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Modern English Readings 1961

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MODERN ENGLISH READINGS

MODERN ENGLISH READINGS

THIRD EDITION

BIOGRAPHY SHORT STORIES POEMS
ESSAYS PLAYS NOVEL

Edited by

ROGER SHERMAN LOOMIS

and

DONALD LEMEN CLARK

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TO L. AND L.,

P R E F A C E

In this third edition of *Modern English Readings*, as in the original edition, three aims have guided the selection: (1) The teaching of correct and vital expression through the study of models. (2) The quickening of the student's interest in literature by giving him some of the best fiction, drama, essays, biography, and poetry of the last hundred years to read attentively and enjoy. (3) An introduction to those modern problems which, if left unsolved or if wrongly solved, mean individual misery and social and national disaster.

New trends in freshman composition and welcome suggestions from instructors teaching the course have indicated to us the type of material to be retained and the type to be added.

Of first importance in the present revision is the addition of several practical and stimulating essays by distinguished practitioners on the art of writing. Mr. Maugham and Mr. Aldous Huxley discuss concretely the achievement of a prose style. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Mr. Sullivan, and Mr. Spaeth hold up to ridicule those common failings of the hack writer and the freshman—"jargon," the cliché, and bad grammar. Mr. Eaton's classic essay on that essential organ of the narrative and poetic artist, the "daily theme eye," is retained. To the original two essays by Mrs. Woolf and Professors Brewster and Burrell on the appreciation of the novel, there is added a more general essay by Professor Lowes on the delights of reading.

The biographical section has been enlarged to include a character portrait by Gamaliel Bradford and brilliant narratives by Eileen Power, Clarence Day, and Anzia Yezierska. New personal essays by Hazlitt, Holmes, and Broun have been added. The section on modern problems, though retaining such unimprovable articles as Robinson's *Four Kinds of Thinking* and Huxley's *Evolution and Ethics*, contains much new material concentrated on the totalitarian threat to democracy and on the very living issue of making a living after graduation, and reprints President Hutchins's vigorous remarks on athleticism. The discussion of religion is rounded out by a classic passage from Newman's *Apologia*.

The research papers of the last edition have been replaced by a chapter from Professor Kittredge's *Old Farmer and His Almanack* and a systematic analysis of the methods of Nazi propaganda.

Following the advice of many teachers who have successfully used the book, we have included new Poe and Stevenson stories. We have also included that classic of the American short story, Bret Harte's *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, and that new classic of the American short story, Stephen Benét's *The Devil and Daniel Webster*.

The very successful plays of the last edition have been retained. Reluctantly we have omitted the best farce in English, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, not because of its lack of superlative excellence, but because it has become so well known that its inclusion would be supererogatory. In its place appears the best example to date of the poetic play for the radio, MacLeish's *The Fall of the City*. Unlike the real theater, which can be seen unfortunately only in the great capitals of the world, the radio play reaches a vast audience. Its future needs to be watched.

The poetry section has been enriched by important additions in bulk and in nature. The ballad section, first included in the second edition, has had a sensational success, and is here enlarged by a number of vigorous pieces, both ancient folk ballads and modern. A new section, "Poetry of Social Change," has been added. This may not be a logical category of poetry, but it includes a number of stirring poems of vital interest to young people of all ages today. We are especially proud to include a long section of narrative poetry from the laureate—"Saul Kane's Fight," from *The Everlasting Mercy*. Too often Mr. Masfield is represented in anthologies by lyrics instead of by his masterly narratives.

Student Helps and Theme Suggestions offer guidance to student reading and classroom discussion and some possible answers to the question, "What Shall I Write About?" We have added here a new section of biographical notes.

We have endeavored to direct this selection at the interests of young men and women in college today. Some selections are concerned directly with college life; many, with the experiences and the problems of youth. And all, we hope, will find responsive, if not enthusiastic, readers among college students.

We wish to express our thanks to the authors and publishers who have generously allowed us to include copyrighted material. Specific indebtedness we acknowledge in our footnotes. Our gratitude is especially due to the generations of college men and women who have patiently sat in our classes and from whom we have learned most of what we know of the desires and needs of those for whom we have prepared this book.

Finally, we wish to thank for their assistance Professors Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell of Columbia University.

R. S. L.
D. L. C.

Columbia University
April, 1939

TABLE OF CONTENTS

BIOGRAPHY

Florence Nightingale, <i>by Lytton Strachey</i>	3
J. E. B. Stuart, <i>by Gamaliel Bradford</i>	37
Marco Polo, <i>by Eileen Power</i>	50

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC CHAPTERS

Life With Father, <i>by Clarence Day</i>	71
Early Impressions, <i>by Henry Adams</i>	74
How I Found America, <i>by Anzia Yezierska</i>	79
University Days, <i>by James Thurber</i>	89
The Modern Gothic, <i>by Vincent Sheean</i>	93

PERSONAL ESSAY

Old China, <i>by Charles Lamb</i>	103
On Going a Journey, <i>by William Hazlitt</i>	107
The Autocrat Takes His Exercise, <i>by Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	112
The Lantern-Bearers, <i>by Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	117
How Shall I Word It?, <i>by Max Beerbohm</i>	125
Codfish Chowder and Sun, <i>by Robert P. Tristram Coffin</i>	130
From Spargo to Carver to Speaker, <i>by Heywood Broun</i>	134
As They Go Riding By, <i>by Clarence Day</i>	136
Football Is King, <i>by Frank Sullivan</i>	139
Stabilizing the Language Through Popular Songs, <i>by Sigmund Spaeth</i>	144

EXPOSITION

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE

Of Reading Books, <i>by John Livingston Lowes</i>	149
The Daily Theme Eye, <i>by Walter Prichard Eaton</i>	162

Writing Prose, <i>by W. Somerset Maugham</i>	164
On Jargon, <i>by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch</i>	174
T. H. Huxley as a Literary Man, <i>by Aldous Huxley</i>	180
The Novels of Thomas Hardy, <i>by Virginia Woolf</i>	195
The Pursuit of Values in Fiction, <i>by Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell</i>	203

REVIEWS

Eve Curie's <i>Madame Curie</i> , <i>by Clifton Fadiman</i>	212
Stuart Chase's <i>Government in Business</i> , <i>by Thurman Arnold</i>	215
Anne Lindbergh's <i>Listen! The Wind</i> , <i>by Amy Loveman</i>	218

DISCUSSIONS OF MODERN PROBLEMS

What Is the College For?, <i>by Max McConn</i>	220
Gate Receipts and Glory, <i>by Robert M. Hutchins</i>	234
Four Kinds of Thinking, <i>by James Harvey Robinson</i>	242
Youth Speaks Its Mind on Jobs and Careers, <i>by Raymond Gram Swing</i>	251
Five Million Jobs, <i>by Stuart Chase</i>	259
The Consumer Pays, <i>by Norman Thomas</i>	267
Liberty—For What?, <i>by Alexander Meiklejohn</i>	281
Chaos and Culture, <i>by Howard Mumford Jones</i>	291
How to Tell a Communist and How to Outwit Him, <i>by William F. Russell</i>	298
Pacifism, Its Rise and Fall, <i>by Bruce Bliven</i>	305
All Is Not Lost in the Fight For Democracy, <i>by David S. Muzzey</i>	309
Small-Town Middle-Westerner, <i>by Willis Fisher</i>	314
Chinese Traits, <i>by Lin Yutang</i>	325
Youth Moves Toward New Standards, <i>by Christian Gauss</i>	332
Evolution and Ethics, <i>by Thomas Henry Huxley</i>	341
What Religion Means to Me, <i>by Pearl Buck</i>	353
Infallibility, <i>by John Henry Newman</i>	361

EDITORIALS

What Anthony Eden May Be Too Polite to Say Tonight, <i>New York Post</i>	368
Self-Reliance, <i>by Henry Goddard Leach</i>	370
To a Jewish Friend, <i>by Dorothy Thompson</i>	372
From Gin to Reality, <i>The New Republic</i>	375

RESEARCH PAPERS

The Yankee School, <i>by George Lyman Kittredge</i>	377
Propaganda Techniques of German Fascism, <i>Anonymous</i>	387

