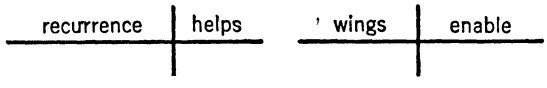
#### (1) Do not be misled by nouns or pronouns intervening between the subject and the verb.

WRONG The *recurrence* of identical sounds *help* to awaken the emotions.

RIGHT The *recurrence* of identical sounds *helps* to awaken the emotions.

WRONG The *wings* of the average bird *enables* it to fly.

RIGHT The *wings* of the average bird *enable* it to fly.




Note that the number of the subject is not changed by the addition of parenthetical expressions introduced by such words as *with, together with, as well as, no less than, including, accompanied by.*

RIGHT *John,* together with James and William, *was* (not *were*) *drafted* into the army.

RIGHT *Thomas,* like his two brothers, *was* (not *were*) often in debt.

#### (2) Two or more subjects joined by *and* take a plural verb.

RIGHT A hammer and a saw *are* useful tools.

RIGHT Mary, Jane, and I *were* tired after our morning's work.

*Exceptions:* A compound subject referring to a single person or thing takes a singular verb.

RIGHT My best friend and adviser *is gone.* [A single individual was both friend and adviser.]

RIGHT The tumult and the shouting *dies.*—KIPLING. [Two nouns considered a single entity.]

*Each* or *every* preceding singular subjects joined by *and* calls for a singular verb.

RIGHT Each boy and each girl is to work independently.

RIGHT Every boy and girl has been urged to attend the play.

#### (3) Two or more singular subjects joined by *or* or *nor* take a singular verb. If one subject is singular and one plural, the verb agrees with the nearer.

RIGHT Neither the boy nor the girl *is* to blame for the accident.

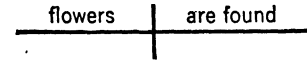
RIGHT Either the man or his wife *knows* the exact truth of the matter.

RIGHT Neither the teacher nor the pupils *are* in the building. [The plural *pupils* is nearer the verb.]

RIGHT Neither the pupils nor the teacher *is* in the building. [The singular *teacher* is nearer the verb.]

#### (4) When the subject follows the verb (as in sentences beginning with *there is, there are*) special care is needed to determine the subject and to make sure that it agrees with the verb.

RIGHT Among the old ruins there *are found* many wild *flowers.*




---

sons or things. Lack of agreement in person causes a shift in point of view.

WRONG *One* must help his neighbors during *your* spare time. [Shift from third person to second person.]

RIGHT *One* must help his neighbors during *his* spare time.

See further discussion under **27, Shifts in Point of View.**

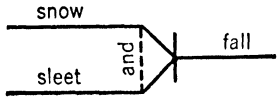
Agreement in gender is usually easy and natural: "The *boy* lost *his* kite." "The *girl* tore *her* dress." The masculine pronoun may be used to refer to common gender: "Every *person* in the audience raised *his* head." Paired antecedents of different genders may call for two pronouns, but such sentences are often better recast.

PERMISSIBLE Each man or woman should make *his* or *her* contribution to the fund.

BETTER Each man or woman should make a contribution to the fund.

[3] Mastery of Section **6** will help to eliminate the fourth most common error in the average student theme.

RIGHT Incessantly *fall* the *snow* and the *sleet.*




**(5) A relative pronoun used as a subject is plural or singular in accord with its antecedent.**

RIGHT Mary is the only one of our students who has achieved national recognition. [*One,* not *students,* is the antecedent of *who.* The sentence means, "Of all our students Mary is the only one who has achieved national recognition."]

**(6) *Each, either, neither, anyone, anybody, someone, somebody, everyone, one, many a one, no one, nobody,* etc., regularly take singular verbs.**

RIGHT Someone is likely to hear the signal.
RIGHT Nobody cares to listen to worries.
RIGHT Everyone has his prejudices.
RIGHT Neither likes the friends of the other.
RIGHT Each takes his turn at rowing.

*None* is plural or singular according to the meaning of the sentence.

RIGHT None are so blind as those who will not see.
RIGHT None is so blind as he who will not see.

**(7) Collective nouns take singular verbs when the group is regarded as a unit; but plural verbs when the individuals of the group are regarded separately.**

RIGHT The council has ordered his arrest. [Council regarded as a unit.]
RIGHT The council have adjourned and have gone to their several homes. [Individuals of the council regarded separately.]
RIGHT A thousand bushels is a good yield. [A unit.]
RIGHT A thousand bushels of apples were crated. [Individual bushels.]
RIGHT One third of the crop was ruined. [A fraction followed by a singular object in the *of*-clause is usually singular.]
RIGHT One third of the peaches were ruined. [A fraction followed by a plural object in the *of*-clause is usually plural.]

**(8) A verb agrees with its subject, not with its predicate noun.**

RIGHT His chief support is (*not* are) his brother and sister.
RIGHT His brother and sister are (*not* is) his chief support.

But such sentences are often better recast so as to avoid the disagreement in number between subject and predicate noun.

BETTER His support came chiefly from his brother and sister.

**(9) Nouns plural in form but singular in meaning usually take singular verbs. In all doubtful cases a good dictionary should be consulted.**

RIGHT The *news* from China is encouraging.
RIGHT The *whereabouts* of the fugitive is unknown.

◈ EXERCISE 1. Consult your dictionary to determine the number of the verb required for each of the following nouns. Use each noun correctly as the subject of a sentence.

| | |
|---|---|
| athletics | trousers |
| mathematics | acoustics |
| measles | tactics |
| politics | riches |
| scissors | mumps |

**(10) A title of a book or a word used in a special sense, even when plural in form, takes a singular verb.**

RIGHT *Twice Told Tales* was written by Hawthorne.
RIGHT *They* is a pronoun.

◈ EXERCISE 2. In the following sentences, find each verb and relate it to its subject. Then rewrite each sentence to secure agreement of subject and verb. Justify every change. Write *C* in place of each sentence that needs no revision.

1. Each of the men think that he will win.
2. The United States, together with France and the British Commonwealth, are the core of the Western Union of Nations.
3. Nothing, not even earthquakes, rouses the lazy man to action.
4. Before we accept anyone as a client, we investigate his general background and his financial status.
5. Quietly flows the river and its many tributaries.
6. Let each man take his turn in standing watch.
7. About one half of the relief funds granted to assist in flood control was used for other purposes.
8. A yearly income of ten thousand dollars are well above average; ten thousand dollars are still a small fortune.
9. The addresses of most correspondents are

unknown; to determine their whereabouts require the collaboration of the police.

10. Politics are not my profession; nor are public affairs of any kind.

11. None of the players was missing.

◈ EXERCISE 3. Rewrite the following *correct* sentences as directed. Make any additional changes required for good sentence sense.

1. A task force is a unit consisting of two carriers, four destroyers, five submarines, and several supply ships. [Omit *a unit consisting of.*]

2. After dinner there was a great variety of speeches, songs, and other forms of entertainment. [Omit *a great variety of.*]

3. This is the way to get the maximum use of your engine. [Change *this* to *these.*]

4. Neither the office staff nor Mr. Jones, the janitor, was in the building when the robbery occurred. [Omit *nor Mr. Jones, the janitor.*]

5. The army is responsible solely to its chain of command. [Change *its* to *their.*]

6. Like all his fellow attorneys, Mr. Wilson supports the resolution of the Bar Association. [Change *like* to *and.*]

7. Even Aunt Mary, my chief financial support and my refuge in time of trouble, has refused to help me. [Insert *Aunt Jane* before *my refuge.*]

8. The United Nations, with all its organization, does not effectively control international conduct. [Change *its* to *their.*]

9. The beat of the bird's wings sets ripples of sound in motion. [Use the present tense of *cause* for *sets in motion.*]

10. There are none who are willing to make the sacrifices required of all great artists. [Change *are* to *is.*]

## PRONOUN AND ANTECEDENT

### 6b. Make each pronoun agree in number with its antecedent.

**(1) In formal writing use a singular pronoun to refer to such antecedents as *man, woman, person, one, anyone, anybody, someone, somebody, everyone, everybody, each, kind, sort, either, neither, no one, nobody.***

WRONG An outstanding trait of primitive *man* was *their* belief in superstitions.

RIGHT An outstanding trait of primitive *man* was *his* belief in superstitions.

STANDARD Each of the sons had planned to follow *his* father's occupation.

COLLOQUIAL Each of the sons had planned to follow *their* father's occupation.

STANDARD Everybody stood on *his* chair.

COLLOQUIAL Everybody stood on *their* chairs.

**(2) Two or more antecedents joined by *and* are referred to by a plural pronoun; two or more singular antecedents joined by *or* or *nor* are referred to by a singular pronoun. If one of two antecedents joined by *or* is singular and one plural, the pronoun usually agrees with the nearer.**

RIGHT Henry and James have completed *their* work.

RIGHT Neither Henry nor James has completed *his* work.

WRONG When a *boy or girl* enters college, *they* find it different from high school.

RIGHT BUT CLUMSY When a *boy or girl* enters college, *he or she* finds it different from high school.

BETTER When *boys and girls* enter college, *they* find it different from high school.

RIGHT Neither the *master* nor the *servants* were aware of *their* danger. [The plural *servants* is the nearer antecedent.]

**(3) Collective nouns are referred to by singular or plural pronouns, depending on whether the collective noun is considered singular or plural.**

Special care should be taken to avoid making a collective noun *both* singular and plural within the same sentence.

WRONG The United Nations *has* a tremendous job before *them.* [*United Nations* first made singular with the verb *has;* then plural as the antecedent of the pronoun *they.*]

RIGHT The United Nations *has* a tremendous job before *it.* [Singular throughout.]

RIGHT The United Nations *have* a tremendous job before *them.* [Plural throughout.]

WRONG If the board of directors *controls* the company, *they* may vote themselves bonuses. [*Board* is first singular with *controls;* then plural with *they.*]

RIGHT If the board of directors *control* the company, *they* may vote themselves bonuses. [Made plural throughout as demanded by the last half of the sentence.]

RIGHT If the board of directors *controls* the company, *it* may vote itself a bonus. [Last half of the sentence changed to agree with the first.]

◈ EXERCISE 4. In the following sentences select the pronoun in brackets that agrees with its antecedent in accordance with formal English usage. Note also any pronoun that would be acceptable

in conversation or familiar writing but not in formal writing.

1. He will trust no one unless [he, they] will prove [himself, themselves] worthy of [his, their] trust.
2. Neither Bill nor Jim knows of [his, their] near approach to the hidden mine.
3. We must not applaud the kinds of self-criticism which may lend [itself, themselves] readily to international misunderstanding.
4. Anyone who travels over the ocean can testify how easy it is to lose [your, his, their] sense of distance.
5. The chief quality of the frontiersman was [his, their] self-reliance.
6. The audience is listening with keen pleasure; [they, it] will remain in [their, its] place until the orchestra has finished [their, its] long program.
7. Each tour is so arranged that [it, they] will include visits to Rome, Paris, and London.
8. Our class separates for special tutoring in composition so that [it, they] can benefit by individual instruction.
9. Many a man has been led to believe that [they, he] can change public opinion.
10. Any citizen who desires to vote must register with [his, their] election board.
11. Our company frequently gives bonuses to [their, its] employees.

◈ EXERCISE 5. Change each verb in the last five sentences of Exercise 4 from singular to plural or from plural to singular and then rewrite each sentence as necessary to insure agreement (1) of each subject with its changed verb and (2) of each pronoun with its antecedent.

# TENSE

## Mood; *Shall* and *Will*

## 7. Use the correct form of the verb.

### TENSE

Tense, from the Latin word meaning "time," refers to changes in the form of the verb to indicate the time of the action. English verbs have six tenses.

PRESENT he sees, he uses
PAST he saw, he used
FUTURE he will see, he will use
PRESENT PERFECT he has seen, he has used
PAST PERFECT he had seen, he had used
FUTURE PERFECT he will have seen, he will have used

These six tenses are built on three forms, called **principal parts:** (1) the present stem—*see, use,* (2) the past tense—*saw, used,* and (3) the past participle—*seen, used.* Most English verbs, like *use,* are **regular;** that is, they form both the past tense (*used*) and the past participle (*used*) by adding *-d* or *-ed* to the present stem (*use*). Other verbs, like *see,* are **irregular** because they change the present stem (*see*) to form the past tense (*saw*) and the past participle (*seen*). In the paradigm below it will be noted that the present stem is the basis for both present and future tenses; the past, for the past tense alone; and the past participle, for the present perfect, past perfect, and future perfect tenses.

In addition to the simple verb forms illustrated above, English uses expanded forms (1) to show action in progress or (2) to make the verb more emphatic.

SIMPLE I see, he sees; I saw, he saw
PROGRESSIVE I am seeing, he is seeing; I was seeing, he was seeing
EMPHATIC I do see, he does see; I did see, he did see

#### ILLUSTRATION OF THE SIX TENSES

(*Arranged chronologically*)

PAST PERFECT—past action completed before some indicated time in the past: "My friend *had seen* me before the game." "I *had* already *decided* to talk with him before I left the house." [Sometimes put in the simple past tense: "My friend *saw* me before the game." But note that "I *decided* to talk with him before I left the house" would be a change of meaning.]

## CONJUGATION OF THE VERB *TO SEE*

(Principal Parts: *see, saw, seen*)

### INDICATIVE MOOD [1]

| *Active Voice* | | *Passive Voice* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | PRESENT TENSE | |
| *Singular* | *Plural* | *Singular* | *Plural* |
| 1. I see | we see | I am seen | we are seen |
| 2. you see | you see | you are seen | you are seen |
| 3. he (she, it) sees | they see | he (she, it) is seen | they are seen |
| | | PAST TENSE | |
| 1. I saw | we saw | I was seen | we were seen |
| 2. you saw | you saw | you were seen | you were seen |
| 3. he saw | they saw | he was seen | they were seen |
| | | FUTURE TENSE | |
| 1. I shall see | we shall see | I shall be seen | we shall be seen |
| 2. you will see | you will see | you will be seen | you will be seen |
| 3. he will see | they will see | he will be seen | they will be seen |
| | | PRESENT PERFECT TENSE | |
| 1. I have seen | we have seen | I have been seen | we have been seen |
| 2. you have seen | you have seen | you have been seen | you have been seen |
| 3. he has seen | they have seen | he has been seen | they have been seen |
| | | PAST PERFECT TENSE | |
| 1. I had seen | we had seen | I had been seen | we had been seen |
| 2. you had seen | you had seen | you had been seen | you had been seen |
| 3. he had seen | they had seen | he had been seen | they had been seen |
| | | FUTURE PERFECT TENSE (seldom used) | |
| 1. I shall have seen | we shall have seen | I shall have been seen | we shall have been seen |
| 2. you will have seen | you will have seen | you will have been seen | you will have been seen |
| 3. he will have seen | they will have seen | he will have been seen | they will have been seen |

### SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD

| *Active Voice* | *Passive Voice* |
|---|---|
| PRESENT TENSE | |
| *Singular:* if I, you, he see | if I, you, he be seen |
| *Plural:* if we, you, they see | if we, you, they be seen |
| PAST TENSE | |
| *Singular:* if I, you, he saw | if I, you, he were seen |
| *Plural:* if we, you, they saw | if we, you, they were seen |
| PRESENT PERFECT TENSE | |
| *Singular:* if I, you, he have seen | if I, you, he have been seen |
| *Plural:* if we, you, they have seen | if we, you, they have been seen |
| PAST PERFECT TENSE | |
| (Same as the Indicative) | |

[1] Such terms as *mood, indicative, subjunctive, voice, regular* and *irregular* verbs are explained in Section **35, Grammatical Terms.**

IMPERATIVE MOOD

PRESENT TENSE

see be seen

PARTICIPLES

PRESENT TENSE

seeing being seen

PAST TENSE

seen been seen

PRESENT PERFECT TENSE

having seen having been seen

INFINITIVES

PRESENT TENSE

to see to be seen

PRESENT PERFECT TENSE

to have seen to have been seen

GERUNDS

PRESENT TENSE

seeing being seen

PRESENT PERFECT TENSE

having seen having been seen

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PAST—past action separated from the present: "He *saw* me at the game."

PRESENT PERFECT—past action extending to the present: "He *has seen* me many times."

PRESENT—action at the present time: "He *sees* me now."

FUTURE PERFECT—action to be completed before some indicated time in the future: "He *will have seen* me again before my departure tomorrow." [Commonly put in the simple future tense: "He *will see* me again before my departure tomorrow." The future perfect tense is seldom used.]

FUTURE—action at some time in the future: "He *will see* me next month in New York."

Although the particular tense employed usually indicates the time of the action, *tense* and *time* frequently *do not coincide.* The present tense, for example, is often used to express future action (He *comes* tomorrow, He *is coming* tomorrow), to express habitual action with little reference to the present (He *comes* here on Wednesdays), or to make statements which are permanently true, even when subordinated to another verb in the past tense.

RIGHT Corn *grows* well in fertile soil.

RIGHT The early settlers knew that corn *grows* well in fertile soil.

### PRINCIPAL PARTS

**7a. Use the correct tense form of the verb.**

The student usually knows the tense needed to express his ideas. He should use the dictionary freely to make sure of the correct form. For irregular verbs (such as *see*) the dictionary gives four forms: present stem, *see;* past tense, *saw;* past participle, *seen;* and present participle, *seeing.* For regular verbs (such as *use* or *call*) the past tense and the past participle, when not given, are understood to be formed by adding *-d* or *-ed.*

WRONG The boy *seen* where the bullet had entered. [Past tense needed; the dictionary gives *saw* as the correct form.]

RIGHT The boy *saw* where the bullet had entered.

WRONG I *use* to live in the country. [Past tense needed.]

RIGHT I *used* to live in the country.

◈ EXERCISE 1. Some verbs are frequently confused because of similarity in spelling or meaning. Master the principal parts of the following verbs. Then compose sentences using each verb correctly (1) in the past tense and (2) in the present perfect tense.

| *Present stem* | *Past tense* | *Past participle* |
|---|---|---|
| lie (recline), *intransitive* | lay | lain |
| lay (deposit), *transitive* | laid | laid |
| lie (falsify), *intransitive* | lied | lied |
| sit, *intransitive* | sat | sat |
| set, *transitive* | set | set |

WRONG He *layed* (or *laid*) down on the bed. [Past tense of the intransitive verb *lie* needed.]

RIGHT He *lay* down on the bed.

WRONG He *lay* the book on the table. [Past tense of the transitive verb *lay* needed.]

RIGHT He *laid* the book on the table.

WRONG He *set* in the chair. [Past tense of the intransitive verb *sit* needed.]

RIGHT He *sat* in the chair.

RIGHT He *set* the bucket on the table. [Transitive.]

◈ EXERCISE 2. Principal parts of other difficult verbs are listed below. *Add the principal parts of all verbs that you have used incorrectly in your writing.* Then master the whole list and compose

sentences to illustrate the correct use of each principal part (as assigned, perhaps in groups of ten, by the instructor).

| *Present stem* | *Past tense* | *Past participle* |
|---|---|---|
| begin | began | begun |
| bid (offer) | bid | bid |
| bid (order) | bade | bidden |
| bite | bit | bitten, bit |
| blow | blew | blown |
| break | broke | broken |
| bring | brought | brought |
| burst | burst | burst |
| catch | caught | caught |
| choose | chose | chosen |
| come | came | come |
| dive | dived | dived |
| do | did | done |
| drag | dragged | dragged |
| draw | drew | drawn |
| drink | drank | drunk |
| eat | ate | eaten |
| fall | fell | fallen |
| flee | fled | fled |
| fly | flew | flown |
| forget | forgot | forgotten, forgot |
| freeze | froze | frozen |
| get | got | got, gotten |
| go | went | gone |
| grow | grew | grown |
| know | knew | known |
| lead | led | led |
| lose | lost | lost |
| raise | raised | raised |
| ride | rode | ridden |
| ring | rang | rung |
| rise | rose | risen |
| run | ran | run |
| see | saw | seen |
| shrink | shrank, shrunk | shrunk, shrunken |
| sing | sang, sung | sung |
| speak | spoke | spoken |
| spring | sprang, sprung | sprung |
| steal | stole | stolen |
| swim | swam | swum |
| swing | swung | swung |
| take | took | taken |
| tear | tore | torn |
| throw | threw | thrown |
| wear | wore | worn |
| weave | wove | woven |
| write | wrote | written |

SEQUENCE OF TENSES

**7b. Make a verb in a subordinate clause, an infinitive, or a participle agree logically with the verb in the main clause.**

*Verbs*

RIGHT The audience *rises* as the speaker *enters.* [The present *enters* logically follows the present *rises.*]

RIGHT The audience *rose* as the speaker *entered.* [The past *entered* logically follows the past *rose.*]

WRONG The people now *begin* to realize how much she *had contributed.*

RIGHT The people now *begin* to realize how much she *has contributed.* [Has contributed until the present time of the verb *begin.*]

WRONG Last year the people *began* to realize how much she *has contributed.*

RIGHT Last year the people *began* to realize how much she *had contributed.*

POOR Because I *heard* no more rumors, I *have ceased* worrying.

RIGHT Because I *heard* no more rumors, I *ceased* worrying.

RIGHT Because I *have heard* no more rumors, I *have ceased* worrying.

RIGHT Because I *hear* no more rumors, I *cease* worrying.

WRONG I *hoped* that I *could have gone.*

RIGHT I *hoped* that I *could go.* [In the past time indicated by *hoped* I was still anticipating going.]

*Infinitives*

Use the present infinitive to express action contemporaneous with, or future to, that of the governing verb; use the perfect infinitive for action prior to that of the governing verb.

RIGHT I was happy *to find* (not *to have found*) you at home. [The finding and the happiness were contemporaneous.]

RIGHT I hoped *to go* (not *to have gone*). I hope *to go.* [Present infinitives. At the time indicated by the verbs I was still hoping *to go,* not *to have gone.*]

RIGHT I should like *to have lived* in Shakespeare's time. [Perfect infinitive—expressing time prior to that of the governing verb. Simpler: I wish I had lived in Shakespeare's time.]

RIGHT I should have liked *to live* (not *to have lived*) in Shakespeare's time. [Present infinitive —for time contemporaneous with that of the governing verb.]

*Participles*

Use the present participle to express action contemporaneous with that of the governing

verb; use the perfect participle for action prior to that of the governing verb.

RIGHT *Walking* along the streets, he met many old friends. [The walking and the meeting were contemporancous.]

RIGHT *Having walked* all the way home, he found himself tired. [The walking was prior to the finding.]

***Caution:* Do not confuse gerunds and participles.**

RIGHT After *walking* home he found himself tired. [Gerund.]

RIGHT *Having walked* (not *After having walked*) home, he found himself tired. [Participle. *After* would be redundant.]

### SHIFTS IN TENSE

**7c. Avoid needless shifts in tense.[2]**

WRONG He *came* to the river and *pays* a man to ferry him across.

RIGHT He *came* to the river and *paid* a man to ferry him across.

◈ EXERCISE 3. In the following sentences correct all errors in tense. Write *C* in place of each sentence containing no error.

1. When I entered my house after many years' absence, I was delighted at not having found a single article of furniture disarranged.
2. The play begun after the orchestra arrived.
3. As Stapleton walked gravely down the street, he mutters to himself that he should have stayed in bed.
4. *Hamlet* was a play which has been written by Shakespeare.
5. The police think the tramps had removed the stop sign to indicate their contempt for authority.
6. He lay the book on the table, stumbled to a chair, and set down.
7. Their having been well entertained will encourage them to reciprocate.
8. The professor believes that our studying had paid us dividends in terms of good marks.
9. Byron had not swam across the English Channel; he swum the Hellespont.
10. Club members are given the chance to have bought their tickets in advance.
11. After having arrived at the camping site, we stretched our tent and set down to rest in the shade.
12. Everyone thought it was wise to have purchased the house.

[2] See also Section 27, Shifts in Point of View.

## SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD

**7d. The subjunctive mood is still required in a few types of expressions, and may be used in others.**

The subjunctive mood has been largely displaced by the indicative. Distinctive forms for the subjunctive occur only in the third person singular of the present tense (*I demand that he* see *a physician* instead of the indicative *He sees a physician daily*) and in the verb *to be* as indicated by boldface below.

*Present indicative*

| | |
|---|---|
| I am | we are |
| you are | you are |
| he is | they are |

*Present subjunctive*

| | |
|---|---|
| (if) I **be** | (if) we **be** |
| (if) you **be** | (if) you **be** |
| (if) he (she, it) **be** | (if) they **be** |

*Past indicative*

| | |
|---|---|
| I was | we were |
| you were | you were |
| he was | they were |

*Past subjunctive*

| | |
|---|---|
| (if) I **were** | (if) we were |
| (if) you were | (if) you were |
| (if) he (she, it) **were** | (if) they were |

### REQUIRED SUBJUNCTIVE

The required subjunctive is used chiefly in *that*-clauses of motions, resolutions, recommendations, orders, or demands.

RIGHT I move that the report *be* approved.

Resolved, that dues for the coming year *be* doubled.

I recommend (order, demand) that the prisoner *be* released.

I demand (request, insist) that the messenger *go* alone.

If need *be, suffice* it to say, *come* what may, etc. [Idiomatic expressions in which the subjunctive is fixed.]

### PREFERRED OR OPTIONAL SUBJUNCTIVE

The preferred or optional subjunctive is used especially in contrary-to-fact conditions and in expressions of doubts, wishes, or regrets.

STANDARD If the apple *were* ripe, it would be delicious. [Subjunctive.]

COLLOQUIAL If the apple *was* ripe, it would be delicious. [Indicative.]

RIGHT If the apple *is* ripe, I will eat it. [The indicative is regularly used in conditions not contrary to fact.]

STANDARD The man looks as if he *were* sick. [Subjunctive.]

COLLOQUIAL The man looks as if he *was* sick. [Indicative.]

STANDARD I wish that he *were* here. [Subjunctive.]

COLLOQUIAL I wish that he *was* here. [Indicative.]

◈ EXERCISE 4. Choose the proper form for the subjunctive mood in the brackets below. In which of the sentences is the subjunctive required, and in which is it only preferred or optional? State your reasons.

1. We have talked of a trip to Madrid as though it [was, were] impossible.
2. Present-day problems demand that we [be, are] ready for any emergency.
3. He insisted that the company [provide, provides] a car for his use.
4. Each member should act as if he [was, were] a specially honored guest.
5. "A good idea," one of the members said, "but I propose that the suggestion [be, is] tabled for the present."
6. Our purpose, [suffice it, it suffices] to say, is to win the confidence of our patrons.
7. If there [was, were] time, I could finish my report.
8. We ought to refuse consideration of this idea lest the prospective trip to Europe [prove, proves] too much a distraction to our immediate business.
9. "If this [be, is] treason, make the most of it."
10. I demand that he [make, makes] an explanation.
11. I wish he [was, were] present to explain his continued neglect of his duties.
12. If he [was, were] here, he might explain everything to our full satisfaction.
13. The principal urged that everyone [stay, stays] until the end of the meeting.

◈ EXERCISE 5. Compose five sentences in which the subjunctive is required. Compose three other sentences in which the subjunctive (or the indicative) may be used, giving the indicative form in parentheses.

## *SHALL* AND *WILL*

**7e. Observe such distinctions as exist between *shall* (*should*) and *will* (*would*).**

**(1) Use *should* in all persons to express an obligation (in the sense "ought to") or a condition.**

RIGHT I (You, He, We, They) *should* (i.e., *ought to*) help the needy.

RIGHT If I (you, he, we, they) *should* resign, the program would not be continued.

**(2) Use *would* in all persons to express a wish or a customary action.**

RIGHT *Would* that I (you, he, we, they) had received the message!

RIGHT I (You, He, We, They) *would* spend hours by the seashore during the summer months.

*Shall* is generally used for the first person in asking questions (*Shall* I enter?), and it is often used in all persons for special emphasis. Except for these uses of *shall,* and for the use of *should* to express an obligation or condition, informal English tends to use *will* and *would* in all persons.

**(3) Some careful writers distinguish between *shall* (*should*) and *will* (*would*):**

(a) By using *shall* (*should*) in the first person and *will* (*would*) in the second and third to express the simple future or expectation (I *shall* plan to stay; he *will* probably stay).

(b) By using *will* (*would*) in the first person and *shall* (*should*) in the second and third to express determination, threat, command, prophecy, promise, or willingness (I *will* stay; you and he *shall* stay).

(c) By using in a question the same form expected in the answer (*Will* you stay? Expected answer: I *will* stay).

◈ EXERCISE 6. Select the bracketed form that is consistent with contemporary usage. Justify your choice.

1. To save time we [should, would] fly to the coast.
2. No totalitarian tyrant [will, shall] treat us with contempt.
3. [Will, Shall] I go on the early train?
4. Very often during those years we [should, would] go to the country for relaxation.
5. At school we learn what we [should, would] do throughout life.

◈ EXERCISE 7. Compose five sentences to illustrate the chief distinctions in the use of *shall, should,* and *would.* Explain the meaning of each sentence

# MECHANICS

## MANUSCRIPT FORM AND REVISION; SYLLABICATION

### 8. Put your manuscript in acceptable form. Make revisions with care.

#### MANUSCRIPT

**8a. Use the proper materials.**

(1) **Paper.** Unless you are given other instructions, use standard theme paper, size 8½ by 11 inches, with lines about half an inch apart, and write only on the ruled side of the paper. (The usual notebook paper, even if it is the standard size, should be carefully avoided because the narrow spaces between lines make hard reading and allow insufficient space for corrections.) For typewritten themes use the unruled side of the theme paper; or, if you prefer, use regular typewriter paper, size 8½ by 11 inches.

(2) **Ink.** Use black or blue-black ink.

(3) **Typewriter.** Submit typewritten themes only if you do your own typewriting. Use a black ribbon and make sure that the type is clean.

**8b. Arrange your writing in clear and orderly fashion on the page.**

(1) **Margins.** Leave sufficient margins—about an inch and a half at left and top, an inch at right and bottom—to prevent a crowded appearance. The ruled lines on theme paper indicate the proper margins at left and top.

(2) **Indention.** Indent the first lines of paragraphs uniformly, about an inch in longhand and five spaces in typewritten copy.

(3) **Paging.** Use Arabic numerals—without parentheses or period—in the upper right-hand corner to mark all pages after the first.

(4) **The title.** Center the title on the page about an inch and a half from the top or on the first ruled line. Leave the next line blank and begin the first paragraph on the third line. In this way the title will be made to stand off from the text. Ordinarily the text should not begin with a reference to the title. Capitalize the first word of the title and all succeeding words except articles and short conjunctions and prepositions. *Do not put quotation marks around the title or underline it* (unless it is a quotation or the title of a book), and use no period after the title.

(5) **Poetry.** Quoted lines of poetry should be arranged and indented as in the original. In typing, use single spacing.

(6) **Punctuation.** Never begin a line with a comma, a colon, a semicolon, or a terminal mark of punctuation.

(7) **Endorsement.** Themes are endorsed in the way prescribed by the instructor to facilitate handling. Usually themes carry the name of the student, the date, and the number of the theme.

**8c. Write legibly, so that your writing may be read easily and accurately.**

(1) **Spacing for legibility.** Adequate space between lines and between the words in the line is essential to easy reading. In typewritten copy use double space between lines. Single-spaced copy is difficult for the instructor to read and even more difficult for the student to revise. Leave one space after a comma or semicolon, one or two after a colon, and two or three after a period, a question mark, or an exclamation point. In longhand make each word a distinct unit: join all the letters of a word and leave adequate space in the line before beginning the next word.

(2) **Shaping for legibility.** Shape each letter distinctly. Avoid flourishes. Many pages of manuscript, though artistic and attractive to the eye, are almost illegible. Dot the *i*, not some other letter nearby. Cross the *t*, not the adjoining *h* or some other letter. Make dots and periods real dots, not small circles. Let all capitals stand out distinctly as capitals and keep all small letters down to the average of other small letters. Remember that you will

not be present to tell the reader which letters you intend for capitals, which for small letters.

### 8d. Revise the manuscript with care.

**(1) Revising the paper before submitting it to the instructor.** The first problem is to write down the facts in as clear and orderly a way as possible. If time permits, the writer should put the theme aside for a day or more after completing his first draft. Then he will be able to read the theme more objectively, to see what parts need to be expanded, what to be excised. If extensive revisions are necessary, he should make a full, clean copy to submit to the instructor. If only a few changes are needed, the paper may be handed in—after corrections have been made—without rewriting. The changes should be made as follows:

(a) Draw one line horizontally through any word to be deleted. Do not put it in parentheses or make an unsightly erasure.

(b) In case of a short addition of one line or less, place a caret (∧) in the line where the addition comes and write just above the caret the part to be added.

**(2) Revising the paper after the instructor has criticized it.** The best way to learn to write is by correcting one's own errors. Corrections made by another are of comparatively little value. Therefore the instructor points out the errors but *allows the student to make the actual revision for himself.*

The instructor usually indicates a necessary correction by a number or a symbol from the handbook marked in the margin of the theme opposite the error. If a word is misspelled, the number 18 or the symbol sp (perhaps the more specific 18a, 18b, etc., or sp-a, sp-b, etc.) will be used; if there is a fragmentary sentence, the number 2 or the symbol frag; if there is a faulty pronoun reference, the number 28 or the symbol ref. The student will then consult the handbook (not merely the chart at the front or back of the book), master the principle underlying each correction, and make the necessary revisions in red. He will draw one red line through words to be eliminated, but he will allow such words to remain legible in order that the instructor may compare the original with the revised form.

*The comma.* Whenever the instructor indicates the need for a comma by the number 12, or the symbol (,/), the student should insert the comma in red and also indicate the specific use of the comma by writing after the number or symbol in the margin the appropriate letter from the handbook—a, b, c, or d. By inserting the appropriate letter, the student shows his understanding of the principle involved.

The following pages reproduce a student paragraph and show first the instructor's markings (for grammar and other details) and then the student's corrections.

*Marked by the Instructor—with Numbers*

3 Making photographs for newspapers is hard work,
12 it is not the romantic carefree adventure glorified
in motion pictures and fiction books. For every
18 great moment recorded by the stareing eye of the
camera, there are twenty routine assignments that
28 must be handled in the same efficient manner. He
must often overcome great hardships. The work con-
24 tinues for long hours. It must meet the dead line.
At times he is called upon to risk his own life to
2 secure a picture. To the newspaper photographer,
getting his picture being the most important thing.

*Marked by the Instructor—with Symbols*

cs Making photographs for newspapers is hard work,
s/ it is not the romantic carefree adventure glorified
in motion pictures and fiction books. For every
sp great moment recorded by the stareing eye of the
camera, there are twenty routine assignments that
ref must be handled in the same efficient manner. He
must often overcome great hardships. The work con-
sub tinues for long hours. It must meet the dead line.
At times he is called upon to risk his own life to
frag secure a picture. To the newspaper photographer,
getting his picture being the most important thing.

*Corrected by the Student—in Red*

3 Making photographs for newspapers is hard work/,
12c it is not the romantic, carefree adventure glorified
in motion pictures and fiction books. For every
18 great moment recorded by the ~~stareing~~ staring eye of the
camera, there are twenty routine assignments that
28 must be handled in the same efficient manner. ~~He~~ The
~~newspaper photographer must often overcome great~~
~~must often overcome great hardships. The work con-~~
hardships and work long hours to meet the deadline.
24 ~~tinues for long hours. It must meet the dead line.~~
At times he is called upon to risk his own life to
2 secure a picture. To the newspaper photographer,
getting his picture ~~being~~ is the most important thing.

cs Making photographs for newspapers is hard work/;
s/c it is not the romantic, carefree adventure glorified
in motion pictures and fiction books. For every
sp great moment recorded by the ~~staretig~~ staring eye of the
camera, there are twenty routine assignments that
ref must be handled in the same efficient manner. ~~He~~ The
~~newspaper photographer must often overcome great~~
~~must often overcome great hardships. The work of~~
sub ~~times for long hours. It must meet the dead line.~~ hardships and work long hours to meet the dead line.
At times he is called upon to risk his own life to
frag secure a picture. To the newspaper photographer,
getting his picture ~~being~~ is the most important thing.

## 8e. Use the following marks in correcting proof for the printer.

| | |
|---|---|
| Delete | Insert em dash |
| Delete and close up | Insert en dash |
| Reverse | Insert semicolon |
| Close up | Insert colon and en quad |
| Insert space | Insert period and en quad |
| Close up and insert space | Insert interrogation point |
| Paragraph | Query to author—in margin |
| Indent 1 em | Use ligature |
| Move to left | Spell out |
| Move to right | Transpose |
| Lower | Wrong font |
| Raise | Set in **boldface** type |
| Insert marginal addition | Set in roman type |
| Space evenly | Set in *italic* type |
| Broken letter—used in margin | Set in CAPITALS |
| Push down space | Set in SMALL CAPITALS |
| Straighten line | Set in lower case |
| Align type | Lower-case letter |
| Insert comma | Let it stand; restore words crossed out |
| Insert apostrophe | Run in same paragraph |
| Insert quotation marks | Insert lead between lines |
| Insert hyphen | Hair space between letters |

—From *A Manual of Style*, The University of Chicago Press.

## 8f. Divide words only between syllables (parts naturally pronounced as separate units of the word), and never set off a syllable made up of a single letter.

If the writer will leave a reasonable right-hand margin, he will seldom need to divide words, especially short ones. The reader will object less to an uneven margin than to a number of broken words.

WRONG ignit-ion, sentin-el [Words not divided at syllables. Whenever you are uncertain about the proper syllabication of a word, consult a good dictionary.]

RIGHT ig-nition (*or* igni-tion), sen-tinel (*or* senti-nel)

CONFUSING enjoy-ed, gleam-ed, watch-ed, remember-ed [Never confuse the reader by setting off an *-ed* pronounced as part of the preceding syllable.]

WRONG e-nough, a-gainst, e-vade [The saving of space is not sufficient to justify the break. Begin the word on the next line.]

WRONG man-y, show-y, dyspepsi-a [The final letter can be written as readily as the hyphen.]

AWKWARD fire-eat-er, mass-pro-duced, Pre-Raphael-ite

BETTER fire-eater, mass-produced, Pre-Raphaelite [Divide hyphenated words only at the break already marked by the hyphen.]

◈ EXERCISE. With the aid of your dictionary write out the following words by syllables, grouping (1) those that may properly be divided at the end of a line, and (2) those that may not be divided: *affection, against, alone, combed, decadent, erase, immense, levy, looked, nature, rainy, thought, through, walked, willing.*

# CAPITALS

## 9. Capitalize words in accordance with general usage. Avoid unnecessary capitals.

### 9a. Capitalize proper names and, generally, derivatives of proper names and abbreviations of them.

1. SPECIFIC PERSONS OR PLACES: Milton, Miltonic; California, Californian, Cal.; the South (referring to a specific section of the country); the Orient, an Oriental custom

2. ORGANIZATIONS OF ALL KINDS: Rotarians, Quakers, the Standard Oil Company, the Republican Party, the Senate, the Air Service, the United Nations, the Atomic Energy Commission

3. RACES, PEOPLES, AND LANGUAGES: Caucasian, Indian, Negro, Dutch, Norwegian, Pole, Polish, Spanish

4. DAYS OF THE WEEK, MONTHS, SPECIAL DAYS: Friday, June, Christmas, Easter, Labor Day

5. HISTORICAL PERIODS, EVENTS, OR DOCUMENTS: the Dark Ages, the Stone Age, the Spanish War, the Revolution, the Magna Carta, the Declaration of Independence

6. WORDS PERTAINING TO DEITY: God the Father, the Lord, the Saviour, the Trinity, the Almighty, the Creator

7. PERSONIFICATIONS

> Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
> Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

*Note:* In general, abbreviations are capitalized or not according to the capitalization of the word abbreviated. One important exception is *No.* for *number.* A good dictionary, such as *The American College Dictionary* (in the main vocabulary) or *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* ("Abbreviations," pages 998-1007), will show the usage in given instances.

### 9b. Capitalize titles preceding the name, or other words used as an essential part of a proper name.

RIGHT Mr. Brown, Judge White, King George, Aunt Mary

(1) Titles immediately following the name, or used alone as a substitute for the name, are capitalized only to indicate pre-eminence or high distinction: Harry S. Truman, President of the United States; the President of the United States; the President. On the other hand, ordinary titles are usually not capitalized: William Smith, president of the First National Bank; the president of the bank.

(2) Words denoting family relationship (*father, mother, brother, aunt, cousin*) are generally capitalized when used as titles or alone in place of the name, but not when preceded by a possessive: Brother William; Sister Mary; Mary, my sister; my brother; my sister; a trip with Father; a trip with my father; a letter from Mother; a letter from my mother.

(3) Such words as *college, high school, club, lake, river, park, avenue, street, pike, county, railroad,* and *society* are usually capitalized when they are an essential part of a proper name, but not when used alone as a substitute for the name: Knox College, the college; Central High School, the high school; Madison Street, the street; the Pennsylvania Railroad, the railroad.

◈ EXERCISE 1. In the following sentences supply capitals wherever needed. State the reason for the use of each capital.

1. Very gradually the prince's position changed. 2. He began to find the study of politics less uninteresting than he had supposed. 3. He read blackstone, and took lessons in english law; he was occasionally present when the queen interviewed her ministers. 4. At lord melbourne's suggestion he was shown all the despatches relating to foreign affairs. 5. Sometimes he would commit his views to paper, and read them aloud to the prime minister, who, infinitely kind and courteous, listened with attention, but seldom made any reply. 6. An important step was taken when, before the birth of the princess royal, the prince, without any opposition in parliament, was appointed regent in case of the death of the queen. 7. Stockmar, owing to whose intervention with the tories this happy re-

sult had been brought about, now felt himself at liberty to take a holiday with his family in coburg. 8. But his solicitude, poured out in innumerable letters, still watched over his pupil from afar. 9. "Dear prince," he wrote, "I am satisfied with the news you have sent me. 10. Mistakes, misunderstandings, obstructions, which come in vexatious opposition to one's views, are always to be taken for just what they are—namely, natural phenomena of life, which represent one of its sides and that the shady one." [1]

◈ EXERCISE 2. Copy the following sentences, supplying capitals wherever needed. State the reason for the use of each capital.

1. We invited judge green to meet uncle henry at the cosmos club to make plans for the annual community chest drive.

2. This club meets every monday in the madison state bank building on walnut street.

3. We invited mother and aunt bertha to attend our class play at parker high school.

4. Both my mother and my aunt had graduated from the same high school.

5. Before the end of the summer, perhaps during july, the president of the first national bank will take a vacation in florida.

6. The pacific ocean was discovered in 1513 by a spaniard named balboa.

7. When i returned to my work after labor day, i met mr. morgan, president of the liberty trust company.

8. The sussex riding club has bought a large tract of land near sand lake.

9. The president of this club is also president of the second national bank.

10. We are expecting father and uncle robert to visit us during the easter vacation.

11. After william was graduated from westview high school, he entered simpson college.

12. This high school has sent more than one hundred of its graduates to college during the past two years.

13. As soon as mother met uncle james, she told him that she had seen major white at the claiborne county fair.

### 9c. In titles of books, plays, themes, etc., capitalize the first word and all succeeding words except articles (*a, an, the*) and short conjunctions or prepositions.

RIGHT *Crime and Punishment, To Have and to Hold, Midnight on the Desert, The Man Without a Country* [A conjunction or preposition (*without*) of five or more letters is usually capitalized.]

### 9d. Capitalize the pronoun *I* and the interjection *O*.

RIGHT If *I* forget thee, *O* Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.—PSALMS

### 9e. Capitalize the first word of every sentence (including quoted sentences and direct questions) and the first word of every line of poetry.[2]

RIGHT He said, "The work is almost finished."

RIGHT He said that the work was "almost finished." [A fragmentary quotation does not begin with a capital.]

RIGHT The question is, Shall we go?

RIGHT
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.
—HOUSMAN

### 9f. Avoid unnecessary capitals.

Many students err in using too many rather than too few capitals. If you have a tendency to overuse capitals, you should study the five principles treated above (**9a, b, c, d, e**) and use a capital letter only when you can justify it.

WRONG He went farther South for the winter. [Mere direction—*south, southwest, north, east*—is not capitalized.]

RIGHT He went south for the winter, *or* He lived in the South during the winter.

RIGHT Winter, spring, summer, and autumn are the four seasons. [Names of the seasons are usually not capitalized.]

RIGHT I studied History 2, geography, Spanish, and mathematics. [It is preferable to capitalize the name of a study only when it is specific—*History 2*—or when it is derived from a proper name—*Spanish*.]

RIGHT I went to high school, to college, to the library (*or* to Dover High School, to Oberlin College, to Wade Memorial Library).

◈ EXERCISE 3. Indicate which of the capitals in the following sentences should be changed to small letters. State your reasons.

1. The Big Celebration would not take place for another four years, but President Dwight D. Eisenhower of Columbia University was getting his in-

[1] Adapted from *Queen Victoria*, by Lytton Strachey, copyright 1921, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

[2] Except poetry originally printed without initial capitals.

vitations out early. 2. Last week he invited seven hundred fifty Colleges, Universities, Libraries, and Museums all over the World to help Columbia observe its two hundredth Anniversary in 1954. 3. So far, all he knew about the type of Celebration Columbia would have was its "theme." 4. The theme was Freedom—the "one principle which all free Universities unfailingly must defend." 5. As Columbia well knew, it might not be able to expect 100 per cent acceptance. 6. Among the Institutions to whom Eisenhower's Invitations went last week were the Moscow State University and twenty-four others behind the Iron Curtain.[8]

[8] Adapted from "The Big Celebration," *Time,* May 29, 1950. Courtesy of *Time,* copyright Time, Inc., 1950.

# ITALICS

## 10. Italicize (underline) titles of publications, foreign words, names of ships, titles of works of art, and words spoken of as words. Use italics sparingly for emphasis.

In longhand or typewritten papers, italics are indicated by underlining. The printer sets all underlined words in italic type.

LONGHAND

In David Copperfield Dickens writes of his own boyhood.

PRINT In *David Copperfield* Dickens writes of his own boyhood.

### 10a. Titles of separate publications—such as books, bulletins, magazines, newspapers, musical productions—are italicized (underlined) when mentioned in writing.

*Note:* Occasionally one finds quotation marks used instead of italics for titles of separate publications. The best practice, however, reserves quotation marks for short stories and short poems, for articles from periodicals, and for subdivisions of books. In typewritten business letters titles are often put in capitals rather than italics (underlining).

RIGHT Many people still enjoy Mark Twain's *Roughing It.* [Note that the author's name is not italicized.]

RIGHT We read *The Comedy of Errors,* which is based on the *Menaechmi* of Plautus. [An initial *a, an,* or *the* is capitalized and italicized only when it belongs to the title.]

RIGHT *David Copperfield* opens with a chapter entitled "I Am Born."

RIGHT He pored over *Time,* the *Atlantic Monthly,* the *Saturday Evening Post,* and the *New York Times* (or New York *Times*).

[Italics are commonly omitted for articles standing first in the titles of periodicals, and sometimes for the name of the city in the titles of newspapers. Many periodicals omit all italics for titles, but students are usually cautioned against this informal practice.]

### 10b. Foreign words not yet Anglicized are italicized (underlined).

Such words are indicated in *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* by parallel bars immediately before the words; in *The American College Dictionary,* by the italicized name of the language immediately after the words.

RIGHT She had a *joie de vivre* distinctly her own.

RIGHT Mexico is sometimes called the land of *mañana.*

RIGHT The *Weltansicht* of despots is often discolored by their ambitions.

◈ EXERCISE 1. With the aid of your dictionary list and underline five foreign words or phrases that are still used in English with italics. List five other foreign words or phrases (such as "apropos," "bona fide," "ex officio") that no longer require italics.

### 10c. Names of ships and aircraft and titles of works of art are italicized (underlined).

RIGHT The *Queen Mary* and the *Princess Elizabeth* sailed from New York.

RIGHT Rodin's *The Thinker* stands in one of the Parisian gardens.

**10d. Words, letters, or figures spoken of as such are italicized (underlined).**

RIGHT The article *the* has lost much of its demonstrative force. [Sometimes quotation marks ("the") are used instead of italics.]

RIGHT The final *e* in *stone* is silent.

RIGHT The first *3* and the final *o* of the serial number are barely legible.

◈ EXERCISE 2. Copy the following sentences, italicizing (underscoring) as necessary.

1. Galsworthy's The Man of Property, In Chancery, and To Let were published separately as novels between 1906 and 1921, before they were issued in one volume entitled The Forsyte Saga.

2. To Let was completed in September, 1920, before Galsworthy sailed from Liverpool on the Empress of France to spend the winter in America.

3. Galsworthy's novels have been reviewed in such periodicals as Harper's Magazine, the Saturday Review of Literature, and the New York Herald Tribune.

4. According to Greenough and Kittredge, in their book entitled Words and Their Ways in English Speech, "it is more natural for us to say divide (from L. divido) than cleave (from A.S. cleofan); travel than fare; river than stream; castle than burg; residence than dwelling; remain than abide; expect than ween; pupil or scholar than learner."

5. A Manual of Style, published by the University of Chicago Press, recommends that such Latin words or abbreviations as vide, idem, ibid., and op. cit. be italicized when used in literary references.

**10e. As a rule do not use italics (underlining) to give special emphasis to a word or a group of words. Do not underline the title of your own paper.**

Frequent use of italics for emphasis defeats its own purpose and becomes merely an annoyance to the reader. This use of italics has been almost abandoned by good contemporary writers. Emphasis on a given word or phrase can best be secured by careful arrangement of the sentence. See Section **29.**

*Note:* A title is not italicized when it stands at the head of a book or an article. Accordingly, a student should not italicize (underline) the title standing at the head of his own paper (unless the title happens to be also the title of a book).

# ABBREVIATIONS AND NUMBERS

## 11. In ordinary writing avoid abbreviations (with a few well-known exceptions), and write out numbers whenever they can be expressed in two or three words.

**11a. In ordinary writing spell out all titles except *Mr.*, *Messrs.*, *Mrs.*, *Mmes.*, *Dr.*, and *St.* (*saint*, not *street*). Spell out even these titles when not followed by proper names.**

WRONG The Dr. made his report to the Maj.

RIGHT The doctor (*or* Dr. Smith) made his report to the major (*or* to Major Brown).

**11b. In ordinary writing spell out names of states, countries, months, and days of the week.**

WRONG He left Ia. on the last Sun. in Jul.

RIGHT He left Iowa on the last Sunday in July.

**11c. In ordinary writing spell out *Street*, *Boulevard*, *Park*, *Company*, and similar words used as part of a proper name.**

WRONG The procession moved down Lee St. between Central Pk. and the neon signs of the Ford Motor Co.

RIGHT The procession moved down Lee Street between Central Park and the neon signs of the Ford Motor Company.

**11d. In ordinary writing spell out references in the text to volume, pages, chapters, subjects.**

WRONG The notes on chem. are taken from the 9th ch., p. 346. [Many abbreviations not acceptable in the text are preferable in footnotes. See Section 33.]

RIGHT The notes on chemistry are taken from the ninth chapter, page 346.

### 11e. In ordinary writing spell out Christian names.

WRONG Jas. Smith, Geo. White

RIGHT James Smith, George White

**Important Exceptions:** The following abbreviations are permissible and usually desirable.

1. *Before proper names:* Mr., Messrs., Mrs., Mmes., Dr., St. (*saint,* not *street*)

   RIGHT Mr. Smith, Messrs. Smith and Jones, St. Mark

   In informal writing *Hon.* and *Rev.* may be used before the surname when it is preceded by the Christian name or initials, never before the surname alone.

   WRONG Hon. Smith, Rev. Jones

   RIGHT The Hon. George Smith, the Hon. G. E. Smith, the Rev. Thomas Jones, the Rev. T. E. Jones, the Rev. Dr. Jones

   RIGHT (more formal): The Honorable George Edward Smith, the Reverend Thomas Everett Jones, the Reverend Dr. Jones

2. *After proper names:* Jr., Sr., Esq., D.D., LL.D., M.A., M.D., etc.

   RIGHT Mr. Sam Jones, Sr., Sam Jones, Jr., Thomas Jones, M.D.

3. *With dates or numerals:* B.C., A.D., A.M., P.M., No., $

   RIGHT In 450 B.C., at 9:30 A.M.; in room No. 6; for $365

   WRONG Early this A.M. he asked the No. of your room. [The abbreviations are correct only with the numerals.]

   RIGHT Early this morning he asked the number of your room.

4. *In general use, but often spelled out in formal writing:* i.e. (*that is*), e.g. (*for example*), viz. (*namely*), cf. (*compare*), etc. (*and so forth*), vs. (*versus*)

*Note:* Use *etc.* sparingly. Never write *and etc.* The abbreviation comes from *et cetera,* of which *et* means *and.*

*Special Exceptions:* Many abbreviations are desirable in footnotes, in tabulations, and in certain types of technical writing. In such special writing the student should follow the practice of the better publications in the field. If he has any doubt regarding the spelling or capitalization of any abbreviation, he should consult a good dictionary such as *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* ("Abbreviations," pages 998-1007) or *The American College Dictionary* (the main vocabulary).

#### NUMBERS

### 11f. Although usage varies, writers tend to spell out numbers that require only one or two words; they regularly use figures for other numbers.

RIGHT twenty years; a sum of four dollars; fifty thousand dollars; a million dollars

RIGHT after 124 years; a sum of $2.27; only 187 votes; exactly 4,568,305 votes [Note the commas used to separate millions, thousands, hundreds.]

*Special Usage Regarding Numbers:*

1. *Use figures for dates.*

   RIGHT May 1, 1951; 1 May 1951; July 12, 1763

   The letters *st, nd, rd, th* should not be added to the day of the month when the year follows; they need not be added even when the year is omitted.

   CORRECT May 1, July 2

   When the year is omitted, the day of the month may be written out.

   CORRECT May first, July second

   Ordinal numbers to designate the day of the month may be written out or expressed in figures.

   CORRECT He came on the fifth (*or* 5th) of May.

   But the year is never written out except in very formal social announcements or invitations.

2. *Use figures for street numbers, for pages and divisions of a book, for decimals and percentages, and for the hour of the day when used with* A.M. *or* P.M.

   RIGHT 26 Main Avenue, 460 Fourth Street

   RIGHT The quotation is from page 80.

   RIGHT The bar is .63 inches thick.

   RIGHT She gets 10 per cent of the profits.

   RIGHT He arrived at 4:30 P.M.

3. *Be consistent in spelling out or using figures. Normally use figures for a series of numbers.*

RIGHT The garden plot was 125 feet long and 50 feet wide and contained an asparagus bed 12 feet square.

RIGHT He earned $15 weekly, spent $3.50 for room rent, $7 for board, and saved $4.50.

4. *Normally spell out any numeral at the beginning of a sentence. If necessary, recast the sentence.*

WRONG 25 boys made the trip.

RIGHT Twenty-five boys made the trip.

WRONG 993 freshmen entered the college last year.

RIGHT Last year 993 freshmen entered the college.

5. *The practice of repeating in parentheses a number that is spelled out (now generally reserved for legal and commercial writing) should be used logically if at all.*

ILLOGICAL I enclose twenty ($20) dollars.

LOGICAL I enclose twenty (20) dollars.

LOGICAL I enclose twenty dollars ($20).

### EXERCISES ON ABBREVIATIONS AND NUMBERS

A. Correct the abbreviations and numbers in the following letter. Where necessary, substitute a word or phrase for abbreviations improperly used. Justify all corrections.

1. Dear Rev. Peabody 2. I left the State Ref. and arrived at home here this Sat. P.M. 3. The family etc. were very kind, as you said they would be. 4. Early tomorrow I'm going to No. 27 Jackson Blvd. to tell the Dr. how sorry I am. 5. I'll pay him the $475 I stole as soon as I have the $.

B. Consult your dictionary to find out what the following abbreviations mean.

1. R.F.D.
2. AAA
3. A.D., A.D.
4. chm.
5. S.P.C.A.
6. UNRRA
7. B.C., B.C.
8. i.e.
9. A.A.U.P.
10. P.H.
11. viz.
12. ex lib.
13. AAF
14. Ph.C.
15. D.V.
16. C.I.F.

# PUNCTUATION

## THE COMMA

## 12. Use the comma where it is demanded by the structure of the sentence.

The many different uses of the comma may be grouped under a very few principles and mastered with comparative ease by anyone who understands the structure of the sentence.[1] These principles, covering the normal practice of the best contemporary writers, are adequate for the needs of the average college student. He may note that skilled writers sometimes employ the comma in unusual ways to express delicate shades of meaning. Such variations can safely be made by the writer who has first learned to apply the following major principles:

**a.** To separate main clauses joined by *and, but, or, nor,* or *for.*

[1] *Caution:* Mastery of the comma is almost impossible for anyone who does not understand the structure of the sentence. If a student cannot readily distinguish main clauses, subordinate clauses, and the various kinds of phrases, he should study Section **1, Sentence Sense,** especially **1d** and **1e,** before trying to use this section. (Mastery of Section **12** will help to eliminate one of the two most common errors in the average student theme.)

b. To separate an introductory clause (or phrase) from the main clause.

c. To separate items in a series (and co-ordinate adjectives).

d. To set off nonrestrictive (parenthetical, interrupting) elements.

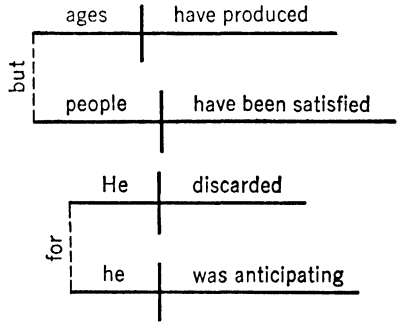
## MAIN (INDEPENDENT) CLAUSES

### 12a. Main clauses joined by one of the co-ordinating conjunctions (*and, but, or, nor, for*)[2] are separated by a comma.

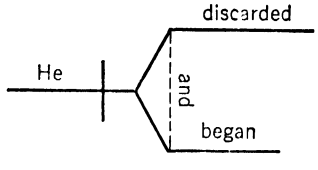
[If the conjunction is omitted, the main clauses must be separated by a semicolon—or broken into distinct sentences and separated by a period. See Sections 3 and 14.]

RIGHT Other ages have produced inspiring discussions of the nature of the good life, but the people of the twentieth century have not been satisfied with reflection and discussion. —SUMNER H. SLICHTER

RIGHT He discarded the heavy pack, for he was anticipating a steep climb ahead.




*Caution:* Do not confuse the compound sentence with a simple sentence containing a compound predicate.




RIGHT He discarded the heavy pack and began the steep climb ahead.

Even more objectionable than the comma between parts of the compound predicate would be the use of a comma before a conjunction which joins merely two words (*men* and *women, white* and *black*) or two phrases (*out of the pan* and *into the fire, to see* and *to believe*).

At times the comma is used to set off what seems to be merely the second part of a compound predicate, or even a phrase. Closer examination usually discloses, however, that such a word or phrase is actually a regular main clause with some words "understood." Note, for example, the following sentences, in which the implied matter is inserted in brackets:

Acheson was urged to go along with them, but [he] refused.—NEW YORK TIMES SUNDAY MAGAZINE

There is no other way for the world's living standards to be raised to anything like our level, and [there is] no other way to link or merge the economies of the free nations.—FORTUNE

The number of high school graduates has been increasing since 1890 about thirteen times as fast as the population, and the number of college graduates [has been increasing] six times as fast. —THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

We are proud of this tradition, and [we are] not [proud] without good cause.—FORTUNE

*Exceptions to* **12a:**

1. The comma before the co-ordinating conjunction *and* or *or* (seldom before *but* or *for*) may be omitted if the main clauses are short. (In colloquial style, especially in narrative writing, the comma is frequently omitted even when the clauses are longer.)

RIGHT The brown earth turned dark and the trees glistened.—JOHN STEINBECK

2. A semicolon is often preferable to the comma when the main clauses are very long. The use of the semicolon is strongly desirable, if not absolutely necessary, when one clause contains commas; the semicolon enables the reader to see at a glance the chief break in the sentence.

RIGHT American higher education may be sometimes slapdash and fantastic, with its short-story and saxophone courses, its strange fraternities and sororities, its musical-comedy co-ed atmosphere, its heavily solemn games departments; but at least it has never departed from the fine medieval tradition of the poor scholar.—PRIESTLEY

◈ EXERCISE 1. In each of the following sentences find the main clauses. Then explain why the main clauses should be (1) separated by a comma, (2)

[2] *Yet* is occasionally used as a co-ordinating conjunction equivalent to *but*. Informal writing frequently uses *so* as a co-ordinating conjunction, but careful writers usually avoid the *so*-sentence by subordinating one of the clauses.

separated by a semicolon, or (3) left without any punctuation.

1. Our first night at the camp I remember very well for I thought I should never live to tell the story.

2. The bus stopped and the children got off.

3. It was a difficult year but I managed to graduate with my class.

4. It was a difficult year, filled with interruptions, new instructors, and shifting schedules but I budgeted my time so carefully that I was able to hold my place on the team and also to graduate with my class.

◈ EXERCISE 2. Compose six sentences (two of each type) to illustrate main clauses (1) separated by a comma, (2) separated by a semicolon, and (3) left without any punctuation.

## INTRODUCTORY CLAUSES (OR PHRASES)

### 12b. A subordinate clause (or a long phrase) preceding the main clause is usually followed by a comma.

RIGHT *Although I am not a member of the club*, I know much of its history. [Subordinate clause preceding the main clause.]

RIGHT *After a long apprenticeship in good works and study of the sacred books*, his name is put forward by three old members.—JOHN FISCHER. [Long phrase preceding the main clause.]

Introductory phases containing a gerund, a participle, or an infinitive, even though short, must often be followed by a comma to prevent misreading.

RIGHT *Before leaving*, the soldiers demolished the fort.

RIGHT *Because of his effort to escape*, his punishment was increased.

Short introductory prepositional phrases, except when they are transitional expressions, are seldom followed by a comma.

RIGHT *During the night* he heard many noises.

RIGHT *Within the next few days* I hope to leave.

RIGHT *In fact*, I hope to leave tomorrow. [Transitional expression.]

Many writers omit the comma after short introductory clauses, and sometimes after longer ones, when the omission does not make for difficult reading. In the following sentences the commas may be used or omitted at the option of the writer:

When you arrive(,) you will find me waiting for you.

When *he* comes to the end of the lane(,) *he* should turn to the left. [When the subject of the introductory clause is repeated in the main clause, the comma is usually unnecessary.]

If we do not go(,) we may be sorry.

*Note on adverbial clauses following the main clause:* Each introductory clause illustrated above is an adverbial clause—i.e., it modifies the verb of the main clause. When the adverbial clause *follows* the main clause, the comma is usually omitted. (*Example:* The comma is usually omitted *when the adverbial clause follows the main clause.*) But such clauses are set off by a comma if they are nonrestrictive or loosely connected with the rest of the sentence, especially if the subordinating conjunction seems equivalent to a co-ordinating conjunction.

RIGHT Henry is now in good health, although he has been an invalid most of his life. [*Although* is equivalent to *but.*]

RIGHT He stayed until Sunday, when he packed his trunk and went home. [*When* is equivalent to *and then.*]

◈ EXERCISE 3. In each of the following sentences find the main clause and identify the preceding element as a subordinate clause or a phrase. Then determine whether to use or omit a comma after the introductory element. Justify your decision.

1. Since there are no longer definite types of work for the different sexes men and women often have the same occupations.

2. When Jane arrives she will take a part in the play.

3. Although Jane is not the best actress in the land she has the qualifications to become the best some day.

4. Throughout the day the cinders kept falling.

5. Throughout the first day and night and well into the night of the second day cinders kept falling.

## ITEMS IN A SERIES, CO-ORDINATE ADJECTIVES

### 12c. Words, phrases, or clauses in a series (and co-ordinate adjectives modifying the same noun) are separated by commas.

#### (1) Words, phrases, or clauses in a series

RIGHT The room is *bright*, *clean*, *quiet.* [Form *a, b, c.*]

RIGHT The room is *bright*, *clean*, and *quiet*. [Form *a*, *b*, and *c*.]

RIGHT The room is *bright* and *clean* and *quiet*. [Form *a* and *b* and *c*. Commas are omitted when *and* is used throughout the series.]

RIGHT He walked *up the steps*, *across the porch*, and *through the doorway*. [Phrases in a series.]

RIGHT We protested *that the engine used too much oil*, *that the brakes were worn out*, and *that the tires were dangerous*. [Subordinate clauses in a series.]

The final comma is often omitted, especially by newspapers, when the series takes the form *a*, *b*, and *c*. But students are usually advised to follow the practice of the more conservative books and periodicals in using the comma throughout the series. Sometimes the final comma is needed to prevent confusion.

CONFUSING The natives ate beans, onions, rice and honey. [Was the rice and honey a mixture?]

CLEAR The natives ate beans, onions, rice, and honey; *or* The natives ate beans, onions, and rice and honey.

**(2) Co-ordinate adjectives**

RIGHT a *clean*, *quiet* room; a *bright*, *clean*, *quiet* room; a *keen*, *watchful* man. [*Clean* and *quiet* are co-ordinate—that is, of equal grammatical rank—and modify the same noun, *room*.]

RIGHT a *clean* and *quiet* room; a room that is *clean* and *bright* and *quiet*; a *keen* and *watchful* man. [Commas are omitted when *and* is used between the co-ordinate adjectives.]

But note that a comma is not used between two adjectives when the second adjective is thought of as a part of the noun.

RIGHT a *keen* old man. [*Old man* has the force of a single noun, like *postman*. *Keen* and *old* are not co-ordinate; instead, *keen* modifies *old man*.]

RIGHT a *quiet* dining room. [*Dining room* has the force of a single noun.]

◈ EXERCISE 4. In the following sentences distinguish each series and each group of co-ordinate adjectives, inserting commas wherever needed. Justify each comma used.

1. A poet walked forth on a dark tempestuous night to witness the horrors of a wreck to remember the scene and to record it later in his verse.
2. The heavy rolling pin fell from the table.
3. On a bright chilly morning in January my father my brother and I climbed to the top of Clingmans Dome.
4. Lawrence is a tall stooped old man with a small chin a long nose and a large scar under one eye.
5. The effects of the nights of summer of the days of winter of the twilight of spring and of the dawn of autumn stamped themselves upon the artist.
6. Ruth nursed the feeble old woman during the coldest darkest days of winter.

◈ EXERCISE 5. Compose six sentences to illustrate punctuation of different types of items in series and of co-ordinate adjectives.

## NONRESTRICTIVE (PARENTHETICAL, INTERRUPTING) ELEMENTS

### 12d. Nonrestrictive clauses (or phrases) and other parenthetical elements ("interrupters") are set off by commas. Restrictive clauses (or phrases) are not set off.

[To *set off* means to put a comma after a parenthetical element at the beginning of a sentence, before a parenthetical element at the end, and both before and after one within a sentence. *Caution:* When two commas are needed to set off a parenthetical element within the sentence, as in the third and sixth sentences below, the omission of one of the two commas is usually more objectionable than the omission of both.

EXAMPLES *My friends*, we have no alternative.
We have no alternative, *my friends*.
We have, *my friends*, no alternative.

*He said*, "The story has been told."
"The story has been told," *he said*.
"The story," *he said*, "has been told."]

**(1) Nonrestrictive clauses and phrases are set off by commas. Restrictive clauses and phrases are not set off.**

A nonrestrictive clause (or phrase) merely adds information about a word already defined, and therefore it can be omitted without changing the meaning of the sentence; it is not essential to the meaning. A restrictive clause (or phrase) sets certain bounds or limits to the meaning of the sentence. It cannot be omitted because it is essential to the meaning of the sentence.

| NONRESTRICTIVE (NONESSENTIAL) | RESTRICTIVE (ESSENTIAL) |
|---|---|
| My car, *which is parked across the street*, is ready. [Clause adding information about a car already identified.] | The car *which is parked across the street* is ready. [Clause essential to the identification.] |
| My car, *parked across the street*, is ready. [Phrase.] | The car *parked across the street* is ready. [Phrase.] |
| Henry Smith, *who walked rapidly ahead*, arrived on time. | The boy *who is walking rapidly ahead* is Henry Smith. |
| *Walking rapidly*, he arrived on time. | Anyone *walking rapidly* will arrive on time. |

Sometimes a clause (or phrase) may be either restrictive or nonrestrictive; the writer signifies his meaning by the proper use of the comma.

NONRESTRICTIVE He spent hours caring for the Indian guides, who were sick with malaria. [He cared for all the Indian guides. All of them were sick with malaria.]

RESTRICTIVE (NO COMMA) He spent hours caring for the Indian guides who were sick with malaria. [Some of the Indian guides were sick with malaria. He cared for the sick ones.]

*Note:* Students who have difficulty in distinguishing restrictive and nonrestrictive elements should read aloud the illustrative sentences, noting the lack of pause before the restrictive elements and the definite pauses setting off the nonrestrictive elements. The "pause" test may prove helpful, but the final test is the analysis of the sentence to determine whether the element is essential.

◈ EXERCISE 6. In the following sentences determine whether each clause (or phrase) is restrictive or nonrestrictive. Set off only the nonrestrictive clauses (or phrases).

1. All banks which fail to report will be closed.
2. All banks failing to report will be closed.
3. The law permitted banks to borrow money from the Federal Reserve Banks which were twelve in number.
4. Henry betrayed the man who had helped him build his fortune.
5. James White who had helped Henry build his fortune died yesterday.
6. My father hoping that I would remain at home offered me a share in his business.

◈ EXERCISE 7. Compose and punctuate five sentences containing nonrestrictive clauses or phrases. Compose five sentences containing restrictive clauses or phrases and underscore the restrictive elements.

**(2) Appositives, contrasted elements, geographical names, and items in dates and addresses are set off by commas.**

Note that appositives may be readily expanded into nonrestrictive clauses. In other words, the principle underlying the use of commas to set off nonrestrictive clauses also applies here.

APPOSITIVES AND CONTRASTED ELEMENTS

RIGHT Jesse, *the caretaker*, is a good fellow. [The appositive *caretaker* is equivalent to the nonrestrictive clause *who is the caretaker.*]

RIGHT Vinie, *the cook*, wears red dresses.

RIGHT Sandburg, *the biographer of Lincoln*, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. [The appositive is equivalent to the nonrestrictive clause *who is the biographer of Lincoln.*]

RIGHT My companions were James White, *Esq.*, William Smith, *M.D.*, and Rufus L. Black, *Ph.D.*

RIGHT The cook, *not the caretaker*, will assist you. [The contrasted element is a sort of negative appositive.]

RIGHT Our failures, *not our successes*, will be remembered.

RIGHT Trade comes with peace, *not with war.*

Appositives are usually nonrestrictive (parenthetical), merely adding information about a person or thing already defined. Such appositives are set off by commas. But when an appositive is restrictive, commas are usually omitted.

RIGHT The poet Sandburg has written a biography. [*Sandburg* restricts the meaning, telling what poet has written a biography.]

RIGHT His son James is sick. [*James*, not his son *William.*]

RIGHT William the Conqueror invaded England in 1066. [An appositive that is part of the title is restrictive.]

RIGHT The word *malapropism* is derived from Sheridan's *The Rivals.*

*Note:* The "pause" test may prove helpful. See note above.

◈ EXERCISE 8. Copy the following sentences, using commas to set off contrasted elements and nonrestrictive appositives. Underscore restrictive appositives.

1. When the three-master *Pharaon* put into Marseilles on February 28, 1815, she was commanded by nineteen-year-old Edmond Dantes not her captain but her first mate. 2. When M. Morrel the owner heard that the old captain had died at sea, he promised the post to Edmond, who went off gaily to see his father and his beloved the Catalan girl Mercedes. 3. Meantime Danglars the supercargo an offensive man of twenty-six who disliked Dantes was informing M. Morrel that Edmond had stopped at the Isle of Elba on the voyage. 4. Edmond found that his father had lived on almost nothing for three months, having paid the tailor Caderousse some money which Dantes owed. 5. The youth then hurried to the beautiful Mercedes, whom he found with her cousin Fernand Mondego a twenty-one-year-old fisherman. 6. While Edmond and Mercedes made hurried preparations for their marriage, Fernand and Danglars plotted together. 7. They wrote an anonymous letter to Ferard de Villefort the deputy *procureur de roi* saying that Dantes was carrying a letter from Napoleon to the Bonapartists in Paris.[3]

◈ EXERCISE 9. Compose ten sentences to illustrate the punctuation of appositives and contrasted elements.

### GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES, ITEMS IN DATES AND ADDRESSES

RIGHT Pasadena, California, is the site of the Rose Bowl. [*California* may be thought of as equivalent to the nonrestrictive clause *which is in California.*]

RIGHT My friends live near the Charles River at 24 Radcliff Road, Waban 68, Massachusetts. [Postal zone numbers are not separated by a comma from the name of the city.]

RIGHT Tuesday, May 8, 1951, in Chicago; 8 May 1951; May, 1952, in Boston *or* May 1952 in Boston. [Commas may be omitted when the day of the month is not given, or when the day of the month precedes rather than follows the month.]

◈ EXERCISE 10. Copy the following sentences, inserting commas where they are needed.

1. William Congreve was born in Bardsey England on January 24 1670.

2. The accident occurred in De Soto Parish Louisiana on Monday September 9 1950.

3. Please send all communications to 385 Madison Avenue New York 17 New York.

[3] Adapted from *Plot Outlines of 100 Famous Novels*, edited by Roland A. Goodman. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Doubleday & Company, Inc.

**(3) Parenthetical words, phrases, or clauses (inserted expressions), words in direct address (vocatives), absolute phrases, and mild interjections are set off by commas.**

### PARENTHETICAL EXPRESSIONS

As a matter of fact, the term "parenthetical" is correctly applied to everything discussed under 12d; but the term is more commonly applied to such expressions as *on the other hand, in the first place, in fact, to tell the truth, etc., however, that is, for example, I hope, I report, he says.* The term would apply equally well to expressions inserted in dialogue: *he said, he observed, he protested,* etc.

RIGHT You will, *then*, accept our offer?

RIGHT *To tell the truth*, we anticipated bad luck.

RIGHT The work is, *on the whole*, very satisfactory.

RIGHT "We believe," *he replied*, "that you are correct."

Some parenthetical expressions causing little if any pause in reading are frequently not set off by commas: *also, too, indeed, perhaps, at least, likewise, nevertheless,* etc. The writer must use his judgment.

RIGHT I am *also* of that opinion.

RIGHT He is *perhaps* the best swimmer on the team.

RIGHT Your efforts will *of course* be appreciated; *or,* Your efforts will, *of course*, be appreciated.

### DIRECT ADDRESS

RIGHT Come here, *Mary*, and help us.

RIGHT I refuse, *sir*, to believe the report.

RIGHT This, *my friends*, is the whole truth.

### ABSOLUTE PHRASES [4]

RIGHT *Everything being in readiness*, we departed promptly.

RIGHT He ran swiftly, *the dog in front of him*, and plunged into the forest.

RIGHT I fear the encounter, *his temper being what it is.*

### MILD INTERJECTIONS

RIGHT *Well*, let him try if he insists.

RIGHT *Ah*, that is my idea of a good meal.

[Strong interjections call for the exclamation point. See Section 17.]

[4] See Section 35, **Grammatical Terms.**

*Note:* Occasionally a comma, though not called for by any of the principles already discussed, may be needed to prevent misreading.

CONFUSING Inside the room was gaily decorated. [*Inside* may be at first mistaken for the preposition.]

CLEAR Inside, the room was gaily decorated. [*Inside* is clearly the adverb.]

◈ EXERCISE 11.

A. Copy the following passage, using commas to set off all parenthetical expressions, words in direct address, absolute phrases, and mild interjections.

1. Come my friend admit that the proposal to refuse visas to a citizen not suspected of crime or subversion is a form of tyranny. 2. It prohibits you must agree the citizen's freedom of movement. 3. In fact it may very well cut off his means of livelihood. 4. All things considered it is a highly undesirable practice. 5. In my opinion sir freedom of travel is an essential sign of democracy. 6. It announces in effect that the country has nothing to hide; it announces also that it trusts the citizen will be a proper ambassador. 7. Oh we may be sure that a country which will not let its citizens out of its sight is afraid to trust them. 8. It is afraid moreover that it cannot control their minds and their speech.

B. Copy the following passage, inserting all commas needed.

1. After a night spent in fever and sleeplessness I forced myself to take a long tramp the next day through the hilly country which was covered with pine woods. 2. It all looked dreary and desolate and I could not think what I should do there. 3. Returning in the afternoon I stretched myself dead tired on a hard couch awaiting the long-desired hour of sleep. 4. It did not come; but I fell into a kind of somnolent state in which I suddenly felt as though I were sinking in swiftly flowing water. 5. The rushing sound formed itself in my brain into a musical sound the chord of E-flat major which continually re-echoed in broken forms; these broken chords seemed to be melodic passages of increasing motion yet the pure triad of E-flat major never changed but seemed by its continuance to impart infinite significance to the element in which I was sinking. 6. I awoke in sudden terror from my doze feeling as though the waves were rushing high above my head. 7. I at once recognized that the orchestral overture to the *Rheingold* which must long have lain latent within me though it had been unable to find definite form had at last been revealed to me.—RICHARD WAGNER

# SUPERFLUOUS COMMAS

## 13. Do not use superfluous commas.[1]

If you have a tendency to use unnecessary commas, consider every comma you are tempted to use and omit it unless you can justify its use by one of the principles treated under Section 12.

Another way—perhaps less satisfactory—to avoid unnecessary commas is to observe the following rules:

### 13a. Do not use a comma to separate the subject and its verb, the verb and its complement, or an adjective and its noun.

[1] Mastery of Section 13 will help to eliminate the fifth most common error in the average student theme.

WRONG Rain at short intervals, is productive of mosquitoes. [Needless separation of subject and verb.]

RIGHT Rain at short intervals is productive of mosquitoes.

Note, however, that a comma may be used before the verb when the subject is heavily modified.

EXAMPLE Rain coming at short intervals and in sufficient amounts to fill the ponds, the cisterns, and the many small containers near the houses, is productive of mosquitoes.

Note also that a parenthetical element, set off by two commas, does not produce the disruptive effect of a single comma.

EXAMPLE Rain at short intervals, *we are told*, is productive of mosquitoes.

In the following sentences the commas in parentheses should be omitted:

He learned at an early age(,) the necessity of economizing. [Needless separation of verb and object.]

The book says(,) that members of the crew deserted. [Indirect discourse: needless separation of verb and object.]

He was a bad, deceitful, unruly(,) boy. [Incorrect separation of adjective and its noun.]

**13b. Do not use a comma to separate two words or two phrases joined by a coordinating conjunction.**

Omit the commas in parentheses:

The poem has nobility of sentiment(,) and dignity of style.

The players work together(,) and gain a victory. [Compound predicate: *and* joins two verbs.]

He had decided to work(,) and to save his money. [*And* joins two infinitive phrases.]

**13c. Do not use commas to set off words or short phrases (especially introductory ones) that are not parenthetical or that are very slightly so.**

Omit the commas in parentheses:

On last Monday(,) I went to a baseball game.

Maybe(,) he had a better reason for leaving.

The center passes the ball(,) through his legs(,) to a man in the backfield.

In our age(,) it is easy to talk(,) by wire(,) to any continent.

I am(,) also(,) convinced of his sincerity.

**13d. Do not use commas to set off restrictive clauses, restrictive phrases, or restrictive appositives.**

Omit the commas in parentheses:

A man(,) *who hopes to succeed*(,) must work hard. [Restrictive clause.]

A man(,) *disinclined to work*(,) cannot succeed. [Restrictive phrase.]

That man(,) *Jones*(,) will outwit his opponents. [Restrictive appositive.]

**13e. Do not put a comma before the first item of a series, after the last item of a series, or after a conjunction.**

Omit the commas in parentheses:

I enjoy the study of(,) history, geography, and geology. [Needless comma before the first item of a series. A colon here would be even worse—since there is no formal introduction. See **17d.**]

History, geography, and geology(,) are interesting subjects.

I enjoy these subjects, but(,) for others I have less appreciation.

Field work is required in a few sciences, such as(,) botany and geology.

EXERCISE ON
SUPERFLUOUS COMMAS

In the following passages (adapted from Francis Parkman) some of the commas are needed and some are superfluous. Strike out all commas that would usually be omitted in good contemporary writing. Justify each comma that you allow to stand.

1. In opening this plan of treachery, Pontiac spoke rather as a counselor, than as a commander. 2. Haughty as he was, he had too much sagacity to wound the pride of a body of men, over whom he had no other control, than that derived from his personal character and influence. 3. No one was hardy enough, to venture opposition to the proposal of their great leader. 4. His plan, was eagerly adopted. 5. Hoarse ejaculations, of applause, echoed his speech; and, gathering their blankets around them, the chiefs withdrew, to their respective villages, to prepare for the destruction of the unsuspecting garrison.

1. The twelve canoes, had reached the western end of the Lake, of St. Peter, where it is filled, with innumerable islands. 2. The forest was close, on their right; they kept near the shore, to avoid the current, and the shallow water, before them, was covered with a dense growth, of tall bulrushes. 3. Suddenly, the silence was frightfully broken. 4. The war-whoop rose, from among the rushes, mingled, with the reports of guns, and the whistling of bullets; and several Iroquois canoes, filled, with warriors, pushed out, from their concealment, and bore down upon Jogues and his companions. 5. The Hurons, in the rear, were seized with a shameful panic. 6. They leaped ashore; left canoes, baggage, and, weapons; and, fled into the woods. 7. The French, and the Christian Hurons, made fight, for a time; but, when they saw another fleet of canoes approaching, from the opposite shores, or islands, they lost heart, and those escaped, who could.

# THE SEMICOLON

## 14. Use the semicolon (a) between two main clauses not joined by *and, but, or, nor,* or *for* and (b) between co-ordinate elements containing commas. (Use the semicolon only between parts of equal rank.)

*Caution:* Your understanding of this section will depend upon your ability to distinguish clauses and phrases, main clauses and subordinate clauses. You may need to master Section 1, **Sentence Sense**, especially 1d and 1e, before studying Section 14.

### 14a. Use the semicolon between two main clauses not joined by one of the simple co-ordinating conjunctions (*and, but, or, nor, for*).

RIGHT The semicolon is a much stronger mark of separation than the comma; it is almost as strong as the period. [The use of a comma in such a sentence would be a *comma splice*. See Section 3.]

RIGHT One of the myths of these times is that there are secrets of science; nothing could be more erroneous or dangerous.—HARPER'S MAGAZINE

RIGHT With educated people, I suppose, punctuation is a matter of rule; with me it is a matter of feeling. But I must say I have a great respect for the semicolon; it's a useful little chap.
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

**Conjunctive adverbs** (such as *accordingly, also, anyhow, besides, consequently, furthermore, hence, however, indeed, instead, likewise, moreover, nevertheless, so, still, then, therefore, thus*) are not simple co-ordinating conjunctions. Thus, in accordance with the rule, main clauses joined by these *adverbs* should be separated by the semicolon. (But see the footnote under 12a.)

RIGHT I carried a letter of introduction with me; therefore I had no difficulty in getting an interview. [But usually such sentences are better revised according to the principles of **Subordination**, Section 24: Since I carried a letter of introduction with me, I had no difficulty in getting an interview.]

Explanatory expressions (such as *for example, in fact, namely, on the contrary, on the other hand, that is*) are similar in use to conjunctive adverbs; that is, main clauses joined by them must be separated by the semicolon.

RIGHT He is coming today; in fact, he is due here now.

*Note:* Such conjunctive adverbs or explanatory expressions as *therefore* and *in fact,* when used after the semicolon, are or are not followed by a comma, depending on how parenthetical the writer feels them to be. See Section 12d (3).

**Co-ordinating conjunctions** between main clauses may be preceded by a semicolon (instead of the usual comma) if the clauses have internal punctuation or reveal a striking contrast.

RIGHT The Secretary feels more relaxed, too; for his assistant has put through most of the Commission's recommendations for the reorganization of the department, and it is thus not necessary for the Secretary to pay off the elevator girl himself on Saturday afternoon.—NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE (adapted)

### 14b. Use the semicolon to separate two or more co-ordinate elements which themselves contain commas.

This use of the semicolon makes for clarity, showing the reader at a glance the main divisions, which would otherwise be obscured by the commas.

RIGHT Her best friends were Laura Bagley, her sorority sister; John Bagley, Laura's brother;

and James White, the president of the class. [Semicolons separating a series of nouns.]

RIGHT The lake is useful as a source of electrical energy, pouring its waters through the mighty turbines; as a reservoir, holding back the floods from the swollen rivers; and as a place of recreation, providing bathing, boating, and fishing. [Semicolons separating a series of phrases.]

**14c. *Caution:* Do not use the semicolon between parts of unequal rank, such as a clause and a phrase or a main clause and a subordinate clause.**

WRONG A bitter wind swept the dead leaves along the street; casting them high in the air and against the buildings. [Between the main clause and the phrase a semicolon is impossible.]

RIGHT A bitter wind swept the dead leaves along the street, casting them high in the air and against the buildings.

WRONG Henry is now in good health; although he has been an invalid most of his life. [Between a main clause and a subordinate clause a semicolon is impossible.]

RIGHT Henry is now in good health, although he has been an invalid for most of his life.

EXERCISE ON THE SEMICOLON

A. Copy the following sentences, inserting semicolons where they are needed. Do not allow a semicolon to stand between parts of unequal rank. Write *C* in place of each sentence that needs no revision.

1. Our Committee on Civic Improvements was made up of Mr. Warren, the banker and capitalist who had donated a site for a playground, Mr. White, a retired lawyer with progressive ideas, and Miss Leonard, the librarian, whose chief interest was promoting the cultural growth of the townspeople.

2. Some squaws prepared meals, others looked after the wigwams, hides, and children.

3. Our rented cabin, which had been advertised as being modern, had no lights or water, the beach, instead of being sandy, was a mass of rough rocks and broken bottles, and the dock had been washed out by last winter's storms.

4. After graduating from high school, I faced one of the most difficult tasks I had ever known; the task of choosing a course in college.

5. I have lived in Miami only one month, hence I am not well acquainted with the city.

6. At the end of the month; however, the work became easier.

7. He worked as an apprentice to a printer; then he became a pilot on the Mississippi.

8. All afternoon we waited at the station; hoping that the belated train would arrive.

9. I prefer literature to composition, because I would much rather read than write, but since both are required, I will not neglect composition.

10. Reading broadens the mind, therefore, it gives one a feeling of security when talking with other people.

11. Three men and a boy sailed away four men came back.

12. Home economics is not just sewing and cooking; though many people think it is.

B. From some book or magazine, copy any five sentences in which the semicolon is properly used. Explain the reason for each semicolon.

C. Compose five sentences to illustrate the proper use of the semicolon.

# THE APOSTROPHE

## 15. Use the apostrophe to indicate the possessive case (except for personal pronouns), to mark omissions, and to form the plurals of letters and figures.[1]

### 15a. Avoid careless omission of the apostrophe in the possessive case of nouns and indefinite pronouns.

**(1) If the ending (either singular or plural) is not in *s*, add the apostrophe and *s*.**

RIGHT The man's hat; the boy's shoes [Singular.]
Men's hats; women's dresses [Plural.]
One's hat; another's coat; someone's shirt; anybody's room [Indefinite pronouns—singular.]

**(2) If the plural ends in *s*, add only the apostrophe.**

RIGHT Ladies' hats (hats for ladies); boys' shoes (shoes for boys); the Joneses' boys (the boys of the Joneses)
Farmers' (*or* Farmers) Co-operative Society [The names of organizations frequently omit the apostrophe. *Cf.* Teachers College.]

**(3) If the singular ends in *s*, add the apostrophe and *s*; but if the second *s* would make for difficult pronunciation, add only the apostrophe.**

RIGHT James's book; Moses' commands

A student who wishes a more specific rule may follow *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary,* page 1202. This detailed rule may be summarized as follows:

Singular nouns ending in an *s*- or *z*-sound, when of one syllable, add *'s* (*James's*); when of two or more syllables taking accent on the last, add *'s* (*Hortense's*); when of two or more syllables taking no accent on the last, add *'s* if the last syllable is not preceded by an *s*- or *z*-sound (*Thomas's*); but when the last syllable is preceded by an *s*- or *z*-sound, they add simply the apostrophe (*Moses';* for *conscience'* sake; *Xerxes'*); proper nouns ending in *-es* [*pron.* -ēz] add only the apostrophe if the accent is on the penult (*Achil'les'*); but add *'s* otherwise (*Hercules's*).

**(4) Compounds or nouns in joint possession show the possessive in the last word only. But if there is individual (or separate) possession, each noun takes the possessive form.**

RIGHT My father-in-law's house; someone else's hat
RIGHT Helen and Mary's piano [Joint ownership.]
RIGHT Helen's and Mary's clothes [Individual ownership.]

Although usage sanctions the apostrophe with compounds to indicate possession, an *of*-phrase is frequently more pleasing: the house of my father-in-law; the car of the president of the bank (the president of the bank's car). For the use of an *of*-phrase with inanimate objects see Section 5e.

◈ EXERCISE 1. Copy the following, inserting apostrophes to indicate the possessive case:

1. everybodys business
2. the girls (*sing.*) coat
3. the girls (*pl.*) coats
4. Williams book
5. a mans job
6. mens jobs
7. a fairys wand
8. fairies wands
9. one dollars worth
10. five dollars worth
11. the childs toys
12. the childrens toys

◈ EXERCISE 2. Rewrite the following as possessives with the apostrophe:

1. the home of my neighbor
2. homes of my neighbors
3. a book for a boy
4. books for boys
5. the car of my sister
6. the cars of my sisters
7. the ideas of a woman
8. the ideas of women
9. the boat of Robert and Jim
10. the boats of Robert and Jim
11. the hat of the lady
12. the hats of the ladies

[1] Mastery of Section 15 will help to eliminate the seventh most common error in the average student theme.

**15b. Do not use the apostrophe with the personal pronouns (*his, hers, its, ours, yours, theirs*) or with the relative-interrogative pronoun *whose*.**

WRONG He met *hi's* friend. [An error no one would make.]
RIGHT He met *his* friend.

WRONG Virtue is *it's* own reward. [Fully as wrong as *hi's*. *It's* means "it is."]
RIGHT Virtue is *its* own reward.

WRONG her's, hers', it's (possessive), its', our's, ours', your's, yours', their's, theirs', who's, whose'
RIGHT hers, its (possessive), it's (meaning "it is," as in *It's cold today*), ours, yours, theirs, whose

**15c. Use an apostrophe to mark omissions in contracted words or numerals.**

RIGHT Can't; didn't; he's (he is); it's (it is); you're; o'clock (of the clock); the class of '55 (1955)

*Caution:* Place the apostrophe exactly where the omission occurs: *isn't, haven't* (not *is'nt, have'nt*).

**15d. Use the apostrophe and s to form the plural of letters, figures, symbols, and words referred to as words.**

RIGHT Congreve seldom crossed his *t's*, his *7's* looked like *9's*, and his *and's* were usually *&'s*.

This apostrophe is sometimes omitted when there is no danger of ambiguity: the *1930's*, or the *1930s;* two *B's* and three *C's*, or two *Bs* and three *Cs*.

EXERCISES ON THE APOSTROPHE

A. Write the possessive singular and the possessive plural of each of the following words.

1. mother-in-law
2. father
3. lackey
4. man
5. child
6. jury
7. spoonful
8. princess
9. jockey
10. lady
11. mouse
12. sailor
13. family
14. fox
15. genius
16. army
17. Andrews
18. Myers

B. Copy the following sentences, inserting necessary apostrophes and omitting needless or faulty ones. Underscore each possessive once and each contraction twice.

1. Its a ladys' world despite the saying's to the contrary.
2. *Ifs, buts,* and *maybes* wont satisfy a young swains ardent proposal.
3. Its not her's to give away.
4. They have'nt said the property is theirs'.
5. I did'nt go to sleep until after two oclock.
6. I cant go on Monday's and you wont go on Friday's.
7. Its a mans right to see that he gets his dollars worth.
8. Theyre not coming to see Freds' new house.
9. The books format is it's best feature.
10. Who'se idea was it? It must have been your's.

# QUOTATION MARKS (AND QUOTATIONS)

## 16. Use quotation marks to set off all direct quotations, some titles, and words used in a special sense. Place other marks of punctuation in proper relation to quotation marks.

*Caution:* Be careful not to omit the second set of quotation marks: the first set, marking the beginning of the part quoted, must be followed by another set to mark the end. Note that the verb of saying used with a quotation is always outside the quotation marks and is regularly set off by commas. See the illustration under Section 12d, page 831.

WRONG "I have no intention of staying, he replied.
RIGHT "I have no intention of staying," he replied.

WRONG "I do not object, he said, to the tenor of the report."
RIGHT "I do not object," he said, "to the tenor of the report." [Two parts are quoted. Each

must be enclosed, leaving *he said* outside of the quotation marks.]

### 16a. Use double quotation marks to enclose direct (but not indirect) quotations; use single quotation marks for a quotation within a quotation.

RIGHT He said, "I have no intention of staying." [Direct quotation.]

RIGHT He said that he had "no intention of staying." [Quoted fragment.]

WRONG He said "that he had not intended to stay." [Indirect quotation.]

RIGHT He said that he had not intended to stay.

RIGHT "It took courage," the speaker said, "for a man to affirm in those days: 'I endorse every word of Patrick Henry's sentiment, "Give me liberty or give me death!" ' "—WILLIAM LEWIN. [Note that a quotation within a quotation is enclosed by single quotation marks; one within that, by double marks.]

If the direct quotation consists of two or more paragraphs, the quotation marks come before each paragraph and at the end of the last; they do not come at the end of intermediate paragraphs.

RIGHT "And so the talk ended. There was no doubt that the expedition had been an utter failure. Adrian was a ruined man; and Amyas had lost his venture.

"Adrian rose, and begged leave to retire; he must collect himself.

" 'Poor gentleman!' said Mrs. Hawkins; 'it is little else he has left to collect.' "

—KINGSLEY, *Westward Ho!*

Many writers prefer to avoid quotation marks with passages of more than two or three lines, indicating the quotation by means of indention and single-spacing, and with a space before and after the quotation. In print such passages are usually set in type smaller than that of the regular text. Quoted lines of poetry are sufficiently marked by the verse form without the aid of quotation marks. Poetry must be quoted line for line, not written as prose.

RIGHT

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

—KEATS, *Endymion*

◈ EXERCISE 1. Compose five sentences to illustrate the proper use of double and single quotation marks.

### 16b. Use quotation marks for minor titles (short stories, one-act plays, short poems, articles from magazines) and for subdivisions of books.

RIGHT The March, 1950, issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains a short story entitled "Come to Dust," by Monica Stirling, a poem called "Winter Tree," by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, and an article on "Young China at the Crossroads," by Nora Waln.

RIGHT Stevenson's *Treasure Island* is divided into six parts, the last of which, called "Captain Silver," opens with a chapter entitled "In the Enemy's Camp."

*Note:* Quotation marks are sometimes used to enclose titles of books, magazines, and newspapers, but italics are usually preferred. See Section 10.

◈ EXERCISE 2. Compose five sentences to illustrate the use of quotation marks with minor titles and subdivisions of books.

### 16c. Words used in a special way are sometimes enclosed in quotation marks.

RIGHT He called himself "emperor," but he was only a thief.

RIGHT The printer must see that quotation marks are "cleared"—that is, kept within the margins.

RIGHT "Sympathy" means "to suffer with." [Also right: *Sympathy* means *to suffer with; Sympathy* means "to suffer with."]

*Note:* Quotation marks are now less used than formerly to enclose slang expressions introduced into formal writing.

### 16d. Do not overuse quotation marks.

Do not use quotation marks to enclose titles of themes or to mark bits of humor. In general do not enclose in quotation marks common nicknames, well-known phrases and technical terms, or slang used in informal writing. Above all, do not use quotation marks for emphasis.

NEEDLESS PUNCTUATION "Old Hickory" was wrought up over the dismissal of his friend.
BETTER Old Hickory was wrought up over the dismissal of his friend.

**16e. In using marks of punctuation with quoted words, phrases, or sentences, place**

**(1) The period and the comma always within the quotation marks.**
**(2) The colon and the semicolon always outside the quotation marks.**
**(3) The dash, the question mark, and the exclamation point within the quotation marks when they apply to the quoted matter only; outside when they refer to the whole sentence.**

RIGHT "I will go," he insisted. "I am needed." [Comma and period always inside quotation marks.]
RIGHT He spoke of his "old log house"; he might have called it a mansion. [Semicolon (and colon) always outside quotation marks.]
RIGHT He asked, "When did you arrive?" [Here the question mark applies only to the quoted part of the sentence.]
RIGHT What is the meaning of "the open door"? [Here the question mark applies to the whole sentence.]
RIGHT The captain shouted, "Halt!" [Here the exclamation point applies only to the quotation.]
RIGHT Save us from his "mercy"! [Here the exclamation point applies to the whole sentence.]

◈ EXERCISE 3. Compose six sentences to illustrate the proper placing of the period, the comma, the colon, the semicolon, the dash, the question mark, and the exclamation point in relation to quotation marks.

### EXERCISE ON QUOTATION MARKS

Insert quotation marks where they are needed in the following sentences.

1. I woke this morning, said Dowler. 2. I had forgotten my threat. 3. I laughed at the accident. 4. I felt friendly. 5. I said so. 6. To whom? inquired Mr. Winkle. 7. To Mrs. Dowler. 8. You made a vow, said she. 9. I did, said I. 10. It was a rash one, said she. 11. It was, said I. 12. I'll apologize. 13. Where is he? 14. Who? inquired Mr. Winkle. 15. You, replied Dowler.

—CHARLES DICKENS

# THE PERIOD AND OTHER MARKS

## 17. Use the period, the question mark, the exclamation point, the dash, the colon, parentheses, and brackets in accordance with accepted usage.

### THE PERIOD (.)

**17a. Use the period after declarative and mildly imperative sentences, after indirect questions, and after most abbreviations. Use the ellipsis mark (three spaced periods) to indicate omissions from quoted passages.**

**(1) Use periods to mark the end of declarative sentences, mildly imperative sentences, and indirect questions.**

DECLARATIVE They changed the rules.
MILDLY IMPERATIVE Change the rules. Let's change the rules.
INDIRECT QUESTION He asked whether the rules had been changed.

**(2) Use periods to follow most abbreviations.**

RIGHT Mr., Dr., M.D., etc., Maj., *i.e.*, Cal., A.D., B.C., A.M., P.M., *viz.*, Jr.

Use no period after such contractions as *I've, can't, 2nd, 15th* or with such abbreviations of national or international agencies as *AEC, ECA, TVA, UN.* If you have any doubt about a given abbreviation, consult a good dictionary such as *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* ("Abbreviations," pages 998-1007) or *The American College Dictionary* (the main vocabulary).

**(3) Use the ellipsis mark to indicate omissions from quoted passages.**

At the beginning of a sentence or within it, use three spaced periods to mark an ellipsis; at the end, use a fourth period to serve as the normal end of the sentence.

RIGHT "Ingratitude is among them a capital crime . . . for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind. . . ."
—JONATHAN SWIFT, *Gulliver's Travels*

## THE QUESTION MARK (?)

**17b. Use the question mark to follow direct (but not indirect) questions.**

RIGHT Who started the riot? [Direct question.]

RIGHT He asked who started the riot. He asked whether the riot had been quelled. [Indirect questions, followed by periods.]

RIGHT Did he ask who started the riot? [The sentence as a whole is a direct question despite the indirect question at the end.]

RIGHT "Who started the riot?" he asked.

RIGHT He asked, "Who started the riot?"

RIGHT You started the riot? [Question in the form of a declarative sentence.]

RIGHT You told me—did I hear you correctly?—that you started the riot. [Interpolated question.]

RIGHT To ask who started the riot is unnecessary. [Indirect question, requiring no question mark.]

RIGHT Did you hear him say, "What right have you to ask about the riot?" [Double direct question followed by a single question mark.]

RIGHT Did he plan the riot, employ assistants, and give the signal to begin? *Or:* Did he plan the riot? employ assistants? give the signal to begin? [Question marks used between the parts of the series cause full stops and throw emphasis on each part.]

*Other Uses:*

A question mark (within parentheses) is used to express the writer's uncertainty as to the correctness of the preceding word, figure, or date: "Chaucer was born in 1340(?) and died in 1400." But the question mark is not a desirable means of expressing the author's wit or sarcasm.

QUESTIONABLE "This kind (?) proposal caused Gulliver to take refuge in nearby Blefuscu."
[Omit the question mark. If the context does not make the irony clear, either revise your sentence or give up your attempt to strike an ironic note.]

Courtesy questions common to business letters may be followed by question marks but are usually followed by periods: "Will you (= Please) write me again if I can be of further service."

*Caution:* Do not use a comma or a period after a question mark.

WRONG "Are you ready?," he asked.
RIGHT "Are you ready?" he asked.

## THE EXCLAMATION POINT (!)

**17c. Use the exclamation point after an emphatic interjection and after a phrase, clause, or sentence to express a high degree of surprise, incredulity, or other strong emotion.**

RIGHT What! I cannot believe it! How beautiful! [*What* and *how* often begin exclamations.]

RIGHT Oh! you have finally come! (*Or:* Oh, you have finally come!)

RIGHT March! Halt! Get out of this house! [Sharp commands—vigorous imperatives.]

RIGHT Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!—PATRICK HENRY

*Caution 1:* Avoid overuse of the exclamation point. Use a comma after mild interjections, and end mildly exclamatory sentences with a period.

RIGHT Well, you are to be congratulated.

*Caution 2:* Do not use a comma or a period after the exclamation point.

WRONG "Halt!," cried the corporal.
RIGHT "Halt!" cried the corporal.

◈ EXERCISE 1. Compose ten sentences to illustrate the chief uses of the period, the question mark, and the exclamation point.

◈ EXERCISE 2. Copy the following passage, supplying periods, question marks, exclamation points, and commas where needed. Justify each mark of punctuation used. (Place marks in proper relation to quotation marks. See **16e**.)

1. "Now Jane" said Mrs. Colonel Wugsby turning to one of the girls "what is it" 2. "I came to ask ma whether I might dance with the youngest Mr. Crawley" whispered the prettier and younger

of the two 3. "Good God Jane how can you think of such things" replied the mamma indignantly 4. "Haven't you repeatedly heard that his father has eight hundred a year which dies with him 5. I am ashamed of you 6. Not on any account" 7. "Ma" whispered the other who was much older than her sister and very insipid and artificial "Lord Mutanhed has been introduced to me 8. I said I *thought* I wasn't engaged ma" 9. "You're a sweet pet my love" replied Mrs. Colonel Wugsby tapping her daughter's cheek with her fan "and are always to be trusted 10. He's immensely rich my dear 11. Bless you" 12. With these words Mrs. Colonel Wugsby kissed her eldest daughter most affectionately and frowning in a warning manner upon the other sorted her cards.—CHARLES DICKENS

## THE COLON (:)

### 17d. Use the colon after a formal introductory statement to direct attention to what is to follow. Avoid needless colons.

The colon and the semicolon, notwithstanding the similarity of the names, differ greatly in use. The semicolon (see Section 14) is a strong *separator* almost equal to a period, and is used only between equal parts. The colon is an *introducer,* calling attention to something that is to follow. It has the meaning of *as follows.*

**(1) The colon may direct attention to an appositive (or a series of appositives), to a formal list or explanation, or to a long quotation.**

RIGHT All her thoughts were centered on one objective: marriage. [A dash or a comma, which might be used instead of the colon, would be less formal.]

RIGHT We may divide poems into three classes: narrative, lyric, and dramatic. [A dash might be used instead of the colon; because of the following series a comma would be confusing.]

RIGHT At any rate, this much can be said: The Council is not the vital organ it is supposed to be.—THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

RIGHT Competition in the steel industry is described by one of the Corporation's competitors as follows: "Your ability to win when competition for business gets tough comes in the entire setup of your operation, the quality of your management, your location both with respect to the market and raw-materials supply, plant and labor efficiencies, your ability to give the best service, and so on. You have to play a judgment game. This is no 2-cent poker."—FORTUNE

**(2) The colon may separate two main clauses when the second clause explains or amplifies the first.**

RIGHT Webster definitely undervalued the area: with prime ribs at 85 cents a pound, any acreage that can fatten steers has its purpose.—NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE

RIGHT This is the chief characterisuc of the American Business Economy: everybody's in it.—FORTUNE

RIGHT We have one chance for escape: we may retreat through the mountain pass. [The second clause explains the first.]

RIGHT The case for fly-fishing can be briefly put: First, trout fishing is a sport—one of the finest man knows.—NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE

*Capitals or Small Letters after the Colon:*

When the matter following the colon is a quoted sentence, it regularly begins with a capital; otherwise the colon may be followed by either a capital or a small letter.

**(3) The colon, in its more conventional uses, may direct attention to a business letter following the salutation, to the verse following the Biblical chapter, or to the minute following the hour.**

EXAMPLES Dear Sir:
Matthew 6:10; 9:30 A.M.

**(4) Avoid needless colons.**

When there is no formal introduction or summarizing word, the colon is usually a needless interruption of the sentence.

NEEDLESS All her thoughts were centered on: marriage.

BETTER All her thoughts were centered on marriage.

NEEDLESS Three kinds of poems are: narratives, lyrics, and dramas. [Awkward separation of verb and its complement.]

BETTER Three kinds of poems are narratives, lyrics, and dramas.

◈ EXERCISE 3. Compose ten sentences to illustrate the various uses of the colon.

## THE DASH (—)

**17e. Use the dash to mark a sudden break in thought, to set off a summary, or to set off a parenthetical element that is very abrupt or that has commas within it.**

[For a comparison of the dash, the comma, and parentheses, see Section 17f.]

**(1) Use the dash to mark a sudden break in thought.**

RIGHT But you think that I—

RIGHT We shall need—let's see, what shall we need?

RIGHT He was now at peace—in his grave.

**(2) Use the dash to set off a brief summary.**

RIGHT We need three tools—hammer, saw, and chisel.

RIGHT A hammer, a saw, and a chisel—all these we shall need.

**(3) Use dashes to set off a parenthetical element that is very abrupt or that has commas within it.**

RIGHT He will return—can you believe it?—a major.

RIGHT The tools that we need—hammer, saw, and chisel—are all here.

RIGHT He stood up—small, frail, and tense—staring toward things in his homeland.—NORA WALN

*Caution:* The dash should be used sparingly in formal writing. It is more in keeping with an informal style, but even there it becomes ineffective when overused.

## PARENTHESES ( )

**17f. Use parentheses (1) to enclose figures, as in this rule, and (2) to set off parenthetical, supplementary, or illustrative matter.**

Parentheses, dashes, commas—all are used to set off parenthetical matter. Parentheses set off parts loosely joined to the sentence and tend to obscure the parts thus set off. Dashes set off sharply abrupt parts and tend to emphasize them. Commas are the mildest, most commonly used separators and tend to leave the parts more intimately connected with the sentence. Parentheses and dashes should be used sparingly, only when commas will not serve equally well. (For the use of the comma to set off parenthetical matter, see Section 12d; for the use of the dash, see Section 17e.)

RIGHT Dashes are used (1) to mark breaks, (2) to set off summaries, and (3) to set off parenthetical elements. [Parentheses *enclosing figures* are used to mark items enumerated.]

RIGHT Mr. Brown's horses (the best, no doubt, in the whole state) were exhibited at the fair. [Dashes would be used if the writer wished to emphasize the parenthetical matter.]

RIGHT It is strange (as one reviews all the memories of that good friend and master) to think that there is now a new generation beginning at Haverford that will never know his spell.
—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

When the sentence demands other marks of punctuation with the parenthetical matter, these marks are placed after the second parenthesis. The comma is never used before the first parenthesis.

*Caution:* Do not use parentheses or brackets to indicate deletions. Draw a line through any word that you wish to delete.

◈ EXERCISE 4. Compose ten sentences to illustrate the various uses of the dash and parentheses.

## BRACKETS [ ]

**17g. Use brackets to set off corrections or interpolations made in a quotation by the person using the quotation.**

RIGHT At the office he found a note from the janitor: "Last night i [*sic*] found the door unlocked." [A bracketed *sic* (meaning *thus*) tells the reader that the error appears in the original—is not merely a misprint.]

RIGHT Every man who loved our vanished friend [Professor Gummere] must know with what realization of shamed incapacity one lays down the tributary pen.—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

◈ EXERCISE 5. Compose three sentences to illustrate the proper use of brackets.

◈ EXERCISE 6. Copy the following sentences, supplying colons, dashes, or parentheses where needed. Justify each mark of punctuation used.

1. I quote now from my opponent "I am wholly opposed to wasteful spending but why go into that?"

2. This organization needs more of everything more money, brains, initiative.

3. Our course embraced three projects first, the close reading of Shakespeare's tragedies; second, the writing of critiques on various aspects of these tragedies; and third, the formulation of a tentative theory of tragedy.

4. Two questions well worth asking yourself every day are these What must I do? Have I done it?

5. If our potential enemies I need not be specific insist upon slandering America's good name, we have recourse to two methods of reply words and action.

6. "Dearest" his voice broke and he could say no more.

7. I turn the knob, open the door ah, what is this! and here I find the solution of the mystery.

8. "I was saying, Miss Jones read me that last sentence from your notes."

9. All students who had failed to pay fees I was among the group were barred from final examinations.

10. There is only one thing for us to do we must tell the whole truth as we know it.

# SPELLING

## SPELLING

### 18. Spell every word according to established usage as shown by a good dictionary.[1]

When one of your misspelled words is pointed out, do not guess at the correct spelling or ask a friend. Consult the dictionary for the correct spelling and write it down in your INDIVIDUAL SPELLING LIST. By keeping a list of all the words you misspell throughout your first college year, and by analyzing and mastering these words as they are called to your attention, you can make steady improvement in your spelling.

The college student cannot count upon much, if any, class time devoted to spelling. Correct spelling is his individual responsibility. If he will follow the program outlined in this section, he can improve his spelling tremendously. *Ignorance of the correct spelling of ordinary words is now, and will probably continue to be, the one universally accepted sign of the uneducated man.*

In order to fix the correct spelling of the word in your memory, use:

THE EYE Look carefully at the word (1) as it appears in the dictionary and (2) as you write it *correctly* in your spelling list. Photograph the word with your eye so that you may visualize it later.

THE EAR Pronounce the word aloud several times, clearly and distinctly, in accordance with the phonetic spelling in the dictionary. If you hear a word spoken correctly, you can usually spell it correctly. Mispronunciation is the chief reason for misspelling.

THE HAND After you are sure of the correct picture and the correct pronunciation, write the word several times—at least once by syllables carefully pronounced. See the correct picture of the word and listen to your correct pronunciation of it as you write it down. Writing out the word is definitely helpful to many persons as the final step in fixing the correct spelling in the memory.

#### THE CHIEF REASON FOR MISSPELLING

**18a. Do not allow careless, inaccurate pronunciation to cause misspelling.**

[1] Careful study of Section 18 will help to eliminate one of the two most common errors in the average student theme. Good spellers will have little need for this section.

◈ EXERCISE 1. In the four lists below determine which words you tend to mispronounce—and to misspell.

**(1) Careless omission**

Pronounce this first list correctly, making it a point *not to omit* italicized letters.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| accident*a*lly | g*e*ography | recognize |
| ar*c*tic | gover*n*ment | represen*t*ative |
| boun*d*ary | hi*s*tory | so*ph*omore |
| can*d*idate | labo*r*atory | stri*c*tly |
| carr*y*ing | len*g*th | superintendent |
| consid*e*rable | li*a*ble | surprise |
| dormitory | library | temper*a*ment |
| ever*y*body | literature | use*d* |
| fam*i*ly | occasion*a*lly | us*u*ally |
| February | prob*a*bly | valu*a*ble |
| fur*t*her | quan*t*ity | visu*a*lize |
| gen*e*rally | re*a*lly | vet*e*ran |

**(2) Careless addition**

Pronounce this second list correctly, making it a point *not to add* any syllable or letter.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| disastrous | grievous | mischievous |
| drowned | handling | remembrance |
| elm | height | similar |
| entrance | hindrance | suffrage |
| genuine | lightning | umbrella |

**(3) Careless change**

Pronounce this third list correctly, making it a point *not to change* letters, particularly letters in italics.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| accum*u*late | form*e*rly | prep*a*ration |
| acc*u*rate | int*r*oduce | priv*i*lege |
| cav*i*ty | mathematics | rest*au*rant |
| d*e*spair | opt*i*mistic | temporary |
| d*i*vide | partic*u*lar | then (*not* than) |
| exist*e*nce | pre*j*udice | translate |

**(4) Careless transpositions**

Pronounce this fourth list correctly, making it a point *not to transpose* italicized letters.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ac*re*age | irr*el*evant | p*re*fer |
| ca*v*alry | marr*ia*ge | p*re*scription |
| child*re*n | p*er*haps | p*re*serve |
| hund*re*d | p*er*spiration | vill*ai*n |

Add to your INDIVIDUAL SPELLING LIST any of the words in the four lists that you have a tendency to misspell. (If there is no class test on these words, students may pair themselves outside of class to test one another.)