TABLE OF CONTENTS

xi

SHORT STORIES

The Tell-Tale Heart, <i>by Edgar Allan Poe</i>	413
A Lodging for the Night, <i>by R. L. Stevenson</i>	417
The Outcasts of Poker Flat, <i>by Bret Harte</i>	431
The Garden Party, <i>by Katherine Mansfield</i>	438
Young Man Axelbrod, <i>by Sinclair Lewis</i>	450
Drought, <i>by Phil Stong</i>	461
I Can't Breathe, <i>by Ring Lardner</i>	470
The End of Something, <i>by Ernest Hemingway</i>	478
Night Club, <i>by Katharine Brush</i>	482
Paul's Case, <i>by Willa Cather</i>	491
The Disinherited, <i>by Joe Pagano</i>	506
The Devil and Daniel Webster, <i>by Stephen Vincent Benét</i>	516

PLAYS

Riders to the Sea, <i>by J. M. Synge</i>	529
The Fall of the City, <i>by Archibald MacLeish</i>	538
<i>Three Pulitzer Prize Plays:</i>	
Beyond the Horizon, <i>by Eugene O'Neill</i>	562
The Green Pastures, <i>by Marc Connelly</i>	623
Both Your Houses, <i>by Maxwell Anderson</i>	681

POEMS

BALLADS

The Sacrilege, <i>by Thomas Hardy</i>	741
The Ballad of East and West, <i>by Rudyard Kipling</i>	743
Farewell to Barn and Stack and Field (No. 8 Shropshire Lad), <i>by A. E. Housman</i>	746
Abraham Lincoln, <i>by Stephen Vincent Benét</i>	746
A Ballad Maker, <i>by Padraic Colum</i>	747
Le Pauvre Vatel, <i>by Royal Murdoch</i>	748
Jesse James, <i>by William Rose Benét</i>	749
Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Three Sons, <i>Anonymous</i>	751
Jesse James, <i>Anonymous</i>	753
Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle, <i>by John Hay</i>	754
Skipper Ireson's Ride, <i>by John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	755

NARRATIVE POEMS

The Eve of St. Agnes, <i>by John Keats</i>	757
The Haystack in the Floods, <i>by William Morris</i>	765

The Raid on Harper's Ferry (from <i>John Brown's Body</i>), by Stephen Vincent Benét	768
The Blindman, by Hervey Allen	778
Saul Kane's Fight (from <i>The Everlasting Mercy</i>), by John Masefield	780

MEDITATIVE LYRICS

Lines, by William Wordsworth	784
When the Lamp Is Shattered, by Percy Bysshe Shelley	787
From In Memoriam, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson	788
Prospice, by Robert Browning	790
Dover Beach, by Matthew Arnold	791
Invictus, by William Ernest Henley	791
To Fight Aloud Is Very Brave, by Emily Dickinson	792
The Study in Aesthetics, by Ezra Pound	792
Fire on the Hills, by Robinson Jeffers	793
Impiety, by Helene Magaret	793
Morning Song (from <i>Senlin</i>), by Conrad Aiken	793
To a Locomotive in Winter, by Walt Whitman	795

LOVE LYRICS

Mary Morison, by Robert Burns	796
She Was a Phantom of Delight, by William Wordsworth	796
The Indian Serenade, by Percy Bysshe Shelley	796
Love's Philosophy, by Percy Bysshe Shelley	797
Sonnet, by John Keats	797
When We Two Parted, by Lord Byron	797
Stanzas for Music, by Lord Byron	798
Lovesight, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti	798
Mid-Rapture, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti	798
A Birthday, by Christina Rossetti	799
If Thou Must Love Me, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning	799
Sonnet for Svanhild, by Joseph Auslander	800
"Oh, Think Not I Am Faithful to a Vow," by Edna St. Vincent Millay	800
Prelude, by Richard Aldington	800
An Interlude, by Richard Aldington	801
Epilogue, by Richard Aldington	801

NATURE LYRICS

To the Cuckoo, by William Wordsworth	802
London Snow, by Robert Bridges	802
Autumn in Cornwall, by Algernon Charles Swinburne	803
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening, by Robert Frost	804
Sea-Fever, by John Masefield	804

TABLE OF CONTENTS

xiii

Strange Holiness, <i>by Robert P. Tristram Coffin</i>	805
After Dry Weather, <i>by Mark Van Doren</i>	805
Loveliest of Trees, <i>by A. E. Housman</i>	806
Poem for the Time of Change, <i>by Archibald MacLeish</i>	806

DRAMATIC LYRICS

Ulysses, <i>by Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	807
My Last Duchess, <i>by Robert Browning</i>	808
The Death of the Hired Man, <i>by Robert Frost</i>	809
The Listeners, <i>by Walter de la Mare</i>	813
The Santa-Fé Trail, <i>by Vachel Lindsay</i>	814

ELEGIES

Rugby Chapel, <i>by Matthew Arnold</i>	819
My Sister's Sleep, <i>by Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i>	821
The Eagle That Is Forgotten, <i>by Vachel Lindsay</i>	822
Deirdre, <i>by James Stephens</i>	823
To an Athlete Dying Young, <i>by A. E. Housman</i>	824

ODES

Ode to Duty, <i>by William Wordsworth</i>	825
Ode to the West Wind, <i>by Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	826
Ode on a Grecian Urn, <i>by John Keats</i>	827
Pioneers! O Pioneers!, <i>by Walt Whitman</i>	829
Chicago, <i>by Carl Sandburg</i>	832
Ode to the Confederate Dead, <i>by Allen Tate</i>	833

SONGS

Three Songs, <i>by Robert Burns</i>	
Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut	835
Sweet Afton	835
Auld Lang Syne	836
Break, Break, Break, <i>by Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	836
The Splendor Falls, <i>by Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	836
Marching Along, <i>by Robert Browning</i>	837
When I Am Dead, My Dearest, <i>by Christina Rossetti</i>	837
The Night Has a Thousand Eyes, <i>by F. W. Bourdillon</i>	838
Gaudeamus Igitur, translated <i>by J. A. Symonds</i>	838

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LIGHTER LYRICS

The Exchange, <i>by Samuel T. Coleridge</i>	839
The Time I've Lost in Wooing, <i>by Thomas Moore</i>	839
Rondeau, <i>by Leigh Hunt</i>	839
Love in a Cottage, <i>by Nathaniel Parker Willis</i>	839
A Letter of Advice, <i>by Thomas Hood, Jr.</i>	840
A Terrible Infant, <i>by Frederick Locker-Lampson</i>	841
Ballade Made in the Hot Weather, <i>by William Ernest Henley</i>	841
The Ballade of Prose and Rhyme, <i>by Austin Dobson</i>	841
Urceus Exit, <i>by Austin Dobson</i>	842
Their Mother Tongue, <i>by Arthur Kidd</i>	842
Ballad of Dead Ladies, translated <i>by Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i>	843
The Twentieth Century Gets Through, <i>by E. B. White</i>	844

SATIRE

The Latest Decalogue, <i>by Arthur Hugh Clough</i>	846
Miniver Cheevy, <i>by Edwin Arlington Robinson</i>	846
Base Details, <i>by Siegfried Sassoon</i>	847
Next to of Course God, <i>by E. E. Cummings</i>	847
Reform in Our Town, <i>by Bert Leston Taylor</i>	847
Publicity, <i>by Lee Wilson Dodd</i>	848

POETRY OF SOCIAL CHANGE

Song of the Shirt, <i>by Thomas Hood</i>	852
Consider These, For We Have Condemned Them, <i>by C. Day Lewis</i>	853
The Man With the Hoe, <i>by Edwin Markham</i>	854
From The River, <i>by Pare Lorentz</i>	855
Get There If You Can, <i>by W. H. Auden</i>	856
Song of the Answerer, <i>by Helene Margaret</i>	857
Efficiency Expert, <i>by Florence Converse</i>	858
I Am the People, The Mob, <i>by Carl Sandburg</i>	861
Speech to Those Who Say Comrade, <i>by Archibald MacLeish</i>	862
"Moving Through the Silent Crowd," <i>by Stephen Spender</i>	864

THE NOVEL

The Return of the Native, <i>by Thomas Hardy</i> (complete text)	869
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STUDENT HELPS AND THEME SUGGESTIONS iii

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES

INTRODUCTORY

All writing worthy of the name of literature confers on the sensitive reader a thrill of pleasure. It is out of gratitude for this pleasure that the world has always honored its writers of epic and romance, comedy and tragedy, genial essay and caustic satire. The pleasure varies vastly in kind and degree, and one bit of verse or prose may combine many forms of pleasure. There may be rhythms of phrase or line or stanza that charm the inner ear; there may be music of vowels and consonants; there may be exquisite imagery or faithful portrayal of men and things; there may be emotions of curiosity, humor, indignation, passion, worship, despair, courage, and pity. There may be simply the pleasure of enlightenment, of gaining a clearer insight into questions that perplex and baffle. And always there must be for the sensitive and intelligent reader the pleasing sense of artistry, of a job done with the right tools, with the right technique of verse or prose.

This collection of literature is intended for those college men and women who have learned already to demand honesty, intelligence, and taste in their reading, whose minds have graduated beyond the faked sentimentality of substitutes, and the boyish heroisms of Western stories. Between these covers there is literary fare of many flavors, but all of it adapted to mature minds and exacting tastes, and some of it the work of the recognized literary geniuses of the last hundred or more years. Here is a small part of your rich heritage of emotional experience and intellectual insight. It is for you to read, to ponder, to enjoy.

Perhaps you would like to stop there. But it is part of your preparation for life, a requirement for your joining the company of educated men and women, that you should be able to use this same instrument of language yourself. Not that any one expects you to become a Newman or a Poe or a Swinburne. But the ability to write with clarity and correctness, and if possible with some force and charm, is of immense use both in college and after; without it the rest of your education loses much of its efficacy. Your reading in this book, therefore, will form the basis for class discussion and for written papers. You will have an opportunity to learn from the masters of prose how to put your ideas and your experiences on paper. Write always with honesty, saying what you have really felt or what you believe to be true. Work always toward greater and greater clarity of thought and expression. Develop your capacity for seeing the humors, the shams, the ecstasies, the tragedies that give life its enthralling interest. Search for the right word and the telling phrase; build the paragraph or the composition into a reasoned or a shapely whole. In sum, develop in your writing that sincerity, intelligence, and taste which are the earmarks of all good writing. And if you do, some of you will be writing literature; in a modest way, of course, but still literature.

BIOGRAPHY

Florence Nightingale, <i>by Lytton Strachey</i>	3
J. E. B. Stuart, <i>by Gamaliel Bradford</i>	37
Marco Polo, <i>by Eileen Power</i>	50

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC CHAPTERS

Life with Father, <i>by Clarence Day</i>	71
Early Impressions, <i>by Henry Adams</i>	74
How I Found America, <i>by Anzia Yezierska</i>	79
University Days, <i>by James Thurber</i>	89
The Modern Gothic, <i>by Vincent Sheean</i>	93

BIOGRAPHY

IT is a good sign, perhaps, that biography and detective fiction have had a special vogue in the United States during the post-war decades; for good biography creates and satisfies a craving for realities, and even mediocre detective stories rouse the torpid faculties of observation and reasoning. If we could evolve a form of literature which would render the interpretation of present-day realities as exciting and as clear-cut as the solution of a murder mystery, how much happier we all might be.

As it is, we have biography. Here are segments of reality as observed by sensitive and acute minds, phases of experience with which most of us have had no direct contact, or phases of experience familiar enough but seen with other and sharper eyes. To read biography with an active imagination is vastly to increase the orbit of one's life; to travel in other climes and times with fascinating companions—and at a minimum of expense. Dull of soul is the man who does not find supreme adventure in Marco's travels in the mountainous heart of Asia and the glamorous cities of Cathay—realities of nigh seven hundred years ago. Who does not feel pride and pleasure in making the acquaintance of "Jeb" Stuart, gallant cavalry officer of the Confederacy, whose gold spurs and chivalrous heart were realities of seventy-five years ago? And we venture to question whether any of our own experiences with parents or professors can be more vivid and pleasurable than our vicarious—and hilarious—experiences with the father of Clarence Day and the botany professor of James Thurber.

Reading biography not only multiplies the possibilities of pleasurable or interesting experience, but also provokes thought. Side by side in this volume are portrayed two kinds of war experience, Florence Nightingale's and "Jeb" Stuart's; and two extraordinary characters thriving on that experience. What thoughts arise in the reading as to war itself, the role of women in war, the changes for the better and the worse in the conduct of war? Here also are two records of college life; does either offer any new insights into educational processes? A descendant of American presidents describes his boyhood background; and a Jewish immigrant tells the hardships of her girlhood and youth. Here surely is a contrast that demands more than superficial reflection. Here are very different natures, both worth knowing and understanding.

Close attention will reveal something of the arts of narrative and character analysis. How is the impression of reality conveyed? Why is narrative blocked off in sections? What uses may be made of description and background? How are effects of irony, suspense, humor secured?

Though all good literature in some measure reflects and illuminates life, and extends the narrow circle of experience, biography does so most simply and directly.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE¹

by *Lytton Strachey*

EVERYONE knows the popular conception of Florence Nightingale. The saintly, self-sacrificing woman, the delicate maiden of high degree who threw aside the pleasures of a life of ease to succour the afflicted, the Lady with the Lamp, gliding through the horrors of the hospital at Scutari, and consecrating with the radiance of her goodness the dying soldier's couch—the vision is familiar to all. But the truth was different. The Miss Nightingale of fact was not as facile fancy painted her. She worked in another fashion, and towards another end; she moved under the stress of an impetus which finds no place in the popular imagination. A Demon possessed her. Now demons, whatever else they may be, are full of interest. And so it happens that in the real Miss Nightingale there was more that was interesting than in the legendary one; there was also less that was agreeable.

Her family was extremely well-to-do, and connected by marriage with a spreading circle of other well-to-do families. There was a large country house in Derbyshire; there was another in the New Forest; there were Mayfair rooms for the London season and all its finest parties; there were tours on the Continent with even more than the usual number of Italian operas and glimpses at the celebrities of Paris. Brought up among such advantages, it was only natural to suppose that Florence would show a proper appreciation of them by doing her duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call her—in other words, by marrying, after a fitting number of dances and dinner-parties, an eligible gentleman, and living happily ever afterwards. Her sister, her cousins, all the young ladies of her acquaintance, were either getting ready to do this or had already done it. It was inconceivable that Florence should dream of anything else; yet dream she did. Ah! To do her duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call her! Assuredly she would not be behindhand in doing her duty; but unto what state of life *had* it pleased God to call her? That was the question. God's calls are many, and they are strange. Unto what state of life had it pleased Him to call Charlotte Corday, or Elizabeth of Hungary? What was that secret voice in her ear, if it was not a call? Why had she felt, from her earliest years, those mysterious promptings towards . . . she hardly knew what but certainly towards something very different from anything around her? Why, as a child in the nursery, when her sister had shown a healthy pleasure in tearing her dolls to pieces, had *she* shown an almost morbid one in sewing them up again? Why was she driven now to minister to the poor in their

¹ From Lytton Strachey, *Eminent Victorians*. By permission of Harcourt Brace and Co.

cottages, to watch by sick-beds, to put her dog's wounded paw into elaborate splints as if it was a human being? Why was her head filled with queer imaginations of the country house at Embley turned, by some enchantment, into a hospital, with herself as matron moving about among the beds? Why was even her vision of heaven itself filled with suffering patients to whom she was being useful? So she dreamed and wondered, and, taking out her diary, she poured into it the agitations of her soul. And then the bell rang, and it was time to go and dress for dinner.

As the years passed, a restlessness began to grow upon her. She was unhappy, and at last she knew it. Mrs. Nightingale, too, began to notice that there was something wrong. It was very odd; what could be the matter with dear Flo? Mr. Nightingale suggested that a husband might be advisable; but the curious thing was that she seemed to take no interest in husbands. And with her attractions, and her accomplishments, too! There was nothing in the world to prevent her making a really brilliant match. But no! She would think of nothing but how to satisfy that singular craving of hers to be *doing* something. As if there was not plenty to do in any case, in the ordinary way, at home. There was the china to look after, and there was her father to be read to after dinner. Mrs. Nightingale could not understand it; and then one day her perplexity was changed to consternation and alarm. Florence announced an extreme desire to go to Salisbury Hospital for several months as a nurse; and she confessed to some visionary plan of eventually setting up in a house of her own in a neighbouring village, and there founding "something like a Protestant Sisterhood, without vows, for women of educated feelings." The whole scheme was summarily brushed aside as preposterous; and Mrs. Nightingale, after the first shock of terror, was able to settle down again more or less comfortably to her embroidery. But Florence, who was now twenty-five and felt that the dream of her life had been shattered, came near to desperation.