## OTHER REASONS FOR MISSPELLING

### 18b. Distinguish between words of similar sound or spelling, and use the spelling demanded by the meaning.

◈ EXERCISE 2. Study the following list, testing your ability to spell the word needed to express your thought. (If there is no class test on these words, students may pair themselves outside of class to test one another.) Use the dictionary freely to determine the exact meaning of the words. Add to your INDIVIDUAL SPELLING LIST any word that you misspell.

accent, ascent, assent
accept, except
advice, advise
affect, effect
all ready, already
all together, altogether
allowed, aloud
allusive, elusive, illusive
altar, alter
aught, ought
baring, barring, bearing
berth, birth
born, borne
breath, breathe
buy, by
capital, capitol
choose, chose
cite, sight, site
close, clothes, cloths
coarse, course
complement, compliment
corps, corpse
council, counsel, consul
decent, descent, dissent
desert, dessert
device, devise
dining, dinning
dual, duel
dyeing, dying
fair, fare
formally, formerly
hear, here
heard, herd
hoarse, horse
hole, whole
holy, wholly
human, humane
instance, instants
irrelevant, irreverent
its, it's
know, no
later, latter
lead, led
lessen, lesson
loath, loathe
of, off
passed, past
peace, piece
plain, plane
precedence, precedents
presence, presents
principal, principle
prophecy, prophesy
respectfully, respectively
right, rite, wright, write
sense, since
shone, shown
stationary, stationery
statue, stature, statute
taut, taunt
threw, through
track, tract
waist, waste
weak, week
whose, who's
your, you're

### 18c. Distinguish between the prefix and the root.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| dis- (prefix) | + appear (root) | = disappear |
| grand- | + daughter | = granddaughter |
| im- | + mortal | = immortal |
| un- | + necessary | = unnecessary |

## 18d. Apply the rules for spelling in adding suffixes.

(For more detailed rules consult *Webster's New International Dictionary,* Second Edition, pages lxxviii-lxxx or *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary,* pages 1195-1197.)

**(1) Drop the final e before a suffix beginning with a vowel but not before a suffix beginning with a consonant.**

Drop the final *e* before a suffix beginning with a vowel.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| bride | + | -al | = bridal |
| combine | + | -ation | = combination |
| come | + | -ing | = coming |
| fame | + | -ous | = famous |
| move | + | -able | = movable |
| plume | + | -age | = plumage |
| precede | + | -ence | = precedence |
| prime | + | -ary | = primary |

Retain the final *e* before a suffix beginning with a consonant.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| care | + | -ful | = careful |
| care | + | -less | = careless |
| entire | + | -ly | = entirely |
| place | + | -ment | = placement |
| rude | + | -ness | = rudeness |
| stale | + | -mate | = stalemate |
| state | + | -craft | = statecraft |
| sure | + | -ty | = surety |

*Some Exceptions:* due, duly; awe, awful; hoe, hoeing; singe, singeing. After *c* or *g* the final *e* is retained before suffixes beginning with *a* or *o:* notice, noticeable; courage, courageous.

◈ EXERCISE 3. Explain in each case why the final *e* should be dropped or retained

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. confine + -ing | 6. love + -ly |
| 2. confine + -ment | 7. love + -able |
| 3. arrange + -ing | 8. like + -ness |
| 4. arrange + -ment | 9. like + -ing |
| 5. love + -ing | 10. like + -ly |

**(2) Double a final single consonant before a suffix beginning with a vowel (1) if the consonant ends a word of one syllable or an accented syllable and (2) if the consonant is preceded by a single vowel. Otherwise, do not double the consonant.**

*drop, dropping* [In a word of one syllable preceded by a single vowel. But preceded by a double vowel: *droop, drooping.*]

*admit, admitted* [In accented syllable, preceded by a single vowel. But in unaccented syllable: *benefit, benefited.*]

◈ EXERCISE 4. Note the importance of the last rule in forming the present participle and the past tense of verbs. Example: *regret, regretting, regretted.* Supply the present participle for each of the following verbs, justifying the spelling by the rule: *appear, compel, differ, kidnap, occur, plan, profit, remit, scoop, ship.*

**(3) Except before a suffix beginning with *i*, final y is usually changed to *i*.**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| defy | + | -ance | = defiance |
| happy | + | -ness | = happiness |
| mercy | + | -ful | = merciful |
| modify | + | -er | = modifier |
| modify | + | -ing | = modifying [Not changed before *i*.] |

*Note:* Verbs ending in *y* preceded by a vowel do not change the *y* to form the third person singular of the present tense or the past participle: *array, arrays, arrayed.* Exceptions: *lay, laid; pay, paid; say, said.*

◈ EXERCISE 5. Explain why final *y* has, or has not, been retained before the suffixes of the following words: *alloys, craftiness, employed, employs, fanciful, fancying, studied, studying, volleys, volleying.*

**(4) Form the plural by adding s to the singular, but by adding es if the plural makes an extra syllable.**

*boy, boys; cap, caps*
*bush, bushes; match, matches* [The plural makes an extra syllable.]

*Exceptions:*

a. If the noun ends in *y* preceded by a consonant, change the *y* to *i* and add *es: sky, skies; supply, supplies.* But after a vowel the *y* is retained and only *s* is added: *joy, joys.*

b. If the noun ends in *fe,* change the *fe* to *ve* and add *s: knife, knives.*

c. If the noun ends in *o* preceded by a vowel, add *s: radio, radios.*

For other plurals formed irregularly, consult your dictionary.

*Note:* Add *'s* to form the plurals of letters, signs, and figures. See also 15d above.

◈ EXERCISE 6. Supply plural forms for words listed below. If necessary, consult the dictionary.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| cup | cameo | valley |
| wife | marsh | alumnus |
| box | ox | radius |
| child | sheep | passer-by |
| key | foot | room |
| army | son-in-law | leaf |

### 18e. Apply the rules for spelling to avoid confusion of *ei* and *ie*.

When the sound is *ee,* write *ie* (except after *c,* in which case write *ei*).

| | | (after *c*) |
|---|---|---|
| chief | pierce | ceiling |
| field | relief | conceit |
| grief | wield | deceive |
| niece | yield | perceive |

When the sound is other than *ee,* usually write *ei*.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| eight | heir | sleigh |
| foreign | neighbor | weigh |
| height | reign | vein |
| deign | feign | stein |

*Exceptions:* Either, neither, financier, leisure, seize, species, weird.

◈ EXERCISE 7. Write out the following words, filling out the blanks with *ei* or *ie*. Justify your choice for each word.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| bes—ge | dec—t | fr—ght | r—gned |
| conc—ve | f—ry | pr—st | sl—gh |

## HYPHENATED WORDS

### 18f. Hyphenate words chiefly to express a unit idea or to avoid ambiguity.

Some compounds are written as separate words (*house party*), others are hyphenated (*house-raising*), and still others are written solid (*housework*).

The hyphenated words may be either a new coinage made by the writer to fit the occasion, or words still in the process of becoming one word. In the latter case a recent dictionary will assist in determining current usage. Many words now written as one were originally separate words and later hyphenated in the transitional stage. For example, *post man* first became *post-man* and then *postman*. More recently *basket ball* has passed through the transitional *basket-ball* to *basketball*. The use of the hyphen in compounding is in such a state of flux that authorities often disagree. Some of the more generally accepted uses are listed below.

**(1) The hyphen may be used to join two or more words serving as a single adjective before a noun.**

[The dictionary ordinarily cannot help with this use of the hyphen. The writer joins recognized words to coin a new unit idea to fit the occasion.]

RIGHT A well-paved road, a know-it-all expression, a bluish-green dress.

But the hyphen is omitted when the first word of the compound is an adverb ending in *-ly* or when the words follow the noun.

RIGHT A slightly elevated walk, a gently sloping terrace.

RIGHT The road was well paved.

RIGHT His expression suggested that he knew it all.

RIGHT The dress was a bluish green.

**(2) The hyphen is used with compound numbers from twenty-one to ninety-nine.**

RIGHT twenty-two, forty-five, ninety-eight, one hundred twenty, one hundred twenty-six

**(3) The hyphen is used to avoid ambiguity or an awkward union of letters or syllables.**

RIGHT His re-creation of the setting was perfect.

RIGHT Fishing is good recreation.

RIGHT He re-covered the leaky roof.

RIGHT He recovered his health.

RIGHT micro-organism, re-enter, semi-independent, shell-like, thrill-less, sub-subcommittee

**(4) The hyphen is used with the prefixes *ex-, self-, all-,* and the adjective *-elect*.**

RIGHT ex-governor, self-made, all-American, mayor-elect

*Note:* The hyphen is also used to indicate the division of a word at the end of a line. See Section 8f.

## ANALYSIS OF FIFTY WORDS COMMONLY MISSPELLED

The following list (with the accompanying Exercises A-J) analyzes fifty words that are, according to recent studies, commonly mis-

spelled by college freshmen. It was found that the average poor speller misspells about fifty different words during his first college year, and that his fifty words include perhaps six —12 per cent—of those in the general list of fifty printed below. Although this correlation may seem low, it was found to be higher than that with other lists of "commonly misspelled words." The correlation between misspellings of individual students is still lower. Two poor spellers, with fifty misspelled words each, were found to have on the average only one or two misspelled words in common—perhaps 3 per cent.

Since the poor speller might expect, by mastering the general list of fifty words, to avoid only six of his own misspellings, he should use this general list chiefly as a means of fitting himself to analyze his INDIVIDUAL SPELLING LIST. In his own list he will find perhaps fifty words, all of which he has misspelled and needs to master.

| *Correct spelling* | *(Misspelling)*[2] | *Reason for misspelling*[3] |
|---|---|---|
| 1. accommodate | (accommidate) | **a(3)**, mispronunciation—changed letter |
| 2. acquaint | (aquaint) | **c**, prefix and root (ac- + quaint) |
| 3. among | (amoung) | **b**, confused with *young* |
| 4. appearance | (appearence) | **a(3)**, mispronunciation—changed letter |
| 5. athletics | (atheletics) | **a(2)**, mispronunciation—added letter |
| 6. beginning | (begining) | **d(2)**, doubling final consonant |
| 7. believe | (beleive) | **e**, confusing *ei* and *ie* |
| 8. business | (buisness) | **obs.**, observation |
| business | (bussiness) | **a(2)**, mispronunciation—added letter |
| 9. character | (charater) | **a(1)**, mispronunciation—omitted letter |
| 10. continuously | (continously) | **a(1)**, mispronunciation—omitted letter |
| 11. definite | (definate) | **a(3)**, mispronunciation—changed letter |
| 12. description | (discription) | **a(3)**, mispronunciation—changed letter |
| 13. during | (dureing) | **d(1)**, dropping final *e* |
| 14. entered | (intered) | **a(3)**, mispronunciation—changed letter |
| 15. environment | (enviroment) | **a(1)**, mispronunciation—omitted letter |
| environment | (invironment) | **a(3)**, mispronunciation—changed letter |
| environment | (enviorment) | **a(4)** + **a(1)**, mispronunciation—transposed letters—omitted letter |
| 16. equipment | (equiptment) | **a(2)**, mispronunciation—added letter |
| 17. excitement | (excitment) | **d(1)**, dropping final *e* |
| 18. existence | (existance) | **a(3)**, mispronunciation—changed letter |
| 19. experience | (experance) | **a(1)** + **a(3)**, mispronunciation—omitted letter—changed letter |
| 20. finally | (finaly) | **b**, confused with *four* |
| 21. forty | (fourty) | **obs.**, observation |
| 22. grammar | (grammer) | **c**, prefix and root (im- + mediately) |
| 23. immediately | (imediately) | **a(1)**, mispronunciation—omitted letter |
| immediately | (immedately) | **a(3)**, mispronunciation—changed letter |
| 24. independent | (independant) | **a(3)**, mispronunciation—changed letter |
| 25. intelligent | (entelligent) | **a(3)**, mispronunciation—changed letter |
| intelligent | (intelligant) | **a(1)**, mispronunciation—omitted letter |
| 26. interest | (intrest) | **b**, confused with *it's = it is* |
| 27. its | (it's) | **b**, confused with *loose* |
| 28. lose | (loose) | **c**, prefix and root (mis- + spell) |
| 29. misspell | (mispell) | **a(2)**, mispronunciation—added letter |
| 30. necessary | (neccessary) | **d(1)**, dropping final *e* |
| 31. noticeable | (noticable) | |

[2] *Caution:* In the analysis of your own misspelled words, omit this middle column—do *not* copy the misspelled form of the word. Keep only the correct spelling in mind.

[3] To save space in the analysis of your own misspellings, you may wish to omit the comments and explain the reason for misspelling by the symbols alone, thus: **a(3)**, **c**, **b**, etc.

| *Correct spelling* | *(Misspelling)* | *Reason for misspelling* |
|---|---|---|
| 32. occasion | (ocasion) | **c,** prefix and root (oc- + casion) |
| occasion | (occassion) | **obs.,** observation |
| 33. occurred | (occured) | **d(2),** doubling final consonant |
| 34. occurrence | (occurance) | **d(2) + a(3),** doubling final consonant + mispronunciation—changed letter |
| 35. pastime | (pasttime) | **a(2),** mispronunciation—added letter |
| 36. perform | (preform) | **a(4),** mispronunciation—transposed letters |
| 37. preceded | (preceeded) | **b,** confused with *proceeded* |
| 38. quiet | (quite) | **b,** confused with *quite* |
| quiet | (quite) | **a(4),** mispronunciation—transposed letters |
| 39. receive | (recieve) | **e,** confusing *ei* and *ie* |
| 40. separate | (seperate) | **a(3),** mispronunciation—changed letter |
| 41. sponsor | (sponser) | **obs.,** observation |
| 42. taking | (takeing) | **d(1),** dropping final *e* |
| 43. their | (thier) | **e,** confusing *ei* and *ie* |
| their | (there) | **b,** confused with *there* |
| 44. too | (to) | **b,** confused with *to* |
| 45. tragedy | (tradegy) | **a(4),** mispronunciation—transposed letters |
| 46. truly | (truely) | **d(1),** dropping final *e* |
| 47. until | (untill) | **b,** confused with *till* |
| 48. using | (useing) | **d(1),** dropping final *e* |
| 49. veteran | (vetran) | **a(1),** mispronunciation—omitted letter |
| 50. writing | (writting) | **obs.,** observation |

## EXERCISES ON THE GENERAL LIST OF FIFTY WORDS

(Use your dictionary to determine the correct spelling, syllabication, and pronunciation of each word.)

A. *Mispronunciation—omission.* Write out by syllables the seven words (Numbers 9, 10, 15, 19, 23, 26, 49) from which letters are sometimes omitted because of mispronunciation, thus: *con-tin-u-ous-ly.* Pronounce each word several times clearly and distinctly, with some exaggeration of the troublesome letters (underscored).

B. *Mispronunciation—addition.* Write out by syllables the five words (5, 8, 16, 30, 35) to which letters are sometimes added because of mispronunciation, thus: *ath-let-ics.* Pronounce each word several times, carefully omitting the troublesome letter.

C. *Mispronunciation—change.* Write out by syllables the twelve words (1, 4, 11, 12, 14, 15, 18, 19, 24, 25, 34, 40) in which letters are sometimes changed because of mispronunciation, thus: *ac-com-mo-date.* Pronounce each word several times, with some exaggeration of the troublesome letters (underscored).

D. *Mispronunciation—transposition.* Write out by syllables the four words (15, 36, 38, 45) in which letters are sometimes transposed, thus: *per-form.* Pronounce each word several times, with some exaggeration of the troublesome letters (underscored).

E. *Confusion of similar words.* Write out by syllables the nine words (3, 21, 27, 28, 37, 38, 43, 44, 47) sometimes misspelled because of confusion with similar words, thus: *forty (four).* Consult your dictionary for the distinction in meaning between the confused words and write out the definition of each word.

F. *Prefix and root.* Distinguish the prefix from the root in the four words (2, 23, 29, 32) sometimes misspelled because of failure to distinguish between the two parts, thus: *ac- + quire.* Consult your dictionary for the derivation of prefix and root and write out the derivation, thus: *ac-,* from Latin *ad + quire,* from Latin *quaerere.*

G. *Final e.* Write out by syllables the six words (13, 17, 31, 42, 46, 48) sometimes misspelled because a final *e* is incorrectly retained or dropped before a suffix, thus: *us-ing.* Write out the rule for dropping final *e;* then write down the three words that illustrate the rule, thus: *use + -ing = using.* Write out the rule for retaining final *e* and illustrate it with one of the six words. Which two of the six words are exceptions to the rule?

H. *Doubling final consonants.* Write out by syllables the three words (6, 33, 34) sometimes misspelled because of failure to double a final con-

sonant in an accented syllable before a suffix beginning with a vowel.

I. *Ei or ie.* Write the three words (7, 39, 43) sometimes misspelled because of confusion of *ei* and *ie,* pronouncing each carefully to determine whether the sound of the troublesome letters is *ee* or some other sound. Then after each word write the rule that determines the spelling.

J. *Observation.* Write out by syllables the six words (8, 20, 22, 32, 41, 50) sometimes misspelled in such a way that only careful observation can overcome the misspelling. Visualize each word and fix the correct spelling in your memory.

#### ANALYSIS OF YOUR OWN SPELLING LIST

When each misspelled word is first called to your attention, consult your dictionary and copy down the correct spelling, making full use of the eye, the ear, and the hand as directed at the opening of Section 18. Determine why you misspelled the word and indicate the reason by the appropriate symbol: **a(1), a(2), a(3), a(4), b, c, d(1), d(2), d(3), e,** *or* **obs.** Do *not* copy the incorrect spelling. Underline a letter (or letters) of the correctly spelled word to indicate the troublesome spot.

Toward the end of each quarter or semester (or earlier if you have misspelled many words) use in connection with your INDIVIDUAL SPELLING LIST the exercises (see Exercises A-J above) which you have already learned to use in connection with the general list of fifty words commonly misspelled.

# DICTION

## GOOD USE—GLOSSARY

### 19. When in doubt about the meaning of a word, consult a good dictionary. Select the word most appropriate to the occasion. Employ only words in general and approved use.[1]

Words are the coinage of thought, the medium by which men exchange ideas. To possess a large and varied vocabulary is to possess intellectual wealth. This wealth is not the private property of the few, but a common fund from which anyone may draw as much as he needs. The treasury of language is a good dictionary.

#### 19a. Use only a good dictionary, and be sure to use it intelligently.

A good dictionary of the English language is based upon the scientific examination of the writing and speaking habits of the English-speaking world; it records the origin, development, and changing use of words. Any dictionary is reliable only to the extent that it is based on usage. Among the complete or unabridged dictionaries, the following are recommended:

*Webster's New International Dictionary.* Second Edition; Springfield, Massachusetts: G. & C. Merriam Company, 1934.

*New Century Dictionary.* 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company, 1927.

*New Standard Dictionary.* New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company, 1913.

The *Oxford English Dictionary* (also called *A New English Dictionary* or *Murray's Dictionary*). 10 vols. and Supplement. Oxford: Clarendon Press,

[1] Mastery of Section 19 will help to eliminate the tenth most common error in the average student theme.

1888-1933. (A corrected re-issue in twelve volumes and one supplementary volume appeared in 1933.)

Most students must consult these large dictionaries in the library. But even if a student is fortunate enough to possess one of these, he will still find indispensable, for more convenient use, one of the smaller dictionaries on the college or adult level, such as the following:

*Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*
*The American College Dictionary*
*New College Standard Dictionary*
*The Winston Dictionary*

*Note:* Dictionaries are usually kept up to date by frequent slight revisions, sometimes with supplementary pages for new words. Long periods elapse between thorough revisions.

Intelligent use of a dictionary requires some knowledge of its plan and special abbreviations as given in the introductory matter. Let us take, for example:

**ex·pel′** (ĕks-pĕl′; ĭks-), *v. t.*; EX·PELLED′ (-pĕld′); EX·PEL′LING. [L. *expellere, expulsum,* fr. *ex* out + *pellere* to drive.] **1.** To drive or force out; to eject. **2.** To cut off from membership in or the privileges of an institution or society; as, to *expel* a student from college. — **Syn.** See EJECT. — **ex·pel′la·ble,** *adj.*

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**ex·pel** (ĭk spĕl′), *v.t.*, **-pelled, -pelling. 1.** to drive or force out or away; discharge or eject: *to expel air from the lungs, an invader from a country.* **2.** to cut off from membership or relations: *to expel a student from a college.* [ME *expelle(n)*, t. L: m. *expellere* drive out] —**ex·pel′la·ble,** *adj.* —**ex·pel′ler,** *n.* —**Syn. 2.** oust, dismiss.

From *The American College Dictionary*, copyright, 1947, 1949, by Random House; Text Edition, copyright, 1948, by Harper & Brothers.

**(1) Spelling.** The spelling (by syllables) is given first, with the *phonetic spelling* (within parentheses) immediately following.

**(2) Grammatical information** comes next: *v. t.* classifies *expel* as a "verb, transitive"; the words in SMALL CAPITALS (*Webster's*) or in **boldface** (*ACD*) show the forms for the past participle and the present participle.

**(3) Origin.** The origin of the word—also called *derivation* or *etymology*—is shown in square brackets [Latin *expellere, expulsum,* from *ex* out + *pellere* to drive]. The original Latin, meaning "to drive out," supplies the basic definition of the English word. Frequently the origins give special insight into meanings. *Automobile,* for example, originally signified "self-moving"; *to sympathize* was "to suffer with"; *to telegraph* was "to write far off." Any student who wishes to get at the heart of a word cannot afford to ignore its origin.

**(4) Meanings.** Two separate meanings of *expel* are shown under 1 and 2. In *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* such definitions are arranged in the historical order of development, thus enabling the student to see at a glance something of the history of the word. *But he should note that the meaning which developed first, and is consequently placed first, may no longer be the most common.* For example, *Webster's* lists three meanings of *cordial:* "1. *Obs.* Of or belonging to the heart . . . 2. Tending to revive . . . 3. Hearty . . ." The first of these meanings, common in Shakespeare's day, is no longer used and is therefore labeled obsolete (*Obs.*). The *ACD* and most other dictionaries give first place to the most common present meaning of the word, thus: "1. hearty . . . 2. invigorating the heart . . . 3. *Obs.* of the heart."

**(5) Label.** Since neither of the two definitions of *expel* has a special label—such as *Colloq., Dial., slang,* or *Obs.*—both are in general and approved use. By "general use" we mean that the word is known throughout the English-speaking world; it is not limited to any section, trade, or profession. By "approved use" we mean that the word in the sense defined is accepted and employed by a majority of cultivated writers and speakers.

**(6) Synonyms and Antonyms.** The *synonyms* (Syn.) *eject, oust, evict,* and *dismiss* (found in *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* by following the cross reference to EJECT) furnish words similar in meaning to *expel.* The special paragraph treating these synonyms helps the writer grasp the precise shade of meaning needed to convey his idea. *Antonyms* (Ant.), given less frequently than synonyms, supply words with opposite meanings, as *enrage, defy* for *appease.*

For more detailed information about *expel* the student may consult one of the unabridged dictionaries in the library. In *Webster's New International Dictionary* the entry for this word is more than twice as long as that in the *Collegiate* or the *ACD,* and includes a quotation from Spenser to illustrate the use of the word. The *Oxford English Dictionary,* the most detailed of all dictionaries of the English language, quotes some fifty English writers of the past five or six hundred years to show the exact meaning of *expel* at each stage of its history. The following passage (about one third of the complete entry) illustrates the method used by the *OED.*

**Expel** (ekspe·l), *v.* Forms: 4–5 **expelle**, 6–7 **expell**, 6– **expel**. [ad. L. *expell-ĕre*, f. *ex-* out + *pellĕre* to drive, thrust: cf. COMPLL. OF. had *espellir*, and in 15th c. *expeller*.]

I. *trans.* To drive or thrust out; to eject by force. Const. *from* (rarely *out of*) also with double obj. (by omission of *from*).

a. With obj. a person, etc.: To eject, dislodge by force from a position; to banish from, compel to quit, a place or country.

*c* 1489 CAXTON *Sonnes of Aymon* xx. 446 Reynawde and his brethern were thus expelled out of it [mountalban]. 1532 MORE *Conſut. Tindale* Wks. 819/2 God .. expelled those heretikes and scismatikes out of heauen. 1577 tr. *Bullinger's Decades* (1592) 838 The Apostles receiued power from the l ord. that they should expell and cast them [the devils] out. 1628 HOBBES *Thucyd.* (1822) 8 The Bœotians .. expelld Arne by the Thessalians seated themselues in that Country [Bœotia]. *c* 1710 C. FIENNES *Diary* (1888) 266 Such a State takes Care. to Expel him their Dominions by proclamation. 1749 WEST tr. *Pindar's Olympic Odes* xii. 36 Sedition's Civil Broils Expell'd thee from thy native Crete. 1754 HUME *Hist. Eng.* I. xi 229 He sent .. two knights..to expel them the convent. 1863 FR. A. KEMBLE *Resid. Georgia* 31 Bidding the elder boys. expel the poultry.

b. With a material thing as obj.: To drive out from a receptacle, etc. by mechanical force; to discharge, send off (*e.g.* a bullet from a gun, † an arrow from a bow); to drive off or dislodge (a substance) from a chemical compound, mixture, solution, etc. Also, † *To expel forth.*

1669 STURMY *Mariner's Mag.* v. xii 80 The Shot is .. expelled with no other thing, than by the Air's exaltation. 1695 WOODWARD *Nat. Hist. Earth* III. (1723) 151 It [water] is usualy expelled forth in vast Quantities *a* 1700 DRYDEN (J.), The virgin huntress was not slow T'expel the shaft from her contracted bow. *c* 1790 IMISON *Sch. Art* I. 74 Expelling the water into the bason. 1807 T. THOMSON *Chem.* (ed 3) II. 394 Alcohol..absorbs about its own weight of nitrous gas, which cannot afterwards be expelled by heat. 1838 — *Chem. Org. Bodies* 168 Not capable of being expelled by a stronger base. 1860 MAURY *Phys. Geog. Sea* xi. § 512 If still more heat be applied .. the air will be entirely expelled. 1878 HUXLEY *Physiogr.* 77 The matter .. thus expelled from the powder by heat.

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## EXERCISES ON THE USE OF THE DICTIONARY [2]

◈ EXERCISE 1. What were the original meanings of the following words?

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| emperor | conjunction | Episcopal |
| governor | dialogue | Methodist |
| king | interjection | aristocracy |
| queen | Anabaptist | democracy |
| adjective | Catholic | monarchy |

◈ EXERCISE 2. What were the original meanings of the following words? What meanings developed later?

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| civil | doom | knight |
| convince | gridiron | lady |
| nebulous | inspiration | capsule |
| proper | amateur | choleric |
| crisis | knave | conclude |

[2] The student may find that, for some of the words in the exercises, the information given in his dictionary is inadequate. In such cases he should refer to an unabridged dictionary, such as *Webster's New International* or the *Oxford English Dictionary*.

◈ EXERCISE 3. List synonyms for each of the following words. Do not depend solely upon lists of synonyms found in the dictionary; refer to other words used in defining the word under consideration.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| eat | day | understand |
| go | think | anger |
| see | change | honesty |
| act | fight | mildness |

◈ EXERCISE 4. List antonyms for each of the following words. Do not depend solely upon lists of antonyms in the dictionary; refer to other words used in defining the word under consideration.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| greed | fast | receive |
| study | quiet | awkwardness |
| war | betray | gallantry |
| clever | find | harmony |

◈ EXERCISE 5. Study the following words in a dictionary. Write original sentences to illustrate the exact meaning of each word.

| | |
|---|---|
| cause—occasion | crime—fault |
| grant—concede | calumny—slander |
| prose—prosaic | freedom—license |
| ambition—aspiration | valid—legitimate |

◈ EXERCISE 6. Determine the preferred spelling of the following words: *gypsy, inclose, labour, traveler, judgment.* Which of the following words should be written separately, which should be written solid, and which should be hyphenated? *Ablebodied, basketball, presentday, maintopmast, today.*

◈ EXERCISE 7. Determine the pronunciation for each of the following words. Which of the words change the accent to indicate a change in grammatical function?

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| impious | absent | vehement |
| precedence | italics | condolence |
| contest | exquisite | object |

◈ EXERCISE 8. Classify each of the following words as a verb (transitive or intransitive), a noun, an adjective, an adverb, a preposition, or a conjunction. Give the principal parts of each verb, the plural (or plurals) of each noun, the comparative and superlative of each adjective or adverb.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| sing | into | since | bite |
| stratum | bad | tomato | sheep |

◈ EXERCISE 9. From the following list of words capitalize those which are always capitalized and check those which are capitalized only for certain meanings.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| epicurean | jewish | italian |
| spanish | romanesque | italic |
| lynch | stoical | liberian |
| platonic | roman | easter |

◈ EXERCISE 10. Divide the following into syllables.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| liberty | vindictive | industrious |
| interfere | dangerous | vocabulary |
| analytic | indistinguishable | supplement |
| distinguish | laboriously | libidinous |

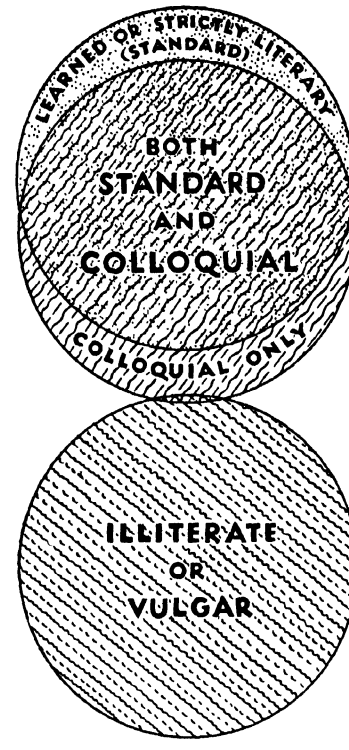
◈ EXERCISE 11. Get from your dictionary specific information about each of the following. Note the source of information as (a) general vocabulary, (b) list of abbreviations, (c) gazetteer, or (d) biographical list.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Aduwa | El Greco | UNESCO |
| C.E. | *qui vive* | Ursa |
| Gold Coast | Thalia | Frank Lloyd Wright |
| Zeus | Formosa | *ibid.* |

## LEVELS OF USAGE—USAGE LABELS

*Standard* (or *formal*), *colloquial,* and *illiterate* are terms used to classify words, or specific meanings of words, according to levels of usage. But these levels are not always clearly differentiated. The standard largely overlaps the colloquial; that is, most words are both standard and colloquial. A comparatively small group of words, labeled *Colloq.* by the dictionary, is *colloquial only.* Below this "colloquial only" fringe, we find the many illiterate words that are common in the speech of the uneducated but are seldom listed in the dictionary. When such words (or specific uses of words) are listed, they are labeled *Illit.* or *vulgar.*

Borderline words may be assigned to either of two groups, and it is to be expected that good dictionaries will frequently differ in classifying such words. For example, on the border between "colloquial only" and standard, the word *company,* meaning "guests," as in "She had *company* for dinner," is labeled *Colloq.* by *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* but left unlabeled (thus classified as standard) by *The American College Dictionary.* On the other border between "colloquial only" and illiterate, the adverbial usage of *good,* meaning "well," as in "She sings *good,*" is labeled *Colloq.* by the *ACD* but is omitted, not listed at all (and thus classified as illiterate), by *Webster's.*




*Circle 1: Standard Words.* This group includes all words (or meanings of words) not "labeled" in any way—that is, most words in the dictionary.

*Circle 2: Colloquial Words.* This group largely overlaps the standard group. It excludes standard words that are learned or strictly literary and includes a comparatively small group labeled *Colloq.,* that is, COLLOQUIAL ONLY. When a dictionary labels a word (or a special meaning of a word) *Colloq.,* the labeled word, or its labeled meaning, belongs to the small lower group of "colloquial only" words, not to the larger group that is both colloquial and standard.

*Circle 3: Illiterate Words.* This group, used chiefly by uneducated people, is largely excluded from the dictionary. When such words are listed at all, they are labeled *Illit.* or *vulgar.* Note that this group slightly overlaps the lower fringe of "colloquial only" words.

◈ EXERCISE 12. Classify each of the following words as (1) learned or strictly literary standard—not labeled by the dictionary, (2) colloquial standard —not labeled, (3) colloquial only—labeled *Colloq.,* or (4) illiterate—labeled *Illit.* or not listed at all. (Use your judgment to determine whether an unlabeled word falls in the first or second class.)

| | |
|---|---|
| simple, unsophisticated, natural, uneducated | connection, link, tie, nexus |
| tote, carry | date, appointment |
| muchly, greatly | drowned, drownded |

1. *Words Not Labeled—Standard Words.* The dictionary uses no label for the great bulk of our English words. These are the words now in good use throughout the English-speaking world—in England, America, South Africa, or Australia. These words range all the way from very learned, dignified words to the simplest words used by young children. For want of a better term these words are said to be *standard* (or *literary* or *formal*) in usage. Perhaps *common* would be more truly descriptive, for unlabeled words are common to all English-speaking communities. The more learned of these words may be known only to the sophisticated, but many others are among the commonest words used in everyday conversation. Although such common words are "colloquial" in the true sense that they are used in ordinary speech, they are not to be confused with the smaller group of words labeled *colloquial* by the dictionary.[3]

2. *Words Labeled Colloquial.* The dictionary gives the label *colloquial* (written *Colloq.*) to a comparatively small group of words that are appropriate to conversation and to informal types of writing but would usually seem out of place in expository and other serious types of writing. (See **19b.**) These words might be thought of as *colloquial only,* to distinguish them from the much larger group of unlabeled "colloquial" words, which are *both* colloquial and standard.

3. *Words Labeled Illiterate or Vulgar (or Not Listed at All).* Words in use only among the uneducated are usually not listed by the dictionary. If listed, they are labeled *illiterate* (written *Illit.*) or *vulgar.* (See **19f.**)

4. *Other Usage Labels.* Some other dictionary labels refer less directly to levels of usage. If the use of a word, or one meaning of a word, is largely restricted to one region, it will be labeled *dialectal* (written *Dial.*) or else given a geographical label to indicate the specific region where it is used, such as *Scot., Southwestern U. S.,* or *N. of England.* (Dialectal words are often called *localisms* or *provincialisms.* See **19c.**) The label *slang* is given to a special group of current words, sometimes picturesque and vigorous, which have not won acceptance in standard, or even in colloquial, English. (See **19d.**) Technical terms—words peculiar to a trade or profession and often not understood by the general public—have such labels as *Law, Educ., Astron., Engin.,* or *Rel.* (See **19e.**) Words no longer in use are listed as an aid in interpreting our early literature and are labeled *obsolete* (written *Obs.*) or *archaic.* (See **19g.**) Words now reserved chiefly for the language of poetry are labeled *poetic.* (See **19h.**)

[3] *Special Note:* The designation STANDARD, or FORMAL, used in Section **19** is not to be construed as "stiff, dignified, learned" but as "COMMON—in general and approved use." The designation COLLOQUIAL means "colloquial *only.*"

### EXERCISES ON LEVELS OF USAGE (USAGE LABELS)

◈ EXERCISE 13. Classify according to levels of usage (usage labels) the thirty-three words in the second column, page 403, of *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* (or thirty-three consecutive words in some other dictionary). *Example:* The thirty-two words in the first column of page 403 may be classified as indicated below. Italics (underlining) indicates that a word belongs in the class indicated in respect to one or more, but not all, of its meanings.

STANDARD (that is, not labeled in any way) *hummock, humor,* humorist, humoristic, *humorous, hump,* humpback, humpbacked, humped, humph, humpy, humus, Hun, *hunch,* hunchback, hunchbacked, *hundred,* hundredfold, hundred-percenter, hundredth, hundredweight, hung, *Hungarian,* hunger, hungeringly, hunger strike, *hungry,* hunks

COLLOQUIAL (that is, colloquial only—labeled *Colloq.*) *hunch,* hunk

ILLITERATE (None listed)

DIALECTAL *hummock, hump,* hunkers

SLANG *hump, Hungarian*

TECHNICAL *humor,* humoresque, *humorous, hundred*

OBSOLETE (or ARCHAIC) *humor, humorous, hunch, Hungarian,* hungerly, *hungry*

POETIC (None listed)

◈ EXERCISE 14. Which meanings of the following words are now limited in use because they are colloquial, dialectal, or slang?

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| cracked | joint | sweet |
| deal | plug | swell |
| fix | sting | swill |

◈ EXERCISE 15. Classify the italicized words (according to the meaning they bear in the sentence) as *standard, colloquial, illiterate,* etc.

1. DiMaggio *blooped* a *single* to *center.*
2. *"Buzz* me on the *phone* tomorrow, *hot-shot,"* he *cracked.*
3. I have *completed* my *secondary* training.
4. "I *want off,"* he *yelled* to the *bus* driver.
5. It was a *hottish* day in July, not *deossifying* but *dehydrating.*
6. The pilot *executed* a perfect *chandelle.*
7. *Ain't* that the house two miles *yonder?*

◈ EXERCISE 16. Rewrite in standard English the seven sentences in Exercise 15.

### 19b. Colloquialisms are generally avoided in standard (formal) writing.

*Colloquial words or expressions* (labeled *Colloq.* by a recent edition of a good dictionary) are appropriate to the conversation of cultivated people and to informal writing. For these purposes colloquialisms often give a desirable tone of informality. But colloquial expressions tend to bring a discordant note into expository or other formal types of writing and are usually avoided in such writing.

COLLOQUIAL The cabin was very *homey.*
STANDARD The cabin was very *homelike.*
COLLOQUIAL The man never had a fair *show.*
STANDARD The man never had a fair *chance.*
COLLOQUIAL The boys gave a good *show.*
STANDARD The boys gave a good *performance.*

◈ EXERCISE 17. Compose sentences (1) using the following words with their colloquial meanings and then (2) substituting the formal equivalents:

| | |
|---|---|
| brass (impudence) | gets (puzzles) |
| fizzle (failure) | mighty (very) |
| flimflam (nonsense) | way (condition) |

### 19c. Dialectal words should generally be avoided.

*Dialectal words* (also called *localisms* or *provincialisms*) should normally be avoided in speaking and writing because they are often meaningless outside the limited region where they are current. Speakers may, however, safely use dialectal words known to the audience they are addressing.

DIALECT He filled the *poke* with potatoes.
STANDARD He filled the *bag* with potatoes.
DIALECT The *highhole* has flown away.
STANDARD The *flicker* has flown away.
DIALECT I *reckon* he will come.
STANDARD I *suppose* he will come.

### 19d. Slang and jargon should be used sparingly in standard speech.

*Slang,* according to *The American College Dictionary,* is "language of a markedly colloquial character, regarded as below the standard of cultivated speech." Some slang words have the pungent quality we find in literature. *Slob,* which derives from an Irish word for *mud,* along with *jazz, goon,* and *jitter,* may soon join *mob, van, sham,* and *banter* as genuine members of the English language. But much slang is trite and tasteless, and serves ineffectively to mask an inadequate vocabulary. Some people describe everything as "swell" or "lousy," when they really want to say *excellent, generous, satisfying, distinguished,* or *contemptible, foolish, inadequate.*

The objection to slang, then, is not based upon arbitrary *don'ts,* but upon slang's habitual alliance with lazy thinking. Slang is the sluggard's way of avoiding the search for the exact word.

For the same reasons *jargon,* "unintelligible or meaningless talk or writing," should also be avoided. Almost every trade, occupation, or state of life has a special language which is unintelligible to the general public. A man with recent military experience might write the following jargon about his first day at college:

> The mustering-in was snafu, and the old man blew his top.

This sentence would be easily understood by his army friends; other readers would require the following formal statement:

> There was much unnecessary confusion on registration day; as a result, the dean asked us to form lines and wait quietly until we reached the registration desks.

### 19e. Technical words should be avoided in non-technical speaking and writing.

When you are writing for the general reader, avoid all unnecessary technical language. Since the ideal of the good writer is to make his thought clear to as many people as possible, he will not describe an apple tree as a *Malus pumila* or a high fever as *hyperpyrexia.* Neither will he use common words

in their uncommon meanings, as, for instance, *tycoon* for the title of a Japanese emperor.

Sometimes, however, even though a dictionary labels a phrase like *atomic energy* as belonging to the field of physics or biology, the phrase is well enough known to justify its general use.

**19f. Illiteracies and improprieties should be avoided.**

*Illiteracies* (also called *vulgarisms*) are the crude expressions of uneducated people, usually not listed in the dictionary.

ILLITERATE He *ain't* going. *They's* no use asking him.
CORRECT He *isn't* going. *There's* no use asking him.

An *impropriety* is a good word used with the wrong sense or function.

WRONG I *except* your invitation. [Wrong meaning.]
RIGHT I *accept* your invitation.
ILLITERATE (or COLLOQUIAL) She sang *good.* [Wrong function—adjective used as adverb.]
STANDARD She sang *well.*

**19g. Obsolete, archaic, or obsolescent words should be avoided.**

All dictionaries list words (and meanings for words) that have long since passed out of general use. Such words as *parfit* (perfect), *ort* (fragment of food left at a meal), *yestreen* (last evening), *waxen* (to grow or become) are still found in dictionaries because these words were once the standard vocabulary of great authors and must be defined for the modern reader.

Some archaic words—like *wight, methinks,* and *quoth*—have been used for purposes of humor. Modern practice tends to label such usage as juvenile.

**19h. Avoid (1) "fine writing," (2) "poetic" expressions, and (3) harsh combinations of sound.**

(1) **Avoid "fine writing."** "Fine writing" is the unnecessary use of ornate words and expressions. It is generally fuzzy and repetitious; it tends to emphasize words rather than ideas. A simple, direct statement like "From childhood on I have looked forward to a journey" can become by fine writing something like this: "From the halycon days of early youth I have always anticipated with eagerness and pleasure the exciting vistas of distant climes and mysterious horizons."

(2) **Avoid "poetic" expressions.** Genuine poetry has its very proper place, and the vivid language of simile and metaphor enriches even colloquial prose. But the sham poetry of faded imagery (*eye of night* for *moon*) and inappropriate expressions like *oft, eftsoons, 'twas,* and *'neath* are misplaced in the usual prose style.

(3) **Avoid unpleasant combinations of sound.** Good prose has rhythm, but it does not rhyme. If you write, "In foreign relations, the western nations are subject to dictation," you distract the reader's attention from your meaning. Equally offensive to the average reader is the awkward combination of consonants, as in "Some people shun the seashore."

# GLOSSARY OF USAGE

**19i. Consult this list to determine the standing of a word or phrase and its appropriateness to your purpose.** (If the word you are looking for is not included, or if you need more information about any word in the list, consult a good dictionary—preferably one of the unabridged dictionaries in the library.)

Before attempting to use this list, the student should read "Levels of Usage," pages 854-56 above, for definitions of (1) STANDARD (FORMAL), which includes the great majority of words in the dictionary—all the "unlabeled" words, from the most learned to the simplest and most usable, such as *boy, cat, dog, is, man,* and *the;* (2) COLLOQUIAL, a comparatively small group of words labeled *Colloq.* in the dictionary—words appropriate to conversation and the more informal types of writing but usually avoided in expository and other seri-

ous types of writing; (3) ILLITERATE, words labeled *Illit.* or *vulgar* in the dictionary (if listed at all)—words to be avoided entirely except in dialogue representing the quoted speech of illiterate persons.

Discussions of the chief "labels" used by dictionaries to restrict the use of words, or of special meanings of words, will be found in the earlier part of this section, as follows:

*Colloq.* = COLLOQUIAL, **19b**
*Dial., Scot., Southern U. S.*, etc. = DIALECTAL, PROVINCIAL, LOCAL, **19c**
*Slang* = SLANG, JARGON, **19d**
*Educ., Law, Naut., Rel.*, etc. = TECHNICAL, **19e**
*Illit.* = ILLITERATE, VULGAR, **19f**
*Obs.* = OBSOLETE, ARCHAIC, **19g**
*Poetic* = POETIC, **19h**

**A, an.** Use *a* before a consonant sound, *an* before a vowel sound. Examples: *a* band, *a* well, *a* yard [*w* and *y* function as consonants], *a* unit [*y* sound], *a* one [*w* sound], *a* hammer, *a* history; *an* apple, *an* olive, *an* hour [silent *h* before the vowel]

**Accept, except.** Do not confuse. The verb *accept* means "to receive." *Except* means "to exclude."

RIGHT Mary accepted (*not* excepted) an invitation to dinner.

RIGHT They excepted (*not* accepted) Mary from the invitation.

**Ad.** Colloquial shortening of *advertisement.* Use the full word in standard speech and writing.

**Affect, effect.** Do not confuse. *Affect* (a verb) means "to influence." "The attack affected the morale of the troops." *Effect* is both a verb and a noun. As a verb it means "to bring to pass." "The medicine effected a complete cure." As a noun *effect* means "result." "The effect of the medicine was instantaneous."

**Aggravate.** Means "to intensify, to increase." "Lack of water aggravated the suffering." Colloquially it means "to irritate, exasperate, provoke, annoy."

COLLOQUIAL He was extremely aggravated by the decision.

STANDARD He was extremely annoyed by the decision.

**Agree to, agree with.** One agrees *to* a plan but *with* a person.

**Ain't.** An illiterate contraction always to be avoided. In conversation and in informal writing the following contractions may be used: *I'm not, you (we, they) aren't, he (she, it) isn't.* In formal writing the words are usually written out: *I am not,* etc.

**Alibi.** Colloquial for *an excuse.* Standard English accepts the word only in its technical legal sense.

**Allude, refer.** Do not confuse. *Allude* means "to refer to indirectly." "When he mentioned dictators, we knew that he was alluding to Hitler and Mussolini." *Refer* means "to mention something specifically." "I refer you to the third act of *Hamlet.*"

**Allusion, illusion.** Do not confuse *allusion,* "an indirect reference," with *illusion,* "an unreal image or false impression."

**Already, all ready.** *Already* (one word) means "prior to some specified time, either present, past, or future." "By noon the theater was already full." *All ready* (two words) means "completely ready." "I am all ready to go."

**Alright.** Not recognized as correct. Use *all right.*

**Also.** A weak connective. *And* is a better connective. "I met Harry and Tom (*not* also Tom)."

**Altogether, all together.** *Altogether* (one word) means "wholly, thoroughly, in all." "The report is altogether true." *All together* (two words) means "in a group, collectively." "The packages were all together on the table."

**Alumnus, alumna.** *Alumnus,* a male graduate; *alumni,* two or more male graduates. *Alumna,* a female graduate; *alumnae,* two or more female graduates. *Alumni,* male and female graduates grouped together.

**A.M., P.M.** (also **a.m., p.m.**). Use only with figures. "He came at 10:00 A.M. (*not* in the A.M.) and left at 4:00 P.M." "He came in the morning and left in the afternoon (*not* in the P.M.)."

**Among, between.** *Among* always implies more than two. "Joseph's brethren divided the spoils among them." *Between* literally implies only two. "I divided the cake between John and Mary." But *between* is used for more than two to indicate a reciprocal relation. "A treaty was concluded between the three nations."

**Amount, number.** Use *amount* to refer to things in bulk or mass, *number* to refer to countable objects. "A large amount of grain; a number of watermelons."

**And etc.** Never place *and* before *etc.* The *and* is redundant since *etc.* is an abbreviation of *et* (and) + *cetera* (other things).

**Anyone, everyone, someone.** Distinguish from *any*

*one, every one, some one. Anyone* (one word) means "any person, anybody." *Any one* (two words) means "any single person or thing."

**Anyways.** Dialectal for *in any case, anyway.* Either *anyways* or *anyway* is properly used to mean "in any manner."

**Anywheres.** Illiterate for *anywhere.*

**Apt.** See **Likely, liable, apt.**

**Around.** Colloquial in the sense of "about, near."

COLLOQUIAL To come around noon; to stay around the house.

STANDARD To come about noon; to stay near (*or* about) the house.

**As.** (1) Generally avoid *as* in the sense of "because." *For* or *since* is usually clearer.

VAGUE He worked steadily as the day was cool.

CLEARER He worked steadily, for the day was cool.

(2) In standard English do not use *as* in place of *that* or *whether.*

COLLOQUIAL I feel as I should go.

STANDARD I feel that I should go.

(3) In negative statements some careful writers prefer *so . . . as* to *as . . . as.* "I am not so strong as I used to be." "He will go only so far as he is forced to go." See also **Like, as, as if.**

**At.** Redundant in such sentences as the following.

REDUNDANT Where does he live at? Where are you at now?

RIGHT Where does he live? Where are you now?

**At about.** *About* is preferable.

WORDY He arrived at about noon.

BETTER He arrived about noon.

**Awful.** Colloquial in the sense of "very bad, ugly, shocking."

COLLOQUIAL The suit was awful.

STANDARD The suit was very ugly.

**Awhile, a while.** Distinguish between the adverb *awhile* and the article and noun *a while.* "Rest awhile before leaving." "Rest for a while (*not* awhile) before leaving."

**Bank on, take stock in.** Colloquial expressions for *rely on, trust in.*

**Because.** Do not use *because* to introduce a noun clause.

WRONG Because he was sick was no excuse.

RIGHT The fact that he was sick was no excuse, *or* His sickness was no excuse.

See also **Reason is because.**

**Beside, besides.** Do not confuse. *Beside* is a preposition meaning "by the side of." "Sit beside me." *Besides,* used chiefly as an adverb, means "in addition to." "We ate apples and other fruit besides."

**Better.** See **Had better, had rather, would rather.**

**Between, among.** See **Among, between.**

**Bunch.** Colloquial for *group of people.*

COLLOQUIAL A bunch of boys, a bunch of farmers

STANDARD A group of boys, a group of farmers; a bunch of carrots

**Bust, busted, bursted.** Colloquial or inelegant forms of the verb *burst,* which uses the same form for all its principal parts: *burst, burst, burst.*

**But, only, hardly, scarcely.** These words, negative in implication, should not be used with another negative.

WRONG He didn't have but one hat.

RIGHT He had but one hat; *or,* He had only one hat.

WRONG He wasn't sick only three days.

RIGHT He was sick only three days.

WRONG I don't hardly (scarcely) know.

RIGHT I hardly (scarcely) know.

**But what.** Colloquial for *that.*

COLLOQUIAL He had no doubt *but what* he would succeed.

STANDARD He had no doubt *that* he would succeed.

**Calculate.** Colloquial or dialectal for *think, guess, plan.*

**Cannot help but.** Colloquial for *cannot help* or *cannot but.*

COLLOQUIAL I cannot help but laugh at him.

STANDARD I cannot help laughing at him.

STANDARD I cannot but laugh at him.

**Can't hardly.** A double negative in implication. Use *can hardly.* See **But, only, hardly, scarcely.**

**Cause of.** Do not say that the *cause of* something was *on account of.* Complete the expression with a predicate noun or a noun clause.

LOGICAL The cause of my inability to work was a bad headache (*not* on account of a bad headache). [Predicate noun.]

LOGICAL The cause of my inability to work was that I had a bad headache. [Noun clause.]

**Censure, criticize.** See **Criticize, censure.**

**Common, mutual.** That thing is *common* in which two or more share equally or alike, as in "a common purpose." That thing is *mutual* which is reciprocally given and received, as in "mutual assistance."

**Company.** A colloquial expression for *guests, visitors, escort.*

**Compare to, compare with.** "One object is *compared with* another when set side by side with it in order to show their relative value or excellence; *to* another when it is formally represented as like it." (*Webster's*)

RIGHT He compared the book with the manuscript.

RIGHT He compared the earth to a ball.

**Complected.** Dialectal or colloquial for *complexioned.*

STANDARD He was a light-complexioned (*not* light-complected) man.

STANDARD He was a man of light complexion.

**Considerable.** An adjective; colloquial as a noun; illiterate as an adverb.

COLLOQUIAL He lost considerable in the depression.

STANDARD He lost a considerable amount of property during the depression.

ILLITERATE He was considerable touched by the girl's plea.

RIGHT He was considerably touched by the girl's plea.

**Contact.** The use of *contact* as a verb is generally avoided in standard writing.

**Continual, continuous.** *Continual* means "occurring in steady, rapid, but not unbroken succession." "The rehearsal was hampered by continual interruptions." *Continuous* means "without cessation." "The continuous roar of the waterfall was disturbing."

**Could of.** Illiterate corruption of *could have.*

**Criticize, censure.** *Criticize* means "to examine and judge as a critic," not necessarily "to censure." *Censure* means "to find fault with" or "to condemn as wrong."

**Cunning.** Means "shrewd." Colloquial for *attractive.*

**Cute.** Colloquial for *clever, shrewd, attractive, petite.*

**Data, strata, phenomena.** Plurals of *datum, stratum, phenomenon.*

RIGHT These data, these strata, these phenomena, this phenomenon

(In the United States *data* is now often used as a singular noun.)

**Date.** Colloquial for *appointment, engagement; to make an appointment.*

**Deal.** Colloquial or commercial term for *transaction, bargain.*

**Didn't ought.** See **Had ought, hadn't ought, didn't ought.**

**Differ from, differ with.** Do not confuse. *Differ from* means "to stand apart because of unlikeness." "The Caucasian race differs from the Mongolian race in color, stature, and customs." *Differ with* means "to disagree." "On that point I differ with you."

**Different than.** Preferable idiom: *different from.*

**Done.** The past participle of the verb *to do. I do, I did, I have done. Done* is illiterate for *did* or for the adverb *already.*

ILLITERATE He done well.

RIGHT He did well.

ILLITERATE He has done sold the dog.

RIGHT He has already sold the dog; *or,* He has sold the dog.

**Don't.** A contraction for *do not,* but not for *does not.*

WRONG He don't smoke. [He do not smoke.]

RIGHT He doesn't smoke. [He does not smoke.]

PROPER CONTRACTIONS I don't, we don't, you don't, they don't. [do not]

He doesn't, she doesn't, it doesn't. [does not]

**Dove.** Colloquial for *dived.*

**Due to.** This phrase is universally approved as an adjective modifier, as in "His tardiness was due to an accident," in which *due to* modifies the noun *tardiness.* There is increasing use of *due to* in adverbial constructions, as in "Due to an accident he arrived late," in which *due to* modifies the verb *arrived.* But for this adverbial construction many writers prefer *because of, on account of,* or *owing to.* "Because of an accident he arrived late."

**Each other, one another.** Used interchangeably. Some writers prefer *each other* when referring to only two, and *one another* when referring to more than two.

**Effect, affect.** See **Affect, effect.**

**Elegant.** Means *polished, fastidious, refined.* Used colloquially for *delicious, good.* STANDARD: "This food is delicious (*not* elegant)."

**Emigrate, immigrate.** *Emigrate* means "to leave a place of abode for residence in another country." *Immigrate* means "to come for permanent residence into a country of which one is not a native."

**Enthuse.** Colloquial for *to make enthusiastic, to become enthusiastic.*

COLLOQUIAL She enthuses over anything.
STANDARD She becomes enthusiastic about anything.

**Equally as good.** The *as* is redundant. Say "equally good" or "as good as."

**Etc.** See **And etc.**

**Every bit.** Colloquial for *entirely, in every way.*

**Everyone, anyone, someone.** See **Anyone, everyone, someone.**

**Everywheres.** Dialectal for *everywhere.*

**Exam.** Colloquial shortening of *examination.* For formal purposes, use the full word.

**Except, accept.** See **Accept, except.**

**Expect.** Colloquial if used to mean "suppose."

COLLOQUIAL I expect the report is true.
STANDARD I suppose the report is true.