And, indeed, the difficulties in her path were great. For not only was it an almost unimaginable thing in those days for a woman of means to make her own way in the world and to live in independence, but the particular profession for which Florence was clearly marked out both by her instincts and her capacities was at that time a peculiarly disreputable one. A "nurse" meant then a coarse old woman, always ignorant, usually dirty, often brutal, a Mrs. Gamp, in bunched-up sordid garments, tipling at the brandy-bottle or indulging in worse irregularities. The nurses in the hospitals were especially notorious for immoral conduct; sobriety almost unknown among them; and they could hardly be trusted to carry out the simplest medical duties. Certainly, things have changed since those days; and that they *have* changed is due, far more than to any other human being, to Miss Nightingale herself. It is not to be wondered at that her parents should have shuddered at the notion of their daughter devoting her life to such an occupation. "It was as if," she herself said afterward, "I had wanted to be a kitchen-maid." Yet the want, absurd, impracticable as it was, not only remained fixed immovably in

her heart, but grew in intensity day by day. Her wretchedness deepened into a morbid melancholy. Everything about her was vile, and she herself, it was clear, to have deserved such misery, was even viler than her surroundings. Yes, she had sinned—"standing before God's judgment seat." "No one," she declared, "has so grieved the Holy Spirit"; of that she was quite certain. It was in vain that she prayed to be delivered from vanity and hypocrisy, and she could not bear to smile or to be gay, "because she hated God to hear her laugh, as if she had not repented of her sin."

A weaker spirit would have been overwhelmed by the load of such distresses—would have yielded or snapped. But this extraordinary young woman held firm, and fought her way to victory. With an amazing persistency, during the eight years that followed her rebuff over Salisbury Hospital, she struggled and worked and planned. While superficially she was carrying on the life of a brilliant girl in high society, while internally she was a prey to the tortures of regret and of remorse, she yet possessed the energy to collect the knowledge and to undergo the experience which alone could enable her to do what she had determined she would do in the end. In secret she devoured the reports of medical commissions, the pamphlets of sanitary authorities, the histories of hospitals and homes. She spent the intervals of the London season in ragged schools and workhouses. When she went abroad with her family, she used her spare time so well that there was hardly a great hospital in Europe with which she was not acquainted, hardly a great city whose slums she had not passed through. She managed to spend some days in a convent school in Rome, and some weeks as a "Sœur de Charité" in Paris. Then, while her mother and sister were taking the waters at Carlsbad, she succeeded in slipping off to a nursing institution at Kaiserswerth, where she remained for more than three months. This was the critical event of her life. The experience which she gained as a nurse at Kaiserswerth formed the foundation of all her future action and finally fixed her in her career.

But one other trial awaited her. The allurements of the world she had brushed aside with disdain and loathing; she had resisted the subtler temptation which, in her weariness, had sometimes come upon her, of devoting her baffled energies to art or literature; the last ordeal appeared in the shape of a desirable young man. Hitherto, her lovers had been nothing to her but an added burden and a mockery; but now— For a moment, she wavered. A new feeling swept over her—a feeling which she had never known before, which she was never to know again. The most powerful and the profoundest of all the instincts of humanity laid claim upon her. But it rose before her, that instinct, arrayed—how could it be otherwise?—in the inevitable habiliments of a Victorian marriage; and she had the strength to stamp it underfoot.

I have an intellectual nature which requires satisfaction [she noted], and that would find it in him. I have a passionnal nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him. I have a moral, an active nature which requires satisfaction, and that would not find it in his life. Sometimes I think that I will satisfy my passionnal nature at all events. . . .

But no, she knew in her heart that it could not be. "To be nailed to a continuation and exaggeration of my present life . . . to put it out of my power ever to be able to seize the chance of forming for myself a true and rich life"—that would be a suicide. She made her choice, and refused what was at least a certain happiness for a visionary good which might never come to her at all. And so she returned to her old life of waiting and bitterness.

The thoughts and feelings that I have now [she wrote] I can remember since I was six years old. A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill and employ all my faculties, I have always felt essential to me, I have always longed for. The first thought I can remember, and the last, was nursing work; and in the absence of this, education work, but more the education of the bad than of the young. . . . Everything has been tried, foreign travel, kind friends, everything. My God! What is to become of me?

A desirable young man? Dust and ashes! What was there desirable in such a thing as that? "In my thirty-first year," she noted in her diary, "I see nothing desirable but death."

Three more years passed, and then at last the pressure of time told; her family seemed to realize that she was old enough and strong enough to have her way; and she became the superintendent of a charitable nursing home in Harley Street. She had gained her independence, though it was in a meagre sphere enough; and her mother was still not quite resigned: surely Florence might at least spend the summer in the country. At times, indeed, among her intimates, Mrs. Nightingale almost wept. "We are ducks," she said with tears in her eyes, "who have hatched a wild swan." But the poor lady was wrong; it was not a swan that they had hatched; it was an eagle.

Miss Nightingale had been a year in her nursing-home in Harley Street, when Fate knocked at the door. The Crimean War broke out; the battle of the Alma was fought; and the terrible condition of our military hospitals at Scutari began to be known in England. It sometimes happens that the plans of Providence are a little difficult to follow, but on this occasion all was plain; there was a perfect co-ordination of events. For years Miss Nightingale had been getting ready; at last she was prepared—experienced, free, mature, yet still young—she was thirty-four—desirous to serve, accustomed to command: at that precise moment the desperate need of a great nation came, and she was there to satisfy it. If the war had fallen a few years earlier, she would have lacked the knowledge, perhaps even the power, for such a work; a few years later and she would, no doubt, have been fixed in the routine of some absorbing task, and, moreover, she would have been growing old. Nor was it only the coincidence of Time that was remarkable. It so fell out that Sidney Herbert was at the War Office and in the Cabinet; and Sidney Herbert was an intimate friend of Miss Nightingale's, convinced, from personal experience in charitable work, of her supreme capacity. After such premises, it seems hardly more than a matter of course that her letter, in which she offered her services for the East, and Sidney Herbert's letter, in which he asked for

them, should actually have crossed in the post. Thus it all happened, without a hitch. The appointment was made, and even Mrs. Nightingale, overawed by the magnitude of the venture, could only approve. A pair of faithful friends offered themselves as personal attendants; thirty-eight nurses were collected; and within a week of the crossing of the letters Miss Nightingale, amid a great burst of popular enthusiasm, left for Constantinople.

Among the numerous letters which she received on her departure was one from Dr. Manning, who at that time was working in comparative obscurity as a Catholic priest in Bayswater. "God will keep you," he wrote, "and my prayer for you will be that your one object of Worship, Pattern of Imitation, and source of consolation and strength may be the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord."

To what extent Dr. Manning's prayer was answered must remain a matter of doubt; but this much is certain, that, if ever a prayer was needed, it was needed then for Florence Nightingale. For dark as had been the picture of the state of affairs at Scutari, revealed to the English public in the despatches of the *Times* correspondent and in a multitude of private letters, yet the reality turned out to be darker still. What had occurred was, in brief, the complete breakdown of our medical arrangements at the seat of war. The origins of this awful failure were complex and manifold; they stretched back through long years of peace and carelessness in England; they could be traced through endless ramifications of administrative incapacity—from the inherent faults of confused systems to the petty bunglings of minor officials, from the inevitable ignorance of Cabinet Ministers to the fatal exactitudes of narrow routine. In the inquiries which followed it was clearly shown that the evil was in reality that worst of all evils—one which has been caused by nothing in particular and for which no one in particular is to blame. The whole organisation of the war machine was incompetent and out of date. The old Duke had sat for a generation at the Horse Guards repressing innovations with an iron hand. There was an extraordinary overlapping of authorities, an almost incredible shifting of responsibilities to and fro. As for such a notion as the creation and the maintenance of a really adequate medical service for the army—in that atmosphere of aged chaos, how could it have entered anybody's head? Before the war, the easy-going officials at Westminster were naturally persuaded that all was well—or at least as well as could be expected; when someone, for instance, actually had the temerity to suggest the formation of a corps of army nurses, he was at once laughed out of court. When the war had begun, the gallant British officers in control of affairs had other things to think about than the petty details of medical organisation. Who had bothered with such trifles in the Peninsula? And surely, on that occasion, we had done pretty well. Thus the most obvious precautions were neglected, the most necessary preparations put off from day to day. The principal medical officer of the army, Dr. Hall, was summoned from India at a moment's notice, and was unable to visit England before taking up his duties at the front. And it was not until after the battle of the Alma, when we had been at war for

many months, that we acquired hospital accommodations at Scutari for more than a thousand men. Errors, follies, and vices on the part of individuals there doubtless were; but, in the general reckoning, they were of small account—insignificant symptoms of the deep disease of the body politic—the enormous calamity of administrative collapse.