**Farther, further.** *Farther* is regularly preferred to express geographic distance. "They went even farther the next day." *Further* is regularly preferred to express the meaning "more, in addition." "Further reports came."

**Faze.** Colloquial for *worry, disconcert.*

**Fellow.** Colloquial for *person.*

**Fewer, less.** *Fewer* refers especially to number. "Fewer than twenty persons attended." *Less* refers especially to value, degree, or amount. "The suit costs less than the overcoat."

**Fine.** The adjective *fine* is much overused as a vague word of approval. Choose an expression to fit the meaning exactly.

*Fine* is colloquial or dialectal when used as an adverb meaning "well, excellently."

STANDARD She plays the organ well.
COLLOQUIAL She plays the organ fine.

**Fix.** Colloquial as a verb meaning "to repair, to arrange" and as a noun meaning "predicament, situation."

COLLOQUIAL He fixed the clock. I am in a fix.
STANDARD He repaired the clock. I am in a predicament.

**Flunk.** Colloquial for *fail.*

**Folks.** Colloquial for *relatives, persons of one's own family.*

**Former.** Refers to the first named of two. Not properly used when three or more are named.

**Funny.** Colloquial for *strange, queer, odd.* In standard usage *funny* means "amusing."

**Further, farther.** See **Farther, further.**

**Gent.** Illiterate (or humorous) for *gentleman, man.* "The store advertises men's (*not* gents') suits.

**Gentleman, lady.** Generally preferable: *man. woman.* Use *gentleman, lady* to distinguish persons of refinement and culture from the ill-bred. Use the plural forms in addressing an audience: "Ladies and Gentlemen."

QUESTIONABLE Lady preacher, saleslady, lady clerk, ladies' colleges
BETTER Woman preacher, saleswoman, woman clerk, women's colleges

**Get, got.** The verb *to get* is one of the most useful words in standard English. It is common in such good idioms as *get along with* (someone), *get the better of* (someone), *get at* (information), *get up* (a dance), *get on* (a horse), or *get over* (sickness). But *get* or *got* is also used in expressions that are colloquial or slangy. Examples (with standard equivalents in parentheses):

COLLOQUIAL He has got to (is obliged to, must) go.
This work gets (puzzles, irritates) me.
The bullet got (killed) him.
SLANG The bullet got (hit) him in the head.

**Good.** Not generally recognized as an adverb.

QUESTIONABLE He reads good. He works good.
STANDARD He reads well. He works well; *or,* He does good work.

**Gotten.** Past participle of *get,* the principal parts of which are *get* (present), *got* (past), *got,* or *gotten* (past participle). In England *gotten* is now archaic, but in the United States both *got* and *gotten* are in general use.

**Grand.** Avoid the vague colloquial use of *grand* to mean "excellent." Select the exact word to fit the meaning.

LOOSE We had a grand trip.
BETTER We had a delightful (pleasant, exciting) trip.

**Had better, had rather, would rather.** Good idioms used to express advisability (with *better*) or preference (with *rather*). *Better* is a colloquial shortening of *had better.*

STANDARD He had better listen to reason.
COLLOQUIAL He better listen to reason.

**Had of.** Illiterate for *had.*

ILLITERATE I wish I had of gone.
STANDARD I wish I had gone.

**Had ought, hadn't ought, didn't ought.** Illiterate combinations.

ILLITERATE He hadn't ought to have gone.
RIGHT He ought not to have gone.

**Half a, a half, a half a.** Use *half a* or *a half,* but avoid the redundant *a half a.*

REDUNDANT He worked a half a day.
RIGHT He worked half a day.
RIGHT He worked a half day. [Perhaps more formal.]

**Hardly.** See **But, only, hardly, scarcely.**

**Have got.** Colloquial and redundant.

COLLOQUIAL I've got (*or* have got) ten dollars.
STANDARD I have ten dollars.

**Healthful, healthy.** *Healthful* means "giving health," as in "healthful climate, healthful food." *Healthy* means "having health," as in "healthy boy, healthy people."

**Help but.** See **Cannot help but.**

**Himself, myself, yourself.** See **Myself, himself, yourself.**

**Hisself.** Illiterate for *himself.*

**Homey.** Colloquial for *homelike, intimate.*

**Honorable, Reverend.** See **Reverend, Honorable.**

**If, whether.** Standard English prefers *whether* to *if* after such verbs as *say, learn, know, understand, doubt,* especially when followed by *or.* "I did not know whether he would ride or walk."

**Illusion, allusion.** See **Allusion, illusion.**

**Immigrate, emigrate.** See **Emigrate, immigrate.**

**In, into.** Do not confuse. *In* indicates "location within." "He was in the room." *Into* indicates "motion or direction to a point within." "He came into the room."

**In back of.** Colloquial for *behind, at the back of.*

**Incredible, incredulous.** *Incredible* means "too extraordinary to admit of belief." *Incredulous* means "inclined not to believe on slight evidence."

**Individual, party, person.** *Individual* refers to a single person, animal, or thing. *Party* refers to a group, never to a single person (except in colloquial or legal usage). *Person* is the preferred word for general reference to a human being.

COLLOQUIAL He is the interested party.
STANDARD He is the interested person.

**Ingenious, ingenuous.** *Ingenious* means "clever, resourceful," as "an ingenious device." *Ingenuous* means "open, frank, artless," as "ingenuous actions."

**In regards to.** Use the correct idiom, *in regard to* or *as regards.*

**Into, in.** See **In, into.**

**Its, it's.** Do not confuse the possessive *its* and the contraction *it's* (= *it is*).

**Just.** Colloquial for *completely, simply, quite.*

COLLOQUIAL He was just tired out.
STANDARD He was completely tired out.

**Kind, sort.** Singular forms, modified by singular adjectives.

COLLOQUIAL OR ILLITERATE I like these kind (*or* sort) of shoes.
STANDARD I like this kind (*or* sort) of shoes.

**Kind of, sort of.** Loosely colloquial when used as an adverb to mean "somewhat, rather, after a fashion."

COLLOQUIAL I was kind of (sort of) tired.
STANDARD I was somewhat tired.

COLLOQUIAL I kind of (sort of) thought you would go.
STANDARD I rather thought you would go.

**Kind of a, sort of a.** Omit the *a* in standard writing.

STANDARD "What kind of (*not* kind of a) car does he drive?" "What sort of (*not* sort of a) car does he drive?"

**Lady, gentleman.** See **Gentleman, lady.**

**Later, latter.** Do not confuse. *Later* is the comparative of *late* and means "more late." *Latter* refers to the last named of two. If more than two are named, use *last* or *last-mentioned* instead of *latter.*

**Lay.** See **Lie, lay.**

**Learn, teach.** *Learn* means "to acquire knowledge"; *teach* means "to impart knowledge." She taught (*not* learned) him his lesson."

**Leave, let.** Do not use *leave* for *let. Leave* means "to depart from"; *let* means "to permit."

WRONG I will not leave you go today.
RIGHT I will not let you go today.
RIGHT I will not let you leave today.

**Less, fewer.** See **Fewer, less.**

**Lie, lay.** Do not confuse. *Lie,* an intransitive verb, means "to recline." *Lay,* a transitive verb, means "to cause to lie."

PRINCIPAL PARTS *I lie (down), I lay (down), I have lain (down).*

*I lay (a book), I laid (a book), I have laid (a book).*

RIGHT I lay a book on the floor and it lies there. [Present.]

RIGHT I laid a book on the floor and it lay there. [Past.]

RIGHT I have laid a book on the floor and it has lain there. [Perfect.]

See other examples in Section **7a.**

**Like, as, as if.** Use *like* as a preposition; use *as* or *as if* as a conjunction. *Like* is much used colloquially as a conjunction, but this use is generally avoided in standard writing.

STANDARD He worked like a man. Do as (*not* like) I do. It looks as if (*not* like) it might rain.

**Likely, liable, apt.** Do not confuse. Careful writers use *likely* to express mere probability; they use *liable* to suggest, in addition, the idea of harm or responsibility. "My friends are likely to arrive tomorrow." [Mere probability.] "The boy is liable to cut his foot with the ax." [Probability + the idea of harm.] "The hotel will not be liable for stolen property." [Responsibility.] *Apt* implies a predisposition or dexterity. "He is apt to worry." "He is an apt pupil." [Associate *apt* with *aptitude; liable* with *liability.*]

**Locate.** Colloquial for *settle.* STANDARD: "He settled (*not* located) in Texas."

**Lose, loose.** Do not confuse. *Lose* means "to cease having." *Loose* (verb) means "to set free." *Loose* (adjective) means "free, not fastened."

**Lot, lots of.** Colloquial for *much, many, a great deal.*

**Lovely.** Avoid the vague colloquial use of *lovely* to mean "very pleasing." Select the exact word to fit the meaning.

**Mad.** Means "insane." Colloquial for *angry.*

**May be, maybe.** Do not confuse the verb form *may be* with the adverb *maybe.* "He may be waiting for my letter." "Maybe he will come tomorrow."

**May of.** Illiterate corruption of *may have.*

**Mean.** Colloquial for *ill-tempered, indisposed, ashamed.*

**Might of.** Illiterate corruption of *might have.*

**Mighty.** Colloquial for *very.*

**Most.** Standard English does not recognize the adjective *most* as a substitute for the adverb *almost.*

COLLOQUIAL The trains arrive most every hour.

STANDARD The trains arrive almost every hour.

STANDARD The trains are most crowded during the holidays. [*Most* is correctly used as an adverb to form the superlative.]

**Must of.** Illiterate corruption of *must have.*

**Mutual.** See **Common, mutual.**

**Myself, himself, yourself.** Properly intensive or reflexive pronouns. "I myself will go; I will see for myself." In general *myself* is not a proper substitute for *I* or *me;* but it is substituted colloquially (1) for *I* after comparisons with *than* or *as* ("Everyone worked as well as myself") or (2) for *me* when it is the second member of a compound object ("He allowed my brother and myself to go home").

**Nice.** Means "precise" or "exact." Do not overwork *nice* as a vague word of approval. Find an exact word.

VAGUE It was a nice day.

SPECIFIC It was a bright (mild, sunny) day.

**No account, no good.** Colloquial for *worthless, of no value.*

**No place.** Colloquial for *nowhere.*

**Nowhere near.** Colloquial for *not nearly.*

**Nowheres.** Dialectal for *nowhere.*

**Number.** See **Amount, number.**

**O, Oh.** Interjections. *O* is used especially in direct address, is always capitalized, and is never followed by any mark of punctuation. *Oh* is used to express grief, surprise, or a wish, and is followed by a comma or an exclamation point.

**Of.** See **Could of, Had of, Ought to of.**

**Off of.** *Of* is superfluous. "He fell off (*not* off of) the platform."

**One another, each other.** See **Each other, one another.**

**Only.** See **But, only, hardly, scarcely.**

**Other times.** Use *at other times.*

**Ought.** See **Had ought.**

**Ought to of.** Illiterate corruption of *ought to have.*

**Out loud.** Colloquial for *aloud.*

**Outside of.** Colloquial in the sense of "except." STANDARD: "Except (*not* outside of) James, nobody went with him."

**Party, person, individual.** See **Individual, party, person.**

**Per.** Used especially in commercial writing. In standard English some authors use *per* only with Latin words, such as *diem, annum.*

COMMERCIAL His salary was four thousand dollars per year.
STANDARD His salary was four thousand dollars a year.

**Per cent** (or **percent**). Means "by the hundred." Use only after a numeral: "10 per cent, 20 per cent." In other situations use *percentage.* "A large percentage, a small percentage." Do not overwork *percentage* for *portion, part.*

**Person, party, individual.** See **Individual, party, person.**

**Phenomena.** Plural of *phenomenon.* See **Data, strata, phenomena.**

**Phone.** Colloquial shortening of *telephone.* Use the full word in standard writing.

**Photo.** Colloquial shortening of *photograph.* Use the full word in standard writing.

**Piano.** See **Violin, vocal, voice, piano.**

**Piece.** Dialectal for *short distance.*

**Plenty.** Colloquial when used as an adverb.

COLLOQUIAL It is plenty good enough.
STANDARD It is quite good enough.

**Practical, practicable.** *Practical* means "useful, sensible," not "theoretical." *Practicable* means "feasible, capable of being put into practice." "The sponsors are practical men, and their plans are practicable."

**Prefer.** Not to be followed by *than,* but by *to, before, above, rather than.*

UNIDIOMATIC I should prefer that than anything else.
IDIOMATIC I should prefer that to anything else.

**Principal, principle.** Distinguish between *principal,* an adjective or noun meaning "chief" or "chief official," and the noun *principle,* meaning "fundamental truth" or "governing law of conduct."

**Proposition.** Properly "a thing proposed." Colloquial with the meaning "a project involving action, venture, difficulty." STANDARD: "The mine was a paying venture (*not* proposition) from the first."

**Quite.** An adverb meaning "entirely, positively." Used colloquially to mean "to a great extent, very."

COLLOQUIAL The lake is quite near.
STANDARD The lake is rather near.
STANDARD His guess was quite wrong.

**Quite, quiet.** Do not confuse. *Quite* is an adverb meaning "entirely." *Quiet* is an adjective meaning "calm."

**Quite a few, quite a bit, quite a little, quite a good deal.** Colloquial for *a good many, a considerable number, a considerable amount.*

**Raise, rear.** Some writers prefer *rear* to *raise* in the sense of "bringing up children." "He reared (*not* raised) the boy from infancy."

**Raise, rise.** See **Rise, raise.**

**Rarely ever.** Colloquial for *rarely, hardly ever, rarely if ever.*

**Real.** Colloquial for *very* or *really.*

COLLOQUIAL She was real brave.
STANDARD She was very brave.

**Rear.** See **Raise, rear.**

**Reason is because.** Formal English usually completes the construction *The reason is (was)* with a *that* clause or recasts the sentence.

COLLOQUIAL The reason why he missed his class was because (*or* on account of) he overslept.
STANDARD The reason why he missed his class was that he overslept.
STANDARD He missed his class because he overslept.

**Reckon.** Colloquial or dialectal for *think, suppose.*

**Refer.** See **Allude, refer.**

**Respectfully, respectively.** Do not confuse. *Respectfully* means "in a manner showing respect." "Yours respectfully." *Respectively* means "each in the order given." "The President respectfully paid tribute to the Army, Navy, and Air Forces, respectively."

**Reverend, Honorable.** To be followed by the first name, the initials, or some title of the person referred to as well as the surname.

PROVINCIAL Reverend Smith, The Reverend Smith, Honorable White
STANDARD Reverend Paul Smith, The Reverend Paul Smith, Reverend P. L. Smith, The Honorable James White, The Reverend Mr. Smith, The Reverend Dr. Smith

**Right.** Colloquial or dialectal as an adverb meaning "very, extremely." STANDARD: "I am very (*not* right) glad to see you."

**Right along.** Colloquial for *continuously.* STANDARD: "The clock struck continuously (*not* right along)." "I knew it all the time (*not* right along)."

**Rise, raise.** Do not confuse. *Rise* is an intransitive verb. "I rise every morning." "I rose at four o'clock." "I have risen at four o'clock for many months." *Raise* is a transitive verb. "I raise vegetables." "I raised vegetables last year." "I have raised vegetables for many years."

**Said.** The adjective *said,* meaning "before-mentioned," should be used only in legal documents.

**Same, said, such.** Do not use as pronouns except in legal documents. Preferable: *it, this, that.*

QUESTIONABLE When said coat was returned, same was found to be badly torn.
BETTER When this coat was returned, it was found to be badly torn.

**Say.** Colloquial for *give orders.*

COLLOQUIAL The teacher said to go home.
STANDARD The teacher told us to go home.

**Says.** Illiterate for *said.*

ILLITERATE He says to her, "I am tired."
RIGHT He said to her, "I am tired."

**Scarcely.** See **But, only, hardly, scarcely.**

**Seldom ever, seldom or ever.** Unidiomatic expressions for *seldom if ever, seldom or never, hardly ever.*

**Should of.** Illiterate corruption of *should have.*

**Show.** Colloquial for *play, opera, motion picture.*

**Sight.** Colloquial for *a great deal.* STANDARD: "He left a great deal (*not* a sight) of money."

**Sit, set.** Do not confuse. The transitive verb *set* means "to cause to sit." The intransitive verb *sit* means "to be seated."

PRINCIPAL PARTS *I sit (down), I sat (down), I have sat (down).*
*I set (the jar), I set (the jar), I have set (the jar).*
RIGHT I set the jar on the floor and it sits there. [Present.]
RIGHT I set the jar on the floor and it sat there. [Past.]
RIGHT I have set the jar on the floor and it has sat there. [Perfect.]

See other examples in Section **7a.**

**So.** An overworked word. Do not overwork *so* to join co-ordinate clauses.

COLLOQUIAL The work had tired him, so he did not begin his journey the next day.
STANDARD Since the work had tired him, he did not begin his journey the next day.

Do not use *so* for *so that* in clauses denoting purpose.

FAULTY He came early so he might see a friend.
BETTER He came early so that he might see a friend.

**Some.** Slang when used as an intensive. "He is making an excellent (*not* some) race."

**Someone, anyone, everyone.** See **Anyone, everyone, someone.**

**Someplace.** Colloquial for *somewhere.*

**Somewheres.** Illiterate for *somewhere.*

**Sort.** See **Kind, sort.**

**Sort of.** See **Kind of, sort of.**

**Sort of a.** See **Kind of a, sort of a.**

**Strata.** Plural of *stratum.* See **Data, strata, phenomena.**

**Such.** Note carefully the use of *such* in the dictionary. When *such* is followed by a relative clause, the proper relative is *as.* "I shall give such aid as I think best." When *such* is completed by a result clause, it should be followed by *that.* "There was such a rain that we could not drive." Avoid the weak and vague use of *such.* "We had a good (*not* such a good) time."

**Such, same, said.** See **Same, said, such.**

**Sure.** Colloquial for *surely, certainly.* STANDARD: "This is certainly (*not* sure) a quiet place."

**Sure and.** See **Try and.**

**Suspicion.** Dialectal for *suspect.*

DIALECTAL I did not suspicion anything.
STANDARD I did not suspect anything.

**Swell.** The adjective is slang for *excellent, first-rate.* STANDARD: "Our last symphony concert was first-rate (*not* swell)."

**Take and.** Dialectal or illiterate. STANDARD: "He knocked (*not* took and knocked) the ball over the base line."

**Take stock in.** See **Bank on, take stock in.**

**Tasty.** Colloquial for *savory* or *tasteful.*

**Teach.** See **Learn, teach.**

**Terrible, terribly.** Colloquial for *extremely bad.*

**That.** Used colloquially as an adverb.

COLLOQUIAL I can approach only that near.
STANDARD I can approach only so near.

**Theirselves.** Illiterate for *themselves.*

**This here, that there, these here, them there.** Illiterate expressions. Use *this, that, these, those.*

**Those kind, those sort.** See **Kind, sort.**

**Try and, sure and.** Colloquial for *try to, sure to.* STANDARD: "Try to (*not* and) calm yourself." "Be sure to (*not* and) come early."

**Ugly.** Colloquial for *ill-tempered.* STANDARD: "He was never in an ill-tempered (*not* ugly) mood."

**Unique.** Means *sole, only of its kind,* and therefore cannot be compared. Misused for *rare, odd, unusual.* "He was a rare (*not* unique) companion."

**United States.** Always *the United States,* with the article.

**Used to could.** Illiterate for *used to be able.*

**Very.** Do not use *very* to modify a past participle that has not yet established itself as an adjective. Insert some appropriate adverb—such as *much, greatly, deeply*—between *very* and the past participle.

QUESTIONABLE His singing was very appreciated.
RIGHT His singing was very greatly appreciated.

**Violin, vocal, voice, piano.** Do not use *violin (vocal, voice, piano)* to mean *violin (vocal, voice, piano) instruction.* "He is taking violin lessons (*not* violin)."

**Wait on.** Means *to attend, to serve.* Colloquial for *wait for.* STANDARD: "I waited for (*not* waited on) him to begin."

**Want.** Cannot take a clause as its object.

ILLITERATE I want that he should have a chance.
RIGHT I want him to have a chance.

**Want in, out, down, up, off, through.** Dialectal for *want to come* or *get in, out, down, up, off, through.*

**Want to.** Colloquial for *ought, should, had better.*

COLLOQUIAL You want to be careful when you go swimming.
STANDARD You should be careful when you go swimming.

**Way.** Colloquial for *condition.* STANDARD: "I left him in a bad condition (*not* way)."

**Ways.** Colloquial for *distance.* STANDARD: "A long distance (*not* ways)."

**Where.** Improperly used for *that.*

IMPROPER I saw in the newspaper where the strike had been settled.
PROPER I saw in the newspaper that the strike had been settled.

**Where at.** Illiterate.

ILLITERATE Where is she at?
RIGHT Where is she?

**Which, who.** Use *who* or *that* instead of *which* or *what* to refer to persons. "Mr. Jones was the man who (*not* which) helped me."

**While.** Do not overuse this conjunction. In general do not substitute *while* for *and, but, though,* or *whereas.*

**Who, which.** See **Which, who.**

**Worst kind, sort, way.** Dialectal for *very much.*

**Would of.** Illiterate corruption of *would have.*

**Would rather.** See **Had better, had rather, would rather.**

**You all.** A Southern colloquialism for *you* (plural).

**You was.** Illiterate for *you were.*

**Yourself, myself, himself.** See **Myself, himself, yourself.**

# EXACTNESS
## Idiom; Freshness

## 20. Select words that are exact, idiomatic, and fresh.[1]

A word is exact when it expresses the precise idea or conveys the appropriate emotional suggestion intended by the writer. By this definition the measures of a right word will be the purpose of the writer, the subject he has selected, and his attitude toward his subject and his readers.

### 20a. Consult a good dictionary for the exact word needed to express the idea.

Do not use the wrong word. Especially, do not confuse words that are similar in spelling or meaning.

WRONG She *excepted* the invitation.
RIGHT She *accepted* the invitation.

WRONG No one *eluded* to the misfortune.
RIGHT No one *alluded* to the misfortune.

WRONG The bell rang *continually* for five minutes.
RIGHT The bell rang *continuously* for five minutes.

◈ EXERCISE 1. Study the first half of the list of similar words in Section 18, Exercise 2. Illustrate each word by using it correctly in a sentence.

◈ EXERCISE 2. Study and illustrate the second half of the list in the same way.

Be careful to use the right conjunction to express the exact relation between words, phrases, and clauses.

WRONG There were other candidates, *and* he was elected.
RIGHT There were other candidates, *but* he was elected. [*And* adds or continues; *but* contrasts.]

WRONG I read in the paper *where* you had arrived.
RIGHT I read in the paper *that* you had arrived.

[1] Mastery of Section 20 will help to eliminate the third most common error in the average student theme.

**(1) *Denotation and Connotation.* Select the word with the denotation or connotation proper to the idea you wish to express.**

The denotation of a word is what the word actually points to. (Thus *cow* stands for the milk-giving quadruped.) The connotation of a word is what the word suggests or implies. (Thus *cow,* when applied to a human being, suggests awkwardness.) Connotation includes the aura of emotion or association that surrounds some words. For example, *street, avenue, boulevard, lane, place, alley, promenade, prospect* all denote much the same thing to a postman. But to various readers, and in various contexts, each word may have a special connotation. *Street* may suggest city pavements; *avenue,* a broad passageway bordered on each side by trees; *boulevard,* a broad highway; *lane,* a rustic walk; *place,* a secluded corner in a large city; *alley,* a city slum; *promenade,* a street for the display of elegance, fashion, and so forth; *prospect,* an avenue commanding a splendid view. Similarly, *highway, road, route, drive, trail, concourse, path, turnpike*—all denote a passage for travel, but each word carries a variety of connotations.

A word may be right in one situation, wrong in another. *Female parent,* for instance, is a proper expression, but it would be very inappropriate to say, "John wept for the death of his female parent." *Female parent* used in this sense is literally correct, but the connotation is wrong. The more appropriate word, *mother,* not only conveys the meaning denoted by *female parent,* it also conveys the reason why John wept. The first expression simply implies a biological relationship; the second swarms with imaginative and emotional suggestions.

Many other words besides *mother* possess

vibrant qualities not found in their literal definitions. *Oxford* to an Englishman is not merely the name of a city but a symbol of national culture. *Rome* is a word which sends out echoes of imperial and ecclesiastical grandeur. *Kremlin, war, bayonet, atom* are other words whose connotations are as important as the denotative meaning.

◈ EXERCISE 3. Distinguish between the denotation and connotation of the following words:

| | |
|---|---|
| cabin–manse | hut–mansion |
| dirt–soil | joy–felicity |
| fire–conflagration | steed–nag |
| foggy–murky | tired–fagged |
| healthy–robust | wealth–opulence |

◈ EXERCISE 4. The *italicized* words in the following sentences are literally correct. Why might they not be acceptable in a serious context?

1. Bob Feller *excogitated* each pitch.
2. Mr. Jones was the *minister* to my comfort.
3. The army *scampered* home at full speed.
4. The librarian catalogued her books with *dauntless* energy.
5. Mrs. Merriwether barely nodded to her neighbors, so *confirmed* was her *xenophobia.*
6. Fritz Kreisler *tucked* his *fiddle* under his chin.

◈ EXERCISE 5. Explain the denotations and connotations of the italicized words in the following selections. Note how the connotation of certain words is determined by the context of the sentence. For each italicized word substitute a word of nearly the same denotation and consider its relative effectiveness in the sentence.

1. My good *blade carves* the *casques* of men.
—TENNYSON

2. Thy soul was like a star and dwelt *apart.*
—WORDSWORTH

3. O what can *ail* thee, knight at arms,
Alone and *palely* loitering?
—KEATS

4. They also serve who *only* stand and *wait.*
—MILTON

5. The barge she sat in, like a *burnished* throne,
*Burned* on the water.
—SHAKESPEARE

6. He had a thin *vague* beard.
—BEERBOHM

7. It was a chill, *rain-washed* afternoon.
—SAKI

8. He had *flaxen* hair, *weak* blue eyes, and the general demeanor of a saintly but timid *codfish.*
—P. G. WODEHOUSE

9. By *midnight,* the *peace of Christmas,* a special *intimate* kind of *wonder,* had *descended* upon them.—PAUL HORGAN

10. A little man, dry like a chip and agile like a monkey, *clambered* up.—CONRAD

11. A Poor *Relation* is the most *irrelevant* thing in Nature, a piece of *impertinent correspondency,* an odious *approximation.*—LAMB

12. But in a larger sense we cannot *dedicate,* we cannot *consecrate,* we cannot *hallow* this ground.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

◈ EXERCISE 6. Substitute more suggestive, homely words for the italicized expressions in the following sentences.

1. The family *came together* around the *chimney place* at Christmas.
2. Tex Gray was a *herder of cattle* for a *stockman.*
3. The old *servant* sang a *song* to the *infant.*
4. The salesman *presented* a *plausible appearance.*
5. The *flowers* on the trellis reminded her of her *farmhouse* home in Kentucky.

◈ EXERCISE 7. Rewrite the following sentences to correct any false connotations.

1. Senator Worth is a peace-loving politician who has always supported popular front movements in the South.
2. Lincoln was antidemocratic in his policies as head of the Republican party.
3. He lived in a tranquil atmosphere of beer and skittles, Muzak and popcorn.
4. She was as fragrant as a barbershop.
5. He oozed out of the situation cleverly.

**(2) Concreteness. Select the specific word instead of the vague word.**

Avoid vague generalities. General expressions are necessary in science and philosophy, as the common use of such terms as *deduction, empiricism, diction, style* testify. But the ordinary business of writing is to communicate specific observations and practical instructions as emphatically as possible. Consequently the safest rule is—Be as specific as you can.

Instead of writing *went* consider the possibility of *rode, walked, trudged, slouched, hobbled, sprinted.* When you are tempted to say a *fine* young man, ask yourself whether *brave, daring, plucky, vigorous, energetic, spirited,* or *loyal* would not be more appropriate. Do not be satisfied with the colorless *ask* when you can choose among *beg, pray, entreat, beseech, implore.* The word *try* is

ineffective in most situations when *struggle, fight, battle, strive* are available.

The test for the specific word is contained in five words—*what, where, when, how, why.* Notice how the following sentences are improved by asking the questions What, Where, When, How, or Why about one or more elements in the sentence.

VAGUE The Dean spoke about student life and that sort of thing. [*What* did he speak about?]
IMPROVED The Dean spoke about the social advantages of the student union.

VAGUE My brother is going away to have a good time. [*Where* is he going? *How* will he have a good time?]
IMPROVED My brother is going to Gatlinburg in the Smoky Mountains, where he plans to fish and hunt for a few weeks.

VAGUE All the columnists are commenting on the high cost of living. [*Who* are commenting? *Where* did comment appear?]
IMPROVED In the July 12 issue of the New York *Herald Tribune,* Walter Lippmann, George Sokolsky, and Robert Ruark discussed the recent advance in food prices.

VAGUE The Army team finally advanced the ball. [*How* did they do it?]
IMPROVED Adams, the Army quarterback, received the ball from center Jim Hawkins, retreated to his ten-yard line, and threw a pass to left-end Smith, who was tackled on the Army thirty-five-yard line.

VAGUE I think the speech was biased. [*Why?*]
IMPROVED Mr. Jones began his speech without any attempt to support his statement that the New Deal was a "total denial of the American way of life."

◈ EXERCISE 8. Substitute specific or emphatic words for general words in the sentences below.

1. The officer made a bad mistake.
2. My father looked at the report.
3. The author's criticism of Blake's work is very good.
4. The journey was made to obtain information concerning various aspects of the North American Indians.
5. It is my prime desire to like all my classes.

**(3) *Vividness.* Use figurative language whenever needed to create vividly the required imaginative or emotional impression.**

A figure of speech is the use of a word in an imaginative rather than in a literal sense. To say that our college is an alma mater is to personify an institution. In the words of *The American College Dictionary,* we often use "the name of one thing for that of another to which it has some logical relation" (metonymy), such as *scepter* for *sovereignty.* Synecdoche, which is similar to metonymy, puts a part for the whole or the whole for a part, as *soldier* for *army.* Litotes is the name for understatement, which is often employed ironically, as in the teacher's remark to the student, "Spelling is not an insuperable difficulty." Hyperbole is deliberate overstatement or fanciful exaggeration.

The two chief figures of speech are the simile and the metaphor. A simile is an explicit comparison between two things of a different kind or quality, usually introduced by *like* or *as:* He sprang on the foe like a lion. A metaphor is an implied comparison: He was a lion in the fight. (See sentences 2, 5, 8, and 10, in Exercise 5 above, for other examples of simile and metaphor.)

A false sense of simplicity still blinds many contemporary writers to the importance of figurative language in everyday communication. Metaphors and similes are not, as is commonly supposed, merely the ornaments of poetry and old-fashioned oratory. They are essential to certain kinds of physical description and to the expression of feelings and states of mind. When a husband slumps into his chair after a hard day's work and says to his wife, "Thank goodness I'm out of that squirrel cage!" *squirrel cage* is not an ornamental word or an elegant variation. It is a very useful, although unoriginal, metaphor. His wife might respond with another metaphor by saying, "I played bridge at the Women's Club. It was *suffocating.*" Both metaphors, *squirrel cage* and *suffocating,* put old wine in new bottles. Both words express exactly how the man and his wife felt. The husband's work was confining and meaninglessly active; the wife's bridge game was unbearably dull.

Metaphor and simile are specially valuable because they are concrete and tend to point up essential relationships. (For faulty metaphors see Section 23c.)

◈ EXERCISE 9. Test the exactness and force of the metaphors and similes in the following sentences by attempting to state the same idea literally.

1. Man is a wild beast, carnivorous by nature, and delighting in blood.—TAINE
2. That luncheon party . . . was the beginning of a new epoch in my life, but its details are dimmed for me and confused by so many others, almost identical with it, that succeeded one another that term and the next, like romping cupids in a Renaissance frieze.—EVELYN WAUGH, *Brideshead Revisited*
3. The fortnight at Venice passed quickly and sweetly—perhaps too sweetly; I was drowning in honey, stingless.—EVELYN WAUGH
4. The prince became flame to refute her.
—HENRY JAMES, *The American*
5. His face was like a human skull, a death's-head spouting blood.—HAZLITT
6. The soul is placed in the body like a rough diamond and must be polished or the luster of it will never appear.—DEFOE
7. Napoleon was the French Revolution on horseback.
8. O full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.
—SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*
9. She was as graceful as a sow on ice.
10. The cloud emptied its bellyful of rain.

## 20b. Use the exact idiom demanded by English usage.

Idioms are short, homely, vigorous expressions that grow up with a language and are peculiar to it. Often they cannot be analyzed or justified grammatically—*for many a year, to center round, to strike a bargain,* for example; and yet usage has made such idioms the very heart of the language, suitable for either formal or informal occasions. The unabridged dictionaries treat many idiomatic phrases. See, for instance, the idioms built around *go* and listed after this word in the dictionary. (Note that an idiom—like a word—may be classified as *standard, colloquial, dialectal,* or *slang.*) Writers should be careful to use the exact phrasing for each idiom, not some unidiomatic approximation.

| *Unidiomatic* | *Idiomatic* |
|---|---|
| accuse with | accuse of |
| acquitted from | acquitted of |
| all the farther | as far as |
| angry at | angry with |
| authority about | authority on |
| buy off of | buy from |
| comply to | comply with |
| desirous to | desirous of |
| die with | die of |
| equally as bad | equally bad |
| identical to | identical with |
| in accordance to | in accordance with |
| in search for | in search of |
| in the city Denver | in the city of Denver |
| in the summer 1947 | in the summer of 1947 |
| in the year of 1947 | in the year 1947 |
| independent from | independent of |
| off of | off |
| plan on going | plan to go |
| prior than | prior to |
| remember of | remember |
| seldom or ever | seldom if ever |
| superior than | superior to |
| treat on | treat of |
| vie against | vie with |
| wait on | wait for |

◈ EXERCISE 10. In the following sentences make the idioms conform to standard English usage. If you are not sure whether a given phrase is idiomatic, consult an unabridged dictionary. Write *C* in place of each sentence that needs no revision.

1. The steamer collided against the tug.
2. Mother is vexed at Robert.
3. Your hat is identical to Jane's.
4. I finished high school in the year of 1946.
5. I shall try to comply to your request.
6. The destitute have need of help.
7. Divide up the apples among the children.
8. The child was born in the city Miami.
9. Robert has gone in search for a second-hand car.
10. Have you time to listen at a story?
11. We plan on going to the seashore.
12. Try and get some recreation every day.
13. The small child was unequal for the task.
14. She was oblivious to the presence of her friend.
15. I am glad the ordeal is over with.
16. I was not to be taken in by such trickery.
17. Mary seldom or ever misses a class.
18. The boy fell off of the pier.
19. He returned a week ago tomorrow.
20. I was sick of a cold.

◈ EXERCISE 11. Consult an unabridged dictionary to determine what prepositions may be used with *agree, charge, compare, consist, deal, differ,* and *part.* Use each of these verbs correctly in two sentences, each with a different preposition.

◈ EXERCISE 12. In an unabridged dictionary study the idiomatic phrases treated under *catch, put, set, tie,* and *win.* Select three different idioms formed with each verb, and illustrate each idiom in a sentence.

### 20c. Select fresh expressions instead of trite, worn-out ones.

Nearly all trite expressions were once striking and effective. *A bolt from the blue, acid test,* and *social whirl* are, in themselves, effective expressions. What you may not know is that excessive use has made them as trite as slang. They are now stock phrases in the language, automatic clichés that have lost the electric quality of good style.

To avoid trite phrases you must be aware of current usage. Catch phrases and slogans pass quickly from ephemeral popularity into the Old Words' Home. Glittering political shibboleths like *grass roots, pulse of public opinion, forgotten man, century of the common man* are notoriously short-lived. Commercial advertising also bestows its *kiss of death* on an honorable phrase. When a mattress company bids you *sleep in peace* or promises a *midsummer night's dream* on their *airy fairy beds,* when blankets are publicized as *soft as down* or *gentle as a baby's breath,* mark the italicized words as lost to good usage for your generation at least.

Some expressions, however, survive the wear and tear of repeated usage. Proverbs, epithets from great writers like Shakespeare, quotations from the Bible will probably live until the English language dies out completely.

◈ EXERCISE 13. Construct sentences which contain acceptable substitutes for twenty of the hackneyed expressions listed below. In your sentences include within brackets the hackneyed expressions you replace.

*Some Hackneyed Expressions*

a long-felt want
abreast of the times
agree to disagree
all work and no play
along this line
as luck would have it
beat a hasty retreat
better late than never
bitter end
blushing bride
brave as a lion
brilliant performance
briny deep
budding genius
busy as a bee
by leaps and bounds
center of attraction
cold as ice
depths of despair
each and every
easier said than done
equal to the occasion
fair sex
fast and furious
filthy lucre
goes without saying
green as grass
green with envy
heart's content
in all its glory
iron constitution
it stands to reason
last but not least
light fantastic
method in his madness
monarch of all I survey
Mother Earth
motley crowd
needs no introduction
nipped in the bud
none the worse for wear
partake of refreshments
poor but honest
powers that be
promising future
psychological moment
reigns supreme
royal reception
sadder but wiser
sigh of relief
simon pure
sleep of the just
slow but sure
staff of life
sturdy as an oak
sumptuous repast
sweat of his brow
table groaned
this day and age
tired but happy
to the bitter end
too full for utterance
too funny for words
watery grave
wee small hours
where ignorance is bliss
white as a sheet
work like a Trojan
worse for wear
wreathed in smiles

◈ EXERCISE 14. Bring to class a list of hackneyed expressions used in a newspaper or magazine.

# WORDINESS AND USELESS REPETITION

## 21. Avoid wordiness. Repeat a word or phrase only when it is needed to gain force or clearness.[1]

Wordiness is an offense against exact usage. The exact word or expression says all that is necessary (see Section 20), neither too little (see 22) nor too much. We say too much:

a. When we use words or phrases that add nothing to the meaning.

b. When we use an unnecessarily elaborate sentence structure.

c. When we repeat words and phrases carelessly.

### 21a. Omit words or phrases that add nothing to the meaning.

Note how the following sentences are improved by the omission of the bracketed words.

1. The [architectural] design of the White House is basically [the same as] that of the Duke of Leinster's palace in Dublin.

2. [Architect] James Hoban, the designer of the White House, was a native of Dublin.

3. [It was] in 1792 [that] the cornerstone of the White House was laid.

4. The White House is [such] an impressive building, and [so] much in the spirit of its century.

5. The [usual] consensus [of the majority] is that George Washington did not cut down the cherry tree.

6. Thomas Jefferson was more democratic [to a greater degree] than most of his contemporaries.

7. When Andrew Jackson became President of the United States, the banks were close to [the point of] bankruptcy.

8. [The reason why] we honor Lincoln [is] because he saved the Union.

9. John Adams was very different [in various ways] from his predecessors.

10. The Federalist party was soon connected [up] with the new Republican movement.

[1] Mastery of Section 21 will help to eliminate the ninth most common error in the average student theme.

SOME WORDY PHRASES As a [usual] rule; at ten P.M. [in the evening]; big [in size]; circulated [around]; combined [together]; co-operate [together]; first time [in my life]; Halloween [evening]; [important] essentials; [joint] partnership; meet [up with]; modern colleges [of today]; my [own] autobiography; round [in shape]; small [in size]; ten [in number]; total effect [of all this]; where . . . [at]; yellow [in color]

◈ EXERCISE 1. Strike out unnecessary words from the following sentences. Write *C* in place of each sentence that needs no revision.

1. It happened that my brother was stronger than I had expected him to be.

2. On our list are the names of many wealthy and influential citizens.

3. The marble columns were gray in color.

4. Mr. McConn divides into three groups, or classes, the students of today who go to modern colleges.

5. As a usual rule the legislature is filled with lawyers.

6. It was during the Renaissance that a very large number of words, many of them terms of scholarship, were then taken from the Latin.

7. My chief aim is to make life easier for the farmer.

8. After the play was over with, we walked home together.

9. I wish to refer you back to the first page.

10. We pondered in our minds how we might descend down to the bottom of the canyon.

### 21b. If necessary, revise the structure of the sentence to avoid wordiness.

*Caution:* In order to understand **21b** you may need to review Section **1, Sentence Sense,** especially pages 797-801.

An idea may be expressed in one of the four primary units of composition: a sentence, a clause, a phrase, or a word. Sometimes we waste many words in trying to make an idea clear. Note in the following series of ex-

amples how the fundamental idea (printed in italics) becomes successively sharper as the expression grows less wordy.

*The mist hung like a veil.* It obscured the top of the mountain. [Full sentences used to express the idea.]

The mist *hung like a veil* and obscured the top of the mountain. [Part of a compound predicate.]

The mist, *which hung like a veil,* obscured the top of the mountain. [Subordinate clause.]

The mist, *hanging like a veil,* obscured the top of the mountain. [Participial phrase.]

The mist, *like a veil,* obscured the top of the mountain. [Prepositional phrase.]

The mist *veiled* the top of the mountain. [Word.]

All of these sentences are acceptable, but they are not equally effective. Although any one of them may, at times, meet the special needs of the writer, the least wordy will normally be the most effective.

Practice reducing sentences to the simplest and shortest form, as in the following examples:

WORDY Another thing is good health. It is one of our great blessings. It may be had through proper diet and exercise. Rest is also desirable. [Four simple sentences—25 words.]

BETTER The great blessing of good health may be had through proper diet, exercise, and rest. [Reduced to one simple sentence—15 words.]

WORDY A new addition has been built at the side of the house, and this addition has been developed into a library. [Compound sentence—21 words.]

BETTER An addition, built at the side of the house, has been developed into a library. [Reduced to a simple sentence containing a participial phrase—15 words.]

WORDY When the Indians made tools, they used flint and bone. [Complex sentence—10 words.]

BETTER The Indians made tools of flint and bone. [Reduced to a simple sentence—8 words.]

WORDY There were six men who volunteered. [Complex sentence—6 words.]

BETTER Six men volunteered. [Reduced to a simple sentence—3 words.]

◈ EXERCISE 2. Revise the structure of the following sentences to correct wordiness.

1. The Yankee Clipper crashed into Tagus Bay near Lisbon. Twenty-four persons perished; fifteen survived. Engine trouble was said to be the cause of the crash.

2. Personally I believe it was the Spaniards rather than the Indians who first brought horses and ponies to America.

3. If any workers were disgruntled, they made their complaints to the man who was in charge as manager.

4. My uncle was a tall man. He had a long nose. Over his right eye he had a deep scar.

5. The grass was like a carpet. It covered the whole lawn. The color of the grass was a deep blue.

### 21c. Avoid careless repetition of a word or a phrase.

Use repetition only to attain greater clearness (see **22b, 22c, 26b, 31b(3)**) or emphasis (see **29e**).

CARELESS Since the committee has already made three general *reports,* only the *report* dealing with promotions will be *reported* on today.

BETTER Since the committee has already made three general reports, it will submit today only its recommendations on promotions.

CARELESS It is *impossible* to ask me to do the *impossible.*

BETTER You cannot expect me to do the impossible.

CARELESS He said *that* if I would wait for him *that* he would go with me.

BETTER He said that if I would wait for him he would go with me.

CARELESS The captain *ordered* that the barracks should be kept in *order.* [Repetition of a word with different meanings is especially objectionable.]

BETTER The captain ordered that the barracks should be kept neat.

◈ EXERCISE 3. Revise the following sentences to avoid careless repetition.

1. In 1923 Ruth batted .393, and he batted .378 the next year after that.

2. While driving, a good driver always takes care to obey the driving laws of the state he is driving through.

3. The practice of helping one's neighbors for the enjoyment of it is a very common practice.

4. In the last act of the play we find the explanation of the title of the play.

5. Early in the morning we set out for Jones Beach so that we could enjoy all the pleasures that that great playground affords.

# OMISSION OF NECESSARY WORDS

## 22. Do not omit a word or phrase necessary to the meaning of the sentence.[1]

Most faulty omissions in student writing may be traced to carelessness. To avoid such errors, proofread all compositions before submitting them to your instructor.

EXAMPLES We have learned the importance ∧ using perfume. [Careless omission of the preposition *of*.] John had been there only ∧ moment ago. [Careless omission of the article *a*.]

I wish I ∧ been able to play football at ∧ university. [Careless omission of *had* (a part of the verb) and of the article *the*.]

### 22a. Do not omit an article, a pronoun, a conjunction, or a preposition that is necessary to make your meaning clear.

RIGHT A friend and helper stood at his side; *or,* His friend and helper stood at his side. [The friend and helper are the same person.]

RIGHT A friend and *a* helper stood at his side; *or,* His friend and *his* helper stood at his side. [To show that the friend and the helper are different persons, the article *a* or the pronoun *his* must be repeated.]

CONFUSING They noticed the young men who made up the crew were eager to start.

RIGHT They noticed *that* the young men who made up the crew were eager to start.

*Note:* Informal writing frequently omits the conjunction *that* as an introduction to clauses when the omission is not confusing. *Example:* He said he would go.

WRONG The school burned down my last term.

RIGHT The school burned down *during* my last term. [The preposition *during* is needed for clearness.]

WRONG Mardi gras he went to New Orleans.

RIGHT *For* Mardi gras he went to New Orleans.

WRONG He is resting some place in Texas.

RIGHT He is resting *at* some place in Texas.

RIGHT He is resting somewhere in Texas.

*Note:* Some idiomatic phrases indicating time or place regularly omit the preposition. *Examples: Next summer* he will go to camp. They arrived *last week*. He will come *home*.

### 22b. Do not omit a necessary verb or a necessary auxiliary verb.

WRONG The play is good and the characters interesting. [Singular *is* may be used with singular *play* but not with plural *characters*.]

RIGHT The play is good and the characters *are* interesting. [The correct verb is supplied for *characters*.]

WRONG He never has and never will be an enemy of his country. [*Be* is the correct auxiliary for *will* but not for *has*.]

RIGHT He never has *been* an enemy of his country, and he never will be. [The correct auxiliary is supplied for *has*.]

### 22c. Do not omit words necessary to complete comparisons (or other constructions).

WRONG The equipment of a soldier is heavier than a sailor. [Did the soldier's equipment weigh more than an individual sailor?]

RIGHT The equipment of a soldier is heavier than *that* of a sailor.

RIGHT A soldier's equipment is heavier than a sailor's.

WRONG The scenery here is as beautiful as any other place. [Comparison of things not capable of comparison.]

RIGHT The scenery here is as beautiful as *it is at* any other place.

CONFUSING I admire Shakespeare more than Goethe.

RIGHT I admire Shakespeare more than *I admire* Goethe; *or,* I admire Shakespeare more than Goethe *did*.

[1] Mastery of Section 22 will help to eliminate the eighth most common error in the average student theme.

WRONG He is as old, if not older, than his cousin.
RIGHT He is as old *as his cousin,* if not older.

Standard writing avoids such intensives as *so, such,* and *too* without the completing clause.

COLLOQUIAL I was so tired. She had such beautiful eyes. He was not too much interested in the lecture.
STANDARD I was so tired that I could not sleep. She has such beautiful eyes that everyone admires them. He was not especially interested in the lecture.

EXERCISE ON
MISCELLANEOUS OMISSIONS

Rewrite the following sentences, supplying all words that are needed to make the meaning clear and unambiguous. Write *C* in place of each sentence that needs no revision.

1. I shall select the student who has and is doing the best work.
2. Jim's wife and best friend stood beside him at the trial.
3. You are as good as, if not better than, anyone else.
4. The prisoner had been hiding some place near Detroit.
5. He writes about the days he had neither food nor shelter.
6. William is so different from the others.
7. The lawyer had to prove whatever the witness said was false.
8. The spillway allows the water at the dam be kept at the same level.
9. He was so manly and so brave although only six years old.
10. I protested that I could not come.
11. I helped him more than James.
12. He never has and never will enjoy fishing.
13. Will you return the winter quarter?
14. The author writes more about the Hardy country than he does about Hardy.
15. I managed to add track and football my senior year.

# EFFECTIVENESS IN THE SENTENCE

## UNITY AND LOGICAL THINKING

### 23. Avoid bringing into the sentence unrelated ideas or too many details. Complete each thought logically.

The fundamental qualities of an effective sentence are unity, coherence, emphasis, and variety. Unity and coherence help to make a sentence logical and clear. Emphasis makes it forceful. Variety lends interest. Usually every good sentence contains all these equally necessary qualities of style. But for the purpose of study we may consider each quality separately. In this section and the next we shall present some of the problems of unity.

A sentence is unified when all its parts contribute to one clear idea or impression. In such a sentence, thought and expression are one, parts unite to form a perfect whole, and we say: "Here it is. You cannot alter a clause, a phrase, or even a word without disturbing the clarity of thought or the focus of the impression." Such a sentence is like a pane of clearest glass; we look through it, unconscious of its existence. But when an idea is not clear or an impression is somewhat fuzzy, the sentence becomes more like a wall that stands between us and the meaning of the sentence.

A sentence lacks unity when it is a frag-

ment (see Section 2), contains a "comma splice" (see 3), is incomplete (see 22), or

a. When it combines unrelated ideas.
b. When it has excessive detail.
c. When it is mixed, obscure, or illogical.

### 23a. Unrelated ideas should be developed in separate sentences. (If the ideas are related, they should be expressed in such a way that the relationship is immediately clear to the reader.)

UNRELATED Mr. Smith is my teacher and he has a large family.

IMPROVED Mr. Smith is my teacher. He has a large family. [Ideas given equal importance.]

IMPROVED Mr. Smith, my teacher, has a large family. [Unity secured by subordination of one idea. See Section 24.]

UNRELATED The birds are numerous and the cherries seldom ripen. [Relationship not immediately clear.]

IMPROVED The numerous birds pick most of the cherries before they ripen.

UNRELATED Ireland has a deep culture, but the country is out of the path of general travel. [Unity thwarted by a gap in the thought.]

IMPROVED Ireland has a deep culture, but this culture is insufficiently appreciated because the country is out of the path of general travel.

◈ EXERCISE 1. Rewrite the following sentences to achieve unity.

1. Mollusks which yield pearls are numerous, and pearl fishing is carried on in many parts of the world.

2. The foreman, speaking in gruff tones and seldom smiling, wore a gray coat.

3. Birds migrate to the warmer countries in the fall and in summer get food by eating worms and insects which are a pest to the farmer.

◈ EXERCISE 2. Rewrite the following sentences to point up the implied relationship between the ideas.

1. The stocks continued to drop, and the war was not far off.

2. He came into the room, and immediately the situation explained itself.

3. Lee fell back on Richmond, so that Stuart was forced to retreat.

### 23b. Excessive detail should not be allowed to obscure the central thought of the sentence.

Such detail, if important, should be developed in separate sentences; otherwise it should be omitted.

OVERLOADED When I was only four years old, living in an old Colonial house, little of which remains today, I could already walk the two miles that separated the house from the railroad station.

BETTER When I was only four years old, I could already walk the two miles between my house and the railway station. [If the writer considers other details important, he may add them in a second sentence: I was then living in an old Colonial house, little of which remains today.]

OVERLOADED In 1788, when Andrew Jackson, then a young man of twenty-one years who had been living in the Carolinas, still a virgin country, came into Tennessee, a turbulent place of unknown opportunities, to enforce the law as the new prosecuting attorney, he had the qualities in him which would make him equal to the task.

BETTER In 1788, when Andrew Jackson came into Tennessee as the new prosecuting attorney, he had the necessary qualifications for the task.

OVERLOADED AND WORDY I have never before known a man who was so ready to help a friend who had got into difficulties which pressed him so hard. [Avoid this house-that-Jack-built construction: *who . . . who,* etc.]

BETTER I have never before known a man so ready to help a friend in trouble.

◈ EXERCISE 3. Recast the following sentences to eliminate excessive detail.

1. The boat, considered seaworthy ten years ago, but now in need of paint and repairs, as is so often true of things that should be discarded, moved out into the bay.

2. The captain asked for a volunteer, and the soldier picked up his pack, which weighed thirty pounds, and asked if he might go.

3. A course in business methods helps the young man to get a job in order that he may prove whether he is fitted for business and thus avoid postponing the test, as so many do, until it is too late.

Be careful to note that length alone does not make a sentence ineffective. Most good writers compose long sentences, sometimes of

paragraph length, without loss of unity. The use of parallel structure, balance, rhythm, careful punctuation, well-placed connectives can bind a sentence into perfect unity. Observe the effective repetition (indicated by italics) in Winston Churchill's famous sentence:

We shall go on to the end, *we shall fight* in France, *we shall fight* on the seas and oceans, *we shall fight* with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, *we shall defend* our Island, whatever the cost may be, *we shall fight* on the beaches, *we shall fight* on the landing grounds, *we shall fight* in the fields and in the streets, *we shall fight* in the hills; *we shall never surrender,* and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this Island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, *would carry on the struggle,* until, in God's good time, the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old.—WINSTON CHURCHILL

In the following sentence Henry James maintains unity by balancing the "grand hotel" with the "small Swiss pension." (Italics and brackets have been added.)

The shore of the lake presents an unbroken array of establishments of this order, of every category, *from the "grand hotel" of the newest fashion,* [with a chalk-white front, a hundred balconies, and a dozen flags flying from its roof,] *to the small Swiss pension of an elder day,* [with its name inscribed in German-looking lettering upon a pink or yellow wall and an awkward summer-house in the angle of the garden.]—HENRY JAMES, *Daisy Miller*

### 23c. Mixed, obscure, or illogical constructions should be avoided.

*Mixed figure:*

MIXED He *skimmed the cream* of the business and let his partners *hold the bag.*

BETTER He *skimmed the cream* of the business and let his partners *have the skimmed milk.*

*Obscure construction:*

OBSCURE Because he was sick caused him to stay at home. [An adverbial clause (*Because he was sick*) cannot serve as subject of a verb (*caused*).]

BETTER Because he was sick he stayed at home. [Completing logically the construction with which the sentence begins.]

BETTER His sickness caused him to stay at home. [Supplying a beginning to fit the ending.]

*"Is when," "is where" construction:*

ABSURD A sonnet is when a poem has fourteen lines. [A *when*-clause is not equivalent to a noun.]

LOGICAL A sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines.

ABSURD To banish is where a person is driven out of his country.

LOGICAL To banish a person is to drive him out of his country.

*Double negative:*

ABSURD We *can't* eat *but* one meal at a time.

LOGICAL We *can't* eat *more than* one meal at a time.

LOGICAL We *can* eat *but* one meal at a time.

ABSURD The driver *couldn't hardly* miss the way.

LOGICAL The driver *could hardly* miss the way.

# SUBORDINATION
## (An Aid to Unity)

## 24. Determine the most important idea of the sentence and express it in the main clause. Put lesser ideas in subordinate clauses, phrases, or words. Use co-ordination only for ideas of equal importance.

*Note:* Can you distinguish readily between phrases and clauses, between main clauses and subordinate clauses? Until you are able to do so you will have difficulty in understanding Section 24. If necessary, master first the fundamentals of the sentence treated under Section 1, **Sentence Sense**, especially 1d and 1e, and then study **Subordination**.

The principle of subordination is of great importance in composition, since it is one of the best means of achieving sentence unity. The ability to discriminate between the main idea and the dependent idea is also a mark of maturity. As we develop the power of expression we discard *short, choppy sentences,* or a series of *brief main clauses connected by "and,"* in favor of the more precise complex sentence in which our ideas are properly subordinated.

A child will express himself somewhat like this:

I walked down the road. I saw a bird. It was in a tree. It was singing. [Short, choppy sentences—subordination lacking.]

At a slightly older age the child might say:

I walked down the road, and I saw a bird, and it was in a tree, and it was singing. [*And*-sentence—subordination lacking.]

More mature expression of the same perceptions, in which the lesser ideas are subordinated to the main idea, might read as follows:

As I walked down the road, I saw a bird singing in a tree.

If the singing of the bird is more important than the seeing of the bird, the sentence might read:

As I walked down the road, a bird was singing in a tree.

### 24a. In general a related series of short, choppy sentences should be combined into longer units in which the lesser ideas are properly subordinated.

CHOPPY I was a little refreshed. I went up into the country. I resolved to deliver myself up to the first savages I should meet. I also resolved to purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys which sailors usually provide themselves with in those voyages. I had some of these trinkets with me.

RIGHT When I was a little refreshed, I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys which sailors usually provide themselves with in those voyages, and whereof I had some about me.—JONATHAN SWIFT, *Gulliver's Travels*

CHOPPY Many old men died. Women with babes in arms sank down and slept their last sleep in the snow. Some who were exhausted by toil and hunger crept into nooks among the precipices. Many died in those dark holes. They were picked to the bone by the mountain ravens. How many perished in all can never be known.

RIGHT How many old men, how many women with babes in their arms, sank down and slept their last sleep in the snow; how many, having crawled, spent with sleep and hunger, into nooks among the precipices, died in those dark

holes, and were picked to the bone by the mountain ravens, can never be known.—THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

CHOPPY The changes wrought by death are sharp and final. They are terrible and melancholy in their consequences. The thing stands alone in man's experience. It has no parallel on earth.

RIGHT 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.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, *Aes Triplex*

CHOPPY He stood there in his buckskin clothes. One felt in him standards and loyalties. One also felt a code. This code is not easily put into words. But this code is instantly felt when two men who live by it come together by chance.

RIGHT As he stood there in his buckskin clothes, one felt in him standards, loyalties, a code which is not easily put into words, but which is instantly felt when two men who live by it come together by chance.—WILLA CATHER

◈ EXERCISE 1. Combine the following short sentences into longer sentences in which the ideas are properly subordinated.

1. Samuel Houston was an interesting human being. He wished to rise in the world to great power or position. He wished to help others. He would give his last cent to one in need.

2. Hawthorne had a very unhappy boyhood. His father died when Hawthorne was four years old. His mother lived a solitary life. He grew up under unnatural conditions. These conditions probably account for the gloomy stories.

3. We knew that an unusual storm was brewing. The clouds gathered quickly. The winds changed and blew from the east. The little lake became squally. White-caps appeared. Masses of floating debris were tossed by the waves on the shore. Then the rain came down in blinding sheets of water. It became dark. We could no longer see the cottages along the lake.

## 24b. Two or more main clauses should not be carelessly joined by *and, so,* or other co-ordinating words. Less important parts should be carefully subordinated. Use co-ordination only for ideas of equal importance.

INEFFECTIVE The Harleyville Post Office Project was approved by the President in 1940, and the plans were ready the year after, but the actual construction did not begin until 1946.

IMPROVED Although plans for the Harleyville Post Office were ready in 1941, a year after the President's approval of the project, actual construction did not begin until 1946.

INEFFECTIVE I had always wanted to go to college, and I had always wished to become an engineer, and so I enrolled at the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

IMPROVED Because I had always wanted to enter college and prepare myself to become an engineer, I enrolled at the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

IMPROVED I enrolled at the Carnegie Institute of Technology to achieve my double purpose of attending college and becoming an engineer.

◈ EXERCISE 2. Revise the following sentences to subordinate the less important ideas.

1. Dinner proceeded and then came the pheasant and afterward the dessert, the cheese, and coffee.

2. We had just reached the bend in the road on our way home, and we saw a truckload of Boy Scouts crowded off the highway by an oncoming car.

3. First he selected a lancet and sterilized it, and then he gave his patient a local anesthetic and lanced the infected part.

4. Father Latour was at a friend's house, and he saw two fine horses, and he induced the owner to part with them.

5. I graduated from high school, and then I worked in a bank, and so I earned enough to go to college.

Proper subordination is often achieved by reduction of a main clause to an adverbial clause. In one of the sentences above, for example, "I had always wanted . . ." is reduced to "*Because* I had always wanted. . . ." Adverbial clauses are introduced by one of the subordinating conjunctions, which may express various relationships such as cause (*because, since*), concession (*although*), time (*after, before, since, whenever, while, until*), place (*where*), or condition (*if, unless*).

◈ EXERCISE 3. Use each of the following subordinating conjunctions in a sentence to introduce an idea of lesser importance than that in the main clause: *because, although, after, before, whenever, while, until, where, if, unless.*

**24c. Do not place the main thought of the sentence in a subordinate clause (or construction).**

FAULTY When we have made a good soldier out of a rookie, he has learned how to march, use his weapons, and respond to commands.

BETTER When a rookie has learned how to march, use his weapons, and respond to commands, we have made a good soldier out of him.

FAULTY William was only a substitute pitcher, winning half of his games.

BETTER Although William was only a substitute pitcher, he won half of his games.

FAULTY The rising water broke the dam, when the town was doomed.

BETTER When the rising water broke the dam, the town was doomed.

◈ EXERCISE 4. Revise each of the following sentences to give prominence to the main thought.

1. The insects eat the plant off just below the soil, stopping all growth.
2. I was at a lecture when our house burned down.
3. The man was asleep while his comrades planned to rob him.
4. One day I was musing on the pleasures of being idle when the thought struck me that complete idleness was hard work.
5. A cow kicked over a lantern, thus causing one of the world's great fires.

**24d. Do not thwart subordination by inserting *and* or *but* before a subordinate clause or phrase.**

WRONG Law enforcement is a current problem *and* which is hard to solve.

RIGHT Law enforcement is a current problem which is hard to solve.

WRONG The college needs new dormitories *but* which cannot be erected until additional funds are provided.

RIGHT The college needs new dormitories which cannot be erected until additional funds are provided.

◈ EXERCISE 5. Rewrite the following sentences to secure proper subordination.

1. We need for defense many airplanes, but which cannot be provided until factories can be built to supply them.
2. The burning oil well was roped off, and a group of firemen surrounding it.
3. The piping of water from reservoirs to desert places is a problem in engineering, and which requires experience and knowledge.

# COHERENCE: MISPLACED PARTS DANGLING MODIFIERS

## 25. Avoid needless separation of related parts of the sentence. Avoid dangling modifiers.

*Note:* Can you distinguish readily the various modifiers, the several parts of the sentence? Until you are able to do so, you may have difficulty in understanding Section 25. If necessary, master first the fundamentals of the sentence treated in Section 1, **Sentence Sense**, especially 1d and 1e; then study **Coherence**. See also **Modifier** and **Modify** in Section 35, **Grammatical Terms**.

Just as unity, the first important quality in effective writing, concerns itself with the selection of materials, so coherence, the second important quality, refers to the clear and orderly arrangement of materials. The positive rule for coherence is: Place words together in their logical relationship. To test the successful application of this rule, ask the question: Is the meaning of the sentence as clear as it can possibly be on the first reading?

The principal obstacles to sentence coherence are:

a. Poor sentence arrangement (Section 25).

b. Lack of parallel structure for co-ordinate parts (Section 26).

c. Confused point of view (Section 27).
d. Faulty reference of pronouns (Section 28).

(For connectives and transitions to improve paragraph coherence, see Section 31b.)

## MISPLACED PARTS

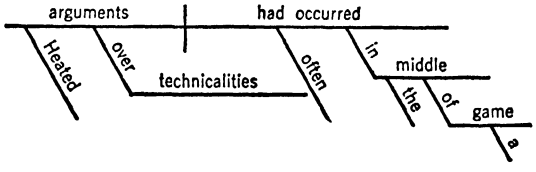
### 25a. Avoid needless separation of related parts of the sentence.

**(1) Phrases should be placed near the words they modify.**

WRONG The boy says that he means to leave the country *in the first stanza.*
RIGHT The boy says *in the first stanza* that he means to leave the country.

WRONG He played a great part in the war with Mexico *as a statesman.*
RIGHT *As a statesman* he played a great part in the war with Mexico.

WRONG Heated arguments had often occurred *over technicalities in the middle of a game.*
RIGHT Heated arguments *over technicalities* had often occurred *in the middle of a game.*




◈ EXERCISE 1. Recast the following sentences to correct undesirable separation of related parts.

1. King Arthur decided to punish those who opposed him for very good reasons.
2. The ship was stripped for action and ready for battle within an hour.
3. Romeo received word that Juliet was dead from another messenger.
4. The engineering work was a thing of beauty on all the large buildings.
5. He tells how Lincoln collected fees that his clients did not pay among other things.

**(2) Adverbs such as *almost, also, only, just, ever, before, even,* or *merely* should be placed near the words they modify.**

AMBIGUOUS I *only* told her one thing.
CLEAR I told her *only* one thing.

*Note:* British usage and colloquial American usage often place *only* before the verb instead of before the word modified when no ambiguity would result. "I only asked the question from habit."—JOWETT

AMBIGUOUS He is *just* asking for a trifle.
CLEAR He is asking for *just* a trifle.

AMBIGUOUS Anyone who hears him say these things, *even* the most sophisticated, will get an inspiration.
CLEAR Anyone, *even* the most sophisticated, who hears him say these things will get an inspiration.

AMBIGUOUS Every soldier can*not* become a general. [Literally, no soldier can.]
CLEAR *Not* every soldier can become a general. [Some soldiers can.]

◈ EXERCISE 2. Place the adverbs in the following sentences near the words they modify.

1. Also the writings of Hemingway almost show how grammar is never necessary for a great writer.
2. Since Coaltown had never even won a major race before on a muddy track, I only bet on him to take at least third place.
3. He took the penny home and polished it almost until it looked like new.
4. The man was only willing to sell a part of the farm.

**(3) Clauses, especially relative clauses, should be placed near the words they modify.**

AMBIGUOUS I placed the chair in the corner of the room *which I had recently purchased.* [The relative clause seems to modify *room.*]
CLEAR I placed in the corner of the room the chair *which I had recently purchased; or,* In the corner of the room I placed the chair *which I had recently purchased.*

AMBIGUOUS I saw the horse stop at the edge of the precipice *that had raced ahead.*
CLEAR I saw the horse *that had raced ahead* stop at the edge of the precipice.

**(4) Avoid "squinting" constructions—modifiers that may refer either to a preceding or to a following word.**

SQUINTING I agreed *on the next day* to help him.
CLEAR I agreed to help him *on the next day.*
CLEAR *On the next day,* I agreed to help him.

SQUINTING The tug which was whistling *noisily* chugged up the river.
CLEAR The whistling tug chugged *noisily* up the river.
CLEAR The tug whistled *noisily* as it chugged up the river.

**(5) Avoid awkward splitting of infinitives or needless separation of subject and verb, and of parts of verb phrases.**

AWKWARD You should now begin *to,* if you wish to succeed, *hunt* for a job.
IMPROVED If you wish to succeed, you should now begin *to hunt* for a job. [In general avoid the "split" infinitive unless it is needed for smoothness or emphasis.]

AWKWARD *I,* knowing all the facts, *want* to be excused.
IMPROVED Knowing all the facts, *I want* to be excused.

AWKWARD There stood the wagon which we *had* early last autumn *left* by the barn.
IMPROVED There stood the wagon which we *had left* by the barn early last autumn.

## DANGLING MODIFIERS

### 25b. Avoid dangling modifiers.

Dangling modifiers are verbal phrases (participial, gerund, infinitive) or elliptical clauses which do not refer clearly and logically to some word in the sentence. When these constructions come at the beginning of a sentence, they must refer to the subject of the sentence, as in the following examples:

PARTICIPLE *Taking* our seats, *we* watched the game.
GERUND After *taking* our seats, *we* watched the game.
INFINITIVE *To watch* the game, *we* took our seats.
ELLIPTICAL CLAUSE *When only a small boy, I* went with my father to Denver. [*I was* is implied in the elliptical clause.]

#### (1) Avoid dangling participial phrases.

DANGLING *Taking* our seats, the game started. [*Taking* does not refer to *game,* nor to any other word in the sentence.]
RIGHT *Taking* (or *Having taken*) our seats, *we* watched the opening of the game. [*Taking* refers to *we,* the subject of the sentence.]
RIGHT *After we had taken our seats,* the game started. [Participial phrase expanded into a clause.]

DANGLING The evening passed very pleasantly, *eating* candy and *playing* the radio. [*Eating* and *playing* refer to nothing in the sentence.]
RIGHT *We* passed the evening very pleasantly, *eating* candy and *playing* the radio. [*Eating* and *playing* refer to *we,* the subject of the main clause.]

#### (2) Avoid dangling gerund phrases.

DANGLING On *entering* the stadium, the size of the crowd surprises one. [*Entering* does not refer to any word in the sentence.]
RIGHT On *entering* the stadium, *one* is surprised by the size of the crowd. [*Entering* refers to *one,* the subject of the sentence.]

#### (3) Avoid dangling infinitive phrases.

DANGLING *To write* well, good books must be read. [The understood subject of *to write* should be the same as the subject of the sentence.]
RIGHT *To write* well, a *student* must read good books. [*To write* refers to *student,* the subject of the sentence.]

DANGLING *To run* efficiently, proper oiling is needed.
RIGHT *To run* efficiently, the *machine* must be properly oiled.

*Exceptions:*

1. Participles, gerunds, and infinitives designating a general truth rather than the action of a specific person or thing may be used without relation to the main clause.

RIGHT Taking everything into consideration, the campaign was successful.
RIGHT To sum up, we all agreed to support the major.
RIGHT To judge from reports, all must be going well.

2. "Absolute" phrases, which consist of a noun or pronoun followed by a participle, are grammatically independent of the rest of the sentence and need not refer to its subject.

RIGHT *The game having ended,* we went home.
RIGHT *No one having objected,* the motion was passed.

#### (4) Avoid dangling elliptical clauses (or phrases).

An elliptical clause—that is, a clause with an implied subject and verb—"dangles" unless the implied subject is the same as that of the main clause.

DANGLING When only a small boy (*or* At the age of nine), my father took me with him to Denver. [*I was* is implied in the elliptical clause.]
RIGHT When I was only a small boy (*or* When I was nine years old), my father took me with him to Denver. [Elliptical clause expanded.]
RIGHT When only a small boy (*or* At the age of nine), *I* went with my father to Denver. [Sub-

ject of the main clause made the same as the implied subject of the subordinate clause.]

DANGLING Prepare to make an incision in the abdomen as soon as completely anesthetized.

RIGHT Prepare to make an incision in the abdomen as soon as the patient is completely anesthetized.

◈ EXERCISE 3. Rewrite the following sentences to eliminate dangling modifiers. Write *C* in place of each sentence that needs no revision.

1. Anticipating no such difficulties as later developed, there was no provision in the Constitution for the admission of a new state as a slave state or as a free state.
2. After sitting there awhile, it began to snow.
3. By selecting the judges from both parties, the decisions are likely to give general satisfaction.
4. To grow good tomatoes, the vines should be supported by stakes.
5. Entering Chicago from the west, a whole network of stockyards is the first thing seen.
6. Darkness having come, we decided to stop for the night.
7. The meeting was adjourned by standing and repeating the pledge.
8. Having taken his seat, we began to question the witness.
9. In drawing up any system of classification, it is always possible that there will be some overlapping.
10. Vaccination to prevent smallpox is required before returning to the United States from a foreign country.

◈ EXERCISE 4. Many dangling modifiers may be eliminated by alternate methods. Revise at least half of the faulty sentences in Exercise 3 by a method not already used in the first revision of the sentences.

# PARALLELISM

## 26. Parallel ideas should be expressed in parallel structure. Misleading parallels should be avoided.

*Note:* Can you distinguish readily the parts of speech, phrases and clauses, main clauses and subordinate clauses? Until you are able to do so you will have difficulty in understanding Section 26. If necessary, master first the fundamentals of the sentence treated in Section 1, **Sentence Sense**, especially 1c, 1d, and 1e; then study **Parallelism.**

### 26a. For the expression of co-ordinate ideas a noun should be paralleled with a noun, an active verb with an active verb, an infinitive with an infinitive, a subordinate clause with a subordinate clause, and so forth.

AWKWARD Let us consider the *origin* of engineering and *how engineering has progressed.*
[Noun paralleled with a subordinate clause.]

BETTER Let us consider the || *origin* and *progress* of engineering.
[Noun paralleled with noun.]

AWKWARD *Walking* and *to swim* are good exercise.
[Gerund paralleled with infinitive.]

BETTER || *Walking* and *swimming* are good exercise.
[Gerund paralleled with gerund.]

AWKWARD As a young man he *had been* in Africa, *fighting* in Greece, and *following* his general to India. [Verb paralleled with participles.]

BETTER As a young man he || *had been* in Africa, *had fought* in Greece, and *had followed* his general to India.
[Verb paralleled with verbs.]

AWKWARD He was *respected* by his associates, *admired* by his friends, and *his employees loved him.*
[Participles paralleled with a main clause.]

BETTER He was || *respected* by his associates, *admired* by his friends, and *loved* by his employees.
[Participle paralleled with participles.]

RIGHT The dogmas are inadequate || of the quiet past to the stormy present.
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN
[Prepositional phrase paralleled with prepositional phrase]

RIGHT To say || *that* the character of real men cannot be completely known,
*that* their inner nature is beyond our reach,
*that* the dramatic portraiture of things is only possible to poetry,
is to say || *that* history ought not to be written.

—J. A. FROUDE

[Clause paralleled with clauses.]

◈ EXERCISE 1. Indicate parallelism in the following sentences by an outline similar to that used in the examples above.

1. The example of this social pariah should have commended itself to Mr. Froude, for whom it is not enough that this woman should be made to suffer for a crime of which she was innocent—not enough that inhuman men should mock her infirmities in that awful moment—not enough that in her preparation for death she should be denied the consolations of her own faith—not enough that a religious bigot should be ordered to thrust himself between the victim and her Maker—not enough that she should receive vociferous assurance that her damnation was certain.—JAMES MELINE

2. Wit is a lean creature with sharp inquiring nose, whereas humor has a kindly eye and comfortable girth.—CHARLES S. BROOKS

3. We have seen the necessity of the Union, as our bulwark against foreign danger, as the conservator of peace among ourselves, as the guardian of our commerce and other common interests, as the only substitute for those military establishments which have subverted the liberties of the Old World, and as the proper antidote for the diseases of faction, which have proved fatal to other popular governments, and of which alarming symptoms have been betrayed by our own.—JAMES MADISON

◈ EXERCISE 2. Revise the following sentences to give parallel structure to co-ordinate ideas.

1. He is a boy with a good mind and who has high principles.
2. Mr. Smith is fair in his grading but never giving anyone more than he earns.
3. The story is vivid, interesting, and one that appeals to every person.
4. His duties are cleaning up the cabins and to look after the boats.
5. She spends all her time shopping and on her studies.

## 26b. Whenever necessary to make the parallel clear, repeat a preposition, an article, an auxiliary verb, the sign of the infinitive, or the introductory word of a long phrase or clause.

AWKWARD I admire Tennyson *for the ideals* in his poems and *his style.*

IMPROVED I admire Tennyson || *for the ideals* in his poems and *for his style.*

AWKWARD In the wreck the circus lost *a camel* and *elephant.*

IMPROVED In the wreck the circus lost || *a camel* and *an elephant.*

OBSCURE He explained *that* the advertising campaign had been successful, business had increased more than fifty per cent, and additional capital was sorely needed.

CLEARER He explained || *that* the advertising campaign had been successful,
*that* business had increased more than fifty per cent, and
*that* additional capital was sorely needed.

◈ EXERCISE 3. Underline the words which bring out the parallels in Exercise 1, sentences 1 and 3.

◈ EXERCISE 4. Copy the following sentences, inserting the words needed to bring out the parallel.

1. The sentences are difficult to understand, not because they are long but they are obscure.
2. The child learns in nursery school to take his turn, to respect the rights of others, and take care of his materials.
3. They would lie on the battlefield for hours and sometimes days.

## 26c. Correlatives (*either . . . or, neither . . . nor, both . . . and, not only . . . but also, whether . . . or*) should be followed by elements that are parallel in form.

POOR He was not only *kind* but also *knew* when to help people in trouble.

[Adjective paralleled with verb.]

RIGHT He was || *not only kind*
*but also helpful* to people in trouble.

POOR I debated whether *I should give* the beggar money or *to offer* him food.
[Subordinate clause paralleled with infinitive.]
RIGHT I debated || *whether to give* the beggar money || *or to offer* him food.

*Caution:* Do not use parallel structure for sentence elements not parallel in thought. Never use an awkward or unidiomatic expression for the sake of a parallel. Lack of parallel structure is preferable.

MISLEADING Our meetings were held on Friday afternoon, on Saturday morning, and on Saturday afternoon we started home.
CLEARER Our meetings were held on Friday afternoon and on Saturday morning. On Saturday afternoon we started home.

# POINT OF VIEW

## 27. Avoid needless shifts in point of view.

To understand a man's thought, to relive his experiences, or to visualize his observations, we must know his point of view. Sudden and illogical shifts in point of view tend to obscure the meaning and thus make reading difficult.

### 27a. Avoid needless shifts in tense.

SHIFT The boy *closed* his book and *hurries* away to the playground. [A shift from past tense to present tense.]
BETTER The boy *closed* his book and *hurried* away to the playground. [Both verbs in the past tense.]

*Note:* When the historical present is used, as in summarizing plots of narratives, care will be needed to avoid slipping from the present tense into the past tense. *Example:* "Romeo *goes* in disguise to a Capulet feast, *falls* in love with Juliet, and *marries* her secretly. Just after his wedding he *is drawn* into a quarrel with the Capulets and *is banished* (not *was banished*) from Verona."

### 27b. Avoid needless shifts in mood.

SHIFT First *rise* to your feet and then you *should address* the chairman. [A shift from imperative to indicative mood.]
BETTER First *rise* to your feet and then *address* the chairman. [Both verbs in the imperative mood.]

### 27c. Avoid needless shifts in subject or voice.

A shift in subject often involves a shift in voice. A shift in voice nearly always involves a shift in subject.

SHIFT James liked fishing, but hunting was also enjoyed by him. [The subject shifts from *James* to *hunting*. The voice shifts from active to passive.]
BETTER James liked fishing, but he also enjoyed hunting. [One subject only. Both verbs are active.]

SHIFT Mary took courses during the summer, and her leisure hours were devoted to tennis. [The subject shifts from *Mary* to *hours*. The voice shifts from active to passive.]
BETTER Mary took courses during the summer and devoted her leisure hours to tennis. [One subject only. Both verbs active.]

SHIFT Paul hurried up the mountain path and soon the laurel came in sight. [The subject shifts from *Paul* to *laurel*.]
BETTER Paul hurried up the mountain path and soon came in sight of the laurel. [One subject only.]

### 27d. Avoid needless shifts in person.

SHIFT *We* have reached a point where *one* ought to face the possibility of a great and sudden change. [A shift from the first to the third person.]
BETTER *We* have reached a point where *we* ought to face the possibility of a great and sudden change.

SHIFT When one's feet are tired, bathe them in warm salt water. [A shift from third person (*one*) to second person (*you* understood).]
BETTER When one's feet are tired, one should bathe them in warm salt water.

**27e. Avoid needless shifts in number.** (See also agreement of pronoun and antecedent, Section 6b.)

SHIFT *One* should be thoughtful of *their* neighbors. [A shift from singular *one* to plural *their*.]

BETTER *One* should be thoughtful of *one's* neighbors.

SHIFT The United Nations *deserves* the encouragement given *them*. [If *United Nations* takes a singular verb (*deserves*), it must not then be referred to by a plural pronoun (*them*).]

BETTER The United Nations *deserves* the encouragement given *it*.

**27f. Avoid needless shifts from indirect to direct discourse.**

SHIFT My friend asked whether I knew the coach and will he be with the team. [Mixed indirect and direct discourse.]

RIGHT My friend asked whether I knew the coach and whether he would be with the team. [Indirect discourse.]

RIGHT My friend asked, "Do you know the coach? Will he be with the team?" [Direct discourse.]

**27g. Maintain the same tone or style throughout the sentence.**

INAPPROPRIATE Analysis of the principal obstacles to harmony in the United Nations reveals that Russia and her satellites refuse to *play ball* with the rest of the world. [A shift from formal to colloquial style. Substitute *co-operate,* or a similar word, for the italicized expression.]

INAPPROPRIATE After distributing the grass seed evenly over the lawn, rake the ground at least twice and then *gently bedew it* with fine spray. [The italicized expression is too "poetic" in a sentence with a prosaic purpose. Substitute *water it lightly*.]

INAPPROPRIATE A big *jazzy* moon bathed the sea in mellow light. [*Jazzy* and *mellow* clash. Substitute *harvest* for *jazzy*.]

INAPPROPRIATE It seemed to Juliet, as she gazed down from the balcony, that Romeo's face was as white as *the underside of a fish*. [The italicized expression clashes with the romantic beginning of the sentence.]

**27h. Maintain a consistent perspective throughout the sentence.**

FAULTY PERSPECTIVE From the top of the Washington monument, the government offices seemed to be so many beehives, and the workers droned at their tasks behind long rows of desks. [The perspective shifts from the monument to the interior of government buildings.]

CONSISTENT PERSPECTIVE From the top of the Washington monument, the government buildings seemed to be so many beehives, and it was easy to imagine the workers droning at their tasks behind long rows of desks.

ILLOGICAL *Standing in the valley,* I could see our troops at the crest of the hill and, on the other side of the ridge, the enemy in full retreat.

LOGICAL *From the airplane* I could see our troops at the crest of the hill and, on the other side of the ridge, the enemy in full retreat.

EXERCISE ON POINT OF VIEW

In the following sentences correct all needless shifts in tense, mood, subject, voice, person, number, or tone. Write *C* in place of each sentence that needs no revision.

1. He said he had a convertible model in stock and would I like to try it out.
2. As I entered the building, I was overcome by its splendor of size, decoration, and furnishing, even of the smallest rooms.
3. Jane likes to cook, but house cleaning is not a pleasant occupation.
4. Each person has some peculiar mannerism of their own.
5. When she saw him in the room, she thinks that she is dreaming.
6. If there is little enthusiasm among the students, we might ask, "Why they should be enthusiastic?"
7. No matter what her mother may say, she always took the opposite view.
8. It is a book everyone should read, for you can derive much good from it.
9. Gentlemen, we have finished our discussion about balancing the budget; bear with me awhile until I have said a few words about budgeting the balance.
10. The foreign ministers held their powwow in Paris, and contrary to rumors, the peace pipe is passed around.
11. Pick the roses in the morning, and then they should be placed in water.
12. A vacation is enjoyed by all because it refreshes the mind and the body.
13. Mr. X's thoughts toddle aimlessly in short, feeble sentences; they do not so much end as fall down, like a baby who can't quite make it from the high chair to the crib.

14. Every citizen should do his duty as he sees it.
15. Aunt Jane spent her summers in Wisconsin, but Arizona is her favorite winter climate.
16. Later he attended a feast given by the Capulets, and there he met Juliet.
17. Patrick Henry loved liberty more than anything else, and therefore he wants to be free.
18. He told his aunt that there is someone in the room.

# REFERENCE OF PRONOUNS
# (An Aid to Coherence)

## 28. Make every pronoun refer unmistakably to a definite antecedent.[1]

(For agreement of pronouns see Section **6b.**)

*Can the sentence be completely understood on the first reading?* One of the principal obstacles to clear and immediate understanding is the faulty use of pronouns. *He, she, it; who, which, what; this, that; the same, such,* etc., can have meaning only if the reader understands the antecedent noun. Hence the writer should place all pronouns as close as possible to the antecedent. If he cannot do this, he should repeat the antecedent or use a synonym for it. As a last resort he should recast his sentence to avoid the possibility of confusion.

### 28a. Avoid ambiguous reference. Construct the sentence in such a way that the reader can easily distinguish between two possible antecedents.

AMBIGUOUS John told William that he had made a mistake. [Who made the mistake?]
CLEAR John said to William, "You have made a mistake."
CLEAR John said to William, "I have made a mistake."
CLEAR In talking to William, John admitted that he had made a mistake.

AMBIGUOUS He threw the fish into the lake which his brother had caught.
CLEAR He threw into the lake the fish which his brother had caught.

[1] Mastery of Section **28** will help to eliminate the sixth most common error in the average student theme.

AMBIGUOUS It is hard for men to like many people who enjoy solitude.
CLEAR It is hard for men who enjoy solitude to like many people.

### 28b. Avoid remote reference—reference to an antecedent (1) too far removed from the pronoun or (2) so placed in a subordinate construction that it is not central in the mind of the reader.

Make your meaning immediately clear to the reader. Save him the annoyance of searching about for the antecedent.

REMOTE The *lake* covers many acres. Near the shore water lilies grow in profusion, spreading out their green leaves and sending up white blossoms on slender stems. *It* is well stocked with fish. [The pronoun *it* is too far removed from the antecedent *lake.*]
IMPROVED . . . The *lake* is well stocked with fish. [Repetition of the antecedent *lake.*]
VAGUE He sat by the little window all day long and worked steadily at his translating. *It* was too small to give much light. [Temporarily confusing: antecedent of *it* not clear until the reader finishes the sentence.]
CLEAR He sat by the little window all day long and worked steadily at his translating. The *window* was too small to give much light. [Repetition of the noun.]

*Caution:* As a rule avoid pronoun reference to the title of a theme, or to a word in the title.

AWKWARD *He* and I enjoyed hiking. [The first sentence of a theme entitled, "Hiking with My Brother."]

BETTER My *brother* and I enjoyed hiking.

### 28c. As a rule avoid broad reference (1) to the general idea of a preceding clause or sentence, (2) to a noun not expressed but merely inferred from some word, or (3) to an indefinite antecedent by the use of *it, you, they.*

*Note:* Informal English allows much latitude in the use of antecedents that must be inferred from the context. Even standard English accepts the general idea of a clause as an antecedent when the reference is unmistakable. But it is usually wise for the student to make each of his pronouns refer to a specific substantive.

#### (1) As a rule do not refer to the general idea of a preceding clause or sentence.

VAGUE Bernard spent many evenings at the theater, which influenced him to write a comedy. [*Which* has no antecedent.]

CLEAR Bernard's close association with the theater influenced him to write a comedy. [Pronoun eliminated.]

CLEAR Bernard spent many evenings at the theater and was thus influenced to write a comedy. [Pronoun eliminated.]

VAGUE A man should affirm no more than he positively knows. This is the true modesty of wisdom.

CLEAR The true modesty of wisdom is to assert no more than one knows.

CLEAR It is the true modesty of wisdom to assert no more than one knows.

#### (2) As a rule do not refer to a noun not expressed but merely inferred from some word.

VAGUE My mother is a music teacher. It is a profession I know nothing about.

CLEAR My mother is a music teacher, but the teaching of music is a profession I know nothing about.

#### (3) In standard (formal) writing avoid the use of the indefinite *it, you,* or *they.* Especially avoid the *you* habit.

AWKWARD If a person breaks the law, you may be arrested.

COLLOQUIAL (or STANDARD) If you break the law, you may be arrested. [Colloquial when *you* means "anyone"; standard when *you* is addressed to a specific person or persons.]

STANDARD If anyone breaks the law, he may be arrested. *Or,* Anyone breaking the law may be arrested.

COLLOQUIAL In France *they* could not understand William.

STANDARD In France William could not be understood.

AWKWARD In the book *it* says that many mushrooms are edible.

IMPROVED The book says that many mushrooms are edible.

*Note:* The pronoun *it* is correctly used in such idiomatic expressions as *it seems, it is cold, it is raining, it is useless to go,* and *it is five miles to town.*

### 28d. Avoid the confusion arising from the repetition in the same sentence of a pronoun referring to different antecedents.

CONFUSING Although *it* is very hot by the lake, *it* furnishes a good place for a cool plunge. [The first *it* is the indefinite pronoun; the second *it* refers to *lake.*]

CLEARER Although it is very hot by the lake, the water furnishes a good place for a cool plunge.

CONFUSING We should have prepared for our examinations earlier. *It* is too late to do *it* now.

CLEARER We should have prepared for our examinations earlier. It is now too late to prepare.

### EXERCISE ON REFERENCE OF PRONOUNS

Reconstruct the following sentences as necessary to correct faults in reference. Write *C* in place of each sentence that needs no revision.

1. Mary showed Jane that she had not made a mistake.

2. The office is located two miles from the bus line, which makes it difficult to reach.

3. Since the cabin was in a secluded spot, it provided a good place for complete rest.

4. The receipt of a gift should always be acknowledged. This is simply an act of courtesy.

5. He came from a family of lawyers. It is a profession which demands good judgment.

6. A giant squash under an elephantine leaf makes a splendid study in proportion. It is rich in color and grace.

7. Many small boys expect to become police-

men because of the daring tasks they have to perform.

8. Her ladylike qualities were reflected in the graciousness of her manner. This was apparent in her every act.

9. Package wrapping has always been my job, because they say that I can do it better than anyone else.

10. When building roads the Romans tried to detour around valleys as much as possible for fear that flood waters might cover them and make them useless.

11. If you are taken to the courthouse, they will fine you.

12. In the article it states that the inland sea is salt.

13. Our language is rich in connectives which express fine distinctions of meaning.

14. One summer while visiting my grandparents I was attracted by three pigeons that decided to settle in their barn loft.

15. William spent his early life in Bonn, on the Rhine, where he learned during early childhood to resent his humble birth.

16. If all impurities are not removed from the iron, it will deprive steel of its ductility and prevent it from being rolled into bars or drawn into wire.

17. The speaker was eloquent, but he was annoyed by the intense heat in the auditorium.

18. My worst fault is the inability to express myself clearly in the presence of other people. But this is not true when I am with close friends.

19. I left home and hitchhiked to Chicago. This means of travel is not satisfactory, for it requires much waiting at the side of the road.

20. When the termite eggs are hatched, they grow wings and fly about the country in swarms.

21. Mary told Ann that she would be accepted as a member of the club.

22. The story awakens your interest in radium, which continues to the end of the book.

23. Visitors should heed the notice that is on the outside of the door.

# EMPHASIS

## 29. Select words and arrange the parts of the sentence to give emphasis to important ideas.

Emphasis, the strongest possible statement of an idea, is the third quality of a good and effective style.

As our ideas vary in importance, so our expression should vary in stress. Short factual statements and routine description or narration cannot always be varied for emphasis without doing violence to the natural order of the English language. It would be absurd for a policeman to describe a prisoner in this fashion: "Red was his hair, blue were his eyes, and on his nose sat a great brown wart." But in most types of writing, sentences may be rearranged to achieve emphasis without sacrificing naturalness of expression.

Emphasis may be gained through the use of concrete words and figurative language (Section 20), through economy of language (Section 21), and through the subordination of less important ideas (Section 24). We may also emphasize ideas:

a. By placing important words in the important positions at the beginning and end of the sentence.

b. By changing loose sentences into periodic sentences.

c. By arranging ideas in the order of climax.

d. By using the active instead of the passive voice.

e. By repeating important words.

f. By putting words out of their usual order.

g. By using balanced construction.

### 29a. Gain emphasis by placing important words at the beginning or end of the sentence—especially at the end. Whenever possible tuck away in the middle of the sentence parenthetical expressions and other elements of minor importance.

WEAK The colonel will bluntly refuse, in all probability. [The weakest part of the sentence is given the most emphatic position—the end.]

EMPHATIC In all probability the colonel will bluntly refuse. [Strong end.]

EMPHATIC The colonel, in all probability, will bluntly refuse. [Most emphatic—strong beginning and end.]

WEAK He became an archbishop in his later years, however.

EMPHATIC In his later years, however, he became an archbishop.

WEAK Fallacies as gross as these may easily be detected by all men who can see an inch before them.

EMPHATIC But all men who can see an inch before them may easily detect these gross fallacies.—DRYDEN

◈ EXERCISE 1. Gain emphasis by rearranging the parts of the sentences.

1. He had little success, but he was a tireless worker, if we may believe the reports.
2. The old man withdrew into his cabin for some good reason we must suppose.
3. He may become an expert accountant by a study of business methods at home.
4. A trailer saves hotel expense and can be moved about from place to place readily.
5. However, he could never redeem himself, in my opinion.

### 29b. Gain emphasis by changing loose sentences into periodic sentences.

A sentence that holds the reader in suspense until the end is called *periodic;* one that makes a complete statement and then adds details is called *loose*. Both types of sentences are good. The loose sentence, more commonly used, makes for informal writing and easy reading. But the periodic sentence, by reserving the main idea until the end, is more emphatic. Note the difference in tone in the following sentences.

LOOSE Practice daily if you want to become a good pianist. [A clear sentence.]

PERIODIC If you want to become a good pianist, practice daily. [More emphatic.]

LOOSE History has proved amply that mere numbers may be defeated by smaller forces who are superior in arms, organization, and morale.

PERIODIC That mere numbers may be defeated by smaller forces who are superior in arms, organization, and morale is amply proved by history.

*Caution:* Do not overuse the periodic sentence to the point of making your style unnatural. Variety is desirable. See Section 30.

◈ EXERCISE 2. Change the following loose sentences into periodic sentences. Note the gain in emphasis.

1. I attended his wedding, many years ago, on a beautiful June afternoon, in a little village near Cincinnati.
2. He returned to the camp when he found that he could be of no further assistance.
3. It was no concern of mine that he neglected his studies.
4. The workers were afraid to return until the dam had been repaired.
5. It never entered his mind to be dissatisfied with his dreary lodgings, to resent the purposelessness of his job, or to revolt against the complacent ignorance of his associates.

◈ EXERCISE 3. Examine typical pages from several prose writers (Swift, Newman, Conrad, or others) to determine the proportion of loose and periodic sentences.

### 29c. Gain emphasis by arranging ideas in the order of climax.

UNEMPHATIC We could hear the roar of cannon, the shrieks of the wounded, and the crash of falling timbers.

EMPHATIC We could hear the roar of cannon, the crash of falling timbers, and the shrieks of the wounded. [Climax reached in "shrieks of the wounded."]

UNEMPHATIC We have been spurned with contempt by the throne. Our supplications have been disregarded, and our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult. Our petitions have been slighted.

EMPHATIC Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne!—PATRICK HENRY

*Note:* A striking arrangement of ideas in reverse order of climax, called anticlimax, is sometimes used for comic effect.

Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last. —POPE

◈ EXERCISE 4. Arrange the ideas of each sentence in order of climax.

1. He left the city because of ill health, failure in business, and the loss of his club membership.
2. His confident manner, his knowledge of men, and his friendliness made him the logical man for the office.

3. Something must be done at once. The commission is faced with a deficit.

4. Give me death or give me liberty.

5. I gathered together the souvenirs of college days: my diploma, a textbook on mathematics, my fraternity pin, and a battered book bag.

### 29d. Gain emphasis by using the strong active voice instead of the weak passive voice.

WEAK His grave was dug by his teeth.

STRONGER He dug his grave with his teeth.

WEAK Honey was gathered by the bee as it flitted from flower to flower.

STRONGER The bee, flitting from flower to flower, gathered honey.

*Exception:* If the receiver of the action is more important than the doer, the passive voice is more effective.

EMPHATIC Wheat is grown in Kansas.

EMPHATIC Any person who attempts to escape will be shot.

◈ EXERCISE 5. Substitute the active voice for the passive voice.

1. As the station is reached, the train is seen coming around a curve.

2. On her head was worn a beautiful green hat.

3. Paul was hesitant to enter the room, for he saw that a poster was being made of Jane.

4. On Sunday afternoon many fishermen may be seen trying their luck.

5. It was decided by the members that the meetings were to be held at their homes.

6. When the play was brought to an end, the actors were greeted with a loud burst of applause by the audience.

7. It is greatly feared by the citizens that adequate punishment will not be meted out to the lawbreakers by the jury.

### 29e. Gain emphasis by repeating important words.

EMPHATIC . . . *wet* roads, *wet* fields, *wet* housetops; not a *beautiful,* scarcely a *picturesque* object met my eyes along the whole route; yet to me, *all* was *beautiful, all* was more than *picturesque.*—CHARLOTTE BRONTË

EMPHATIC There is *no mistake;* there has been *no mistake;* and there shall be *no mistake.*—DUKE OF WELLINGTON

EMPHATIC . . . that government of the *people,* by the *people,* for the *people,* shall not perish from the earth.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(See also the quotation from Winston Churchill in Section 23b.)

◈ EXERCISE 6. From your reading copy three passages in which emphasis is gained by the repetition of an important word or phrase.

### 29f. Gain emphasis by putting a word or phrase out of its natural order.

EMPHATIC *Trust* her I dare not.

EMPHATIC *Never* did I think that he would return alive.

EMPHATIC *Mutter* she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, *and when the sun has gone down to his rest.*—DE QUINCEY. [Note how the italicized words are deliberately placed out of a natural order. Note too the repetition of *desolate.*]

*Caution:* This method of securing emphasis, if overused, will make the style distinctly artificial.

◈ EXERCISE 7. Copy from your reading and bring to class five passages in which emphasis is secured by putting a word or phrase out of natural order.

### 29g. Use balance to gain emphasis.

A sentence is balanced when identical or similar grammatical structure is used to express contrasted ideas. (See Section **26, Parallelism.**)

UNBALANCED It is human to err, but to forgive is divine.

BALANCED To err is human, to forgive divine.

BALANCED You had better talk trifles elegantly to the most trifling woman, than coarse inelegant sense to the most solid man; you had better return a dropped fan genteelly, than give a thousand pounds awkwardly; and you had better refuse a favor gracefully, than grant it clumsily.—CHESTERFIELD

BALANCED The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it.—SAMUEL JOHNSON (to Chesterfield)

BALANCED Fools talk about each other, ordinary men about things, wise men about ideas.

◈ EXERCISE 8. Copy from your reading and bring to class five examples of the balanced sentence.

◈ EXERCISE 9. Use balanced sentences to show the contrast between the following: Men and women, youth and age, success and failure.

# VARIETY

## 30. Vary the length and the structure of your sentences to make your whole composition pleasing and effective.

*Note:* Can you distinguish readily between main clauses and subordinate clauses, clauses and phrases, compound sentences and compound predicates? Until you are able to do so you will have little success in learning how to vary your sentences. If necessary, master first the fundamentals of the sentence treated in Section **1, Sentence Sense,** especially **1d** and **1e;** then study **Variety.**

Except for the loose, stringy sentences in **30c,** this section deals only with *good* sentences. Throughout Section **30** you are cautioned against monotonous repetition of any one type of sentence, not because these sentences are grammatically wrong, but because they do not combine to form a pleasing and effective pattern. Even the best sentence can become boring if it follows a long series of sentences similar in design.

Comparison of the two passages in the following example will illustrate the value of variety. The sentences in these parallel passages are equally correct, and the diction is the same. But one passage is made up entirely of simple or compound sentences, each of which begins with the subject immediately followed by the verb. The other passage contains a varied sentence structure which is much more effective.

NOT VARIED

I had not time to be of help. The wrestler dropped at last, and Alan leaped back to get his distance. He ran upon the others like a bull, and he roared, and he went along. They broke before him like water, and they turned, and they ran. One fell against another in their haste.

VARIED

But I had not time to be of help. The wrestler dropped at last; and Alan, leaping back to get his distance, ran upon the others like a bull, roaring as he went. They broke before him like water, turning, and running, and falling one against another in their haste. —ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

### 30a. Avoid a series of short, simple sentences. Vary the length.

CHOPPY I settled back to my place. I recharged the three pistols. I had fired them earlier. I kept watch with both eye and ear.

IMPROVED I settled back to my place, recharging the three pistols I had fired, and keeping watch with both eye and ear.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

### 30b. Avoid a series of sentences that begin with the subject.

This type of sentence, like all others discussed in Section **30b,** is good. It should be at the command of every writer. But many students use this kind of sentence almost exclusively. To avoid overuse of sentences beginning with the subject, the writer may

**(1) Begin with a prepositional phrase.**

OVERUSED The injured man lay beside the road and waited patiently for help. [Beginning with the subject—an excellent method, but monotonous when overused.]

VARIED *Beside the road* lay the injured man, waiting patiently for help.

**(2) Begin with an adverbial clause.**

*While the injured man was awaiting help,* he lay patiently beside the road.

**(3) Begin with an adverb.**

*Patiently* lying beside the road, the injured man waited for help.

**(4) Begin with a participial phrase.**

*Lying beside the road,* the injured man waited patiently for help.

**(5) Begin with a nominative absolute.**

*Help having been summoned,* the injured man waited patiently beside the road.

**(6) Begin with a co-ordinating conjunction.** [Good sentences often begin with a co-ordinate con-

junction, but only when the conjunction shows the proper relation of the sentence to the preceding sentence.]

*And* the injured man, lying beside the road, waited patiently for help. [The *and* makes a simple addition to the preceding sentence.]

*But* the injured man, lying beside the road, waited patiently for help. [The *but* makes a contrast with something in the preceding sentence, such as, "The young woman wept and wrung her hands."]

◈ EXERCISE 1. Compose a good sentence that begins with the subject. Then revise the sentence to vary the beginning in as many ways as you can.

◈ EXERCISE 2. In a piece of prose assigned by your instructor, classify the beginnings of the sentences into the types designated above.

### 30c. Avoid the loose, stringy compound sentence.

#### (1) Avoid the compound sentence by using a subordinate clause.

AIMLESSLY COMPOUND The Mississippi River is one of the longest rivers in the world, and in the springtime it often overflows its banks, and many people are endangered.

IMPROVED The Mississippi River, which is one of the longest rivers in the world, often endangers many people during the springtime by overflowing its banks.

#### (2) Avoid the compound sentence by using a compound predicate.

AWKWARD He put on his coat, and next he picked up his hat and cane, and then he hurried from the house.

BETTER He put on his coat, picked up his hat and cane, and hurried from the house.

#### (3) Avoid the compound sentence by using an appositive noun or modifiers.

COMPOUND The town had a population of three thousand, and a tornado struck it, and it was practically demolished.

IMPROVED The town, a place of three thousand people, was struck by a tornado and practically demolished.

COMPOUND He was the mayor of the town, and he was a genial fellow, and he invited the four young boys into his study.

IMPROVED The mayor of the town, a genial fellow, invited the four young boys into his study.

#### (4) Avoid the compound sentence by using phrases.

COMPOUND The streets were icy and we could not drive the car.

IMPROVED Because of the icy streets we could not drive the car.

### 30d. Learn how to vary the conventional subject-verb sequence by occasionally separating subject and verb by words or phrases.

SUBJECT-VERB The auditorium is across from the park and is a gift of the alumni. [A loose compound sentence.]

VARIED The auditorium, across from the park, is a gift of the alumni.

SUBJECT-VERB The crowd sympathized with the visitors and applauded every good play. [A good sentence.]

VARIED The crowd, sympathizing with the visitors, applauded every good play.

*Caution:* Avoid awkward or needless separation of subject and verb. See 25a(5).

### 30e. Learn how to vary the usual declarative statement with an occasional question, exclamation, exhortation, or command.

STATEMENT We will fight to the end.

QUESTION Who of us will not fight to the end?

EXCLAMATION Imagine our nation not fighting to the very end!

EXHORTATION Let us fight, then, to the very end.

COMMAND Fight on, fellow citizens, fight to the end.

### 30f. Learn to vary the cadence or rhythm of a sentence.

We must be attentive to the sound pattern of words as well as to sentence structure. Many sentences are correct, but unmelodious. Notice how the following sentence contains a varied rhythm, indicated by (′) for stressed and (⌣) for unstressed syllables. Melody is supplied by the recurrence of similar vowels and consonants (partly indicated).

These things are a part of life itself; but languor — the relaxation of yet unwearied sinews, the mind sequestered and self-regarding, the sun standing still in the heavens, and the earth throbbing to our own pulse — that belongs to youth alone and dies with it. — EVELYN WAUGH

In this sentence there are ten words with a *th* sound and a large number of alliterations among the soft liquid consonants *l, m, n,* and *r.* These and other melodious effects help to create a mood of pleasant languor which it is the purpose of the author to convey. Notice too how the stressed and unstressed syllables follow a varied pattern, undulating pleasantly like a graceful yacht in a gently rolling sea. Close analysis will reveal still more subtleties of rhythm and melody in the sentence.

◈ EXERCISE 3. Examine the following sentences of Rudyard Kipling for rhythm and melody. Notice how Kipling's rhythm and melody are appropriate to his ideas and emotions.

1. At last the battle of life ended in a batter of colored seas. 2. We saw the writhing neck fall like a flail, the carcase turn sideways, showing the glint of a white belly and the inset of a gigantic hind leg or flipper. 3. Then all sank, and sea boiled over it, while the mate swam round and round, darting her head in every direction.

# LARGER ELEMENTS

## THE PARAGRAPH

### 31. Make paragraphs effective by giving to them unity, coherence, and adequate development.

A paragraph is a distinct unit—usually a group of related sentences, though occasionally no more than one sentence—of an essay, a story, or a chapter. Just as chapters mark the chief divisions of books, paragraphs mark the chief divisions of chapters. The paragraph break gives the reader a breathing spell, allows him to collect his thoughts. It serves as a signpost of an approaching curve in the avenue of thought; or it warns him that he must take a new avenue of thought. It announces a new time, place, person, or thing in the course of a narrative, a different point of view in description, a new step in an exposition, or an advance in argument.

*Length.* Expository or argumentative paragraphs are usually from one to three hundred words in length.[1] Shorter paragraphs are more frequent in narrative writing, especially dialogue, in which each speech is paragraphed separately.

*Indention.* The first lines of paragraphs are indented uniformly, about one inch in longhand and five spaces in typewritten copy.

#### 31a. Give unity to the paragraph by making each sentence contribute to the central thought.

A paragraph is said to have unity when each sentence contributes to the central thought. Any sentence not contributing to the central thought violates the unity of the paragraph and should be omitted. The central thought is usually expressed in a **topic sentence.** The topic sentence states what the author intends to say and often reveals the method by which he will develop his thought.

[1] See, for example, the two articles reprinted at the end of Section **32,** pages 912-14 and 914-17, in which the shortest of the 21 paragraphs runs to 88 words and the longest to nearly 290 words. Paragraphs have a tendency to run longer in books and shorter in the narrow columns of newspapers.

The following classification of illustrative paragraphs used in this section may prove useful: description, paragraphs 1, 3, 11, 22, 24, 26; narration (pure and mixed), paragraphs 3, 30, Section **31b(1)**; exposition, paragraphs 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 28, 29; argument, paragraphs 8, 14, 20; argument, with exposition, paragraphs 5, 25.

It is often the first sentence in the paragraph, but may come anywhere within the paragraph. Sometimes it is not expressed at all but merely implied.

In the following unified paragraphs the central idea, when expressed, is indicated by italics.

1 *A cornfield in July is a sultry place.* The soil is hot and dry; the wind comes across the lazily murmuring leaves laden with a warm, sickening smell drawn from the rapidly growing, broad-flung banners of the corn. The sun, nearly vertical, drops a flood of dazzling light upon the field over which the cool shadows run, only to make the heat seem the more intense. [Topic stated first.]—HAMLIN GARLAND

2 *There is no question but that slang, hackneyed phrases, and clichés worn smooth make for intellectual laziness, and if constantly used blur the sense of discrimination.* The very first step toward a cultivated mind is the development of the ability rationally to discriminate, to distinguish between varying values and qualities. It is not easy, and most of us Americans rarely achieve it in the cultural field. I have often been struck by the different replies one receives from an American and a Frenchman if you ask them what sort of person so-and-so is. The American will usually find himself helpless and toss off a mere "good scout," "a great guy," "a good egg," whereas the Frenchman, with a moment's reflection, will give you in half a dozen sentences a sharply etched sketch of the man's distinctive characteristics, or what he believes to be such, and classify him accurately as to type. To describe anything accurately—book, picture, man or woman—so as to bring out its unique individual qualities, calls for mental exercise of no mean order. One has to train oneself to do it and keep in training; yet the ability to distinguish, if one of the first steps toward culture, is also, in its higher forms, one of its most perfect fruits. If one dodges every call for discrimination, if one gets no farther in describing a book than "hot stuff," one loses the power after a while even if one ever possessed it. *Slovenly language corrodes the mind.*[2]—JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

[Topic sentence stated first and repeated in last sentence.]

3 A man in cuffless shirt-sleeves with pink armgarters, wearing a linen collar but no tie, yawned his way from Dyer's Drug Store across to the hotel. He leaned against the wall, scratched a while, sighed, and in a bored way gossiped with a man tilted back in a chair. A lumber-wagon, its long green box filled with large spools of barbed-wire fencing, creaked down the block. A Ford, in reverse, sounded as though it were shaking to pieces, then recovered and rattled away. In the Greek candy-store was the whine of a peanut-roaster, and the oily smell of nuts.[3]—SINCLAIR LEWIS

[Topic implied: *Such were the activities in Main Street.*]

◈ EXERCISE 1. Point out, or supply, the topic sentences for paragraphs 10, 20, and 25 on the following pages, or for other paragraphs assigned by your instructor.

Note the lack of unity in the faulty paragraph below. All the sentences are about Michigan in general, but they do not develop any specific topic.

FAULTY PARAGRAPH

Michigan is a hunter's paradise. Deer, quail, and other kinds of wild game abound in the piny woods of the upper peninsula. Michigan has perhaps more coast line than any other state in the Union, being practically surrounded by Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, and Lake Huron. Along the coast almost every cove affords an ideal location for vacation camps. The lakes that fashion the state into two peninsulas, the upper and the lower, abound in fish which are eagerly sought by fishermen for pleasure or profit.

[The topic shifts from (1) *hunter's paradise* to (2) *coast line* providing sites for *vacation camps* and then to (3) *fishermen*. Each of these ideas might well be developed in a separate paragraph. Another remedy would be to supply a topic sentence, such as *Michigan is a paradise for the lover of the out-of-doors,* to which each of the ideas might be made to contribute.]

IMPROVED PARAGRAPH

*Michigan is a paradise for the lover of the out-of-doors.* Made up of two peninsulas, the upper and the lower, it probably has more coast line than any other state in the Union. In the waters of Lake Superior, Lake Huron, and Lake Michigan, which practically surround the state, teem fish, eagerly sought by fishermen for pleasure or profit. Here every cove affords an ideal location for vacation camps. Anyone who prefers hunting to fishing can find deer, quail, and other kinds

[2] From *Our Business Civilization* ("The Mucker Pose"). Reprinted by permission of Albert and Charles Boni, publishers.

[3] From *Main Street*. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company.

of game in the piny woods of the upper peninsula. Surely Nature was in an extravagant mood when she created Michigan.

### 31b. Give coherence to the paragraph by so interlinking the sentences that the thought may flow smoothly from one sentence to the next.

A paragraph is said to have coherence when the relationship between sentences is clear, when the transition from one sentence to the next is easy and natural. The reader should be able to follow the thought without difficulty. In order to secure this coherence, this easy flow of the thought from sentence to sentence, the writer should rely first of all on (1) arrangement of the sentences in a clear order, and then on the use of (2) pronouns referring to the preceding sentence, (3) repeated words or ideas, (4) transitional expressions, and (5) parallel structure.

#### (1) Arrange the sentences of the paragraph in a clear, logical order.

POOR ARRANGEMENT OF SENTENCES

After the death of Saul, David ruled Israel for forty years. Once he incurred the king's anger and was driven ignominously from court. As a shepherd lad he had lived in the hills of Judea. He had vanquished the mighty Philistine with his slingshot. The sad-faced Saul was charmed with his songs. He was the sweetest singer in all Israel.

ORDERLY SEQUENCE OF SENTENCES

David, the shepherd lad who lived in the hills of Judea, was the sweetest singer in all Israel. It was he who charmed the sad-faced Saul with his songs. It was he, too, who vanquished the mighty Philistine with his slingshot. Later he incurred the anger of Saul and was driven from court. But upon Saul's death David came back and ruled Israel for forty years.

This paragraph about David is made clearer by rearrangement in "time order," one of the simplest and best of the ways in which sentences may be arranged. Narrative paragraphs lend themselves naturally to such arrangement, and other types of paragraphs often have a time element that makes possible a chronological arrangement. Sentences that have no evident time order may sometimes be arranged in "order of climax," according to which the least important idea is stated first and the others in order of increasing importance. Another arrangement is "space order," in which the paragraph moves from the near to the distant, from the distant to the near, from the left to the right, etc. Sometimes the movement may be from the familiar to the unfamiliar, from the general to the particular, or from the particular to the general. Any clear, logical, or climactic order is satisfactory.

◈ EXERCISE 2. Analyze paragraphs 12, 22, and 30 to determine the order used.

#### (2) Link sentences by means of pronouns referring to antecedents in the preceding sentences.

In the following paragraphs *italics* are used to indicate the pronouns serving as links between sentences. Such pronouns should usually come near the beginning of the sentence if they are to be of much use in paragraph coherence.