Miss Nightingale arrived at Scutari—a suburb of Constantinople, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus—on November 4th, 1854; it was ten days after the battle of Balaclava, and the day before the battle of Inkerman. The organisation of the hospitals, which had already given way under the stress of the battle of the Alma, was now to be subjected to the further pressure which these two desperate and bloody engagements implied. Great detachments of wounded were already beginning to pour in. The men, after receiving such summary treatment as could be given them at the smaller hospitals in the Crimea itself, were forthwith shipped in batches of two hundred across the Black Sea to Scutari. This voyage was in normal times one of four days and a half; but the times were no longer normal, and now the transit often lasted for a fortnight or three weeks. It received, not without reason, the name of “the middle passage.” Between, and sometimes on the decks, the wounded, the sick, and the dying were crowded—men who had just undergone the amputation of limbs, men in the clutches of fever or of frostbite, men in the last stages of dysentery and cholera—without beds, sometimes without blankets, often hardly clothed. The one or two surgeons on board did what they could; but medical stores were lacking, and the only form of nursing available was that provided by a handful of invalid soldiers, who were usually themselves prostrate by the end of the voyage. There was no other food besides the ordinary salt rations of ship diet; and even the water was sometimes so stored that it was out of reach of the weak. For many months, the average of deaths during these voyages was seventy-four in the thousand; the corpses were shot out into the waters; and who shall say that they were the most unfortunate? At Scutari, the landing-stage, constructed with all the perverseness of Oriental ingenuity, could only be approached with great difficulty, and, in rough weather, not at all. When it was reached, what remained of the men in the ships had first to be disembarked, and then conveyed up a steep slope of a quarter of a mile to the nearest of the hospitals. The most serious cases might be put upon stretchers—for there were far too few for all; the rest were carried or dragged up the hill by such convalescent soldiers as could be got together, who were not too obviously infirm for the work. At last the journey was accomplished; slowly, one by one, living or dying, the wounded were carried up into the hospital. And in the hospital what did they find?

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate: the delusive doors bore no such inscription; and yet behind them Hell yawned. Want, neglect, confusion, misery—in every shape and in every degree of intensity—filled the endless corridors and the vast apartments of the gigantic barrack-house, which, without forethought or preparation, had been hurriedly set aside as the chief shelter for the victims of the war. The very building itself was radically defective

Huge sewers underlay it, and cess-pools loaded with filth wafted their poison into the upper rooms. The floors were in so rotten a condition that many of them could not be scrubbed; the walls were thick with dirt; incredible multitudes of vermin swarmed everywhere. And, enormous as the building was, it was yet too small. It contained four miles of beds, crushed together so close that there was but just room to pass between them. Under such conditions, the most elaborate system of ventilation might well have been at fault; but here there was no ventilation. The stench was indescribable. "I have been well acquainted," said Miss Nightingale, "with the dwellings of the worst parts of most of the great cities in Europe, but have never been in any atmosphere which I could compare with that of the Barrack Hospital at night." The structural defects were equalled by the deficiencies in the commonest objects of hospital use. There were not enough bedsteads; the sheets were of canvas, and so coarse that the wounded men recoiled from them, begging to be left in their blankets; there was no bedroom furniture of any kind, and empty beer-bottles were used for candlesticks. There were no basins, no towels, no soap, no brooms, no mops, no trays, no plates; there were neither slippers nor scissors, neither shoebrushes nor blacking; there were no knives or forks or spoons. The supply of fuel was constantly deficient. The cooking arrangements were preposterously inadequate, and the laundry was a farce. As for purely medical materials, the tale was no better. Stretchers, splints, bandages—all were lacking; and so were the most ordinary drugs.

To replace such wants, to struggle against such difficulties, there was a handful of men overburdened by the strain of ceaseless work, bound down by the traditions of official routine, and enfeebled either by old age or inexperience or sheer incompetence. They had proved utterly unequal to their task. The principal doctor was lost in the imbecilities of a senile optimism. The wretched official whose business it was to provide for the wants of the hospital was tied fast hand and foot by red tape. A few of the younger doctors struggled valiantly, but what could they do? Unprepared, disorganised, with such help only as they could find among the miserable band of convalescent soldiers drafted off to tend their sick comrades, they were faced with disease, mutilation, and death in all their most appalling forms, crowded multitudinously about them in an ever-increasing mass. They were like men in a shipwreck, fighting, not for safety, but for the next moment's bare existence—to gain, by yet another frenzied effort, some brief respite from the waters of destruction.

In these surroundings, those who had been long inured to scenes of human suffering—surgeons with a world-wide knowledge of agonies, soldiers familiar with fields of carnage, missionaries with remembrances of famine and of plague—yet found a depth of horror which they had never known before. There were moments, there were places in the Barrack Hospital at Scutari, where the strongest hand was struck with trembling, and the boldest eye would turn away its gaze.

Miss Nightingale came, and she, at any rate, in that Inferno, did not

abandon hope. For one thing, she brought material succour. Before she left London she had consulted Dr. Andrew Smith, the head of the Army Medical Board, as to whether it would be useful to take out stores of any kind to Scutari; and Dr. Andrew Smith had told her that "nothing was needed." Even Sidney Herbert had given her similar assurances; possibly, owing to an oversight, there might have been some delay in the delivery of the medical stores, which, he said, had been sent out from England "in profusion," but "four days would have remedied this." She preferred to trust her own instincts, and at Marseilles purchased a large quantity of miscellaneous provisions, which were of the utmost use at Scutari. She came, too, amply provided with money—in all, during her stay in the East, about £7000 reached her from private sources; and, in addition, she was able to avail herself of another valuable means of help. At the same time as herself, Mr. Macdonald, of the *Times*, had arrived at Scutari, charged with the duty of administering the large sums of money collected through the agency of that newspaper in aid of the sick and wounded; and Mr. Macdonald had the sense to see that the best use he could make of the *Times* Fund was to put it at the disposal of Miss Nightingale.

I cannot conceive [wrote an eye-witness], as I now calmly look back on the first three weeks after the arrival of the wounded from Inkerman, how it could have been possible to have avoided a state of things too disastrous to contemplate, had not Miss Nightingale been there, with the means placed at her disposal by Mr. Macdonald.

But the official view was different. What! Was the public service to admit, by accepting outside charity, that it was unable to discharge its own duties without the assistance of private and irregular benevolence? Never! And accordingly when Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, our Ambassador at Constantinople, was asked by Mr. Macdonald to indicate how the *Times* Fund could best be employed, he answered that there was indeed one object to which it might very well be devoted—the building of an English Protestant Church at Pera.

Mr. Macdonald did not waste further time with Lord Stratford, and immediately joined forces with Miss Nightingale. But, with such a frame of mind in the highest quarters, it is easy to imagine the kind of disgust and alarm with which the sudden intrusion of a band of amateurs and females must have filled the minds of the ordinary officers and the ordinary military surgeon. They could not understand it; what had women to do with war? Honest Colonels relieved their spleen by the cracking of heavy jokes about "the Bird"; while poor Dr. Hall, a rough terrier of a man, who had worried his way to the top of his profession, was struck speechless with astonishment, and at last observed that Miss Nightingale's appointment was extremely droll.

Her position was, indeed, an official one, but it was hardly the easier for that. In the hospitals it was her duty to provide the services of herself and her nurses when they were asked for by the doctors, and not until then. At first some of the surgeons would have nothing to say to her, and, though she was

welcomed by others, the majority were hostile and suspicious. But gradually she gained ground. Her good will could not be denied, and her capacity could not be disregarded. With consummate tact, with all the gentleness of supreme strength, she managed at last to impose her personality upon the susceptible, overwrought, discouraged, and helpless group of men in authority who surrounded her. She stood firm; she was a rock in the angry ocean; with her alone was safety, comfort, life. And so it was that hope dawned at Scutari. The reign of chaos and old night began to dwindle; order came upon the scene, and common sense, and forethought, and decision, radiating out from the little room off the great gallery in the Barrack Hospital where, day and night, the Lady Superintendent was at her task. Progress might be slow, but it was sure. The first sign of a great change came with the appearance of some of those necessary objects with which the hospitals had been unprovided for months. The sick men began to enjoy the use of towels and soap, knives and forks, combs and tooth-brushes. Dr. Hall might snort when he heard of it, asking, with a growl, what a soldier wanted with a tooth-brush; but the good work went on. Eventually the whole business of purveying to the hospitals was, in effect, carried out by Miss Nightingale. She alone, it seemed, whatever the contingency, knew where to lay her hands on what was wanted; she alone could dispense her stores with readiness; above all, she alone possessed the art of circumventing the pernicious influences of official etiquette. This was her greatest enemy, and sometimes even she was baffled by it. On one occasion 27,000 shirts, sent out at her instance by the Home Government, arrived, were landed, and were only waiting to be unpacked. But the official "Purveyor" intervened; "he could not unpack them," he said, "without a Board." Miss Nightingale pleaded in vain; the sick and wounded lay half-naked shivering for want of clothing; and three weeks elapsed before the Board released the shirts. A little later, however, on a similar occasion, Miss Nightingale felt that she could assert her own authority. She ordered a Government consignment to be forcibly opened, while the miserable "Purveyor" stood by, wringing his hands in departmental agony.