4 There is still a good book to be written about the legend of the heroic West and the cowboy. The author would have to be a social philosopher as well as an historian. The legend has not been with us long. That West has had a very short history. *It* did not begin until the 'sixties, and *its* Homeric age was over before the century ended. *It* was created by a passing set of economic circumstances, by cheap open grazing-land in the Southwest, and good prices on the hoof in Kansas City. *It* could not survive the invention of barbed wire. Yet what a legend *it* has created![4]—J. B. PRIESTLEY

5 The crew are divided into two divisions, as equally as may be, called the watches. Of *these* the chief mate commands the larboard, and the second mate the starboard. *They* divide the time between them. . . . —RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

◈ EXERCISE 3. Underline the pronouns used to link sentences in paragraphs 6, 21, and 23, or in any others assigned by your instructor. Check the antecedent (in a preceding sentence) to which each pronoun refers. Underline the pronouns used to link sentences in your last theme.

[4] Paragraphs 4, 6, and 26 are reprinted from *Midnight on the Desert* by permission of Harper & Brothers.

**(3) Link sentences by repeating words or ideas used in the preceding sentences.**

In the next paragraph below, note the repetition of the key word *cowboys,* or *cowboy,* as one method of linking the sentences. In paragraph 7 an idea is repeated by means of a summarizing word.

6 It was here in Arizona that I first met cowboys. Many of these *cowboys* now spend more time taking parties of ranch guests out for a morning ride than they do in rounding up cattle. Nevertheless, they are genuine *cowboys.* As a rule they have known nothing but ranch life, and they have all the accomplishments of the legendary *cowboy,* except perhaps that famous marksmanship with a Colt. When not at work they practice for forthcoming rodeos or entertain themselves, and you, with that melancholy music, those long lugubrious strains, for which all men who lead an active open-air life seem to have a strange passion. Sedentary men may need gay cynical little tunes, but the *cowboy,* the sailor, the soldier, and their kind ask for nothing better than a gloomy ballad of true love cut short by early death. The *cowboy,* who is a man of tradition, keeps the traditional tone in song, an odd and rather nasal little tone, which would drive any singing-master mad but somehow pleases the rest of us.—J. B. PRIESTLEY

7 The steward is the captain's servant, and has charge of the pantry, from which every one, even the mate himself, is excluded. These *distinctions* usually find him an enemy in the mate. . . .
—RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

[*Distinctions* repeats an idea rather than a word.]

◈ EXERCISE 4. In paragraphs 16, 18, and 19, or in any others assigned by your instructor, underline each word that is repeated in order to link the sentences within the paragraph. In your last theme underline words that are repeated as a means of linking sentences.

**(4) Link sentences by using such transitional expressions as the following:**

ADDITION moreover, further, furthermore, besides, and, and then, likewise, also, nor, too, again, in addition, equally important, next, first, secondly, thirdly, *etc.,* finally, last, lastly

CONTRAST but, yet, and yet, however, still, nevertheless, on the other hand, on the contrary, after all, notwithstanding, for all that, in contrast to this, at the same time, although this may be true

COMPARISON similarly, likewise, in like manner

PURPOSE to this end, for this purpose, with this object

RESULT hence, therefore, accordingly, consequently, thus, thereupon, wherefore

TIME meanwhile, at length, immediately, soon, after a few days, in the meantime, afterward

PLACE here, beyond, near by, opposite to, adjacent to, on the opposite side

SUMMARY, REPETITION, EXEMPLIFICATION, INTENSIFICATION to sum up, in brief, on the whole, in sum, in short, as I have said, in other words, to be sure, as has been noted, for example, for instance, in fact, indeed, in any event

EXAMPLES

It is the unpunctual who are the slaves of time, which constantly rushes them to and fro with whips and scourges. *Further,* unpunctual persons are unmannerly.—ARNOLD BENNETT

[Note also the repetition of the word *unpunctual* as an aid to coherence.]

It was also in the great hall of the palace of the Olympian king that the gods feasted each day on ambrosia and nectar, their food and drink, the latter being handed round by the lovely goddess Hebe. *Here* they conversed of the affairs of heaven and earth. . . . —THOMAS BULFINCH

[Note also the use of the pronoun *they* as an aid to coherence.]

They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. . . . *In the meanwhile* there came along a single red ant. . . . —HENRY DAVID THOREAU

◈ EXERCISE 5. In paragraphs 10 and 15, or in any others assigned by your instructor, underline all transitional expressions used to link sentences within the paragraph. In your last theme underline all transitional expressions used to link sentences.

**(5) Link sentences by means of parallel structure —that is, by repetition of the sentence pattern.**

Note how the following paragraph is made coherent by the parallel structure of the last four sentences.

8 In the minds and in the ideals of Americans we have untouched natural resources that need developing just as much as the material treasures still tucked away in unused patents, in undeveloped river valleys, and in the atomic nuclei. For the next war, if one is still required to iron out national vanities, we shall need not so much man-

power as brain power and alertness. For the continuing fight against disease, we shall need trained technical skills and unlimited resources in laboratory equipment and service. For the advancement of knowledge generally, we need a deliberate plan to free contemplative men for quiet and respected contemplation. For the realization of "fuller and more fruitful employment and a fuller and more fruitful life" we need a National Science Foundation and a country-wide awareness that governmental support for knowledge-research is henceforth basic in the national policy.[5]—HARLOW SHAPLEY

◈ EXERCISE 6. In paragraphs 4 and 30, or in any others assigned by your instructor, point out instances of parallel structure used to link sentences within the paragraph. Can you find instances in your own writing?

## 31c. Develop the paragraph adequately. Supply enough information, and arrange it effectively. Avoid excessively long paragraphs.

### (1) Supply enough information to satisfy the reader.

Avoid short, inadequately developed paragraphs. A topic sentence is not itself a paragraph. In ordinary writing a very short paragraph is sometimes used for emphasis or for transition between longer paragraphs. But a *series* of paragraphs each less than seventy-five words in length (except in dialogue and other special types of writing) suggests inadequate development of the thought. If such choppy paragraphs deal with the same topic, they should be combined into one or more longer paragraphs. If not, each paragraph should be given adequate development.

PARAGRAPHS THAT SHOULD BE COMBINED

A man can make of himself what he will. One of the greatest orators in history became an effective speaker only after he had overcome many obstacles. At the age of seven he was a poor, fatherless boy, severely handicapped by a serious impediment in his speech. But he was ambitious and persevering. He was undaunted by difficulties. He decided to become a statesman, and that he became. [6 sentences. 68 words.]

But he did not accomplish his purpose without many long, discouraging hours of practice. It is a well-known story how, with pebbles in his mouth, he worked to overcome his defect in speech, how he shut himself up in a cell, and how he was derided by the Assembly. But in the end he won out. [3 sentences. 56 words.]

Such is the story of Demosthenes, the Attic orator and statesman. It was a long way from the awkward, stammering boy on the Grecian seashore to the most skillful, finished speaker of Athens, but his will power and determination carried him along the way, and brought him at last to the coveted goal. [2 sentences. 53 words]

[These three paragraphs should be joined to make a unified whole developing the topic, *A man can make of himself what he will.*]

PARAGRAPHS THAT SHOULD BE EXPANDED

During his first term of office President Roosevelt introduced many laws to promote national recovery. These laws covered all phases of the national life.

[The reader wants to know specifically what some of these laws were.]

My father had an interesting life. I remember the time he began to tell us about the incidents of his boyhood on a Texas ranch.

[Obviously some of the incidents should be related.]

The football game was much more like a movie than like real life. The most improbable things happened.

[The comparison should be extended, and the implied contrast between the movies and real life elaborated.]

◈ EXERCISE 7. Develop one of the fragmentary paragraphs above.

**Dialogue.** Paragraphs in dialogue are usually short since each speech is paragraphed separately.

RIGHT "How long have you been out here?" Briggs asked.

"Since late summer of '43."

"That's quite a while."

"Yeh," Boyden said, "if I last much longer, they'll be calling me Pops."—JOHN P. MARQUAND

### (2) Arrange the materials to secure proper emphasis.

A paragraph, like a sentence, should have a strong beginning and especially a strong end-

[5] Reprinted by permission from *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1945, p. 317.

ing. Note, for example, the vigorous endings of paragraphs 2, 4, 8, and 14.

**(3) Avoid excessively long paragraphs.**

In modern prose, paragraphs seldom run to more than three or four hundred words, and the average is much shorter. Whenever a writer finds that he needs more than three hundred words to develop his central thought, he should, if possible, divide his material into two or more paragraphs.

◈ EXERCISE 8. The following paragraph was written by Richard Steele more than two hundred years ago, when readers were less hurried than those of our generation. Indicate the paragraphs into which a writer of the present century would probably divide this long paragraph. Show how this division would assist the reader.

9 When a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavors to work up his figure into all the perfections his imagination can form, and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a fine gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to do this I shall premise in general, that by a fine gentleman I mean a man completely qualified as well for the service and good as for the ornament and delight of society. When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humor without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. Before he makes his appearance and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to courts and to camps; he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices, of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life, such as are the languages and the bodily exercises most in vogue; neither would I have him think even dress itself beneath his notice.

[13 sentences. 404 words.]

**(4) Develop the paragraph by any method (or by any combination of methods) that fits your needs.**

Analysis shows that good paragraphs may be developed by many methods and by innumerable combinations of methods. No one method, or combination of methods, is superior to another. The experienced writer probably does not think of the particular method he is using. But knowledge of a few common methods of paragraph development may call to the mind of the inexperienced writer various possibilities for adequate treatment of his topic. The paragraphs that follow are developed *chiefly* by the methods indicated.

*Illustration by an Example (or by Several Examples)*

10 The greatness of a poet depends upon the two faculties, acuteness of feeling, and command of it. A poet is great, first in proportion to the strength of his passion, and then, that strength being granted, in proportion to his government of it; there being, however, always a point beyond which it would be inhuman and monstrous if he pushed this government, and, therefore, a point at which all feverish and wild fancy becomes just and true. Thus the destruction of the kingdom of Assyria cannot be contemplated firmly by a prophet of Israel. The fact is too great, too wonderful. It overthrows him, dashes him into a confused element of dreams. All the world is, to his stunned thought, full of strange voices. "Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, 'Since thou art gone down to the grave, no feller is come up against us.'" (Isaiah xiv, 8.) So, still more, the thought of the presence of Deity cannot be borne without this great astonishment. "The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." (Isaiah lv, 12.)—JOHN RUSKIN

◈ EXERCISE 9. Develop one of the following subjects by the method illustrated above: (1) true leadership; (2) the making of a soldier; (3) the successful businessman; (4) the effective teacher.

11 It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigor of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.[6]—THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

◈ EXERCISE 10. Develop one of the following sentences by a series of illustrations in the manner suggested above: (1) Ted showed his knowledge of automobiles in many ways. (2) Mr. Merriwether makes a ritual out of golf. (3) When the alarm sounded, the firemen sprang to action.

12 Punning, for all its detractors, has a long history and an honorable lineage. Shakespeare used puns not merely to amuse the lowbrows (or, as he called them, "groundlings") but to lighten the tension of his almost overpowering dramas. He knew that a flash of wit would be welcome against the murky violence of death and disaster. In *Romeo and Juliet,* for example, Mercutio, who has been stabbed, expires with the pun: "Ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man." [7]—LOUIS UNTERMEYER

◈ EXERCISE 11. Write a paragraph on one of the following subjects, using one or more examples in the manner illustrated above: (1) the meaning of repartee; (2) the social climber; (3) the crabbed old man.

*Comparison (or Contrast)*

13 I say then, if we would improve the intellect, first of all, we must ascend; we cannot gain real knowledge on a level; we must generalize, we must reduce to method, we must have a grasp of principles, and group and shape our acquisitions by means of them. It matters not whether our field of operation be wide or limited; in every case, to command it, is to mount above it. Who has not felt the irritation of mind and impatience created by a deep, rich country, visited for the first time, with winding lanes, and high hedges, and green steeps, and tangled woods, and every thing smiling indeed, but in a maze? The same feeling comes upon us in a strange city, when we have no map of its streets. Hence you hear of practiced travelers, when they first come into a place, mounting some high hill or church tower, by way of reconnoitering its neighborhood. In like manner, you must be above your knowledge, not under it, or it will oppress you; and the more you have of it, the greater will be the load. —NEWMAN

◈ EXERCISE 12. Write a paragraph explaining one of the following general truths by a comparison drawn from familiar experience: (1) We must welcome difficulties in our life. (2) The wise man controls his imagination. (3) Life should be a fine art.

14 No contrivance can prevent the effect of distance in weakening government. Seas roll and months pass, between the order and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, winged ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther." Who are you, that you should fret and rage, and bite the chains of Nature? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empires; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt and Arabia and Kurdistan as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigor of his authority in his center is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is perhaps not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She complies, too; she submits; she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.—BURKE

[6] From "A Liberal Education; and Where to Find It."

[7] Reprinted by permission from the *Reader's Digest* for January, 1945, p. 39.

◈ EXERCISE 13. Develop one of the following propositions by comparisons in the manner of Burke: (1) American optimism is matched by all young and growing nations. (2) Nations, like individuals, have their infancy and their old age. (3) Tragedy is a common human predicament.

15 In all the countries of Europe I have visited there is a patent difference between metropolises and smaller towns. In the provinces of France, or Austria, or Germany you notice the difference in every shop window, in every coffee house, in the universities themselves. When, for instance, you go from Paris to Lille or to Orleans or to Bordeaux the dresses, the books, the furniture you see in the windows will lag some months if not years behind those you were used to seeing in Paris. The hotels and restaurants will be more modest, uncomfortable, and rather shabby. Universities will lack the stimulating élan of the Sorbonne. Nothing of this kind distinguishes Madison from, let us say, New York or Chicago. Here you see just the same merchandise in the windows as in New York, the same neon lights, the same pictures in the same movie theaters, you read the same columns and comics in the local papers as in those of New York, and the university with its splendid installations, its rich library, its almost luxurious Students' Union certainly does not fall behind any university I saw in New York, though it is smaller.[8]—PAUL SCHRECKER

◈ EXERCISE 14. Develop by contrast one of the following subjects: (1) the service in a local lunch wagon and in a metropolitan hotel dining room; (2) the dialogue of a motion picture and the dialogue of Shakespeare; (3) the architecture of the Washington Monument and of the Lincoln Memorial; (4) the relative effectiveness of radio and television.

*Definition*

16 Style, defined by Whitehead as "an aesthetic sense, based on admiration for the direct attainment of a foreseen end, simply and without waste," is above all things the mark of an educated man or woman; and never has there been found anything equal to the literature of Rome and Greece for inculcating that sense of *style* which is one of the best things you can acquire from education. Style, whether in art, literature, science, engineering, or business, has the same qualities, attainment and restraint. And style is not only the last acquirement of the educated mind; but the most useful. It pervades the whole being. The administrator with a sense of style hates sloppy ways of doing things. The engineer with a sense of style economizes his material, and erects structures that have intrinsic beauty through their perfect adaptation to the function expected of them. The writer with a sense of style uses not a word too few or too many, and employs the right words in the right combination, to express his thought. "Style," says Whitehead, "is the ultimate morality of mind." A democratic society not only needs style more than does any other, but appreciates it more, as a rare quality.[9]—SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

◈ EXERCISE 15. In a paragraph modeled on paragraph 16 define the underlined word or phrase in one of the following topic sentences: (1) *Happiness* consists in the proper exercise of intelligence and will. (2) The world of fact differs from *the world of truth.* (3) *Common sense* is halfway between observation and intuition.

17 The institutions of the Western world were formed by men who learned to regard themselves as inviolable persons because they were rational and free. They meant by rational that they were capable of comprehending the moral order of the universe and their place in this moral order. They meant when they regarded themselves as free that within that order they had a personal moral responsibility to perform their duties and to exercise their corresponding rights. From this conception of the unity of mankind in a rational order the Western world has derived its conception of law—which is that all men and all communities of men and all authority among men are subject to law, and that the character of all particular laws is to be judged by whether they conform to or violate, approach or depart from the rational order of the universe and of man's nature. From this conception of law was derived the idea of constitutional government and of the consent of the governed and of civil liberty. Upon this conception of law our own institutions were founded.[10]—WALTER LIPPMANN

◈ EXERCISE 16. In paragraph 17 Mr. Lippmann has defined the words *rational* and *free.* In like manner define the italicized words taken from one of the sentences in the same paragraph: (1) *duties* and *corresponding rights,* in sentence 3; (2) *rational order of the universe,* in sentence 4; (3) *civil liberty,* in sentence 6.

[8] Reprinted by permission from *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1944, pp. 117-18.

[9] From *The Ancient Classics in a Modern Democracy.* Copyright, 1939, by the Oxford University Press, Inc.

[10] From "Education versus Western Civilization," *The American Scholar,* Vol. 10, No. 2. Copyright by *The American Scholar.*

18-19 The Romancer is an artist who deliberately sets out with the intention of representing life as it is not—as he would like it to be, perhaps, and as on rare and heroic occasions it is, when the fire of humanity burns at its highest and hottest. He represents a world which is like our own, in a sense, but unlike it in the respect that it is infinitely more exciting, more vigorous, more interesting, more profound—more beautiful, in fact, with that beauty which the perceptive eye realizes in nature as in art. The Romancer arrives at this effect by a deliberate selection of qualities and characteristics, by a deliberate heightening of certain values and depressing of others. He does not aim at the development of character, but at the presentation of sentiment, and his characters become, not inconsequent and inconsistent human beings, but types of qualities.

The Realist, on the other hand, aims at presenting life as it is, and character as it develops. He is not afraid, as the Romancer is, of depicting any emotion that might be misinterpreted in a well-bred person. He does not wish to emphasize the driving force of the world, but he wishes to show, in a panoramic kind of way, how lives as a matter of fact do work themselves out, how they triumph, how they collapse. Of course, the Realist has to use selection too, because one cannot treat life in the mass; but his aim is not to represent either life at a high level, or life at a low level. He tries to give the true flavor of it, with its broken hopes, its successes that are often more hollow than its failures, its stolid complacencies, its meaningless sufferings, its baffling mysteries. But the essence of the Realist's art is that he has no preconceived idea of what life ought to be or might be; his one aim is to present it as it is.—A. C. BENSON

◈ EXERCISE 17. Define one of the following sets of opposites in two paragraphs modeled on paragraphs 18 and 19 above: (1) the Easterner and the Westerner; (2) the leader and the follower; (3) the typical male undergraduate and the typical coed.

### *Cause and Effect*

20 The Battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects beyond its immediate results as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open, public war. There could now be no longer a question of proceeding against individuals, as guilty of treason or rebellion. That fearful crisis was past. The appeal lay to the sword, and the only question was, whether the spirit and the resources of the people would hold out till the object should be accomplished. Nor were its general consequences confined to our own country. The previous proceedings of the colonies, their appeals, resolutions, and addresses, had made their cause known to Europe. To this able vindication of their cause, the colonies had now added a practical and severe proof of their own true devotion to it, and given evidence also of the power which they could bring to its support. All now saw, that if America fell, she would not fall without a struggle. Men felt sympathy and regard, as well as surprise, when they beheld these infant states, remote, unknown, unaided, encounter the power of England, and, in the first considerable battle, leave more of their enemies dead on the field, in proportion to the number of combatants, than had been recently known to fall in the wars of Europe.—DANIEL WEBSTER

◈ EXERCISE 18. Expand one of the following topic sentences by cause and effect: (1) The decisions made at Yalta eventually caused dissension among the allies. (2) The development of war industries on the Pacific Coast had important economic effects after the war. (3) The atomic bomb introduced a new era.

21 It was only through the severest self-discipline that Washington attained his characteristic poise and serenity. Discipline is not a popular word nowadays, for we associate it with schoolmasters, drill sergeants, and dictators; and it was certainly not discipline of that sort that made the passionate young Washington into an effective man. His discipline came in a very small part from parents, masters, or superiors; and in no respect from institutions. It came from environment, from a philosophy of life that he imbibed at an impressionable age; but most of all from his own will. He apprehended the great truth that man can only be free through mastery of himself. Instead of allowing his passions to spend themselves, he restrained them. Instead of indulging himself in a life of pleasure—for which he had ample means at the age of twenty—he placed duty first. In fact he followed exactly that course of conduct which, according to the second-hand popularizers of Freud, makes a person "thwarted," "inhibited," and "repressed." Yet Washington became a liberated, successful, and serene man. The process can hardly fail to interest young men who are struggling with the same difficulties as Washington—although, I am bound to say, under the far more difficult conditions of depression and mechanization.[11]—SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

◈ EXERCISE 19. Write a paragraph similar to paragraph 21 on one of the following subjects: (1) how

[11] From *The Young Man Washington.* Reprinted by permission of the Harvard University Press.

Lincoln became a statesman; (2) what made Eisenhower a great general; (3) why Harry Truman was elected President.

*Enumeration of Details (or Reasons)*

22 My aunt was a tall, hard-featured lady, but by no means ill-looking. There was an inflexibility in her face, in her voice, in her gait and carriage, amply sufficient to account for the effect she had made upon a gentle creature like my mother; but her features were rather handsome than otherwise, though unbending and austere. I particularly noticed that she had a very quick, bright eye. Her hair, which was gray, was arranged in two plain divisions, under what I believe would be called a mobcap; I mean a cap, much more common then than now, with sidepieces fastening under the chin. Her dress was of a lavender color, and perfectly neat, but scantily made, as if she desired to be as little encumbered as possible. I remember that I thought it, in form, more like a riding habit with the superfluous skirt cut off, than anything else. She wore at her side a gentleman's gold watch, if I might judge from its size and make, with an appropriate chain and seals; she had some linen at her throat not unlike a shirt collar, and things at her wrists like little shirt wristbands.—CHARLES DICKENS

◈ EXERCISE 20. Supply specific details to complete one of the following impressions: (1) The sergeant was stern without being cruel. (2) His expression advertised his sense of humor. (3) Our cook was in almost perpetual emotion.

23 The captain, in the first place, is lord paramount. He stands no watch, comes and goes when he pleases, and is accountable to no one, and must be obeyed in everything, without a question, even from his chief officer. He has the power to turn his officers off duty, and even to break them and make them do duty as sailors in the forecastle. Where there are no passengers and no supercargo, as in our vessel, he has no companion but his own dignity, and no pleasure, unless he differs from most of his kind, but the consciousness of possessing supreme power, and, occasionally, the exercise of it.—RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

◈ EXERCISE 21. Develop a paragraph by listing some important details in support of one of the following topic sentences: (1) The sergeant is the backbone of the army. (2) The dean is an important administrative officer. (3) The modern farmer is a scientist.

24 The real attractions of the Hollowell farm, to me, were: its complete retirement, being about two miles from the village, half a mile from the nearest neighbor, and separated from the highway by a broad field; its bounding on the river, which the owner said protected it by its fogs from frosts in the spring, though that was nothing to me; the gray color and ruinous state of the house and barn and the dilapidated fences, which put such an interval between me and the last occupant; the hollow and lichen-covered apple trees, gnawed by rabbits, showing what kind of neighbors I should have; but above all, the recollection I had of it from my earliest voyages up the river, when the house was concealed behind a dense grove of red maples, through which I heard the house-dog bark. I was in haste to buy it, before the proprietor finished getting out some rocks, cutting down the hollow apple trees, and grubbing up some young birches which had sprung up in the pasture or, in short, had made any more of his improvements.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU

◈ EXERCISE 22. Develop a paragraph by stating your reasons why you are (or are not) attracted to one of the following: (1) crowded cities; (2) concerts; (3) museums; (4) your own town; (5) travel.

*Miscellaneous Paragraphs*

(developed by a single method or by a combination of methods)

25 The term democracy refers primarily to a form of government by the many as opposed to government by the one—government by the people as opposed to government by a tyrant, a dictator, or an absolute monarch. This is the most general meaning of the word as men have commonly understood it. In this antithesis there are, however, certain implications, always tacitly understood, which give a more precise meaning to the term. Peisistratus, for example, was supported by a majority of the people, but his government was never regarded as a democracy for all that. Caesar's power derived from a popular mandate, conveyed through established republican forms, but that did not make his government any the less a dictatorship. Napoleon called his government a democratic empire, but no one, least of all Napoleon himself, doubted that he had destroyed the last vestiges of the democratic republic. Since the Greeks first used the term, the essential test of democratic government has always been this: the source of political authority must be and remain in the people and not in the ruler. A democratic government has always meant one in which the citizens, or a sufficient number of them to represent more or less effectively the common will, freely act from time to time, and according to established forms, to appoint or recall the magistrates and to enact or revoke the laws by which the community is

governed. This I take to be the meaning which history has impressed upon the term democracy as a form of government.[12]—CARL BECKER

◈ EXERCISE 23. Carl Becker amends his preliminary definition of democracy by specific examples derived from history. In like manner define one of the following: (1) a novel; (2) law; (3) a republic; (4) civil liberty.

26 I have heard rumors of visitors who were disappointed. The same people will be disappointed at the Day of Judgment. In fact, the Grand Canyon is a sort of landscape Day of Judgment. It is not a show place, a beauty spot, but a revelation. The Colorado River, which is powerful, turbulent, and so thick with silt that it is like a saw, made it with the help of the erosive forces of rain, frost, and wind, and some strange geological accidents; and all these together have been hard at work on it for the last seven or eight million years. It is the largest of the eighteen canyons of the Colorado River, is over two hundred miles long, has an average width of twelve miles, and is a good mile deep. It is the world's supreme example of erosion. But this is not what it really is. It is, I repeat, a revelation. The Colorado River made it, but you feel when you are there that God gave the Colorado River its instructions. It is all Beethoven's nine symphonies in stone and magic light. Even to remember that it is still there lifts up the heart. If I were an American, I should make my remembrance of it the final test of men, art, and policies. I should ask myself: Is this good enough to exist in the same country as the Canyon? How would I feel about this man, this kind of art, these political measures, if I were near that Rim? Every member or officer of the Federal Government ought to remind himself, with triumphant pride, that he is on the staff of the Grand Canyon.—J. B. PRIESTLEY

◈ EXERCISE 24. Pick out the topic sentence in paragraph 26. How is this topic sentence developed? Is the repetition of certain facts and ideas justified?

27 I wonder why American towns look so much alike that I sometimes mix them up in my memory. The reference to the standard influence of mass production whose agents are the traveling salesman, the mail-order houses, the five-and-ten cent stores, the chain stores, the movies, is not sufficient. If you stay two days in Bologna and in Ferrara, or in Arles and in Avignon, you will never mix them up in all your life. But it may well happen that after you spend two days in St. Louis and in Kansas City the images of these towns soon merge into one. I think the real reason for this is that these towns have not yet had time enough to individualize and to crystallize visible local traditions of their own. Physiognomically speaking, children are much less differentiated from each other than grown people.[13]—PAUL SCHRECKER

◈ EXERCISE 25. Notice how paragraph 27 has been developed by asking the question *why*. Develop a paragraph by asking yourself: (1) why you really came to college; (2) why you go to the movies; (3) why you prefer your favorite magazine.

28-29 We find the key to the true theory [of laughter], it we ask—What does laughter do for us? What are its effects or consequences? Well, obviously we enjoy laughter; it does us good to have a good laugh. The fact is notorious. And when we feel depressed and moody, we welcome and seek the situations, objects, or persons that will make us laugh. Laughter prevents (for the moment at least) gloomy thinking and melancholy brooding, no matter how it is induced. How does it achieve this beneficial effect? In two ways—one purely physiological, the other more psychological. Physiologically its immediate effect is to stimulate the respiration and the circulation, to raise the blood pressure, and to send a fuller stream of blood to the head and brain; as we see in the ruddy face of the hearty laugher. Psychologically it works by breaking up every train of thinking and every sustained activity, bodily or mental. . . .

If, then, laughter produces these beneficial effects, how shall we define the ludicrous? What is it that is common to all ludicrous objects and situations, beyond the fact that the contemplation of them makes us laugh? Certainly it is not that they are in themselves pleasing. Consider the types of the ludicrous. The man sitting down on his own hat, or pursuing it down the street before the breeze; the clown who falls with a resounding thud, lets fall a pile of crockery, or whacks another with loud blows and slaps—these are basic examples of the ludicrous. Rather less crude are all the instances in which men fail in some stroke of skill; as the golfer who cuts up the turf and drives his ball but a yard or two; or the man who lands in the ditch, instead of clearing it. More refined are the instances of the ludicrous provided by those who "make fools of themselves" through lack of tact or social adroitness, by the man who "can't open his mouth without putting his foot in it," by the man who boasts or lies, without see-

[12] From *Modern Democracy*. Reprinted by permission of the Yale University Press, publishers.

[13] Reprinted by permission from *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1944, p. 125.

ing that his hearers understand him. Another great class of things ludicrous are awkward, defective, or bizarre modes of attire, of address, of speech, of gait, of eating. . . .[14]—WILLIAM MCDOUGALL

◈ EXERCISE 26. Apply the method developed in paragraphs 28 and 29 to explain one of the following: (1) the idea of the informal essay; (2) what tragic drama is; (3) the true theory of a vacation; (4) what good music is.

30 After Colonel Carter was gone home I went to work on my new horse. The old one, the pony, I used only for business: to go to fires, to see my friends, run errands, and go hunting with my new shotgun. But the game that had all my attention was the breaking in of the colt, the beautiful cream-colored mare, who soon knew me—and my pockets. I carried sugar to reward her when she did right, and she discovered where I carried it; so did the pony, and when I was busy they would push their noses into my pockets, both of which were torn down a good deal of the time. But the colt learned. I taught her to run around a circle, turn and go the other way at a signal. My sisters helped me. I held the long rope and the whip (for signaling), while one of the girls led the colt; it was hard work for them, but they took it in turns. One would lead the colt round and round till I snapped the whip; then she would turn, turning the colt, till the colt did it all by herself. And she was very quick. She shook hands with each of her four feet. She let us run under her, back and forth. She was slow only to carry me. Following Colonel Carter's instructions, I began by laying my arm or a surcingle over her back. If she trembled, I drew it slowly off. When she could abide it, I tried buckling it, tighter and tighter. I laid over her, too, a blanket, folded at first, then open, and, at last, I slipped up on her myself, sat there a second, and as she trembled, slid off. My sisters held her for me, and when I could get up and sit there a moment or two, I tied her at a block, and we, my sisters and I, made a procession of mounting and dismounting. She soon got used to this and would let us slide off over her rump, but it was a long, long time before she would carry me.[15]—LINCOLN STEFFENS

◈ EXERCISE 27. The topic sentence of paragraph 30—"But the game that had all my attention was the breaking in of the colt, etc."—is developed by simple narration. In like manner expand one of the following topics: (1) how I spent all my time training my hound; (2) how I shot my first deer; (3) how we won the football game; (4) how I got my first job.

◈ EXERCISE 28. Indicate the most appropriate method of developing each of the following topic sentences:

1. The school is the servant of the individual, the family, and the community.
2. There is more than one reason why the college student should study English.
3. To grow is to change.
4. My roommate has helped me to understand myself.
5. The changing aspects of the seasons are as stimulating as they are restful.
6. The companionship of man and animals contains secrets as important as the companionship of man and man.
7. A circus has many mouths to feed.
8. Before talking about democracy we should at least say what democracy is not.
9. If you don't trust my judgment about the value of reading, let me quote a few authorities.
10. Some men think our great cities are monuments of progress; others say they are symptoms of social disease.
11. You can solve most problems by taking a walk.
12. Intelligence means the ability to discriminate.
13. The farm has recently acquired great popular esteem.
14. To be self-reliant one must know one's predominant weakness as well as one's predominant strength.
15. Three men showed me the true meaning of patriotism.
16. The ability to think and the ability to write are closely allied.
17. Soil erosion is a menace to national security.
18. Railroads are a romantic element of the industrial age.
19. When the storm was over we set to work in earnest.
20. It is necessary to read *Hamlet* at least three times.

◈ EXERCISE 29. Select a topic sentence and develop a paragraph by one or more of the following methods:

1. Illustration by Example (or Examples)
2. Comparison (or Contrast)
3. Definition
4. Cause and Effect
5. Enumeration of Details (or Reasons)

[14] Reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine* for March, 1922, pp. 360-61, by permission of Anne McDougall.

[15] From *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*, copyright, 1931, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

# PLANNING AND WRITING THE WHOLE COMPOSITION

## 32. Arrange and express your ideas effectively.

A good composition is characterized by order or form, which gives a clear plan or design to whatever the writer wishes to communicate—whether it be an explanation (exposition), an argument, a narrative, or a description. A composition does not fall into order by chance. *Order results from careful arrangement of suitable materials to fit a definite purpose.*

### 32a. Select a subject to fit your purpose.

A subject is appropriate:

**a.** If it appeals to you, or if you can develop an interest in it as you work on it.

**b.** If you know enough about it or can learn enough in a reasonable period. (Subjects that require extensive research should be reserved for the research paper. See Section 33.)

**c.** If it is acceptable to the intended reader.

**d.** If the subject is not too broad to treat in the time or space at your command. "Amateur Photography" might be a satisfactory title for a paper of several thousand words; but if you must limit yourself to several hundred words, you will do better with "Developing a Film" or "The Growth of My Interest in Photography."

After you have found a subject to fit your purpose or objective, you should write down, in a single sentence, the central idea of your proposed paper. The formulation of this central idea will help you to limit your topic. (See the discussion of limiting the subject in Section 33a.)

Let us suppose that you are interested in a general topic such as "My Home Town—Rushville." If your purpose is to explain something about Rushville for the general reader, you may express your central idea as:

1. The prosperity of Rushville depends chiefly upon its paper industry.

Or you may wish to explain a different subject, with this central idea:

2. Rushville has a good school system.

Note that suitable titles for the papers, derived from the statements of the central theme, might be (1) "The Paper Industry in Rushville" and (2) "Rushville's School System."

If you wish to convince your readers of the need for action, you may use one of these central ideas:

1. Rushville should join neighboring towns to build a consolidated high school.
2. Rushville should be incorporated.

If you wish to interest your readers in the history of your home town, you will choose a central idea suitable for a narrative:

1. The early settlers in Rushville had many difficulties with the Indians.
2. Rushville had a minor but interesting part in the Civil War.

If your purpose is to give a vivid picture of Rushville and its surroundings, you might select a central idea that lends itself to description, such as "Rushville has an interesting setting in the mountains."

Rushville, then, and many other topics, for that matter, can suggest appropriate subjects for any of four kinds of compositions, *depending on the writer's purpose*—depending on whether he wishes to explain (exposition), to convince (argumentation), to narrate events (narration), or to describe (description). Or the writer's purpose may be such that he will wish, in treating his subject, to combine two or more of these four forms of discourse. A sort of "expository description" might be used in a paper with one of these central ideas:

1. Old Tony is the most colorful individual in Rushville.
2. Colonel Brown is our most distinguished citizen.

Below are listed some topics which could be adapted to a short exposition, argument, narrative, or description. Some of these suggestions may provide both the subject and the title of your composition. In all likelihood, however, you will wish to limit the subject to the scope of your experience and to sharpen the wording for use as a title. (For the proper capitalization of titles, see Section **9c.**)

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

*Home and the Individual*

1. My home town
2. People who have influenced my thinking
3. Being an elder brother (*or* elder sister, only child, etc.)
4. My first date
5. A city street
6. A vivid childhood memory
7. My hobby and why I like it
8. The appeal of bargains
9. A character from fiction I should like to meet
10. My favorite author (*or* book, poem, magazine, newspaper, radio program, etc.)
11. Collecting old glass (*or* stamps, coins, books, furniture, etc.)
12. How to enjoy hiking
13. Shooting with the camera
14. Learning to swim (*or* play tennis, ride horseback, sail a boat, etc.)
15. Reducing one's weight
16. Milk (soybeans, vegetables, meat, etc.) in the diet
17. Plastics in the home
18. The efficient kitchen
19. Color schemes (*or* period furniture, draperies, etc.) in interior decorating
20. Fields in spring

*School and College*

1. Differences between school and college
2. Freshman Week
3. College slang
4. Earning one's way
5. My first field trip
6. The course I find most practical (*or* difficult, interesting, etc.)
7. A college student's budget
8. Campus parking
9. My roommate
10. My room at college
11. The writing laboratory
12. Using a microscope
13. Are examinations fair?
14. The honor system
15. How to be a cheer leader
16. What makes school spirit?
17. Why I am going to college
18. Duties of the quarterback (*or* halfback, etc.)
19. What is sportsmanship?
20. Life in a dormitory (*or* fraternity house, sorority house, etc.)

*History, Economics, and Sociology*

1. What do our taxes buy?
2. Peacetime military conscription
3. The third term for President
4. The State of Israel
5. The Monroe Doctrine today
6. The Good Neighbor Policy
7. Compulsory arbitration
8. The Iron Curtain
9. How to appraise a used car
10. Socialized medicine
11. Visible results of the TVA
12. The National Park Service
13. Reforestation
14. Causes of juvenile delinquency
15. What constitutes national wealth?
16. Radio advertising
17. The parole system
18. Unemployment insurance
19. Sharecroppers
20. The right to strike

*Science and Medicine*

1. Atomic energy
2. Wild plants and their uses in medicine
3. The prevention of forest fires
4. Vitamins from plants
5. Plants as soil binders
6. Chemical warfare on insects (*or* DDT, etc.)
7. Yeasts and vitamins
8. Migration of birds
9. Blood plasma
10. Beneficial bacteria
11. Synthetic diamonds
12. Nylon
13. Amateur photography
14. The properties of rayon
15. What is food allergy?
16. Penicillin
17. Streptomycin
18. Coal, the raw material of many products
19. Uses of uranium
20. Plastic surgery

*Farm and Machine*

1. Soil erosion
2. How to grow tomatoes (*or* asparagus, strawberries, celery, dahlias, mushrooms, chrysanthemums, etc.)
3. Wild life on the farm
4. The apple, from tree to consumer
5. How great cities are fed
6. Good seeds make good crops
7. Judging cattle
8. Making a tobacco bed
9. Curing tobacco
10. The work of the 4-H Club (*or* home demonstration work, etc.)
11. Frozen foods
12. Newsprint from Southern pine
13. Electricity in the modern home
14. Air conditioning every home
15. Flying an airplane
16. Electric (*or* gas) refrigeration
17. Mining coal (*or* lead, copper, zinc, etc.)
18. Building a skyscraper (*or* road, canal, dam, ship, etc.)
19. The most wonderful machine I know
20. Advantages of living on a farm (*or* in the city, in a small town)

◈ EXERCISE 1. Select three topics from the preceding Suggestions for Written Work, limit each as necessary to make it a suitable topic for an expository paper of five hundred words, and write a single sentence expressing the central idea for each paper. Choose suitable titles for the papers.

◈ EXERCISE 2. Follow directions given under Exercise 1, substituting "expository description" for "expository paper."

◈ EXERCISE 3. Follow directions given under Exercise 1, substituting "argumentative" for "expository."

◈ EXERCISE 4. Follow directions given under Exercise 1, substituting "narrative" for "expository."

◈ EXERCISE 5. Follow directions given under Exercise 1, substituting "descriptive" for "expository."

### 32b. Develop the outline as necessary during the preparation of the paper. (See also 33c.)

The outline is the blueprint of the composition. Just as the carpenter or the engineer follows his blueprint implicitly in order to avoid costly structural blunders, so the writer —especially the student writer—follows his outline carefully so that he may arrange his ideas effectively.

The first step in the preparation of an outline is the jotting down of ideas on the subject. The student should not hesitate to jot down a long list of ideas; and he should jot them down rapidly, without much concern for the proper order. When he begins to classify his ideas, he will find it easy to reject needless ones; he may find also that he needs to supplement his knowledge by further observation or reading.

Suppose, for example, a student has selected topic Number 18 on this page, "Building a Skyscraper," and has limited this general topic to "Riveting a Skyscraper." This topic lends itself to expository description. The writer will approach his subject, therefore, with an eye toward the various steps in the riveting process. (N.B. If he intends to write a personal essay or a narrative, his outline will probably follow a different pattern.) From his observation of riveters at work he might note the following items:

1. Throwing the rivets.
2. The gun.
3. Noise of the gun.
4. The catcher and his can.
5. The bucker-up and his dolly bar.
6. Work of the gun-man.
7. The furnace.
8. Skill required in heating.
9. The rivet boy's duties.
10. Danger from dropped rivets.
11. Danger to the riveters.
12. Co-operation of the gang.
13. The alignment of the holes for the rivet.
14. The inserting of the heated rivet.
15. The complicated task of completing the work.
16. Silence of the gang during the work.

On inquiry, further information may be secured about riveters, such as:

17. Essential unity of the gang.
18. Replacements.
19. Experience required.
20. Insurance rates for members.

At this point—if he has not done so before —the writer should jot down the central idea of his proposed paper. For a short paper on "Riveters" this controlling idea might well

be: "Riveting requires skillful work under dangerous conditions." Such a statement of the scope and purpose of the paper will often suggest topics to be discarded and others to be added.

The next step in putting together an outline is the grouping, or classification, of the miscellaneous details under a few main headings. A little thought will show that general information about the gang should be gathered under one heading, and that material on the three steps in the actual process of riveting ought to be grouped under other headings. The general information would logically come first, the three steps next. Thus there would be the following main headings:

I. Skillful co-ordination of a riveting gang of four.
II. Preparation of the rivets.
III. Passing of the red-hot rivets.
IV. Securing the rivets in place.

Arrangement of the miscellaneous details under these four headings, with further additions during the writing of the paper, gives the final outline as it appears below under 32c.

*Caution:* The writer should keep his outline fluid until the paper is complete. He should make the outline a helpful tool; he should not become its slave. He should keep the outline a growing, developing plan which he will not hesitate to change at any stage of his composition whenever he hits upon a way to improve it. He will naturally try to perfect his outline before he starts to write, but the actual writing will almost certainly suggest a few desirable changes in the arrangement of details.

### 32c. Make an outline of the type specified by your instructor.

The types of outlines most commonly used are (1) the complete sentence outline, (2) the topical outline, and (3) the paragraph outline. Many persons prefer the complete sentence outline because the use of complete sentences forces the writer to express himself with greater clarity. Complete sentence outlines and topical outlines have the same parts and the same grouping; they differ only in the fullness of expression. The paragraph outline differs widely from the other types. It makes no effort to classify the material into major headings and subheadings but simply gives the topics of the paragraphs in the order in which they are to come.

**(1) For a complete sentence outline express each heading in the form of a sentence according to the following model:**

RIVETING A SKYSCRAPER

CENTRAL IDEA Riveting requires skillful work under dangerous conditions.

I. Riveters work in well co-ordinated, skillful gangs of four.
  A. The gang works as a unit.
  B. Replacements are made by an overlapping of service.
  C. Skill, judgment, and experience are required.

II. The rivets must be prepared under difficult conditions.
  A. The rivets are brought to the furnace by the rivet boy.
  B. The furnace stands in a precarious position.
  C. The heater must have specialized equipment and skill.
    1. He must have special clothing and tongs.
    2. He must have skill in order to heat the rivets properly.

III. Passing the rivets from the furnace to the place where they are used is an exacting and dangerous process.
  A. Rivets must be thrown, sometimes under difficult conditions.
  B. The catcher receives them in a battered tin "cup."
  C. He stands in a dangerous position.
  D. Only his skill in catching red-hot rivets insures the safety of the persons below.
  E. The whole process of passing rivets is conducted silently and methodically.

IV. Securing the rivets in place requires the exercise of great strength, dexterity, and co-operation.
  A. The gun-man and the bucker-up align the holes from dangerous positions.
  B. The catcher inserts the red-hot rivet.
  C. The bucker-up braces himself with his dolly bar against the end of the rivet.
  D. The gun-man has the heaviest work.
    1. He must handle the heavy gun.

2. He must endure great concussion and vibration.
3. He usually is assisted by the catcher.
4. He sometimes passes the gun to the bucker-up.

**(2) For a topical outline express each heading in the form of a noun or phrase according to the following model:**

RIVETING A SKYSCRAPER

CENTRAL IDEA Riveting requires skillful work under dangerous conditions.

I. Skillful co-ordination of a riveting gang of four.
   A. Unity of the gang.
   B. Replacements of members.
   C. Necessity for skill, judgment, and experience.

II. Preparation of the rivets.
   A. Delivery to the furnace.
   B. Precarious position of the furnace.
   C. Work of the heater.
      1. His equipment.
      2. His skill.

III. Passing of the red-hot rivets.
   A. Need for throwing.
   B. Receptacle used by the catcher.
   C. Dangerous position of the catcher.
   D. Skill of the catcher.
   E. Silence during the whole process.

IV. Securing the rivets in place.
   A. Alignment of the holes.
   B. Insertion of the rivet.
   C. Precarious work of the bucker-up.
   D. Hard work of the gun-man.
      1. Use of the heavy gun.
      2. Concussion and vibration.
      3. Assistance from the catcher.
      4. Interchange with the bucker-up.

**(3) In a paragraph outline express the gist of each paragraph in a sentence according to the following model:**

RIVETING A SKYSCRAPER

CENTRAL IDEA Riveting requires skillful work under dangerous conditions.

1. Riveters work in well co-ordinated, skillful gangs of four men.
2. Rivets must be heated with care.
3. The red-hot rivets must be thrown to the place where the riveting is being done.
4. The catcher, standing in a dangerous position, must have great skill.
5. The whole process of throwing and catching the rivets is carried on in silence.
6. The catcher, the gun-man, and the bucker-up co-operate in securing the rivet in place.
7. The work of the gun-man is the hardest.

## 32d. Make sure that the outline covers the subject, that it treats of everything promised by the title.

The adequacy of the outline is essential. The major headings (I, II, III, etc.) must be sufficient in number and in scope to satisfy the expectation aroused by the title. And each of these major headings must, in turn, be covered by its subheads just as the title is covered by the major headings. These subheads, however, should not be unduly detailed. If one of the major headings is to cover no more than a paragraph of the paper, it may need no subheads whatsoever.

WRONG (titles not adequately covered by the major headings)

Geology of the United States
I. States east of the Mississippi.
II. Texas.

History of the United States
I. Period before 1800.
II. Period from 1800 till 1860.

RIGHT (titles properly covered)

Geology of the United States
I. States east of the Mississippi.
II. States west of the Mississippi.

History of the United States
I. Period before 1800.
II. Period from 1800 till 1860.
III. Period since 1860.

It would also be proper to leave the main headings unchanged and to alter the titles to agree, thus: "Geology of Texas and the States East of the Mississippi" and "History of the United States before the Civil War."

The title and the major headings must have the same scope. The student will often find, on coming to outline his subject adequately, that he has more material than he can develop properly in the allotted number

of words. If so, he should promptly limit his subject and reword his title accordingly.

### 32e. Make sure that the parts of the outline are logically arranged.

Logical arrangement is second in importance only to adequacy. If the outline is disorganized and ineffective, the paper that follows it will also be disorganized and ineffective.

**(1) Do not scatter your ideas.**

Related ideas should be brought together. As the student begins his outline he ought to jot down as many ideas on the subject as possible, hastily, without regard to order. But then he must group these under two or more major headings. Compare the first hasty jotting down of ideas on "Riveting a Skyscraper" (pages 908-09 above) with the grouping in the finished outline.

**(2) Arrange the parts in a natural, easy order.**

The problem of arrangement within the paper as a whole is much the same as that within each separate paragraph. (See page 896 above.) The nature of the subject will suggest an appropriate arrangement, usually "time order" or "space order," "order of climax" or "logical order."

**(3) Do not allow headings to overlap.**

Overlapping often occurs when a writer attempts a division according to more than one principle.

WRONG (overlapping)

History of the United States

I. Period before 1800. [Time.]
II. The South. [Space.]
III. Negroes. [Group.]

RIGHT (division according to a single principle)

History of the United States

I. Period before 1800.
II. Period from 1800 till 1860.
III. Period since 1860.

I. The North.
II. The South.
III. The West.

I. Indians and original settlers.
II. Negroes.
III. Immigrants.

**(4) Do not co-ordinate any heading that should be subordinated. Do not subordinate any heading that should be co-ordinated.**

WRONG

History of the United States before the Civil War

I. Period before 1800.
A. Period from 1800 till 1860.
II. The War of 1812.
III. The Monroe Doctrine.

RIGHT

History of the United States before the Civil War

I. Period before 1800.
II. Period from 1800 till 1860.
A. The War of 1812.
B. The Monroe Doctrine.

### 32f. In the outline use consistently one system of notation, and indent headings to indicate degrees of subordination.

Any intelligible system of notation is acceptable. The one used for the complete sentence outline and the topical outline in Section 32c is in very common use and may well be adopted. This system, it will be noted, is as follows:

I. .....[Used for major headings.]
A. .....[Used for subheadings of the first de-
B. ..... gree.]
1. .....[Used for subheadings of the second
2. ..... degree.]

Seldom will a short outline (or even a longer one) need subordination beyond the first or second degree. If it does, it may use "a," "b," "c," etc., for the third degree and (1), (2), (3), etc., for the fourth degree.

The indention, as well as the notation, should indicate the degree of subordination. Major headings (I, II, III, etc.) should be indented equally, subheadings of the first degree (A, B, C, etc.) should be indented more, and subheads of the second degree (1, 2, 3, etc.) should be indented still more. If a heading or subheading runs beyond the end of the line, it is given "hanging indention," as in the "improved" outline IIA, IIC, and IIC2 below.

CONFUSING LACK OF INDENTION

II. The rivets must be prepared.
A. The rivets are brought to the furnace by the rivet boy.
B. The furnace stands in a precarious position.
C. The heater must have specialized equipment and skill.
1. He must have special clothing and tongs.
2. He must have skill in order to heat the rivets properly.

IMPROVED

II. The rivets must be prepared.
- A. The rivets are brought to the furnace by the rivet boy.
- B. The furnace stands in a precarious position.
- C. The heater must have specialized equipment and skill.
  1. He must have special clothing and tongs.
  2. He must have skill in order to heat the rivets properly.

### 32g. Give parallel structure to parallel parts of the outline.

(See the full discussion of parallel structure under Section 26.)

WRONG

II. Preparation of the rivets.
- A. Delivering to the furnace. [Participle or gerund as the core of the topic.]
- B. Precarious position of the furnace. [Noun.]
- C. The heater works hard. [Sentence.]
  1. His equipment. [Noun.]
  2. Skillful. [Adjective.]

RIGHT

II. Preparation of the rivets.
- A. Delivery to the furnace. [Noun.]
- B. Precarious position of the furnace. [Noun.]
- C. The work of the heater. [Noun.]
  1. His equipment. [Noun.]
  2. His skill. [Noun.]

The major headings (I, II, III, etc.) should be expressed in parallel structure, as should each group of subheads. But it is unnecessary to strive for parallel structure between different groups of subheads; for example, between A, B, C under I and A, B, C under II. Parallel structure is no problem in the complete sentence outline, for parallelism is insured by the requirement of complete sentences.

### 32h. Do not make a single heading or subhead anywhere in the outline.

Headings and subheads stand for divisions, and a division denotes at least two parts. Therefore, each outline must have at least two main headings, I and II. If it has a subhead marked A, it must also have a B. If it has a subhead marked 1, it must also have a 2.

ILLOGICAL

History of the United States
I. Period before 1800.

If the history continues after 1800 the outline should indicate it by another major heading. Otherwise the title should read, "History of the United States before 1800."

### 32i. In general let the outline provide for a prompt beginning and end.

Seldom does a short paper need a formal introduction or conclusion. Usually it is wise to begin promptly and to end as soon as the last topic has been adequately treated. Even when some part of the outline is to serve as an introduction or conclusion it should not be called merely "Introduction" or "Conclusion." It should be given a more informative heading and subheads, as in the outline for "The Ancient Classics in a Modern Democracy," pages 914-17 below.

## EXERCISES ON PLANNING (OUTLINING) AND WRITING

A. Analyze the following essay on "Riveting a Skyscraper" to determine the relation between it and the three outlines printed above in 32c. Determine which of the seven paragraphs is drawn from the first main heading of Outlines 1 and 2, which from the second main heading, etc. (Note that the number of main headings in a sentence or topical outline does not necessarily determine the number of paragraphs in a paper. The paragraph outline, of course, simply gives the topic for each paragraph in the paper.)

RIVETING A SKYSCRAPER [1]

The most curious fact about a riveter's skill is that he is not one man but four: "heater,"

[1] From "Skyscrapers: Builders and Their Tools," *Fortune*, II (October, 1930), 85-94. Copyright *Time, Inc.* Reprinted by permission.

"catcher," "bucker-up," and "gun-man." The gang is the unit. Riveters are hired and fired as gangs, work in gangs, and learn in gangs. If one member of a gang is absent on a given morning, the entire gang is replaced. A gang may continue to exist after its original members have all succumbed to slippery girders or the business end of a pneumatic hammer or to a foreman's zeal or merely to the temptations of life on earth. And the skill of the gang will continue with it. Men overlap each other in service and teach each other what they know. The difference between a gang which can drive 525 inch-and-an-eighth rivets in a working day and a gang which can drive 250 is a difference of co-ordination and smoothness. You learn how not to make mistakes and how not to waste time. You learn how to heat a rivet and how not to overheat it, how to throw it accurately but not too hard, how to drive it and when to stop driving it, and precisely how much you can drink in a cold wind or a July sun without losing your sense of width and the balance of a wooden plank. And all these things, or most of them, an older hand can tell you.

The actual process of riveting is simple enough —in description. Rivets are carried to the job by the rivet boy, a riveter's apprentice whose ambition it is to replace one of the members of the gang—which one, he leaves to luck. The rivets are dumped into a keg beside a small coke furnace. The furnace stands on a platform of loose boards roped to steel girders which may or may not have been riveted. If they have not been riveted there will be a certain amount of play in the temporary bolts. The furnace is tended by the heater or passer. He wears heavy clothes and gloves to protect him from the flying sparks and intense heat of his work, and he holds a pair of tongs about a foot-and-a-half long in his right hand. When a rivet is needed, he whirls the furnace blower until the coke is white hot, picks up a rivet with his tongs, and drives it into the coals. His skill as a heater appears in his knowledge of the exact time necessary to heat the steel. If he overheats it, it will flake, and the flakes will permit the rivet to turn in its hole. And a rivet which gives in its hole is condemned by the inspectors.

When the heater judges that his rivet is right, he turns to face the catcher, who may be above or below him or fifty or sixty or eighty feet away on the same floor level with the naked girders between. There is no means of handing the rivet over. It must be thrown. And it must be accurately thrown. And if the floor beams of the floor above have been laid so that a flat trajectory is essential, it must be thrown with considerable force. The catcher is therefore armed with a smallish, battered tin can, called a "cup," with which to catch the red-hot steel. Various patented cups have been put upon the market from time to time, but they have made little headway. Catchers prefer the ancient can.

The catcher's position is not exactly one which a sportsman catching rivets for pleasure would choose. He stands upon a narrow platform of loose planks laid over needle beams and roped to a girder near the connection upon which the gang is at work. There are live coils of pneumatic tubing for a rivet gun around his feet. If he moves more than than a step or two in any direction, he is gone; and if he loses his balance backward he is apt to end up at street level without time to walk. And the object is to catch a red-hot iron rivet weighing anywhere from a quarter of a pound to a pound and a half and capable, if he lets it pass, of drilling an automobile radiator or a man's skull 500 feet below as neatly as a shank of shrapnel. Why more rivets do not fall is the great mystery of skyscraper construction. The only reasonable explanation offered to date is the reply of an erector's foreman who was asked what would happen if a catcher on the Forty Wall Street job let a rivet go by him around lunch hour. "Well," said the foreman, "he's not supposed to."

There is practically no exchange of words among riveters. Not only are they averse to conversation, which would be reasonable enough in view of the effect they have on the conversation of others, but they are averse to speech in any form. The catcher faces the heater. He holds his tin can up. The heater swings his tongs, releasing one handle. The red iron arcs through the air in one of those parabolas so much admired by the stenographers in the neighboring windows. And the tin can clanks.

Meantime the gun-man and the bucker-up have prepared the connection—aligning the two holes, if necessary, with a drift pin driven by a sledge or by a pneumatic hammer—and removed the temporary bolts. They, too, stand on loose-roped boards with a column or the beam between them. When the rivet strikes the catcher's can, he picks it out with a pair of tongs held in his right hand, knocks it sharply against the steel to shake off the glowing flakes, and rams it into the hole, an operation which is responsible for his alternative title of sticker. Once the rivet is in place, the bucker-up braces himself with his dolly bar, a short heavy bar of steel, against the capped end of the rivet. On outside wall work he is sometimes obliged to hold on by one elbow with his weight out over the street and the jar of the riveting shaking his precarious balance. And the gun-man lifts his pneumatic hammer to the rivet's other end.