Vast quantities of valuable stores sent from England lay, she found, engulfed in the bottomless abyss of the Turkish Customs House. Other ship-loads, buried beneath munitions of war destined for Balacava, passed Scutari without a sign, and thus hospital materials were sometimes carried to and fro three times over the Black Sea, before they reached their destination. The whole system was clearly at fault, and Miss Nightingale suggested to the home authorities that a Government Store House should be instituted at Scutari for the reception and distribution of the consignments. Six months after her arrival this was done.

In the meantime she had reorganised the kitchens and the laundries in the hospitals. The ill-cooked hunks of meat, vilely served at irregular intervals, which had hitherto been the only diet for the sick men, were replaced by punctual meals, well-prepared and appetising, while strengthening extra foods—soups and wines, and jellies ("preposterous luxuries" snarled Dr. Hall)—

were distributed to those who needed them. One thing, however, she could not effect. The separation of the bones from the meat was no part of official cookery: the rule was that the food must be divided into equal portions, and if some of the portions were all bone—well, every man must take his chance. The rule, perhaps, was not a very good one; but there it was. "It would require a new Regulation of the Service," she was told, "to bone the meat." As for the washing arrangements, they were revolutionised. Up to the time of Miss Nightingale's arrival the number of shirts which the authorities had succeeded in washing was seven. The hospital bedding, she found, was "washed" in cold water. She took a Turkish house, had boilers installed, and employed soldiers' wives to do the laundry work. The expenses were defrayed from her own funds and that of the *Times*; and henceforward the sick and wounded had the comfort of clean linen.

Then she turned her attention to their clothing. Owing to military exigencies the greater number of the men had abandoned their kits; their knapsacks were lost forever; they possessed nothing but what was on their persons, and that was usually only fit for speedy destruction. The "Purveyor," of course, pointed out that, according to the regulations, all soldiers should bring with them into hospital an adequate supply of clothing, and he declared that it was no business of his to make good their deficiencies. Apparently, it was the business of Miss Nightingale. She procured socks, boots, and shirts in enormous quantities; she had trousers made, she rigged up dressing-gowns. "The fact is," she told Sidney Herbert, "I am now clothing the British Army."

All at once, word came from the Crimea that a great new contingent of sick and wounded might shortly be expected. Where were they to go? Every available inch in the wards was occupied; the affair was serious and pressing, and the authorities stood aghast. There were some dilapidated rooms in the Barrack Hospital, unfit for human habitation, but Miss Nightingale believed that if measures were promptly taken they might be made capable of accommodating several hundred beds. One of the doctors agreed with her; the rest of the officials were irresolute: it would be a very expensive job, they said; it would involve building; and who could take the responsibility? The proper course was that a representation should be made to the Director-General of the Army Medical Department in London; then the Director-General would apply to the Horse Guards, the Horse Guards would move the Ordnance, the Ordnance would lay the matter before the Treasury, and if the Treasury gave its consent, the work might be correctly carried through, several months after the necessity for it had disappeared. Miss Nightingale, however, had made up her mind, and she persuaded Lord Stratford—or thought she had persuaded him—to give his sanction to the required expenditure. A hundred and twenty-five workmen were immediately engaged, and the work was begun. The workmen struck; whereupon Lord Stratford washed his hands of the whole business. Miss Nightingale engaged two hundred other workmen on her own authority, and paid the bill out of her own resources. The wards were ready by the required date; five hundred sick men were received in them; and all the

utensils, including knives, forks, spoons, cans and towels, were supplied by Miss Nightingale.

This remarkable woman was in truth performing the function of an administrative chief. How had this come about? Was she not in reality merely a nurse? Was it not her duty simply to tend to the sick? And indeed, was it not as a ministering angel, a gentle "lady with a lamp" that she actually impressed the minds of her contemporaries? No doubt that was so; and yet it is no less certain that, as she herself said, the specific business of nursing was "the least important of the functions into which she had been forced." It was clear that in the state of disorganisation into which the hospitals at Scutari had fallen the most pressing, the really vital, need was for something more than nursing; it was for the necessary elements of civilised life—the commonest material objects, the most ordinary cleanliness, the rudimentary habits of order and authority. "Oh, dear Miss Nightingale," said one of her party as they were approaching Constantinople, "when we land, let there be no delays, let us get straight to nursing the poor fellows!" "The strongest will be wanted at the wash-tub," was Miss Nightingale's answer. And it was upon the wash-tub, and all that the wash-tub stood for, that she expended her greatest energies. Yet to say that is perhaps to say too much. For to those who watched her at work among the sick, moving day and night from bed to bed, with that unflinching courage, with that indefatigable vigilance, it seemed as if the concentrated force of an undivided and unparalleled devotion could hardly suffice for that portion of her task alone. Wherever, in those vast wards, suffering was at its worst and the need for help was greatest, there, as if by magic, was Miss Nightingale. Her superhuman equanimity would, at the moment of some ghastly operation, nerve the victim to endure and almost to hope. Her sympathy would assuage the pangs of dying and bring back to those still living something of the forgotten charm of life. Over and over again her untiring efforts rescued those whom the surgeons had abandoned as beyond the possibility of cure. Her mere presence brought with it a strange influence. A passionate idolatry spread among the men: they kissed her shadow as it passed. They did more. "Before she came," said a soldier, "there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was as 'oly as a church." The most cherished privilege of the fighting man was abandoned for the sake of Miss Nightingale. In those "lowest sinks of human misery," as she herself put it, she never heard the use of one expression "which could distress a gentlewoman."

She was heroic; and these were the humble tributes paid by those of grosser mould to that high quality. Certainly, she was heroic. Yet her heroism was not of that simple sort so dear to the readers of novels and the compilers of hagiologies—the romantic sentimental heroism with which mankind loves to invest its chosen darlings: it was made of sterner stuff. To the wounded soldier on his couch of agony she might well appear in the guise of a gracious angel of mercy; but the military surgeons, and the orderlies, and her own nurses, and the "Purveyor," and Dr. Hall, and even Lord Stratford himself could tell a different story. It was not by gentle sweetness and womanly self-

abnegation that she had brought order out of chaos in the Scutari Hospitals, that, from her own resources, she had clothed the British Army, that she had spread her dominion over the serried and reluctant powers of the official world; it was by strict method, by stern discipline, by rigid attention to detail, by ceaseless labour, by the fixed determination of an indomitable will. Beneath her cool and calm demeanour lurked fierce and passionate fires. As she passed through the wards in her plain dress, so quiet, so unassuming, she struck the casual observer simply as the pattern of a perfect lady; but the keener eye perceived something more than that—the serenity of high deliberation in the scope of the capacious brow, the sign of power in the dominating curve of the thin nose, and the traces of a harsh and dangerous temper—something peevish, something mocking, and yet something precise—in the small and delicate mouth. There was humour in the face; but the curious watcher might wonder whether it was humour of a very pleasant kind; might ask himself, even as he heard the laughter and marked the jokes with which she cheered the spirits of her patients, what sort of sardonic merriment this same lady might not give vent to, in the privacy of her chamber. As for her voice, it was true of it, even more than her countenance, that it “had that in it one must fain call master.” Those clear tones were in no need of emphasis: “I never heard her raise her voice,” said one of her companions. Only, when she had spoken, it seemed as if nothing could follow but obedience. Once, when she had given some direction, a doctor ventured to remark that the thing could not be done. “But it must be done,” said Miss Nightingale. A chance bystander, who heard the words, never forgot through all his life the irresistible authority of them. And they were spoken quietly—very quietly indeed.

Late at night, when the long miles of beds lay wrapped in darkness, Miss Nightingale would sit at work in her little room, over her correspondence. It was one of the most formidable of all her duties. There were hundreds of letters to be written to the friends and relations of soldiers; there was the enormous mass of official documents to be dealt with; there were her own private letters to be answered; and, most important of all, there was the composition of her long and confidential reports to Sidney Herbert. These were by no means official communications. Her soul, pent up all day in the restraint and reserve of a vast responsibility, now at last poured itself out in these letters with all its natural vehemence, like a swollen torrent through an open sluice. Here, at least, she did not mince matters. Here she painted in her darkest colours the hideous scenes which surrounded her; here she tore away remorselessly the last veils still shrouding the abominable truth. Then she would fill pages with recommendations and suggestions, with criticism of the minutest details of organisation, with elaborate calculations of contingencies, with exhaustive analyses and statistical statements piled up in breathless eagerness one on top of the other. And then her pen, in the virulence of its volubility, would rush on to the discussion of individuals, to the denunciation of an incompetent surgeon or the ridicule of a self-sufficient nurse. Her sarcasm searched the ranks of the officials with the deadly and unsparing precision of a machine-gun.

Her nicknames were terrible. She respected no one: Lord Stratford, Lord Raglan, Lady Stratford, Dr. Andrew Smith, Dr. Hall, the Commissary-General, the Purveyor—she fulminated against them all. The intolerable futility of mankind obsessed her like a nightmare, and she gnashed her teeth against it. "I do well to be angry," was the burden of her cry. How many just men were there at Scutari? How many who cared at all for the sick, or had done anything for their relief? Were there ten? Were there five? Was there even one? She could not be sure.

At one time, during several weeks, her vituperations descended upon the head of Sidney Herbert himself. He had misinterpreted her wishes, he had traversed her positive instructions, and it was not until he had admitted his error and apologised in abject terms that he was allowed again into favour. While this misunderstanding was at its height an aristocratic young gentleman arrived at Scutari with a recommendation from the Minister. He had come out from England filled with a romantic desire to render homage to the angelic heroine of his dreams. He had, he said, cast aside his life of ease and luxury; he would devote his days and nights to the service of that gentle lady; he would perform the most menial offices, he would "fag" for her, he would be her footman—and feel requited by a single smile. A single smile, indeed, he had, but it was of an unexpected kind. Miss Nightingale at first refused to see him, and then, when she consented, believing that he was an emissary sent by Sidney Herbert to put her in the wrong over their dispute, she took notes of her conversation with him, and insisted on his signing them at the end of it. The young gentleman returned to England by the next ship.

This quarrel with Sidney Herbert was, however, an exceptional incident. Alike by him, and by Lord Panmure, his successor at the War Office, she was firmly supported; and the fact that during the whole of her stay at Scutari she had the Home Government at her back, was her trump card in her dealings with the hospital authorities. Nor was it only the Government that was behind her: public opinion in England early recognised the high importance of her mission, and its enthusiastic appreciation of her work soon reached an extraordinary height. The Queen herself was deeply moved. She made repeated inquiries as to the welfare of Miss Nightingale; she asked to see her accounts of the wounded, and made her the intermediary between the throne and the troops.

Let Mrs. Herbert know [she wrote to the War Minister] that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor noble, wounded, and sick men that *no one* takes a warmer interest or feels *more* for their sufferings or admires their courage and heroism *more* than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince. Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these last words to those ladies, as I know that *our* sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows.

The letter was read aloud in the wards by the Chaplain. "It is a very feeling letter," said the men.

And so the months passed, and that fell winter which had begun with

Inkerman and had dragged itself out through the long agony of the investment of Sebastopol, at last was over. In May, 1855, after six months of labour, Miss Nightingale could look with something like satisfaction at the condition of the Scutari hospitals. Had they done nothing more than survive the terrible strain which had been put upon them, it would have been a matter for congratulation; but they had done much more than that; they had marvellously improved. The confusion and the pressure in the wards had come to an end; order reigned in them, and cleanliness; the supplies were bountiful and prompt; important sanitary works had been carried out. One simple comparison of figures was enough to reveal the extraordinary change: the rate of mortality among the cases treated had fallen from 42 per cent. to 22 per thousand. But still the indefatigable lady was not satisfied. The main problem had been solved—the physical needs of the men had been provided for; their mental and spiritual needs remained. She set up and furnished reading-rooms and recreation-rooms. She started classes and lectures. Officers were amazed to see her treating their men as if they were human beings, and assured her that she would only end by “spoiling the brutes.” But that was not Miss Nightingale’s opinion, and she was justified. The private soldier began to drink less, and even—though that seemed impossible—to save his pay. Miss Nightingale became a banker for the army, receiving and sending home large sums of money every month. At last, reluctantly, the Government followed suit, and established machinery of its own for the remission of money. Lord Panmure, however, remained sceptical; “It will do no good,” he pronounced; “the British soldier is not a remitting animal.” But, in fact, during the next six months, £71,000 was sent home.

Amid all these activities, Miss Nightingale took up the further task of inspecting the hospitals in the Crimea itself. The labour was extreme, and the conditions of life were almost intolerable. She spent whole days in the saddle, or was driven over those bleak and rocky heights in a baggage cart. Sometimes she stood for hours in the heavily falling snow, and would only reach her hut at dead of night after walking for miles through perilous ravines. Her powers of resistance seemed incredible, but at last they were exhausted. She was attacked by fever, and for a moment came very near to death. Yet she worked on; if she could not move, she could at least write; and write she did until her mind had left her; and after it had left her, in what seemed the delirious trance of death itself, she still wrote. When, after many weeks, she was strong enough to travel, she was to return to England, but she utterly refused. She would not go back, she said, before the last of the soldiers had left Scutari.

This happy moment had almost arrived, when suddenly the smouldering hostilities of the medical authorities burst out into a flame. Dr. Hall’s labours had been rewarded by a K.C.B.—letters which, as Miss Nightingale told Sidney Herbert, she could only suppose to mean “Knight of the Crimean Burial-grounds”—and the honour had turned his head. He was Sir John, and he would be thwarted no longer. Disputes had lately arisen between Miss Nightingale and some of the nurses in the Crimean hospitals. The situation

had been embittered by rumours of religious disensions, for, while the Crimean nurses were Roman Catholics, many of those at Scutari were suspected of a regrettable propensity towards the tenets of Dr. Pusey. Miss Nightingale was by no means disturbed by these sectarian differences, but any suggestion that her supreme authority over all the nurses with the Army was in doubt was enough to rouse her to fury; and it appeared that Mrs. Bridgeman, the Reverend Mother in the Crimea, had ventured to call that authority in question. Sir John Hall thought that his opportunity had come, and strongly supported Mrs. Bridgeman—or, as Miss Nightingale preferred to call her, the “Reverend Brickbat.” There was a violent struggle; Miss Nightingale’s rage was terrible. Dr. Hall, she declared, was doing his best to “root her out of the Crimea.” She would bear it no longer; the War Office was playing her false; there was only one thing to be done—Sidney Herbert must move for the production of papers in the House of Commons, so that the public might be able to judge between her and her enemies. Sidney Herbert with great difficulty calmed her down. Orders were immediately dispatched putting her supremacy beyond doubt, and the Reverend Brickbat withdrew from the scene. Sir John, however, was more tenacious. A few weeks later, Miss Nightingale and her nurses visited the Crimea for the last time, and the brilliant idea occurred to him that he could crush her by a very simple expedient—he would starve her into submission; and he actually ordered that no rations of any kind should be supplied to her. He had already tried this plan with great effect upon an unfortunate medical man whose presence in the Crimea he had considered an intrusion; but he was now to learn that such tricks were thrown away upon Miss Nightingale. With extraordinary foresight, she had brought with her a great supply of food; she succeeded in obtaining more at her own expense and by her own exertions; and thus for ten days, in that inhospitable country, she was able to feed herself and twenty-four nurses. Eventually the military authorities intervened in her favour, and Sir John had to confess that he was beaten.

It was not until July, 1856—four months after the Declaration of Peace—that Miss Nightingale left Scutari for England. Her reputation was now enormous, and the enthusiasm of the public was unbounded. The Royal approbation was expressed by the gift of a brooch, accompanied by a private letter.

You are, I know, well aware [wrote Her Majesty] of the high sense I entertain of the Christian devotion which you have displayed during this great and bloody war, and I need hardly repeat to you how warm my admiration is for your services, which are fully equal to those of my dear and brave soldiers, whose sufferings you have had the *privilege* of alleviating in so merciful a manner. I am, however, anxious of marking my feelings in a manner which I trust will be agreeable to you, and therefore send you with this letter a brooch, the form and emblems of which commemorate your great and blessed work, and which I hope you will wear as a mark of the high approbation of your Sovereign!

“It will be a very great satisfaction to me,” Her Majesty added, “to make the acquaintance of one who has set so bright an example to our sex.”

The brooch, which was designed by the Prince Consort, bore a St. George's cross in red enamel, and the Royal cypher surmounted by diamonds. The whole was encircled by the inscription, "Blessed are the Merciful."