The gun-man's work is the hardest work, physically, done by the gang. The hammers in use for steel construction work are supposed to weigh around thirty pounds and actually weigh about thirty-five. They must not only be held against the rivet end, but held there with the gun-man's entire strength, and for a period of forty to sixty seconds. (A rivet driven too long will develop a collar inside the new head.) And the concussion to the ears and to the arms during that period is very great. The whole platform shakes, and the vibration can be felt down the column thirty stories below. It is common practice for the catcher to push with the gun-man, and for the gun-man and the bucker-up to pass the gun back and forth between them when the angle is difficult. Also on a heavy rivet job the catcher and the bucker-up may relieve the gun-man at the gun.

B. Make (1) a complete sentence outline, (2) a topical outline, and (3) a paragraph outline on one of the subjects used for Exercise 1 (p. 908). Then examine your outlines carefully to make sure that they conform to the principles set forth in **32c-i.**

C. Write a paper based on the complete sentence outline prepared for Exercise B.

D. Revise the paper written for Exercise C, using the following check list. Follow through on one point at a time. (After you have had more experience in writing and revising, you may be able to check most of these points at one reading.)

1. Have I stated my purpose and central idea clearly, and have I adhered to the original point of view throughout the paper?
2. Is the manuscript form correct? (See Section **8.**)
3. Are grammar and mechanics correct? (See Sections **1-7; 9-11.**)
4. Is the punctuation correct? (See Sections **12-17.**)
5. Is the spelling correct? (See Section **18.**)
6. Is my diction correct? (See Sections **19-22.**)
7. Are my sentences as effective as possible? (See Sections **23-30.**)
8. Are my paragraphs properly developed? (See Section **31.**)
9. Is my outline a satisfactory one for the final version of my paper?
10. What do my answers to the foregoing questions show my chief defects to be? (Review intensively the sections of this book which deal with your defects. Observe the same procedure for additional defects noted by your instructor.)

E. Study the essay printed below on "The Ancient Classics in a Modern Democracy" in connection with the accompanying analysis and outline. (Note that this essay, originally an address before a college audience, differs in purpose, and consequently in structure and style, from the expository article on "Riveting a Skyscraper." It aims to persuade a specific audience to study the classics, not merely to explain what the classics have contributed to our civilization in the past.)

F. Make an analysis of an essay from some book of readings.

G. Make a complete sentence outline of the same essay.

THE ANCIENT CLASSICS IN A MODERN DEMOCRACY

*by* Samuel Eliot Morison [2]

1. It is often said that the classics are all very well for an aristocratic society, but are not to be cultivated in a democracy, because other things are more important for the average boy, and because their acquisition marks off those so educated as a separate caste. 2. Now, let us admit at once that other things are more important nowadays for the average American, who will end his formal education at the age of sixteen or eighteen. . . . 3. But it seems to me a perverted logic to deny the classics to *some* because they are beyond attainment for *all.* 4. Yet that is what many progressive educators today advocate. 5. They would keep school studies so easy, so elementary, that no child in full possession of his faculties would fail . . . , while providing nothing to challenge the admiration and stimulate the ability of a gifted young person. 6. This leveling down is the inversion of true democracy, which implies a leveling up.

7. Thomas Jefferson never expected education to produce equality; on the contrary: "It becomes expedient for the publick happiness," he wrote, "that those persons, whom nature hath endowed with genius and virtue should be rendered by a liberal education worthy to receive, and able to guard the sacred deposit of the rights and liberties of their fellow citizens; and that they should be called to that charge without regard to wealth, birth or other accidental condition or circumstance." 8. In other words, Jefferson's educational object was to create an intellectual aristocracy, by taking the most gifted young men, irrespective of their parents' wealth or social station, and giving them a liberal education—an education of which the classics and ancient history were the core—that they might be the more fit to govern America,

[2] From *The Ancient Classics in a Modern Democracy* by Samuel Eliot Morison. Copyright 1939 by Oxford University Press, Inc.

to embellish her cities with beautiful buildings, and to write a national literature. 9. And in all his schemes of education, the classics were central. 10. He himself was an excellent classical scholar. 11. At the age of fifty-six, when Vice-President of the United States, he wrote "to read the Latin and Greek authors in their original, is a sublime luxury. . . . I thank on my knees, Him who directed my early education, for having put into my possession this rich source of delight; and I would not exchange it for anything which I could then have acquired, and have not since acquired." 12. A young man who visited Jefferson at Monticello when the sage was eighty-two years old recorded that he rode horseback ten or twelve miles a day, spent several hours on the business of the University, and passed his leisure reading Greek. 13. Jefferson is a good enough democrat for me!

14. Yet I am aware that if the classics are to be retained as an investment of democracy, some immediate return, some palpable dividend must be promised. 15. If thus valued, the classics ask for no more than a fair comparison with rival subjects. 16. Is it not a generous estimate to assume that less than five per cent of the boys and girls who are now learning algebra in school will ever find any "use" for it? 17. French is as much a dead language for the average high-school graduate as Latin. 18. He will never hear it spoken or read a page of it again; but let us waive that, and apply the practical test to the ancient languages and literatures.

19. In several different ways, Latin and Greek are superb instruments for developing the human intellect. 20. Latin is so concise, and the words so packed with meaning, that it cannot even be translated into another language with equal brevity. 21. That is why the study of Latin helps one to write clear, concise, forceful English prose. 22. And Greek is the most magnificent instrument so far invented for the precise expression of complicated thought, by the human mind. 23. It combines simplicity with flexibility and sensitiveness —the qualities attained in the best English poetry. 24. Both languages are organic, not slipshod like the uninflected modern languages, where so much depends on idiom, or the order of words. 25. A Greek poem, or a passage of good Latin prose, is articulated, functional, and inevitable, like the steel skeleton of a skyscraper; everything is there that is structurally necessary. . . . 26. This logical quality of the ancient languages is such that the very act of translation is an intellectual discipline of the highest order, helping one to counteract the tendency of English to gain emphasis by mere repetition, and to check the sloppiness in which writers not educated in the classical tradition, like Charles Dickens and Gertrude Stein, are prone to indulge. 27. Just as musical theory and counterpoint enable a musician to compose melodies, concertos, and symphonies out of his national folksong; so Latin and Greek enable an American to organize the common speech of his countryside into enduring literature. 28. Of this I have an example that will surprise you. 29. It was Ernest L. Thayer, one who took A's and B's in his classics course, a graduate *magna cum laude* of my own university, who wrote that classic on the great American game, "Casey at the Bat"!

30. Latin, Greek, and Mathematics are instruments unrivaled by anything invented in twenty centuries of educational experience for the training of youthful minds in accurate and original thought. 31. The analysis involved in translating Latin or Greek into English provides an unconscious training in logic. 32. If in after life your job be to think, four years or more of Latin is the best training you can possibly have. 33. You are learning logic, the art of thinking, without knowing it. 34. And the art of thinking is the key to creative work in science and statesmanship, as in philosophy.

35. For understanding the best English literature and modern European literature, the classics are vital. 36. The ancient world was implicit in the writings of Dante, of Chaucer, of Montaigne, of Milton, and of Goethe, to name only a few. 37. They cannot become explicit to us, unless we grasp in some measure the background of their thought. 38. How wretched are those school texts of Milton, with every god and goddess and classical allusion annotated! 39. If we cannot teach our pupils a little Greek and Roman mythology first, better give up Milton and Dryden, Keats and Shelley, and start English poetry with Walt Whitman.

40. For future scientists, the ancient languages are important not merely as a mental discipline, and as a means of recreation, but as the basis of all scientific terminology. 41. After a man has made up his mind to choose a career in medicine, engineering, or applied science, it is usually too late to get a fundamental grounding in Latin. 42. One result of engineers and scientists' neglecting the classics is a purely parrot-knowledge of their basic terminology, and a blatant misuse of it both in speech and writing. 43. The style of the average American scientific paper nowadays is often so bad that even specialists in the writer's own field cannot tell what he is trying to say. 44. Indeed, the only worse English to be found nowadays is written by those "Progressive Educators" who have done their best to kill the classics, and who write dissertations on high-school plumbing

in a jargon that may best be described as Pedagese English.

45. Again, the ancient classics are of use as an introduction to the social sciences, and a running interpretation of them. 46. They open a window to your mind from these times to other times, and from this place to all other places. 47. The Roman Empire is a bottle-neck through which the vintage of the past has flowed into modern life. 48. To comprehend in some manner the mentality of Rome is the key to medieval and modern history; and in ancient history you will find many of the current questions of today threshed out in a clean-cut fashion that will help you to comprehend your own age. 49. What a terrible warning Thucydides gives of the consequences of war and power politics and demagoguery! 50. And it will enable you to get under the skin of American history, too. 51. The fathers of our Revolution, the framers of our federal and state constitutions, and the **great** Senators (note the term) of the **nineteenth century** were steeped in Roman and Greek History. 52. Antique liberty was a phrase often on their lips, and ever in their hearts. 53. They were closer to the ancients in spirit, Americans as they were, than we are to them.

54. Those men, the founders of our Republic, seemed to know what they were doing, and where they were going, whilst "The *merely modern* man never knows what he is about." 55. Our forefathers were not *merely modern,* even in their own day. 56. Behind them, in the backs of their minds, and before them as a goal there was always the supreme achievement of Judaea in religion, the supreme achievement of Hellas in the good life, and the supreme achievement of Rome in statecraft. 57. They knew what they wanted, in terms of the attainable. 58. Most of our present leaders don't know what they want, except that they want very much to get in power if they are out, or stay in power if they are in.

59. No generation of Americans has ever accomplished so much of permanent good for this country as the generation of 1770. 60. Thirty years saw independence won, a colonial policy—the Northwest Ordinance—worked out, the gateways to the West opened, state constitutions adopted, the Federal Constitution drafted and ratified, federal government placed in successful operation on a scale hitherto unknown, the war debt liquidated, American credit placed higher than that of most European countries, the bases of American foreign policy laid, and finally, a peaceful revolution (the election of Jefferson) effected by the ballot. 61. No American can look back upon the achievements of that generation without pride; and, when we contemplate the mess the world is in today, we can look back not only with pride but with wonder at those men who pledged to the cause of Independence their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

62. Where did they acquire the political maturity that enabled them to perform so admirably these almost superhuman tasks? 63. Partly, no doubt, from the experience in self-government that they had enjoyed as part of [Great Britain]. 64. That nation had a long tradition in self-government, from which we benefited and the ripe experience of which went into our constitutions, our bills of rights, and our political tolerance. 65. Yet, partly, the achievement of our heroic age must be ascribed to the fact that America was a Christian nation, that far from regarding the State as the be-all and end-all of political existence, an entity that could do no wrong, its interest was the supreme good; our founders believed that citizens individually were responsible to God for the acts of the state, that righteousness exalteth a people, and sin is a reproach to any nation.

66. And partly, too, the amazing success of the young republic was due to the classical training of her leaders. 67. A majority of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and of the framers of the Federal Constitution were classically trained college men; and most of the remainder had studied in school more classics than most Americans nowadays learn in college. 68. Our Revolutionary leaders were *not* fitted for responsibility by courses in civics, sociology, and psychology. 69. It was by Plutarch's Lives, the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes, and by Thucydides that the young men of the 1760's learned the wisdom to deal with other men and with great events in the 1770's and 80's. 70. American Revolutionary leaders both North and South, the Adamses and Trumbulls of New England; Hamilton, John Jay, the Morrises and Stocktons of the Middle States; Madison, Mason, and Jefferson of Virginia; and the Rutledges and Pinckneys of South Carolina were prepared for their unexpected tasks by a study of classical culture that broadened their mental horizon, sharpened their intellectual powers, stressed *virtus* and promoted *areté,* the civic qualities appropriate to a Republican. 71. It was of Greek virtue and Roman honor that Thomas Jefferson was thinking when he concluded the immortal Declaration, "We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

72. And so I come to this final argument, that we need the classics because our country needs the intelligent leadership and disinterested service of an intellectual aristocracy—not a plutocracy, or a hereditary ruling caste, but an intellectual élite

recruited from the people, as Thomas Jefferson said, "without regard to wealth, birth or other accidental condition or circumstance." 73. It was just such an aristocracy of brains and character that won the United States independence, that secured by diplomacy our free access to the West, that founded our colleges and universities. 74. And it was want of it, in business and in politics, that led to the great depression. 75. Now that we all know that slough in which materialism, unrestrained greed, and untrained leaders brought us, it would seem logical to return to the noble American tradition of Thomas Jefferson: an intellectual aristocracy in a political democracy. . . .

76. If educated people simply drift with the current, reject responsibility, and adopt the protective coloring of the mediocre, America may well drift into the gangster state . . . , the negation of democracy, or, at best, will aim no higher than to provide for the needs and desires of the average. 77. Without a leadership imbued with the standards of antique virtue, and trained in the classical tradition, our civilization threatens to become the mirror where the common man contemplates himself, and is pleased at the sight of his imperfections. 78. Now, the only base on which to rebuild an intellectual aristocracy, so far as I can see, is the civilization of the ancient world, working hand in hand with Christianity, as it has done in the universities of Europe and America these six hundred years. 79. Let the autocracies of today . . . , if they wish, delude themselves into believing that they can establish a completely new order divorced from the past, unblessed by God. 80. We, I trust, are wiser than they, and will hold fast to that which is good. 81. To cut loose from our classical background would be to sever the main nerve of modern civilization, to attenuate and impoverish life, and to leave some of man's noblest capacities unused.

ANALYSIS OF *The Ancient Classics in a Modern Democracy*

1. *Purpose.* Dr. Morison's purpose is to prove that the ancient classics are necessary in a modern democracy. See the title and Sentences 6 and 8.

2. *Subject (and Limitation).* Dr. Morison's subject throughout is the classics, that is, the literature of Greece and Rome. This subject is narrowed down to the effect of the classics on the citizens of a democracy. His proposition or initial concept thus becomes: Latin and Greek are superb instruments for developing the human intellect and hence are necessary to a democracy (Sentence 19). It is an appropriate subject for any college audience, and particularly appropriate to the audience he was addressing at the College of Wooster.

3. *Arrangement.* The paper is, on the whole, admirably arranged. It has a beginning (Sentences 1-18), a middle (Sentences 19-71), and an end (Sentences 72-81).

4. *Development.* The central thought of the paper is foreshadowed in Sentences 3 and 6 through 18, but most effectively in Sentence 9. This central thought is a unifying thread throughout and may be seen especially in the topic sentences, such as 19, 30, 35, 40, 45, 66, 78. The central thought is logically developed by arguments derived from analysis and authority. The *method* of Dr. Morison's arguments may be tabulated as follows:

| *Sentence* | *Method of Developing the Central Concept* |
|---|---|
| 19-25 | Cause and effect |
| 26 | Contrast |
| 27 | Comparison |
| 28-29 | Specific example |
| 30-34 | Cause and effect |
| 35-39 | Specific examples |
| 40-71 | Cause and effect, with specific examples and contrast |
| 72-81 | Summary of reasoning |

The paper is made emphatic by:

1. Challenging tone (Sentences 1-6, 15-18, 26, 38-39, 43-44, 54, 75, 76).
2. Vivid examples (Sentences 7-13, 29, 71).
3. Use of exclamations and questions (Sentences 13, 29, 62).
4. Appropriate use of figurative language (Sentences 14, 25, 27, 34, 46, 47, 77).
5. Climactic arrangement (Sentences 25, 60, 70 76, 81).
6. Balance and parallel structure (Sentences 26, 27, 58, 81).

OUTLINE OF *The Ancient Classics in a Modern Democracy*

(Beginning—Statement of Purpose and Central Concept)

I. The classics, Latin and Greek, deserve a place in a modern democracy. (1-18)
   A. The classics will make for true democracy —a leveling-up.
   B. The classics formed Thomas Jefferson, an ideal democrat.
   C. The classics have a practical value.

(Middle—Development of Argument)

II. Latin and Greek are needed to develop the intellect. (19-34)
   A. Latin develops conciseness of thought and expression.
   B. Greek aids precise expression of complicated thought.
   C. Latin and Greek are logical in contrast to uninflected languages.
   D. Latin and Greek help the modern American to organize his speech into literature.
   E. Latin and Greek, with Mathematics, are unrivaled in the training of youthful minds in accurate and original thought.

III. Latin and Greek are vital to the understanding of the best of English and modern European literature. (35-39)

IV. Latin and Greek are important to future scientists. (40-44)

V. Latin and Greek are useful to the social sciences. (45-53)
   A. Latin classics help us to know history by revealing the significance of the Roman Empire, which in turn reveals the significance of medieval and modern history.
   B. Greek historians, such as Thucydides, help us to know ourselves.
      1. They warn of the consequences of power politics and demagoguery.
      2. Greek history, as well as Roman history, was a guide of our forefathers.

VI. The classical training of our early leaders (along with their religious faith and their political heritage from Great Britain) accounts for the amazing success of the young American republic. (54-71)
   A. Their classical background helped our early leaders to know what they were doing.
   B. It was partly responsible for the phenomenal accomplishments of our early leaders.
   C. A majority of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and of the framers of the Federal Constitution were classically trained men.
   D. These men were governed by the ideal of Greek virtue and Roman honor.

(End—Summary of Argument)

VII. The classics are necessary in America today. (72-81)
   A. America needs an intellectual aristocracy in a political democracy.
   B. The classics, working hand in hand with Christianity, provide the only means of cultivating an intellectual aristocracy.

# LIBRARY AND RESEARCH PAPER

## 33. Learn how to use the library as you prepare a research paper.

Research, for the college student, is a systematic investigation of a chosen topic and the presentation of the results in a properly documented paper. The purpose of research is to arrive, through a careful weighing of evidence, at the truth. In a broader sense the term includes scientific investigations both in the laboratory and in the field. But even the scientist must begin in the library, to discover what progress has already been made in his chosen subject. The library, with its vast store of knowledge, is the logical place to begin all research.

The student can most readily learn the proper use of the library while actually preparing a research paper. Such preparation involves five steps:

a. Selecting and limiting the subject. (See pp. 919-20.)
b. Preparing the bibliography. (See pp. 920-27.)
c. Making the outline. (See pp. 927-28.)
d. Taking notes. (See pp. 928-30.)
e. Writing the paper. (See pp. 930-32.)

A model research paper will be found on pages 932-939.

**33a. Select and limit the subject.**[1]

The student should select a subject in which he has a definite interest, yet one about which he is not too well informed. Keen interest in the subject will lighten the task of research, and the exploration of a new subject will bring with it the zest and enjoyment of the discovery of fresh ideas. The average student is likely to have in mind at least one interesting topic on which he wishes to be better informed. The "research," or "term," paper gives him an opportunity to satisfy that interest in a systematic way. Almost any subjects he may think of—except events of the immediate moment—are adequately treated in a good library.

The student should take care, however, not to select a subject too broad for proper treatment within the confines of the research paper, which usually runs from one or two thousand words to four or five thousand. From the field of engineering—or from that of literature, science, law, agriculture, medicine—he may draw many excellent topics. Let us suppose that a student is interested in the general field of engineering. Clearly he cannot use for his research paper so broad a topic as "Engineering." Nothing less than a shelf of books could do justice to that subject. He might think of civil engineering, electrical engineering, chemical engineering, mechanical engineering—but these subjects are still much too broad. Civil engineering might suggest construction, and then construction of highways, of bridges, of railroads, of skyscrapers. Even these separate phases of construction are, perhaps, more suitable for books than for articles. Skyscrapers, for instance, require months for planning, checking, financing. "Planning a Skyscraper" would be broad enough—perhaps too broad—for the research paper. Or one may start at a point where the construction is already under way, using some such title as "Skyscrapers: Getting Up the Steel Framework."

If a student is interested in writing on the TVA, a moment's thought will convince him that the subject must somehow be limited, perhaps to "Construction of TVA Dams." Once he begins to look up his material, however, he will find that the subject is still too broad for his research paper and will perhaps decide to concentrate on the construction of a single dam—Fontana, for instance. He now has taken three steps in the limitation of his subject: (1) The TVA; (2) Construction of TVA Dams; (3) Construction of Fontana Dam.

If the student desires to write on electronics, a brief period in the library will show him the necessity of limiting his subject. He might then decide to write on the more specific topic of radar. Additional reading, however, will probably lead to further limitation of his subject, perhaps first to "Radar in England" and finally to "The Use of Radar in England in World War II." Here are four steps in the process of limitation: (1) Electronics; (2) Radar; (3) Radar in England; (4) The Use of Radar in England in World War II.

Again, let us suppose that the student is interested in nutrition. As the first step in limiting this subject, he may think of vitamins. Perhaps he will not be able to limit his subject further until he does some preliminary reading. The best source of general information on a subject, including bibliographical data, is often an article in an encyclopedia. If, for instance, the student uses the 1947 edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, he will find vitamins treated under the following headings: Deficiency Diseases, Determination of the Vitamins in Foods, Vitamin A, Vitamin D, Vitamin E, Vitamin K, Vitamin C, Vitamin $B_1$, Riboflavin, Nicotinic Acid, Pyridoxine ($B_6$), Pantothenic Acid, Biotin, Folic Acid, Choline, Inositol, Para-Aminobenzoic Acid, Unknown Vitamins.

Immediately the student will see the hopelessness of treating all these topics adequately in one research paper. He will, in all likelihood, decide to confine his investigation to a single vitamin—vitamin A, for example. There is the possibility, of course, that the subject is still too broad; only after the student has prepared his preliminary bibliography and read more extensively can he be certain that he has sufficiently limited his subject for adequate treatment.

◈ EXERCISE 1. Through the process of limitation outlined above, derive from the following subjects

[1] See also Section 32a.

three topics suitable for research papers of two or three thousand words. *Topics:* The Automobile Industry, Socialism in England, Basket-weaving, Sleeping Sickness, The House Fly, Charles Dickens, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Formosa, The Politbureau.

### 33b. Prepare a bibliography (and learn your way about the library).

A bibliography is a list of books, pamphlets, or articles dealing with any given subject. Once the student has decided upon the subject of his research, he is ready to start assembling his *preliminary* bibliography, a list of titles which seem most promising as sources of the needed information. The preliminary bibliography serves two functions: (1) it allows the student to determine whether the library contains the material needed for the paper and (2) it serves as a starting point for the student's research. At this stage he should not overlook the short bibliographies at the end of articles in encyclopedias and other books of reference. Later in his investigation, he will undoubtedly drop several books or articles from his preliminary bibliography as of no value to his particular study; at the same time he will add new ones as he discovers fresh sources. The *final* bibliography, which he will submit with his research paper, will list only those works that he has actually used.

#### KEYS TO THE LIBRARY

The student starts collecting his preliminary bibliography by learning how to use the chief keys to information in the library: (1) the card catalogue; (2) indexes to periodicals; (3) general reference books.

#### (1) Learn how to use the card catalogue.

The card catalogue is the index to the whole library. It lists every book and every bound magazine, whether it is housed in the stacks, on the open shelves of the reference room, or in any other part of the building. In many libraries one general card catalogue lists all books owned by the university and indicates whether the book is kept in the general library or with some special collection in another building.

Usually the card catalogue consists of cards three by five inches in size, arranged alphabetically in drawers. These may be "author" cards, "title" cards, or "subject" cards; for in most libraries each book is listed once according to its author, again according to its title, and yet again according to its subject or subjects. Let us take, for example, *We Need Vitamins,* by Walter H. Eddy and Gessner G. Hawley. If the student wishes to determine whether his library has this book, he may look under the name of either of the authors: Eddy, Walter H., for example. The author card is as follows:

612.39
E21we

**Eddy, Walter Hollis, 1877–**

We need vitamins. What are they? What do they do? By Walter H. Eddy ... and Gessner G. Hawley ... New York, Reinhold publishing corporation, 1941.

102 p. incl. tables. 19½ cm.

"References": p. 101–102.

1. Vitamins. I. Hawley, Gessner Goodrich, joint author. II. Title.

41—20865

Library of Congress QP801.V5E415

[49y½] 612.39

AUTHOR CARD

But if the student does not know the author's given name, he will save time by looking for the book under its title: *We Need Vitamins.* This is given on what is called a title card, which repeats all the information found on the author card. (Compare the author card reproduced above with the title card on this page. The title card is exactly the same as the author card except for the typewritten title at the top.) In the upper left-hand

612.39 **We need vitamins.**
E21we

**Eddy, Walter Hollis, 1877–**

We need vitamins. What are they? What do they do? By Walter H. Eddy ... and Gessner G. Hawley ... New York, Reinhold publishing corporation, 1941.

102 p. incl. tables. 19½ cm.

"References": p. 101–102.

1. Vitamins. I. Hawley, Gessner Goodrich, joint author. II. Title.

41—20865

Library of Congress QP801.V5E415

[49y½] 612.39

TITLE CARD

corner is the call number,[2] indicating where the book is shelved. Immediately below the typewritten title come the author's name, surname first, and dates. Then follow the printed title, with the authors' names in normal order, the place of publication, the publisher, and the date. The next line tells the number of pages in the book, shows that it contains tables, and gives the height as 19½ centimeters. The following line tells us that the last two pages of the book contain a bibliography, and the lower lines indicate that the book is listed in the card catalogue under its subject, under the name of its other author, and under its title. The information at the bottom of the card is for the use of the librarian in cataloguing the book.

The subject card will appear under the typewritten heading "Vitamins" as follows:

612.39 Vitamins
E21we

Eddy, Walter Hollis, 1877–

We need vitamins. What are they? What do they do? By Walter H. Eddy ... and Gessner G. Hawley ... New York, Reinhold publishing corporation, 1941.

102 p. incl. tables. 19½ cm.

"References": p. 101–102.

1. Vitamins. I. Hawley, Gessner Goodrich, joint author. II. Title.

Library of Congress QP801.V5E415 41—20865
[49y½] 612.39

SUBJECT CARD

Since a book may be listed under various subjects, the student should not be discouraged if he does not find all that he wants under the first subject consulted. He should look, next, under related subjects. Works not listed under "Agriculture" may appear under "Farming," or "Gardening," or "Soils." Especially helpful are the cards giving cross references to other subjects under which the reader should look. Under "Agriculture," for example, might appear a card reading "Agriculture, see also Agronomy." Works not listed under "Vitamins" but nevertheless important to that subject might appear under "Nutrition," or "Foods," or "Diet." Among the many titles under "Nutrition," the student working on "Vitamin A" might well take special note of *Nutrition Abstracts & Reviews*, a quarterly digest of books and articles in the general field of nutrition. If he should consult the issue for January, 1950, for example, he would find under the special heading "Vitamin A" more than seven pages (568-75) digesting recent publications on this specific subject.

### THE ORDER OF THE CARDS[3]

It is not enough, especially in a large library, to know that the cards are arranged alphabetically. Hundreds of cards may be listed under a single heading such as "England," "Lincoln," or "Washington." The reader who knows the principle of arrangement will save much time in finding what he wants.

[2] The top line of this number is from the Dewey Decimal classification of books. In the United States most libraries use either this system or the Library of Congress system. The Dewey Decimal system has the following main classes:

| | |
|---|---|
| 000 | General Works |
| 100 | Philosophy |
| 200 | Religion |
| 300 | Sociology |
| 400 | Philology |
| 500 | Natural Science |
| 600 | Useful Arts |
| 700 | Fine Arts |
| 800 | Literature |
| 900 | History |

The Library of Congress system has the following main classes:

| | |
|---|---|
| A | General Works |
| B | Philosophy, Religion |
| C | History |
| D | Foreign History |
| E, F | American History |
| G | Geography, Anthropology |
| H | Social Sciences |
| J | Political Science |
| K | Law |
| L | Education |
| M | Music |
| N | Fine Arts |
| P | Language and Literature |
| Q | Science |
| R | Medicine |
| S | Agriculture |
| T | Technology |
| U | Military Science |
| V | Naval Science |
| Z | Library Science, Bibliography |

[3] The order used in the card catalogue is much like that generally found in indexes for books or periodicals, in encyclopedias, and in other reference books.

(1) *Person,* (2) *place,* (3) *title.* When the same word names a person or place or begins a title, the order is: person, place, title.

EXAMPLE Lincoln, Abraham [Person.]
Lincoln, Nebraska [Place.]
Lincoln and Seward, by Gideon Welles [Title.]

(1) *Books by a person,* (2) *books about a person.* Books written by a person come first; books written about a person follow.

EXAMPLE Shakespeare, William. Hamlet
Shakespeare, William. Macbeth
Shakespeare, William. A life of William Shakespeare, by Sidney Lee

(1) *Saints,* (2) *popes,* (3) *kings,* (4) *others.* Saints, popes, and kings are listed in this order by their first names, followed by the surnames of other persons. Kings are listed by countries.

*Cards for subjects.* Cards on a single subject are arranged alphabetically according to the name of the **author**, which appears on the line immediately below. Subdivisions of a subject are usually arranged alphabetically.

EXAMPLE Michigan
Michigan—Agriculture
Michigan—Biography
Michigan—Constitutional convention
Michigan—University

But subdivisions of history are arranged chronologically.

EXAMPLE Mexico—History—Conquest, 1519-1540
Mexico—History—Spanish colony, 1540-1810
Mexico—History—Wars of Independence, 1810-1821
Mexico—History—European intervention, 1861-1867

*Names or titles beginning with abbreviations.* Abbreviations are usually filed as if they were spelled out. Instead of *Mc* look for *Mac;* instead of *Dr.* look for *Doctor;* instead of *St.* look for *Saint;* etc.

*"Short before long."* In the catalogue a short word followed by other words always comes before a longer word of which the short word is a part. *Post office* comes before *Postage.*

EXAMPLE Post
Post office
Postage
Postal

SECURING A BOOK FOR EXAMINATION

When a student wishes to find a book in the library, he should search the card catalogue for one of the cards—author, title, or subject—dealing with his book. From the upper left-hand corner of this card he should write the full "call number" on a "call slip," a card or slip of paper provided by the library. He should also write on this call slip any other information required, but the full and exact call number (with the number of the volume if the book is one of a series) is the essential thing. He should then give the call slip to the attendant at the loan desk in order that the book may be brought from the stacks.

◈ EXERCISES 2-8. Use the card catalogue of the library to do the following exercises:

2. Does the library have a copy of *Microbe Hunters,* by Paul de Kruif? [You should answer this question by looking in the card catalogue either under the author or under the title. You should look under both before deciding that the book is not in the library, for sometimes a card may be misplaced or temporarily removed. Note that librarians do not italicize titles and that they capitalize only the words that would be capitalized in ordinary writing.]

3. How many books by Paul de Kruif does the library have? [Look for the author cards. Distinguish between author and subject cards. Do not count the same book twice.]

4. Find the card for *Microbe Hunters* under the subject "Scientists." How many cards does the library have under this heading? Are there subheadings? [If the cards are very numerous, estimate the number instead of counting them. If your library does not have *Microbe Hunters,* use some other title.]

5. Find the card for *Microbe Hunters* under the subject "Bacteriology—History." How many cards does the library have under this subheading? What other subheadings do you find under "Bacteriology"?

6. Find the card for *Microbe Hunters* under the subject "Micro-organisms." Are there any subheadings? Are there any cross references to other subjects?

7. List the subheadings under "Education." In what order are they arranged? List the subheadings under "U.S.—History." In what order are they arranged?

8. Does your library classify its books according to the Dewey Decimal system or the Library of

Congress system? Under what subject does the card catalogue list works dealing with the classification of books?

**(2) Learn how to use indexes to periodicals.**

The typical periodical is a magazine issued weekly, monthly, or quarterly. Newspapers usually appear daily or weekly. For the convenience of those who wish to consult the recent issues, these periodicals are kept for a few months or possibly a year on open shelves or racks; then they are bound into volumes, each of which commonly includes the issues of six months or a year. These bound volumes may be kept on the open shelves in the reference room, in a special periodical room, or in the stacks. The card catalogue shows whether the library has a given bound periodical and often indicates where it may be consulted. But a more convenient special catalogue to periodicals is often kept in the reference room or periodical room, or at the circulation desk.

The contents of periodicals are made available to readers, without detailed examination of each issue, by indexes that are kept continually up to date. These printed indexes do for articles in periodicals what the card catalogue does for books in the library. The chief indexes are mentioned below, with the year in which each was begun.

INDEXES TO PERIODICALS

GENERAL

*Poole's Index.* 1802-1906.
*Readers' Guide.* 1900—.
*Book Review Digest.* 1905—.
*International Index.* 1907—.
*New York Times Index.* 1913—.

SPECIAL

*Agricultural Index.* 1916—.
*Art Index.* 1929—.
*Dramatic Index.* 1909—.
*Education Index.* 1929—.
*Engineering Index.* 1884—.
*Experiment Station Record.* 1889—.
*Index Medicus.* 1879-1926; *Quarterly Cumulative Index Medicus.* 1927—.
*Index to Legal Periodicals.* 1908—.
*Industrial Arts Index.* 1913—.
*Psychological Index.* 1894-1936.
*Public Affairs Information Service.* 1915—.
*Subject-Index to Periodicals.* 1919-1922; 1926—.
*Technical Book Review Index.* 1917-1929; 1935—.

See also the indexes to the various abstracts, such as *Biological Abstracts,* 1926—, *Chemical Abstracts,* 1907—, and *Psychological Abstracts,* 1927—.

These indexes are compiled as soon as possible after the periodicals appear. The *Readers' Guide* (an index to over one hundred magazines of general interest) is only a few weeks behind the appearance of the articles. From time to time the issues of the *Readers' Guide* indexes covering single months or short periods of a few months are combined into longer units, and finally into a volume covering more than a year. The earlier volumes cover as many as five years, as will be seen from the following list.

| | *Readers' Guide* |
|---|---|
| I | 1900-1904 |
| II | 1905-1909 |
| III | 1910-1914 |
| IV | 1915-1918 |
| V | 1919-1921 |
| VI | 1922-1924 |
| VII | 1925-1928 |
| VIII | 1929-June, 1932 |
| IX | July, 1932-June, 1935 |
| X | July, 1935-June, 1937 |
| XI | July, 1937-June, 1939 |
| XII | July, 1939-June, 1941 |
| XIII | July, 1941-June, 1943 |
| XIV | July, 1943-April, 1945 |
| XV | May, 1945-April, 1947 |
| XVI | May, 1947-April, 1949 |
| XVII | May, 1949-April, 1951 |

Any student wishing to find all references to a given subject listed by the *Readers' Guide* would have to look through each of the larger volumes and the smaller ones covering the most recent months or month. Usually he is concerned only with articles that have appeared during a certain period, and he looks accordingly in the volumes covering that period.

◈ EXERCISES 9-13. Do the following exercises as a means of learning how to use indexes to periodicals.

9. On a rough drawing of the floor plan of the reference room (or periodical room) indicate where the indexes to periodicals may be found. Indicate

also the locations ot any special list or catalogue of periodicals and any unbound or bound periodicals that may be kept in the room.

10. How many articles on the League of Nations are listed by the *Readers' Guide* for the period 1905-1909? Are more listed for the period 1919-1921 or for the period July, 1937-June, 1939?

11. How many articles on "Goats" are listed by the *Readers' Guide* for July, 1937-June, 1939? Are more listed by the *Agricultural Index* for the same period? Do these indexes list the same articles?

12. How many articles on "Diesel engines" are listed by the *Readers' Guide* for the period July, 1937-June, 1939? Are more listed by the *Engineering Index* for the same period? Do these indexes list the same articles?

13. Consult the *New York Times Index* to determine the date of the marriage of the Duke of Windsor. [Since all important newspapers report events on the same day, the *New York Times Index* is a useful guide to other newspapers.]

**(3) Learn how to find and use reference books.**

Dictionaries, encyclopedias, atlases, and other books especially helpful for reference are usually kept on the open shelves of the reference room, where students may use them directly without the trouble of having them brought from the stacks. Each of these books is listed in the card catalogue, and the call number will often aid in finding the book. The student should learn the general location of the chief classes of reference books in order that he may turn to them without loss of time. For a detailed list of such books, with a short description of each, he should consult I. G. Mudge's *Guide to Reference Books.*[4] A few of the more important reference books are listed below (with abbreviated entries).

GENERAL DICTIONARIES (UNABRIDGED)

*Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia.* 12 vols. 1911.
*Dictionary of American English.* 4 vols. 1938-1944.
*New Standard Dictionary.* 1913.
*Oxford English Dictionary.* 12 vols. and supplement. 1933. Originally issued as *The New English Dictionary.* 10 vols. and supplement. 1888-1933.
*Webster's New International Dictionary.* 1934.

[4] See also H. S. Hirshberg's *Subject Guide to Reference Books,* 1942, and the yearly *Bibliographical Index, a Cumulative Bibliography of Bibliographies,* 1937–.

SPECIAL DICTIONARIES

Allen, F. S. *Allen's Synonyms and Antonyms.* 1938.
Crabb, George. *Crabb's English Synonyms.* 1945.
Fowler, H. W. *Dictionary of Modern English Usage.* 1926.
Horwill, H. W. *Dictionary of Modern American Usage.* 1935.
Partridge, Eric. *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English.* 1950.
*Roget's Thesaurus of Words and Phrases.* 1947.
*Webster's Dictionary of Synonyms.* 1942.
Wentworth, Harold. *American Dialect Dictionary.* 1944.
Wright, Joseph. *English Dialect Dictionary.* 6 vols. 1898-1905.

GENERAL ENCYCLOPEDIAS

*Columbia Encyclopedia.* 1950.
*Encyclopedia Americana.* 30 vols. 1950.
*Encyclopaedia Britannica.* 24 vols. 1947.
*Lincoln Library of Essential Information.* 1949.
*New International Encyclopaedia.* 27 vols. 1922-1930.

SPECIAL ENCYCLOPEDIAS

Adams, J. T. *Dictionary of American History.* 6 vols. 1940.
Bailey, L. H. *Cyclopedia of American Agriculture.* 4 vols. 1908-1909.
*Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers.* 5 vols. 1903-1905.
*Catholic Encyclopedia.* 17 vols. 1907-1922. New edition, 1936–.
*Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences.* 15 vols. 1930-1935.
*Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.* 5 vols. 1927-1928. Supplements.
*Harper's Encyclopedia of Art.* 2 vols. 1937.
Hastings, James. *Dictionary of the Bible.* 5 vols. 1898-1902.
Hastings, James. *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics.* 13 vols. 1911-1927.
*Hutchinson's Technical and Scientific Encyclopedia.* 4 vols. 1935-1936.
*Jewish Encyclopedia.* 12 vols. 1925.
McLaughlin, A. C., and A. B. Hart. *Cyclopedia of American Government.* 3 vols. 1914.
Monroe, Paul. *Cyclopedia of Education.* 5 vols. 1911-1913.
Monroe, W. S. *Encyclopedia of Educational Research.* 1950.
Thompson, O. *International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians.* 1938.
Thorpe, Sir Thomas. *Dictionary of Applied Chemistry.* 9 vols. 1937-1949.
*Universal Jewish Encyclopedia.* 10 vols. 1939-1943.
*Van Nostrand's Scientific Encyclopedia.* 1947.

### ATLASES AND GAZETTEERS

*Hammond's New-World Loose Leaf Atlas.* 1920. Semiannual supplements.
*Lippincott's New Gazetteer.* 1931.
*Rand-McNally Commercial Atlas.* 1950.
*Rand-McNally World Atlas.* 1947.

### YEAR BOOKS—CURRENT EVENTS

*American Year Book.* 1910-1919. 1925—.
*Americana Annual.* 1943—.
*Annual Register.* 1758—.
*Britannica Book of the Year.* 1944—.
*Information Please Almanac.* 1947—.
*New International Year Book.* 1907—.
*Statesman's Year-Book.* 1864—.
*Statistical Abstract of the United States.* 1878—.
*University Debaters' Annual.* 1915—.
*Whitaker's Almanack.* 1868—.
*World Almanac.* 1868—.

### BIOGRAPHY

*Current Biography.* 1940—.
*Dictionary of American Biography.* 20 vols. and index. 1928-1937. Supplement.
*Dictionary of National Biography.* (British.) 24 vols. Indexes and supplements. 1937-1939 reprint.
*International Who's Who.* 1935—.
Kunitz, S. J. *American Authors, 1600-1900.* 1938.
Kunitz. *American Authors of the Nineteenth Century.* 1936.
Kunitz and H. Haycraft. *Twentieth Century Authors.* 1942.
*Webster's Biographical Dictionary.* 1943.
*Who's Who.* 1848—.
*Who's Who in America.* 1899—.

### LITERATURE

Apperson, G. L. *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases.* 1929.
Baker, E. A. *Guide to the Best Fiction.* 1932.
*Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.* 1946.
Bateson, F. W. *Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature.* 4 vols. 1941.
English Association. *Year's Work in English Studies.* 1920—.
Gayley, C. M. *Classic Myths in English Literature and in Art.* 1939.
Granger, Edith. *Index to Poetry and Recitations.* Third ed., 1940. Supplement, 1938-1944.
*Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities.* 1897.
Hart, James D. *Oxford Companion to American Literature.* 1948.
Harvey, Sir Paul. *Oxford Companion to Classical Literature.* 1937.
Harvey, Sir Paul. *Oxford Companion to English Literature.* 1946.
Millett, Fred B., J. M. Manly, and Edith Rickert. *Contemporary British Literature.* 1935.
Millett, Fred B. *Contemporary American Authors.* 1940.
Modern Humanities Research Association. *Annual Bibliography of English Language and Literature.* 1920—.
Sears, Minnie Earl, and Marian Shaw. *Essay and General Literature Index,* 1900-1933. 1934. Yearly supplements.
Spiller, Robert E., and others. *Literary History of the United States.* 3 vols. 1948.
Stevenson, B. E. *Home Book of Quotations.* 1937.
Trent, W. P., and others. *Cambridge History of American Literature.* 4 vols. 1917-1921.
Ward, A. W., and A. R. Waller. *Cambridge History of English Literature.* 14 vols. 1907-1927.

◈ EXERCISES 14-19. Do the following exercises as a means of locating some of the more important works of reference and of acquainting yourself with them.

14. Draw the floor plan of the reference room of your library, indicating the location of the more important books of reference. Indicate, for example, the locations of (1) unabridged dictionaries, (2) general encyclopedias, (3) atlases, and (4) the *Dictionary of National Biography* or some other collection of short biographies.

15. Trace the history of the word *sanguine* and quote several passages to illustrate the various uses of the word. [Consult the *Oxford English Dictionary.*]

16. Distinguish between *pattern, model, exemplar,* and *ideal.* Write sentences to illustrate the use of each word. [Consult *Webster's New International Dictionary,* with attention to the special paragraphs on synonyms.]

17. What was the value of all exports of the United States during 1948? What was the value of imports from Chile during 1949? [Consult one of the yearbooks.]

18. Locate in atlases several good maps of Korea. State where you find each map.

19. Look up in a general encyclopedia the articles on "Violin," "Penicillin," and "Rye." Then look up each subject in the appropriate special encyclopedia. State where you find each article.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL FORM

**(4) Follow accepted usage in organizing your bibliography.**

Once the student has found the title of a book or an article needed for his bibliography,

he should write it down in an acceptable form. A bibliographical entry usually falls into three divisions: (1) the author's name (if it is given); (2) the title; (3) the facts of publication—place, publisher, date.

1. Author's name (surname first for alphabetizing).

EXAMPLES De Kruif, Paul Henry.
Parker, William R.

2. The title (in italics for books; in quotation marks for parts of books or for articles in periodicals).

EXAMPLES *Microbe Hunters.* [Title of a book.]
"On Milton's Early Literary Program." [Title of an article from a periodical.]

3. Facts of publication—place, publisher, date.

EXAMPLES New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1926. [For a book.] *Modern Philology,* XXXIII (August, 1935), 49-53. [For a magazine article. Here the article is found on pages 49-53 of the thirty-third volume of a periodical entitled *Modern Philology.* The date of publication is given as August, 1935. In the case of periodicals the publisher and the city of publication are usually omitted.]

An acceptable form for the two entries is as follows: [5]

De Kruif, Paul Henry. *Microbe Hunters.* New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1926. [A book.]

Parker, William R. "On Milton's Early Literary Program." *Modern Philology,* XXXIII (August, 1935), 49-53. [An article from a periodical.]

The same form may be used for other entries as follows:

Curtis, Charles P., Jr., and Ferris Greenslet, editors. *The Practical Cogitator, or The Thinker's Anthology.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1950. [An edited anthology; also two authors.]

McConnell, F. J., and others. *The Creative Intelligence and Modern Life.* Boulder: The University of Colorado Press, 1928. (University of Colorado Semicentennial Series, 1877-1927. Vol. V.) [A book by more than three authors; also a book in a series.]

Shakespeare, William. *The Merchant of Venice.* Edited by George Lyman Kittredge. Boston: Ginn, 1945. [An edited text.]

(See the specimen PRELIMINARY BIBLIOGRAPHY on page 927 for proper bibliographical entries for an encyclopedia article, a government publication, etc.)

This bibliographical form (often slightly varied) is commonly used by books and periodicals in the fields of the languages and the social sciences. Scientific periodicals tend to use boldface Arabic numerals for the volume number and to place the date at the end. Indexes to periodicals employ a compact form, but one not commonly used in books or periodicals and consequently not suitable as a model. The card catalogue is also unsuitable as a guide, since it capitalizes only the first word and the proper names in book titles and publication data.

Whatever bibliographical form a writer adopts, he should give due heed to the three divisions of each entry: the author's name (if it is given), the title, and the facts of publication. He should take great pains to be consistent, each time using commas, periods, italics (underscoring), and quotation marks exactly as they are called for by his model. This model will usually be suggested by the periodical, the organization, or the department for which the paper is being written. If the instructor does not specify some other form, the student may well adopt the commonly used form illustrated above. The items may be classified in some logical way, such as "Books" and "Periodicals," or arranged in a single alphabetical list, as in the bibliographies on pages 927 and 939.

◈ EXERCISE 20. Prepare a bibliography of at least ten items on one of the subjects listed below. Include at least two books, two general reference works, and two articles from periodicals.

American Negro Poetry
Development of Jersey Cattle
Federal Housing Administration
Interpretation of Rembrandt's Painting
O'Neill's Social Plays
Preparation of Cheeses
Religious Ceremonies and Rites of the Hopi Indians

[5] One common variant uses commas between all parts of a bibliographical entry, thus:

De Kruif, Paul Henry, *Microbe Hunters,* New York, Harcourt, Brace, 1926.

Parker, William R., "On Milton's Early Literary Program," *Modern Philology,* XXXIII (August, 1935), 49-53.

Shakespeare, William, *The Merchant of Venice,* edited by George Lyman Kittredge, Boston, Ginn, 1945.

Sulfanilamide
Television
Shakespeare's Use of English History

You are now ready to make a preliminary bibliography on the topic selected for your research paper. In the exact bibliographical form you have decided to use, write down a dozen or more of the most promising titles about your subject that you can find in the card catalogue, in the indexes to periodicals, or in appropriate reference books. Note especially the short bibliographies at the ends of articles in encyclopedias. Use a separate card (three by five inches in size) for each title, so that any title may be readily added to or dropped from the list, and add the library call number, so that later consultation of the book will be simplified. Use a fountain pen, and make a careful entry that need not be copied or corrected. To make incomplete entries that must be supplemented later, or to make a typewritten copy on another card, is a serious waste of time. If you use the bibliographical form illustrated in the PRELIMINARY BIBLIOGRAPHY in the next column, your bibliography card will appear as follows:

Eddy, Walter H., and Gessner G Hawley.

We Need Vitamins.

New York: Reinhold Publishing Corporation, 1941.

612.39

E21we

BIBLIOGRAPHY CARD

After the student has put together a preliminary bibliography in the form of a dozen or more titles on as many cards, he can begin a serious investigation of his subject. The student who desires to write on "Vitamin A," for example, might feel that he is ready to begin his reading after he has made cards for the following titles:

PRELIMINARY BIBLIOGRAPHY

Bessey, Otto A., and S. B. Wolbach. "Vitamin A: Physiology and Pathology." *Journal of American Medical Association,* CX (June 18, 1928), 2072-80.

Borsook, Henry. *Vitamins; What They Are and How They Can Benefit You.* New York: Viking Press, 1941.

*Butter as a Source of Vitamin A in the Diet of the People of the United States.* United States Agricultural Miscellaneous Publication 636. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1926.

Eddy, Walter H., and Gessner G. Hawley. *We Need Vitamins.* New York: Reinhold Publishing Corporation, 1941.

Emmett, A. D. "The Fat-Soluble A Vitamine and Xerophthalmia." *Science,* LII (August 13, 1920), 157-58.

Funk, Casimir. *The Vitamines.* Translated from the German by Harry E. Dubin. Baltimore: William and Wilkins Company, 1922.

Lawrence, M. "Vitamin A Deficiency and Its Relation to Hearing." *Journal of Experimental Psychology,* XXIX (July, 1941), 37-48.

Mount, Harry A. "What Are Vitamines?" *Scientific American,* CXXV (July 30, 1921), 76, 87.

New York *Times,* December 29, 1931, p. 18.

"Salmon Liver Oil." *Scientific American,* CLI (August, 1934), 105-06.

"Vitamin A Deficiency and the Requirements of Human Adults." *Nature,* CLVI (July 7, 1945), 11-12.

"Vitamin A in the Retina." *Science,* LXXXII (December 6, 1935), 11.

Woolley, Dilworth Wayne. "Vitamins." *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* 1947, XXIII, 219-21.

**33c. Prepare the outline.** (See also **32b-h.**)

After completing a preliminary bibliography and a minimum of general reading on the subject (an encyclopedia article and one or two other works may suffice), the student should make an outline that will give direction to his investigation. This preliminary outline will enable him to discard irrelevant material from his bibliography and to spot valuable passages on which he will want to take notes. There is nothing but frustration in store for anyone who attempts to take notes without knowing what he is looking for.

The student should be careful, however, not to become a slave to his preliminary outline. For although the outline will direct his reading, his reading will almost certainly sug-

gest ways in which the outline may be improved. No outline should be regarded as complete until the research paper has been finished. As the reader takes notes, he will probably revise his original outline frequently, adding subheads to it, changing subheads to major headings, perhaps dropping some headings entirely. The student choosing to write on "Vitamin A," for example, after some preliminary reading might make an outline such as the following:

*First Preliminary Outline*

VITAMIN A

I. The discovery of vitamin A.
II. The chemistry of vitamin A.
  A. Chemical composition.
  B. The analysis of foods for vitamin A content.
III. Vitamin A as a cure for diseases.
IV. Effect of vitamin A deficiency.
  A. Effect on man.
  B. Effect on other animals.
V. Marketing of vitamin A.

After further reading, however, the student will probably wish not only to revise his outline but also to restrict his topic. The mass of material available on the general subject of vitamin A is too great for him to cover in an undergraduate term paper; he will be forced to limit his investigation to some more specific topic. He may, for example, change his title to "The Nature of Vitamin A and Its Importance to Man." At this point, while the outline is still fluid, it will be helpful to the student if he can make a precise statement, in a single sentence, of the central or controlling idea of his paper—a statement that may be revised or sharpened as the paper progresses. This statement should be placed at the beginning of the outline, as illustrated in this revision of the outline for the vitamin A paper:

*Second Preliminary Outline*

THE NATURE OF VITAMIN A
AND ITS IMPORTANCE TO MAN

CENTRAL IDEA Vitamin A, a mysterious food substance, plays a vital role in the physical well-being of man.

I. Discovery and naming of vitamin A.
II. Effect of vitamin A on certain diseases.
  A. Diseases of the eye.
  B. The common cold.
III. Effect on the human body of vitamin A deficiency.
  A. The teeth.
  B. The skin.
IV. Results of overdoses of vitamin A.
V. The use of commercially prepared vitamin A.

It will be noted that the student has discarded Topic II of the first preliminary outline and consequently will not have to deal with the large bulk of rather technical material on the chemistry of the vitamin. Topic IV of the first outline has become Topic III of the second, and has been limited to the effect of vitamin A deficiency on the human body (with new subheads added). Topic IV has been added in the second outline, and Topic V of the earlier outline has been changed. Although this revised outline is obviously an improvement on the earlier one, the good student will not hesitate to revise it again as further reading shows more clearly what should be included in his paper. See, for instance, the outline of the specimen term paper at the end of this section.

### 33d. Take notes.

As the student begins his reading and note-taking, he should learn how to find and evaluate useful passages with a minimum of time and effort. Seldom will a whole book, or even a whole article, be of use as subject matter for any given research paper. To find what is needed for a particular paper, the student must turn to many books and articles, rejecting most of them altogether and using from others only a section here and there. He cannot take the time to read each book carefully. He must use the table of contents of the book and its index, and he must learn to scan the pages rapidly until he finds the passages he needs.

One important consideration always is the reliability of the source. Does the author seem to know his subject? Do others speak of him as an authority? Is he prejudiced? Is the work recent enough to give the information needed?

The best and most common way to take

notes is to use cards or paper sheets of uniform size, usually three by five or four by six inches. Each card contains a single note with a heading keyed to the outline. If the research paper is to use the customary footnotes, each card must also show the source of the note and the exact page or pages of the source.

Let us suppose that a student preparing a research paper on "The Nature of Vitamin A and Its Importance to Man" has noted the following passage as one that may be of use:

> In 1911 a Polish chemist, Casimir Funk, isolated from rice polish (a very thin, skinlike coating which covers rice grains, and which is removed in preparing the rice of commerce) a crystalline substance which cured the disease known as beri-beri, or polyneuritis. Because these crystals contained the chemical element *nitrogen* combined with *hydrogen,* Funk knew that they were "amines," the chemist's name for compounds containing this combination. Because these particular crystals preserved *life* he called them "vita-amine" or, for short, *vitamine.* When similar substances were discovered, which were also able to cure particular diseases, Funk suggested the general name "Vitamines" for all of them.[6]

On a card three by five or four by six inches in size the student might write the following note.

```
Naming of vitamin A

     A crystalline substance which
cured beri-beri was extracted from
rice polish by a Polish chemist,
Casimir Funk, in 1911.  Funk named
the substance, and similar sub-
stances discovered later, "vita-
amine," or "vitamine."

We Need Vitamins, pp  8-9.
```

A PRÉCIS NOTE

The above note, a carefully written abbreviation of a source, expressed in the note-taker's own phraseology, is called a précis. The précis note records only the essential data of the source, in a style comparable in quality to that of the original. It may, according to need, be somewhat shorter or longer than the model above. The heading, "Naming of vitamin A," keys the note to the outline; that is, it refers to the section of the outline (Topic I) to which the note belongs. The reference at the bottom gives the source, including the exact pages, from which the note is taken. The student saves time by abbreviating this reference, for he can supply the complete form whenever he needs it by consulting his bibliography card. (See the full reference in the PRELIMINARY BIBLIOGRAPHY on page 927.)

At times a précis note may not be sufficient for the student's purpose: perhaps the content of a passage is of such vital significance that he will want to use it in full. If so, he will take the substance down in his own words, using both sides of the same card, or two cards, and paraphrasing the source somewhat as follows:

```
Naming of vitamin A

     A crystalline substance which
contained nitrogen and hydrogen in
combination and which cured beri-
beri was extracted from the dis-
carded husks of polished rice by
Casimir Funk, a Polish chemist, in
1911.  Since a combination of ni-
trogen and hydrogen is called an
"amine," and since this substance
was vital to life, Funk called it
"vita-amine," or "vitamine," later
extending the term to include all
such substances as they were dis-
covered.

We Need Vitamins, pp  8-9.
```

A PARAPHRASE NOTE

This note, it will be observed, is longer than the précis note, more nearly the length of the source. Unusual care must be taken in the writing of a paraphrase to use one's own phraseology—to get entirely away from the original so far as arrangement of words is concerned—or, *if a phrase or sentence is borrowed, to enclose it in quotation marks.*

A third type of note which some students may wish to use for passages of doubtful value to their paper is an abbreviated or rough note such as that on the following page. The abbreviated note may make use of whatever gram-

[6] Walter H. Eddy and Gessner G. Hawley, *We Need Vitamins* (New York, 1941), pp. 8-9.

matical short cuts the writer desires. The only requirements are that it be clear to the writer and factually faithful to the source.

Naming of vitamin A

The vitamin given its name by a Polish chemist, Casimir Funk, 1911.

We Need Vitamins, pp. 8-9.

AN ABBREVIATED NOTE

Very seldom should the student take a note that is merely a quotation. Too many quotations in the ordinary research paper suggest a lack of mastery of the subject. And besides, the more a student quotes, the less practice he gets in composition. A quotation must be a very telling and important one before the student is justified in using it in his paper. Occasionally, however, the student will discover such a passage. Then, even though he may only paraphrase or summarize it when he works it into his paper, he should, to save time, take down the passage verbatim, putting in every word, every capital letter, every comma exactly as in the original. Then he should enclose the whole in quotation marks. *Otherwise he may later forget that the whole passage is quoted and may be guilty of plagiarism*—of using another's phraseology as if it were his own.

◈ EXERCISE 21. Use the fourth paragraph of the model research paper at the end of Section 33 to write a short précis note of less than forty words. [Be careful to avoid the phraseology of the source. Write two or three effective sentences in which you express the gist of the paragraph.]

◈ EXERCISE 22. Use the same paragraph to write a longer précis note, perhaps one third the length of the source. [Avoid entirely the phraseology of the source. Include more details than the shorter précis of Exercise 21 permitted. Write the sentences so carefully that the note might be used in a research paper without further revision.]

◈ EXERCISE 23. Make a paraphrase of the first four sentences of the same paragraph. [Avoid entirely the phraseology of the source. Use synonyms freely, but do not hesitate to use some of the words of the original. A paraphrase is approximately the same length as the source and should be expressed in equally effective sentences.]

◈ EXERCISE 24. Read carefully the paragraph by Harlow Shapley reprinted on pages 897-98 above. First write, in a single sentence, a précis of the paragraph. Then write another précis half as long as the paragraph. Finally write a paraphrase approximately as long as your source. [Avoid entirely the phraseology of the source. Choose your words carefully. Give variety to your sentences.]

### 33e. Use the bibliography, outline, and notes to write the research paper.[7]

After the outline has been made as complete as possible and after a large number of notes have been taken—notes covering every major section of the outline and every subsection—the student is ready to begin writing. He will arrange his notes in the order of the outline and then use them as the basis of his composition, section by section. Naturally he will have to expand some parts, to cut others; and especially will he need to provide transitional sentences and even transitional paragraphs. He must write the material in the best way he can—in his own style, in his own words.

Since the bulk of the material consists of notes which the student has taken down from others, he should, of course, give proper credit. To do so, he makes use of footnotes.[8] When, for example, he copies down the note on "Naming of vitamin A" (page 929 above), he will put at the end of that passage a number ([1] or [2] or [3], etc.) referring to the same number at the bottom of the page, where the reader will be told the exact source of the material—as in the second footnote of the

[7] A student who wishes to prepare a manuscript for publication would do well to refer to the excellent article, "Putting It on Paper," by Henry M. Silver *Publications of the Modern Language Association,* LXV (April, 1950), 9-20.

[8] Footnotes may also be used for a purpose other than that of giving credit—that is to say, to present brief items of related information sufficiently pertinent for incidental mention but not important enough for inclusion in the text. [This footnote is an illustration.

freshman research paper at the end of this section:

[2] Walter H. Eddy and Gessner C. Hawley, *We Need Vitamins* (New York, 1941), pp. 8-9.

If the reference is to a magazine article, as in the first footnote in the freshman research paper at the end of this section, it may be written in this way:

[1] A. H. Mount, "What Are Vitamines?" *Scientific American,* CXXV (July 30, 1921), 76.

Note that in footnote 2 the student has used "pp." (the singular is "p.") for "pages." He omits the "p." (or "pp.") only when the page is preceded by the volume number in Roman numerals, as in footnote 1 above.

After one full reference (such as those above) to a source has been given, further references to that source may be shortened by giving the author's surname, followed by *op. cit.* (an abbreviation of the Latin *opere citato,* meaning "in the work cited") and the page number. A second reference to *We Need Vitamins,* for example, might be given as follows:

[4] Eddy and Hawley, *op. cit.,* p. 9.

If more than one work by the same author or authors is used in a paper, however, it will be necessary, to avoid confusion, to give the name of the book or article each time one of the two works is cited rather than use *op. cit.* If more than one book by Eddy and Hawley were being used, for example, the second reference to *We Need Vitamins* would read "Eddy and Hawley, *We Need Vitamins,* p. 9." Many writers prefer to repeat the title (usually shortened) regularly, and thus avoid entirely the use of *op. cit.*

If the second, or later, reference to a book or an article follows immediately after the first (that is, without an intervening reference to another source), the footnote is regularly shortened by the use of *ibid.,* an abbreviation of the Latin *ibidem,* meaning "in the same place." Such a reference coming immediately after footnote 4 above, for instance, and referring to page 10 of *We Need Vitamins,* would read as follows:

[5] *Ibid.,* p. 10.

If the reference were to page 9—the same as in the preceding footnote—the footnote would have read simply "*Ibid.,*" without any page reference.

The student will most frequently use footnotes for books and magazine articles, as illustrated above. Occasionally, however, he may give references to newspaper articles, government bulletins, and other miscellaneous publications. Acceptable footnote forms for the newspaper article and the government publication listed in the PRELIMINARY BIBLIOGRAPHY above are as follows:

[1] New York *Times,* December 29, 1931, p. 18.

[2] *Butter as a Source of Vitamin A in the Diet of the People of the United States,* United States Agricultural Miscellaneous Publication 636 (Washington, 1926), p. 5.

Attention has already been called, in the discussion above, to the footnotes in the specimen research paper at the end of this section. For a fuller understanding, the student should study those footnotes with some care. The general principle followed in using footnotes is to give full details the first time a source is referred to, and to abbreviate later references as much as clarity will permit. Footnotes may begin with one (1) on each page, or they may be numbered consecutively throughout the paper.

Some abbreviations commonly used in footnotes are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| *cf.* | compare |
| ed. | edited, edition, editor |
| f., ff. | and the following page, pages |
| *ibid.* | in the same place |
| l., ll. | line, lines |
| *loc. cit.* | in the place cited |
| MS., MSS. | manuscript, manuscripts |
| n. | note |
| n.d. | no date given |
| n.p. | no publisher given |
| n.s. | new series |
| *op. cit.* | in the work cited |
| p., pp. | page, pages |
| [*sic*] | thus (inserted in a quotation to call attention to some irregularity in the original) |
| tr. | translated, translator |
| vol., vols. | volume, volumes |

After the student has written the first draft of his paper, complete with footnotes, he will

read it over carefully, correcting all errors in spelling, mechanics, and grammar, and making sure that the arrangement is logical and that the writing is as clear, concise, and pleasing in style as he can possibly make it. He will probably rewrite some sentences, strike out others, and add still others. His outline, which has developed steadily throughout the note-taking and the first draft of the paper, should now be in its final form. It has served primarily, of course, as a guide to the writing of the paper; but it will also serve, if copied in its final stage, as a guide to the contents of the paper.

With his first draft corrected and revised, and with his outline put in its final form, the student will write the final draft of his paper. He will use a typewriter if possible; if not, he will use pen and ink, taking pains to write legibly and neatly.

We have already noticed that the student assembles a preliminary bibliography early in his research. As he pursues his investigation, he eliminates some items and adds others. Not until he has completed his paper can he know the items that should make up his final bibliography. Now, with his writing completed, he may look through his footnotes. Every book or article appearing even once in a footnote belongs in his bibliography. His instructor may ask him to include everything that he has examined, whether he has actually used it in his writing or not. In that case his bibliography may have, instead of a dozen items, as many as fifty or a hundred. But, on the whole, the best practice is to include only items which have actually been used. Once the student has determined the items that should be included, he can easily arrange the bibliography cards and copy them, either in one alphabetical list or in a classified list.

The completed research paper should consist of three parts: (1) the outline; (2) the research paper, with footnotes; (3) the bibliography.

A FRESHMAN RESEARCH PAPER

VITAMIN A: ITS IMPORTANCE TO MAN

by Billy James Williamson

OUTLINE

CENTRAL IDEA Vitamin A, a mysterious food substance, plays a vital role in man's physical well-being.

I. Discovery and naming of vitamin A.

II. Sources of vitamin A.

A. Carotene.
B. Fish liver.

III. Effect of vitamin A on certain diseases.

A. Diseases of the eye.
B. The common cold.

IV. Effect on the body of vitamin A deficiency.

A. Effect on the teeth.
B. Effect on the skin.
C. Effect on other parts of the body.

V. Effect of vitamin A on the longevity of man.

VI. Results of overdoses of vitamin A.

VII. The use of commercially prepared vitamin A.

## VITAMIN A: ITS IMPORTANCE TO MAN

The existence of the mysterious food substances which we now know as vitamins was first established during the Russo-Japanese War, about 1904. Large numbers of Japanese troops had developed a disease called beriberi, similar to scurvy The troops had been fed largely on a diet of polished rice. Experimentation showed that the disease could be cured by feeding the patient a small quantity of the chaff from the rice polishing, and thus it was deduced that the surface of the rice grain contained some element essential to health.[1] A crystalline substance which contained nitrogen and hydrogen in combination and which cured beriberi was extracted from the discarded husks of polished rice by Casimir Funk a Polish chemist, in 1911. Since a combination of nitrogen and hydrogen is called an "amine," and since this substance was vital to life, Funk called it vita-amine, or vitamine.[2]

Four years before Funk's discovery, Dr. E. V. McCollum participated in a series of studies at the University of Wisconsin to determine the value of cereals as a cattle diet.[3] He later moved to Johns Hopkins University, and in 1913 he and his assistants extracted a substance from butter and egg fat which was effective in the prevention and cure of an eye disease called "dry eye." Since the new extract did not contain the element nitrogen, McCollum declined to call it a "vitamine." Because he found that the substance would dissolve in fats, he gave it the cumbersome name of "unidentified dietary factor, fat-soluble A."[4]

Thus the use of letters to denote these substances came into use. As other similar substances were discovered, it was found that they could be divided into two general classes, those soluble in water and those soluble in fat. The phraseology "unidentified dietary factors fat- or water-soluble X" was impracticable because of its length; yet Funk's "amine" suffix did not apply to those substances not containing nitrogen. As a practical solution to this problem,

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[1]A. H. Mount, "What Are Vitamines?" Scientific American, CXXV (July 30, 1921), 76.

[2]Walter H. Eddy and Gessner C. Hawley, We Need Vitamins (New York, 1941), pp. 8-9.

[3]Walter H. Eddy, What Are the Vitamins? (New York, 1941), pp. 1-2.

[4]Eddy and Hawley, op. cit., p. 9.

Dr. J. C. Drummond suggested (in 1920) that the general name "vitamin" be given to these substances (the word being formed by dropping the terminal "e" from Funk's "vitamine"), and that they be distinguished by McCollum's alphabetical designations. This plan was generally adopted, and we now have instead of "unidentified dietary factor, fat-soluble A" the simplified form, "vitamin A."[5]

Of the many vitamins which we now know, none is more interesting than vitamin A. Even after its discovery, vitamin A remained a mystery which baffled the world's greatest scientists for several years. Eggs and milk products were known to be good sources of this vitamin, but it was also known that the quantity of the vitamin in these foods varies with the diet of the animal producing them This fact prompted J C Drummond, of the University College of London, and others to surmise that the vitamin substances were not synthesized originally by animals but rather by plants. Since the yellow plants were found to be a better source of vitamin A than white ones, it was further surmised that the vitamin was in some way related to the yellow plant pigment, carotene.[6] Drummond pointed out as an example that yellow corn is a better source of vitamin A than white corn. L. S. Palmer and other scientists were not convinced that this hypothesis was entirely correct. Palmer showed that milk, though colorless, contains vitamin A and not carotene. He also pointed out that cottonseed oil and other vegetable oils are rich in carotinoids but not in vitamin A.[7] It was not until 1932 that the relationship between carotene and vitamin A was proved conclusively. In that year British scientists reported that they had produced vitamin A from carotene by the action of ultraviolet light. In the same year, J. C. Drummond obtained the vitamin by splitting carotene into two parts, one of which was vitamin A.[8] It is now known that carotene is converted in the animal body, principally in the liver, into active vitamin A.[9] It is quite likely that carotene may be converted into vitamin A in the thyroid gland also, as suggested by the fact that goats whose thyroid glands have been removed produce yellow

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[5]Eddy, op. cit., pp. 2-3.

[6]Leroy S. Palmer, "Carotinoids as Fat-Soluble Vitamine," Science, L (November 28, 1919), 501.

[7]Ibid., p. 502.

[8]"Production of Vitamin A from the Yellow Pigment, Carotene," Science (Supplement), LXXV (May, 1933), 14.

[9]Eddy, op. cit., p. 30.

milk instead of white. White milk contains a large quantity of vitamin A but not so much carotene; the reverse is true of yellow milk.[10]

The search for vitamin A was not restricted to land, for it was soon discovered that the sea contains an inexhaustible supply of this precious food element. The liver of the codfish was the first to be discovered as a rich source of vitamin A. In 1934, two chemists discovered that oil taken from salmon liver contains more valuable vitamins than cod-liver oil.[11] Then in 1941 sharks off the coast of California were hunted for their supply of vitamins. Dr. H. N. Brocklesby, through research at the Prince Rupert Fisheries Experimental Station, found that certain shark livers contain one hundred times more vitamin A than do cod livers. Dr. Brocklesby, quoted in Scientific American, explains how sharks get their vitamins:

> Vitamin A in fish . . . probably comes from microscopic sea plants known as photoplankton, through small marine animals called zooplankton, which in turn form the food supply for smaller fish, later consumed by larger species. The livers of some retain the vitamin A and accumulate a reserve.[12]

The demand for vitamin A has become so great that the shark-liver business alone is fast climbing to a $20,000,000 industry.[13]

Vitamin A has a profound influence on the human body. It was known in ancient Egypt that a visual deficiency called "night blindness" could be cured by a diet of liver.[14] Observations of this kind prompted later scientists to experiment with vitamin A as a possible cure for eye diseases such as xerophthalmia, a dry and thickened condition of the mucous membrane which lines the inner surface of the eyelid and covers the fore part of the eyeball. This disease causes a lusterless condition of the eyeball. In 1920, A. D. Emmett conducted several experiments on the effect of vitamin A in the diet of rats. He found that 98.3% of those lacking vitamin A in their diet developed xerophthalmia, while none of those which had been fed vitamin A were affected. He tried

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[10] Ibid., pp. 38-39.

[11] "Salmon Liver Oil," Scientific American, CLI (August, 1934), 105-106.

[12] A. R. Boone, "Better Health from the Sea," Scientific American, CLXIV (February, 1941), 74. [Note that, in typing and printing, quotation marks are omitted when a long quotation is clearly set off. See Section 16a.]

[13] Ibid., p. 75.

[14] The Vitamins (Chicago: American Medical Association, 1939), p. 56.

inoculating the healthy rats with pus from the sick rats, but noticed no effect. He found that he could cure the disease by feeding the rats vitamin A in quantities as small as 1 to 2%.[15] These experiments indicated that vitamin A is in some way connected with the disease. It remained, however, for the clinical investigators of xerophthalmia, C. E. Bloch, S. Wright, and R. E. Mori, to establish conclusively the relation of vitamin A to xerophthalmia. They discovered that the disease is a later stage in metaplasia, or transformation, of the epithelium of the eye, a condition found to be caused by a deficiency of vitamin A.[16]

The common cold which plagues so many people throughout the year is generally concluded to be caused by a specific virus. As everyone knows, during this illness the nasal and respiratory passages are congested. Under these conditions secondary invading germs, those causing pneumonia for example, may enter the body and thrive in these regions. Metaplasia of the respiratory tract may occur if vitamin A is deficient. Thus the epithelial surfaces become roughened, offering a perfect place for the invading germs to stay. Knowing these facts, many experimenters tried the effects of vitamin A in various ways as a preventive of colds. It is now generally thought, however, that it has little value as a preventive of infection, although those suffering from a cold tend to recover more quickly if their vitamin A reserves are high.[17]

Hardly any part of the body is free from the effects of a deficiency of vitamin A. The teeth are no exception. The enamel of a tooth is epithelial tissue, and therefore it is subject to metaplasia if the right conditions occur. This may result finally in a loss of enamel and exposure of the dentine, a white substance below the enamel, giving the teeth a chalky appearance. Soon afterward tooth growth stops.[18] It should be evident, then, that vitamin A is essential to the healthful development and maintenance of tooth enamel.

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[15]A. D. Emmett, "The Fat-Soluble A Vitamine and Xerophthalmia," Science, LII (August 13, 1920), 157-158.

[16]Eddy, op. cit., p. 45. Epithelial tissues are layers of cells covering various parts of the body, and any change in their structure is known as metaplasia.

[17]Ibid., pp. 39-40.

[18]Ibid., pp. 41-42.

According to Youmans and Corlette (1938), the skin is one of the first tissues to betray vitamin A deficiency. One characteristic symptom of such deficiency in the skin is excessive dryness caused by the stopping up of the hair follicles and the consequent failure of the oil glands to function.[19] In some instances lesions (pigmented pimples at the site of the hair follicles) appear on the skin of sexually mature persons from sixteen to thirty years of age and more frequently on men than on women.[20]

One of the ways to restore the skin to its normal condition is to bathe the epithelial cells in a solution of vitamin A or carotene. This method seems to give faster results than internal use of the vitamin. It has not yet, however, been determined whether this means that the carotene can remain in the skin and function immediately without having to go first to the liver.[21] Lately the application to wounds of cod-liver oil and lotions containing vitamins A and D has proved to be beneficial in increasing the rate of wound healing.[22]

There are other parts of the body which depend upon an adequate supply of vitamin A for normal existence. The lining of the mouth, the ear, and the genitourinary tract, for example, are sometimes affected by vitamin A deficiency. It is thought by some that the nerve tissues are also so affected, but this hypothesis has not been proved. Anemia, a condition of the blood system in which there is a lack of red blood cells, is also accredited by some to vitamin A deficiency. The opinion at present, however, is that probably anemia is related more directly to malnutrition.[23]

When the discovery of vitamins was first announced, men began to wonder if here at last were substances which, if controlled correctly, might extend the life period well over a hundred years, or possibly as much as two hundred or five hundred years.[24] It was not until 1945, however, that anything positive concerning this idea was discovered. At that time Dr. H. C. Sherman and Dr. H. L. Campbell of Columbia University showed that liberal intakes of vitamin A

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[19] Ibid., pp. 42-43.
[20] The Vitamins, pp. 62-63.
[21] Eddy, op. cit., p. 43.
[22] Ibid., p. 44.
[23] Ibid., pp. 41, 47-49.
[24] Mount, op. cit., p. 87.

do tend to postpone aging and to increase the life span.[25] It is impossible to predict what may come from this discovery.

From what has been said here, it might be thought that vitamin A is good for almost anything and that the larger the reserve one has of it the better off he will be. Such is not true, however. In some instances of overdoses, hypervitaminosis A (injurious effects ascribed to preparations of vitamin A) may result. This usually affects the kidneys, spleen, and heart muscles.[26] Dr. Richard L. Sutton, at the University of Kansas Medical School, discovered in 1940 that acne is in some cases caused by too much vitamin A. He believes that it is caused by improper metabolism of fatty ingredients in the diet. Successful treatment, he says, is to exclude foods rich in vitamin A from the diet.[27]

When the public heard of all the wonders vitamins could do, it was only natural for people to demand that these vitamins be put on the market. As early as 1932, a Cleveland corporation offered vitamin A as crystallized carotene in various solutions. They extracted their product from alfalfa, spinach, and other plants.[28] The next big step was the synthesis of vitamin A, making it possible for the vitamin-hungry public to buy a little bottle at the store with the vitamin in a concentrated form.[29] The value of vitamins can be overdramatized, however, by retailers who want to foist useless preparations, harmless in most cases, on a vitamin-conscious public. Chemical preparations of vitamin A--or of any other vitamin--should be taken only with a doctor's prescription, for not all medical men themselves are agreed upon the use of vitamins, and certainly when the experts disagree it is a good time for the layman to be careful. It is fairly certain that if one eats plenty of foods of animal origin, such as eggs, milk, and milk products, and eats a few vegetables each day, his require-

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[25]"Vitamin A Postpones Aging in Rats and Men," Science Digest, XVIII (October, 1945), 52.

[26]The Vitamins, pp. 82-84.

[27]"Too Much Vitamin A May Cause Blackheads," Science News Letter, XXXVII (June 1, 1940), 344.

[28]"Mysterious Vitamin A Becomes a Market Product," Business Week (October 19, 1932), p. 6.

[29]"Synthetic A," Time, L (September 29, 1947), 74.

ments for vitamin A will be met.[30] It is better to get one's vitamins from a garden or other natural sources than from a drug counter.

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[30] The Vitamins, p. 107.

# LETTERS

## 34. Letters should follow the forms prescribed by usage.

Business letters are preferably typewritten on one side only of sheets 8½ by 11 inches in size. These sheets are folded either (1) once horizontally and twice in the other direction to fit an envelope about 3½ by 6½ inches in size or (2) twice horizontally to fit an envelope about 4 by 10 inches in size.

Personal letters and social notes are commonly written by hand on note paper—a four-page sheet to be folded once horizontally for insertion in a matching envelope; or on club paper—a sheet about 7¼ by 11 inches, to be folded twice horizontally to fit a matching envelope 3¾ by 7½ inches. Both sides of the sheets may be used.

**34a. Business letters should follow prescribed usage with respect to the six essential parts:**

**(1) Heading.**
**(2) Inside address.**
**(3) Salutation (or greeting).**
**(4) Body of the letter.**
**(5) Complimentary close.**
**(6) Signature.**

MODEL BUSINESS LETTER

*Heading*

*Inside address*

*Salutation*

*Body*

*Complimentary close*

*Signature*

1288 Catawba Street
Columbia, Missouri
May 5, 1951

Mr. J. B. Rice, General Manager
Rushville News
122 East Market Street
Rushville, Missouri

Dear Sir:

Erskine Freeman, of your City Room, has been good enough to mention to me your regular practice of employing two inexperienced reporters every summer. I am now majoring in journalism at the University of Missouri, and I should like, therefore, to apply for one of those positions for this next summer.

Although I have had no previous professional newspaper experience, I will have completed by the end of this college year three quarters of the university journalism program. Included in this work are two courses in reporting and one in copyreading. In addition to this experience, I served four years as sports editor of my high school newspaper, where I learned some of the fundamentals of page make-up. As you may know, I was awarded last fall the Missouri Press Association Scholarship for journalism.

I have permission to refer you to George Armour, Armour Drug Store, Rushville, for whom I worked for nearly four years; A. D. Tucker, Professor of Journalism, University of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri; and John M. Cain, Assistant Professor of Journalism, University of Missouri.

I shall be in Rushville for the week end of May 12. If it is convenient for you, I should be glad to call at your office for an interview on that day. Otherwise, I shall be able to see you at your convenience any time after June 9.

Very truly yours,

Donald Burke

Donald Burke

**(1) The heading must give the full address of the writer and the date of the letter.**

The heading is usually blocked as in the model, but it may be indented and either (1) punctuated at the end of each line or (2) left open—that is, without punctuation at the end of each line.

BLOCKED
860 Fremont Street
Bessemer, Alabama
March 22, 1946
[Open punctuation is regularly used with the blocked heading.]

INDENTED
860 Fremont Street
Bessemer, Alabama
March 22, 1946
[Without end punctuation.]

INDENTED
860 Fremont Street,
Bessemer, Alabama,
March 22, 1946.
[With end punctuation.]

Any of these three forms may be used. The important thing is to be consistent—to adopt one form and to use it throughout the heading, the inside address, and the outside address.

If there is a letterhead (which supplies the address), the date may be written either under the letterhead or flush with the right margin, as in the heading of the model business letter on page 940.

MODEL ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

Donald Burke
1288 Catawba Street
Columbia 2, Missouri

Mr. J. W. Rice, General Manager
Rushville News
122 East Market Street
Rushville, Missouri

**(2) The inside address (identical with the address to appear on the envelope) must give the name and the full address of the person to whom the letter is written.**

The inside address must be consistent with the heading. That is, it must be (1) blocked, or (2) indented without end punctuation, or (3) indented with end punctuation in accordance with the form adopted for the heading. The inside address is typed flush with the left margin about four spaces lower than the heading.

**(3) The salutation (or greeting) should be consistent with the tone of the letter and with the complimentary close.**

The salutation is written flush with the left margin two spaces below the inside address and is followed by a colon. The following salutations are used:

*For men*

Dear Sir:
My dear Sir: [More formal.]
Sir: [Most formal.]
Dear Mr. Smith:
My dear Mr. Smith: [More formal.]
Gentlemen:

*For women*

Dear Madam:
My dear Madam: [More formal.]
Madam: [Most formal.]
Dear Mrs. Smith:
My dear Mrs. Smith: [More formal.]
Mesdames: (*or* Ladies:)

For the proper form of salutation in letters to government officials, ecclesiastical dignitaries, etc., see *Webster's New International Dictionary,* Second Edition, pp. 3012-14; *The American College Dictionary,* p. xxxiii.

In salutations and addresses, abbreviations are generally disapproved except for *Mr.* (plural, *Messrs.*), *Mrs.* (plural, *Mmes.*), and *Dr.*

**(4) The body of the letter should follow the principles of good writing.**

Typewritten business letters are usually single-spaced, with double spacing between paragraphs. All paragraphs (1) should be indented equally, as in the model business letter above, or (2) should begin flush with the left-hand margin. The subject matter should be well organized and paragraphed, but the paragraphs will frequently be shorter than in ordinary writing. The style should be clear and direct. Indirect, abbreviated, or overused phrasing should be avoided.

INDIRECT Your kind favor . . . Your esteemed favor . . .
BETTER Your letter . . .

INDIRECT I beg to inform you that we have . . . I beg to send . . . Permit us to report that we now supply . . . I wish to apply . . .
BETTER We have . . . I send . . . We now supply . . . I apply . . .

ABBREVIATED Yours of the 5th instant . . . Hope to have . . . Enclose check for six dollars.
BETTER Your letter of May 5 . . . We hope to have . . . I enclose a check for six dollars.

OVERUSED Hoping to receive . . . Wishing you success . . . Trusting you will be pleased . . .
BETTER We hope to receive . . . We wish you success . . . I trust you will be pleased . . .

**(5) The complimentary close should be consistent with the tone of the letter and with the salutation.**

Ordinary business letters beginning with the usual *Dear Sir,* etc., should close with *Yours truly, Yours very truly,* or *Very truly yours.* A letter introduced by the formal *Sir* should close with *Yours respectfully, Respectfully yours,* or *Very respectfully yours.* Professional letters, or business letters addressed to acquaintances with such an opening as *Dear Mr. White,* may well close with the more friendly *Yours sincerely, Sincerely yours, Faithfully yours,* or *Cordially yours.*

**(6) The signature should be written by hand directly below the complimentary close.**

If the name does not appear in the letterhead, it may be typed just below the signature. Ordinarily, neither professional titles nor degrees should be used with the signature, but the writer's official capacity may be indicated:

WRONG *James M. Smith, LL.D*
PERMISSIBLE *James M. Smith*
President

A married woman should sign her own name (*Mary Hughes Black,* not *Mrs. John K. Black*). In business letters her status is indicated by the use of parentheses as follows:

CORRECT *Mary Hughes Black*
(*Mrs. John K. Black*)
CORRECT (*Mrs.*) *Mary Hughes Black*

**34b. Personal letters and informal social notes follow in general the form of business letters.**

Friendly letters often omit the inside address. If it is included, it may be placed either at the beginning or at the end of the letter flush with the left margin.

MODEL PERSONAL LETTER

*121 Park Lane*
*Rushville, Missouri*
*July 1, 1951*

*Dear Ned,*

*It's good to know that you are to arrive next Friday. When I gave the news to Bob, he immediately began to plan all manner of entertainment until I told him that I had some rights too. Between the two of us, we propose to keep you very busy for the whole week end.*

*There is much to tell about what has happened here since I saw you three years ago, but it will have to wait until you come. You may be sure that Bob and I will round up all our old friends, for if any of them should fail to see you, we might as well move out of this town.*

*Cordially yours,*

*Dick*

The salutation is usually followed by a comma instead of the more formal colon. As in the business letter, the salutation should be in keeping with the complimentary close and with the tone of the letter. A letter beginning with *Dear Mr. Brown* may close with *Sincerely yours, Yours sincerely,* or *Cordially yours.* A more familiar salutation and complimentary close may be justified by the intimacy of the correspondents.

The body of the letter will vary greatly with the occasion and with the personality of the writer. An easy, informal style is best.

**34c. Formal social notes—announcements, invitations, answers to invitations—follow very definite conventions.**

For the rare occasions when formal notes are required, engraving or handwriting (not

typing) is the rule. Formal notes are always written in the third person. They have no inside address, no salutation, no complimentary close, and no signature. The writer's street address and the month and the date may be placed below at the left. Every word (except the street number and the abbreviations *Mr.*, *Mrs.*, and *Dr.*) is spelled out in full. Acceptances and regrets follow the form of the invitation closely, repeating the hour and date to insure understanding. The verb used in the reply is always in the present tense.

MODEL FORMAL INVITATION

*Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson request the pleasure of Mr. William Brown's company at dinner on Monday, June the tenth, at seven o'clock.*

*1241 Elm Street*
*June the third*

MODEL FORMAL ACCEPTANCE

*Mr. William Brown accepts with pleasure the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson to dinner on Monday, June the tenth, at seven o'clock.*

*9 Maple View*
*June the fourth*

MODEL FORMAL REGRET

*Mr. William Brown regrets that illness prevents him from accepting Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson's kind invitation to dinner on Monday, June the tenth, at seven o'clock.*

*9 Maple View*
*June the fourth*

# GRAMMATICAL TERMS

## 35. Consult the following list as needed for explanations of grammatical terms.

**Absolute.** An absolute expression is one that is grammatically independent of the rest of the sentence. Usually it consists of a noun or pronoun followed by a participle, a construction often called the **nominative absolute.**

*The game having ended,* the crowd went home.
He did not lock the door, *the key having been stolen.*

**Abstract noun.** See **Noun.**

**Active voice.** See **Voice.**

**Adjective.** A word (one of the eight parts of speech) used to modify (*i.e.*, describe or limit) a noun or pronoun.

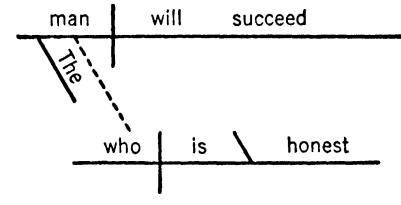
**Descriptive adjective:** *honest* man, *white* pony, *blue* sky, *waving* flag.

**Limiting adjective:** *my* book, *its* nest, *his, her, our, your, their* property (possessive); *that, this* house, *these, those* apples (demonstrative); *whose* cap? *which* coat? *what* dress? (interrogative); the boy *whose* dog was lost (relative); *one* pear, *three* plums, *first* robin, *third* sparrow (numerical); *a* street, *an* avenue, *the* park (article).

(See also Section 4, **Adjectives and Adverbs.**)

**Adjective clause.** A subordinate clause used as an adjective.

The man *who is honest* will succeed.




[The clause, equivalent to the adjective *honest*, modifies the noun *man*.]

**Adverb.** A word (one of the eight parts of speech) used to modify (*i.e.*, qualify or limit) a verb, an

adjective, or another adverb. An adverb indicates time (*now, then, today*), place (*here, there, outside*), manner (*calmly, quickly, clearly*), or degree (*very, somewhat, only*).

Stand *here.* [*Here* modifies the verb *stand.*]

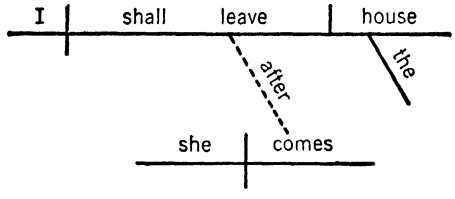
Stand beside the *very* old clock. [*Very* modifies the adjective *old.*]

Stand *very quietly.* [*Very* modifies the adverb *quietly,* which modifies the verb *stand.*]

(See also Section 4, **Adjectives and Adverbs.**)

**Adverb clause.** A subordinate clause used as an adverb.

I shall leave the house *after she comes.*




[The adverb clause *after she comes* modifies the verb *shall leave* and indicates time. Adverb clauses may also indicate place, manner, cause, purpose, condition, concession, comparison, or result.]

**Antecedent.** The name given to a word or group of words to which a pronoun refers.

This is the *man who* came to the house. [*Man* is the antecedent of the relative pronoun *who.*]

When *John* and *Mary* came, *they* told us the facts in the case. [*John* and *Mary* are the antecedents of the personal pronoun *they.*]

**Appositive.** A noun or any other substantive set beside another substantive and denoting the same person or thing.

*Dr. Smith,* our *dentist,* is visiting *England,* his native *country.* [*Dentist* is in apposition with *Dr. Smith,* and *country* is in apposition with *England.*]

**Article.** Articles are classed as adjectives. The definite article is *the.* The indefinite articles are *a* and *an.*

**Auxiliary.** A verb that helps to form other verbs. *Have, may, can, be, shall, will, must, ought,* and *do* are the common auxiliaries.

I *shall* go.
He *was* sent away.
He *has been* promoted.

**Case.** The inflectional form of a noun (*man, man's*) or pronoun (*he, his, him*) to show such relations as subject (nominative case—*man, he*), possession (possessive case—*man's, his*), or object (objective case—*man, him*). Sometimes the position in the sentence is the only indication of case. "The man (nominative) killed the lion." "The lion killed the man (objective)."

(See also Section 5, **Case.**)

**Clause.** A group of words that contains a verb and its subject and is used as a part of a sentence. A clause may be main (independent, principal) or subordinate (dependent).

(1) A main (independent, principal) clause expresses within itself a complete thought and can stand by itself as a simple sentence.

*The moon rose* and *the stars came out.* [Two main clauses, either of which can stand by itself as a simple sentence.]

(2) A subordinate (dependent) clause is not complete within itself and cannot stand alone. It is used as a noun, an adjective, or an adverb.

*That he will run for office* is doubtful. [Noun clause: a subordinate clause used as the subject of the sentence.]

(See also Section 1e, **Sentence Sense.**)

**Collective noun.** See **Noun.**

**Colloquial.** Appropriate for conversation and informal writing rather than for formal writing.

**Common noun.** See **Noun.**

**Comparison.** The change in the form of an adjective or adverb to indicate degrees of superiority in quality, quantity, or manner. There are three degrees: positive, comparative, and superlative.

EXAMPLES

| *Positive* | *Comparative* | *Superlative* |
|---|---|---|
| good | better | best |
| high | higher | highest |
| quickly | more quickly | most quickly |

**Complement.** A word or words used to complete the sense of the verb. The complement may be an object, a predicate noun, or a predicate adjective.

OBJECT: John bought the *book.*

PREDICATE NOUNS:

Samuel was a good *child.* [The predicate noun *child,* referring to the subject *Samuel,* is also

called the **predicate complement, the subjective complement, or the predicate nominative.**]

He called the man a *hero.* [*Man* is the direct object. The noun *hero,* referring to *man,* is called the **objective complement** or the **predicate objective.**]

PREDICATE ADJECTIVES:

The boy is *obedient.* [The predicate adjective *obedient,* referring to the subject *boy,* is also called the **subjective complement** or the **predicate complement.**]

Jack colored the egg *blue.* [*Egg* is the direct object. The predicate adjective *blue,* referring to *egg,* is also called the **objective complement** or the **predicate objective.**]

**Complex sentence.** See **Sentence.**

**Compound sentence.** See **Sentence.**

**Compound-complex sentence.** See **Sentence.**

**Concrete noun.** See **Noun.**

**Conjugation.** The inflectional forms of the verbs indicating tense, voice, mood, number, and person. (See the conjugation of the irregular verb *to see* in Section **7.**)

**Conjunction.** A word (one of the eight parts of speech) which connects words, phrases, or clauses. There are two kinds, co-ordinating conjunctions and subordinating conjunctions.

(1) **Co-ordinating conjunctions** connect words, phrases, and clauses of equal rank: *and, or, but, for, either . . . or, neither . . . nor.*

(2) **Subordinating conjunctions** connect subordinate clauses with main clauses: *if, although, since, in order that, as, because, unless, after, before, until, when, whenever, where, while, wherever,* etc.

**Conjunctive adverb.** An adverb which serves also as a conjunction (1) to connect main clauses and thus form compound sentences—*however, therefore, nevertheless, hence, then, too, besides, also, further, moreover, indeed, still, only, thus, otherwise, consequently, accordingly,* etc.; (2) to introduce subordinate clauses—*when, whenever, where, wherever,* etc.

**Construction (Syntax).** The grammatical functions of words, phrases, or clauses in the sentence.

**Co-ordinate, co-ordinating.** Of equal rank. For example, two nouns, two subordinate clauses, or two main clauses.

**Copula (Copulative verb, linking verb).** A verb used to express the relation between the subject and the predicate noun or predicate adjective. "He *is* merry." The chief copulative verbs are *be, become, seem, appear* and verbs pertaining to the senses.

**Declension.** See **Inflection.**

**Demonstrative adjective.** See **Adjective.**

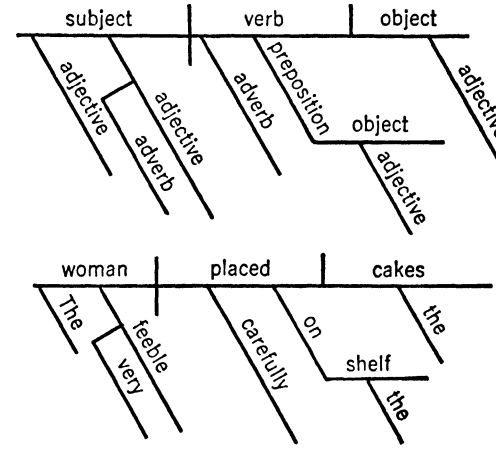
**Demonstrative pronoun.** A pronoun that points out. "*This* is good; *that* is bad."

**Dependent clause.** See **Clause.**

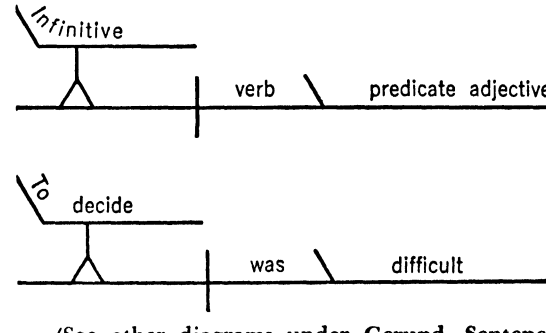
**Descriptive adjective.** See **Adjective.**

**Diagraming.** An arrangement of words on lines to show relationships within the sentence. Various forms are used. Any form is serviceable if it helps the student to understand the sentence. A diagram is only a means to an end, not an end in itself. One form of diagraming in common use is illustrated below.

*The very feeble woman carefully placed the cakes on the shelf.*




*To decide was difficult.*




(See other diagrams under **Gerund, Sentence,** and especially in Section **1, Sentence Sense.**)

**Direct address (Nominative of address, vocative).** A noun or pronoun used parenthetically to direct a speech to a definite person.

I hope, *Mary,* that you will go.
*Mary,* close the door.

**Direct object.** See **Object.**

**Ellipsis (Elliptical expression).** An expression grammatically incomplete but clear because omitted words can be readily supplied.

Mary is prettier than Helen (is pretty).
Whenever (it is) possible, you should take exercise.

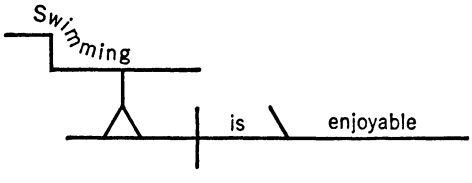
**Expletive.** *It* or *there* used merely as an introductory word or filler.

*It* is true that he is not coming.
*There* were few men present.

**Finite verb.** A verb or verb form that makes a complete assertion and may thus serve as a predicate. "The sun *rose.*" "The sun *is rising.*" Infinitives, participles, and gerunds are not finite verbs.

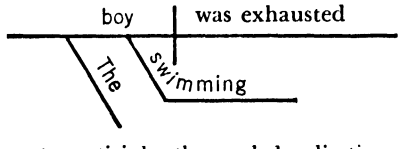
**Gerund.** A verbal noun ending in *-ing.* The gerund should be carefully distinguished from the verbal adjective (the present participle), which also ends in *-ing.*

*Swimming* is enjoyable.




[Gerund—the verbal noun used as subject.]

The boy *swimming* against the current was exhausted.




[Present participle—the verbal adjective modifying the noun *boy.*]

Since the gerund is a noun, it may function as subject (as in the sentence given above), as object of a verb ("I enjoy *swimming*"), as object of a preposition ("By *swimming* he reached shore"), as a predicate noun ("My chief recreation is *swimming*"), or as an appositive ("My chief recreation, *swimming,* has some disadvantages"). The gerund, like a noun, may be modified by an adjective: "*Skillful* swimming saved his life."

But the gerund shows its verbal origin by its ability to take an object ("Swimming the *horse* across the stream was difficult") or to be modified by an adverb ("By swimming *rapidly* he escaped").

**Gerund phrase.** See **Phrase.**

**Idiom.** An expression in good use that is peculiar to a language. (Idioms sometimes violate established rules of grammar, but are nevertheless sanctioned by usage.)

I have known him for *many a year.*
Do you *remember saying that* you were tired?

**Indefinite pronoun.** See **Pronoun.**

**Independent clause (Main clause, principal clause).** See **Clause.**

**Independent element.** Any word or group of words that has no grammatical connection with the rest of the sentence.

DIRECT ADDRESS: I hope, *William,* that you can go.

DIRECTIVE EXPRESSION: The whole family, *we hope,* will come.

ABSOLUTE EXPRESSION: *Darkness having come,* he slipped away.

INTERJECTION: *Ah,* this is the sport I enjoy.

**Indirect object.** See **Object.**

**Infinitive.** A verbal regularly preceded by *to* and used as a noun, an adjective, or an adverb. After certain verbs the *to* is often omitted: "He helped (*to*) *make* the kite." "He dared not (*to*) *go* away."

USED AS A NOUN:

*To walk* was a pleasure. [Subject.]
He began *to open the box.* [Object of verb.]
Her wish was *to see him leave.* [Predicate noun.]
He was about *to leave.* [Object of preposition.]

USED AS AN ADJECTIVE:

I have work *to do.* [*To do* modifies the noun *work.*]

USED AS AN ADVERB:

He enlisted *to become an aviator.* [The infinitive modifies the verb *enlisted.*]

The infinitive shows its verbal origin by its ability to take a subject ("I asked *him* to go"), to take an object ("I wanted to pay *him*"), or

to be modified by an adverb ("I asked him to drive *slowly*"). Note that the subject of the infinitive is in the objective case.

**Infinitive phrase.** See **Phrase.**

**Inflection.** A change in the form of a word to show a change in meaning or in relationship to some other word or group of words. The inflection of nouns and pronouns is called **declension:** *man, man's, men, men's; I, my, me,* etc. The inflection of verbs is called **conjugation;** that of adjectives and adverbs is called **comparison.**

**Intensive pronoun.** See **Pronoun.**

**Interjection.** A word (one of the eight parts of speech) expressing emotion and having no grammatical relation with other words in the sentence. "*Oh,* I can hardly believe it." "*Whew!* That was a narrow escape."

**Interrogative pronoun.** See **Pronoun.**

**Intransitive.** See **Verb.**

**Irregular verb.** See **Strong verb.**

**Limiting adjective.** See **Adjective.**

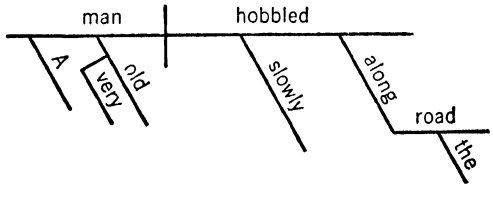
**Linking verb.** See **Copula.**

**Main clause (Independent clause, principal clause).** See **Clause.**

**Modifier.** Any word or group of words that describes or qualifies another word or group of words. See **Modify.**

**Modify.** To describe or qualify the meaning of a word or group of words. In a diagram modifiers are attached to the words they modify.

*A very old man hobbled slowly along the road.*




[*A* and *old* modify *man; very* modifies *old; slowly* and *along the road* modify *hobbled; the* modifies *road.*]

**Mood (Mode).** The form of the verb that is used to indicate the manner in which the action is conceived. English has indicative, imperative, and subjunctive moods. See Section **7.**

The **indicative mood** states a fact or asks a question.

The sun *is* shining.
*Is* the sun shining?

The **imperative mood** gives a command or makes a request.

*Release* the prisoners.
Please *open* the door.

The **subjunctive mood** expresses a doubt, a condition contrary to fact, a wish or regret, a concession, a supposition.

I wish that Mother *were* here.
If I *had* my way, you would not go.
If I *should be gone,* wait for me.

**Nominative.** See **Case.**

**Nominative absolute.** See **Absolute.**

**Nominative of address.** See **Direct address.**

**Nonrestrictive modifier.** A nonessential modifier. A phrase or clause which could be omitted without changing the essential meaning of the sentence.

The airplane, *which is now being manufactured in large numbers,* is of immense commercial value.

See **Restrictive modifier.**

**Noun.** One of the eight parts of speech, the name of a person, place, thing, quality, etc.

Nouns are used as:

(1) SUBJECTS OF VERBS: The *dog* barked.
(2) OBJECTS OF VERBS, VERBALS, OR PREPOSITIONS: He opened the *door* to let the *dog* into the *house.*
(3) PREDICATE NOUNS: She was his *secretary.*
(4) APPOSITIVES: Mr. Brown, our *neighbor,* is sick.
(5) NOMINATIVES OF ADDRESS: *Mary,* will you help us?
(6) PREDICATE OBJECTIVES (OBJECTIVE COMPLEMENTS): He called the man a *traitor.*

Nouns are classified as

(1) COMMON OR PROPER.

A **common noun** is the name applied to any one of a class of persons, places, or things: *man, woman, city, state, chair, bed.*

A **proper noun** is the name applied to a specific individual, place, or thing: *Henry Ford, Jane Addams, New Orleans, Texas,* the *Parthenon,* the *Washington Monument.*

(2) COLLECTIVE.

A **collective noun** is a name applied to a group: *band, flock, jury, army.* See Section **6a(7)** and **6b(3).**

(3) CONCRETE OR ABSTRACT.

A **concrete noun** names something that can be perceived by one or more of the senses: *water, trees, man, river.*

An **abstract noun** names a quality or general idea: *love, ambition, hate, pity.*

**Noun clause.** A subordinate clause used as a noun. It may be used as subject, direct object, appositive, predicate nominative, object of a preposition.

*Whoever comes* will be welcome. [Subject.]

I hope *that he will recover.* [Object of the verb.]

The hope *that he might win* upheld him. [Appositive.]

This is *what I asked for.* [Predicate nominative.]

I shall spend the money for *whatever seems best.* [Object of the preposition *for.*]

**Number.** The change in the form of a verb, a noun, or a pronoun to designate one (*singular*) or more than one (*plural*).

**Object.** A noun or pronoun (or a phrase or clause used as a noun) that receives the action of a transitive verb or follows a preposition.

**Direct object.** Any noun (or its equivalent) that receives the action of a transitive verb.

He raked *leaves.* [Noun.]
He supplied *whatever was needed.* [Clause used as a noun.]

**Indirect object.** Any noun (or its equivalent) that receives indirectly the action of the verb.

He gave *me* an apple. [*Apple* is the direct object, *me* the indirect object, of the verb *gave.* It is usually possible to substitute for the indirect object a prepositional phrase with *to.*]

**Object of a preposition.** Any noun (or its equivalent) following a preposition. See **Preposition.**

He walked into the *house.* [*House* is the object of the preposition *into.*]

**Objective complement.** See **Complement.**

**Participial phrase.** See **Phrase.**

**Participle.** A verbal adjective. "The *rising* sun, a *concealed* weapon, a *lost* opportunity." The present participle, which ends in *-ing,* should be carefully distinguished from the gerund (a verbal noun), which also ends in *-ing.* (See **Gerund.**) The past participle ends in *-ed, -d, -t, -en, -n,* or makes an internal change.

PRESENT PARTICIPLES: *concealing, losing, rising, singing.*

PAST PARTICIPLES: *concealed, lost, risen, sung.*

**Parts of speech.** The eight classes into which words are grouped according to their uses in the sentence: *verb, noun, pronoun, adjective, adverb, conjunction, preposition,* and *interjection.* Each of these is discussed separately in this section. It is important to note that *part of speech* is determined by function. The same word is often used as several different parts of speech.

**Passive voice.** See **Voice.**

**Person.** Changes in the form of verbs and pronouns which indicate whether a person is speaking (first person), is spoken to (second person), or is spoken about (third person).

FIRST PERSON: *I* see the boy.
SECOND PERSON: Can *you* see the boy?
THIRD PERSON: *He* sees the boy.

**Personal pronoun.** See **Pronoun.**

**Phrase.** A group of related words which lacks subject and verb and is used as a single part of speech.

**Prepositional phrase:**

The man *with red hair* is my brother. [Adjective.]
My brother lives *in the city.* [Adverb.]

**Participial phrase:**

The door *leading to the porch* is open. [Adjective.]

**Gerund phrase:**

*Reckless driving along the highways* is responsible for many wrecks. [Substantive.] See **Gerund.**

**Infinitive phrase:**

*To err* is human. [Substantive.]

**Verb phrase:**

He *has been employed* for a year. [Verb.]

**Predicate.** The part of the sentence comprising what is said about the subject. The **complete predicate** consists of the verb (the **simple predicate**) along with its complements and modifiers.

He *runs* through the house. [*Runs* is the simple predicate; *runs through the house* is the complete predicate.]

**Predicate adjective, predicate complement, predicate nominative, predicate noun, predicate objective.** See **Complement.**

**Preposition.** A word (one of the eight parts of speech) used to show the relation of a noun or pronoun to some other word in the sentence.

He ran *with* the team. [The preposition *with* shows the relation of the noun *team* to the verb *ran.*]
The bird is *in* the tree.
The man walked *into* the house.
The man *of* the house is absent.

**Prepositional phrase.** See **Phrase.**

**Present tense.** See **Tense.**

**Principal clause (Main clause, independent clause).** See **Clause.**

**Principal parts.** The forms of any verb from which the various tenses are derived: (1) present stem (infinitive), (2) past tense, and (3) past participle.

EXAMPLES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| see | saw | seen |
| take | took | taken |
| love | loved | loved |

**Pronoun.** A word (one of the eight parts of speech) used instead of a noun.

**Personal pronouns:** *I, you, he, she, it.* (See the declension under Section 5, **Case.**)

**Interrogative pronouns:** *who, which, what.*

**Relative pronouns:** *who, which, that.*

**Demonstrative pronouns:** *this, that, these, those.*

**Indefinite pronouns:** *each, either, any, anyone, some, someone, one, no one, few, all, everyone,* etc.

**Reciprocal pronouns:** *each other, one another.*

**Reflexive pronouns:** *myself, yourself, himself,* etc.

You hurt *yourself.*
He ruined *himself.*

**Intensive pronouns:** *myself, yourself, himself,* etc.

I *myself* will go.
You *yourself* should go.

**Proper adjective.** An adjective formed from a proper noun, as *Spanish* from *Spain.*

**Proper noun.** See **Noun.**

**Reciprocal pronoun.** See **Pronoun.**

**Reflexive pronoun.** See **Pronoun.**

**Regular verb.** See **Weak verb.**

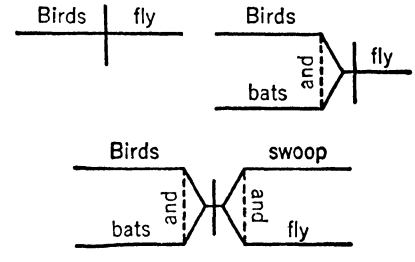
**Restrictive modifier.** An essential modifier. A phrase or clause which cannot be omitted without changing the essential meaning of the sentence.

Men *who are industrious* will succeed. See **Nonrestrictive modifier.**

**Sentence.** A group of words expressing a complete thought and containing a verb (predicate) and its subject, with or without modifiers. Sentences are classified structurally as (1) simple, (2) compound, (3) complex, or (4) compound-complex.

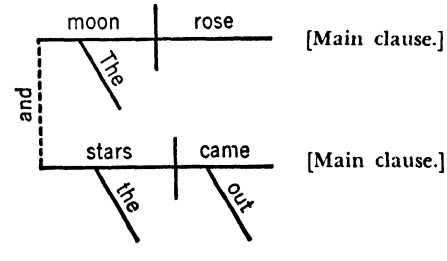
(1) **Simple sentence.** A sentence containing one main clause but no subordinate clauses.

*Birds fly.* [Simple sentence.]
*Birds and bats fly.* [Simple sentence with compound subject.]
*Birds and bats swoop and fly.* [Simple sentence with compound subject and compound predicate.]



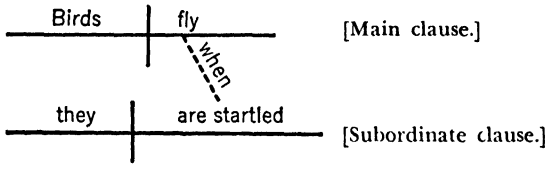

(2) **Compound sentence.** A sentence containing two or more main clauses but no subordinate clauses.

*The moon rose and the stars came out.*



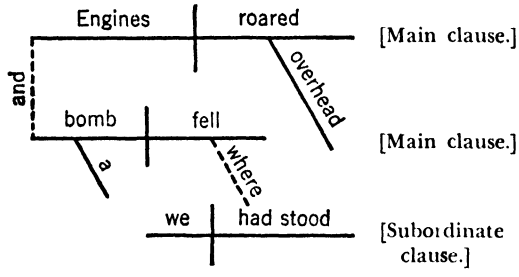
(3) **Complex sentence.** A sentence containing one main clause and one or more subordinate clauses.

*Birds fly when they are startled.*




(4) **Compound-complex sentence.** A sentence containing two or more main clauses and one or more subordinate clauses.

*Engines roared overhead and a bomb fell where we had stood.*




**Simple sentence.** See **Sentence.**

**Strong verb (Irregular verb).** A verb that forms its principal parts by vowel change: *ring, rang, rung; see, saw, seen.*

**Subject.** The person or thing (in a sentence or a clause) about which an assertion is made.

The *dog* barked at the car.

**Subjective complement.** See **Complement.**

**Subjunctive.** See **Mood.**

**Subordinate clause.** A dependent clause. See **Clause.**

**Substantive.** Any word or group of words used as a noun. Substantives may be nouns, pronouns, phrases (especially gerund or infinitive phrases), or noun clauses.

**Syntax.** Sentence structure. See **Construction.**

**Tense.** Change in the form of the verb to indicate the time of the action. There are six tenses: *present, past, future, present perfect, past perfect, future perfect.* (See also Section 7.)

**Transitive.** See **Verb.**

**Verb.** A word (one of the eight parts of speech) or word group used to assert action, being, or state of being.

**Transitive verb.** A verb requiring a receiver of the action to complete its meaning. See **Object.**

The boy *sold* his bicycle.
The boy *has sold* his bicycle.

**Intransitive verb.** A verb that does not require a receiver of the action to complete its meaning.

The boy *fished* in the stream.
The boy *has been fishing* in the stream.

**Verb phrase.** See **Phrase.**

**Verbal.** A word derived from a verb but used as a noun or adjective (and sometimes as an adverb). See **Infinitive, Gerund, Participle.**

**Vocative.** See **Direct address.**

**Voice.** Distinction in the form of the verb to indicate whether the subject of the sentence acts (**active voice**) or is acted upon (**passive voice**).

**Weak verb (Regular verb).** Any verb that forms its principal parts by adding *-ed, -d,* or *-t* to the infinitive: *love, loved, loved; sweep, swept, swept.*

# INDEX

## *to Part Five: Harbrace College Handbook*

Numbers in **boldface** refer to rules; other numbers refer to pages. An *ex* indicates that appropriate drill exercises are included. See page 961 for INDEX TO QUOTED PASSAGES.


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