The name of Florence Nightingale lives in the memory of the world by virtue of the lurid and heroic adventure of the Crimea. Had she died—as she nearly did—upon her return to England, her reputation would hardly have been different; her legend would have come down to us almost as we know it to-day—that gentle vision of female virtue which first took shape before the adoring eyes of the sick soldiers at Scutari. Yet, as a matter of fact, she lived for more than half a century after the Crimean War; and during the greater part of that long period all the energy and all the devotion of her extraordinary nature were working at their highest pitch. What she accomplished in those years of unknown labour could, indeed, hardly have been more glorious than her Crimean triumphs; but it was certainly more important. The true history was far stranger even than the myth. In Miss Nightingale's own eyes the adventure of the Crimea was a mere incident—scarcely more than a useful stepping-stone in her career. It was the fulcrum with which she hoped to move the world; but it was only the fulcrum. For more than a generation she was to sit in secret, working her lever; and her real life began at the very moment when, in the popular imagination, it had ended.

She arrived in England in a shattered state of health. The hardships and the ceaseless effort of the last two years had undermined her nervous system; her heart was pronounced to be affected; she suffered constantly from fainting-fits and terrible attacks of utter physical prostration. The doctors declared that one thing alone would save her—a complete and prolonged rest. But that was also the one thing with which she would have nothing to do. She had never been in the habit of resting; why should she begin now? Now, when her opportunity had come at last; now, when the iron was hot, and it was time to strike? No; she had work to do; and, come what might, she would do it. The doctors protested in vain; in vain her family lamented and entreated, in vain her friends pointed out to her the madness of such a course. Madness? Mad—possessed—perhaps she was. A demoniac frenzy had seized upon her. As she lay upon her sofa, gasping, she devoured blue-books, dictated letters, and, in the intervals of her palpitations, cracked her febrile jokes. For months at a stretch she never left her bed. For years she was in daily expectation of Death. But she would not rest. At this rate, the doctors assured her, even if she did not die, she would become an invalid for life. She could not help that; there was the work to be done; and, as for rest, very likely she might rest . . . when she had done it.

Wherever she went, in London or in the country, in the hills of Derbyshire, or among the rhododendrons at Embley, she was haunted by a ghost. It was the spectre of Scutari—the hideous vision of the organisation of a military hospital. She would lay that phantom, or she would perish. The whole system of the Army Medical Department, the education of the Medical Officer,

the regulations of hospital procedure . . . *rest*? How could she rest while these things were as they were, while, if the like necessity were to arise again, the like results would follow? And, even in peace and at home, what was the sanitary condition of the Army? The mortality in the barracks was, she found, nearly double the mortality in civil life. "You might as well take 1100 men every year out upon Salisbury Plain and shoot them," she said. After inspecting the hospitals at Chatham, she smiled grimly. "Yes, this is one more symptom of the system which, in the Crimea, put to death 16,000 men." Scutari had given her knowledge; and it had given her power too: her enormous reputation was at her back—an incalculable force. Other works, other duties, might lie before her; but the most urgent, the most obvious of all was to look to the health of the Army.

One of her very first steps was to take advantage of the invitation which Queen Victoria had sent her to the Crimea, together with the commemorative brooch. Within a few weeks of her return, she visited Balmoral, and had several interviews both with the Queen and the Prince Consort. "She put before us," wrote the Prince in his diary, "all the defects of our present military hospital system and the reforms that are needed." She related the whole story of her experiences in the East; and, in addition, she managed to have some long and confidential talks with His Royal Highness on metaphysics and religion. The impression which she created was excellent. "Sie gefallt uns sehr," noted the Prince, "ist sehr bescheiden." Her Majesty's comment was different—"Such a *head*! I wish we had her at the War Office."

But Miss Nightingale was not at the War Office, and for a very simple reason: she was a woman. Lord Panmure, however, *was* (though indeed the reason for that was not quite so simple); and it was upon Lord Panmure that the issue of Miss Nightingale's efforts for reform must primarily depend. That burly Scottish nobleman had not, in spite of his most earnest endeavours, had a very easy time of it as Secretary of State for War. He had come into office in the middle of the Sebastopol campaign, and had felt himself very well fitted for the position, since he had acquired in former days an inside knowledge of the Army—as a Captain of Hussars. It was this inside knowledge which had enabled him to inform Miss Nightingale with such authority that "the British soldier is not a remitting animal." And perhaps it was this same consciousness of a command of his subject which had impelled him to write a dispatch to Lord Raglan, blandly informing the Commander-in-Chief in the Field just how he was neglecting his duties, and pointing out to him that if he would only try he really might do a little better next time. Lord Raglan's reply, calculated as it was to make its recipient sink into the earth, did not quite have that effect upon Lord Panmure, who, whatever might have been his faults, had never been accused of being supersensitive. However, he allowed the matter to drop; and a little later Lord Raglan died—worn out, some people said, by work and anxiety. He was succeeded by an excellent red-nosed old gentleman, General Simpson, whom nobody had ever heard of, and who took Sebastopol. But Lord Panmure's relations with him were hardly more satis-

factory than his relations with Lord Raglan; for, while Lord Raglan had been too independent, poor General Simpson erred in the opposite direction, perpetually asked advice, suffered from lumbago, doubted, his nose growing daily redder and redder, whether he was fit for his post, and, by alternate mails, sent in and withdrew his resignation. Then, too, both the General and the Minister suffered acutely from that distressingly useful new invention, the electric telegraph. On one occasion General Simpson felt obliged actually to expostulate.

I think, my Lord [he wrote], that some telegraphic messages reach us that cannot be sent under due authority, and are perhaps unknown to you, although under the protection of your Lordship's name. For instance, I was called up last night, a dragoon having come express with a telegraphic message in these words, "Lord Panmure to General Simpson—Captain Jarvis has been bitten by a centipede. How is he now?"

General Simpson might have put up with this, though to be sure it did seem "rather too trifling an affair to call for a dragoon to ride a couple of miles in the dark that he may knock up the Commander of the Army out of the very small allowance of sleep permitted him"; but what was really more than he could bear was to find "upon sending in the morning another mounted dragoon to inquire after Captain Jarvis, four miles off, that he never has been bitten at all, but has had a boil, from which he is fast recovering." But Lord Panmure had troubles of his own. His favourite nephew, Captain Dowbiggan, was at the front, and to one of his telegrams to the Commander-in-Chief the Minister had taken occasion to append the following carefully qualified sentence—"I recommend Dowbiggan to your notice, should you have a vacancy, and if he is fit." Unfortunately, in those early days, it was left to the discretion of the telegraphist to compress the messages which passed through his hands; so that the result was that Lord Panmure's delicate appeal reached its destination in the laconic form of "Look after Dowb." The Headquarters Staff were at first extremely puzzled; they were at last extremely amused. The story spread; and "Look after Dowb" remained for many years the familiar formula for describing official hints in favour of deserving nephews.

And now that all this was over, now that Sebastopol had been, somehow or another, taken; now that peace was, somehow or another, made; now that the troubles of office might surely be expected to be at an end at last—here was Miss Nightingale breaking in upon the scene, with her talk about the state of the hospitals and the necessity for sanitary reform. It was most irksome; and Lord Panmure almost began to wish that he was engaged upon some more congenial occupation—discussing, perhaps, the constitution of the Free Church of Scotland—a question in which he was profoundly interested. But no; duty was paramount; and he set himself, with a sigh of resignation, to the task of doing as little of it as he possibly could.

"The Bison" his friends called him; and the name fitted both his physical demeanour and his habit of mind. That large low head seemed to have been created for butting rather than for anything else. There he stood, four square

and menacing, in the doorway of reform; and it remained to be seen whether the bulky mass, upon whose solid hide even the barbed arrows of Lord Raglan's scorn had made no mark, would prove amenable to the pressure of Miss Nightingale. Nor was he alone in the doorway. There loomed behind him the whole phalanx of professional conservatism, the stubborn supporters of the out-of-date, the worshippers and the victims of War Office routine. Among these it was only natural that Dr. Andrew Smith, the head of the Army Medical Department, should have been pre-eminent—Dr. Andrew Smith, who had assured Miss Nightingale before she left England that "nothing was wanted at Scutari." Such were her opponents; but she too was not without allies. She had gained the ear of Royalty—which was something; at any moment that she pleased she could gain the ear of the public—which was a great deal. She had a host of admirers and friends; and—to say nothing of her personal qualities—her knowledge, her tenacity, her tact—she possessed, too, one advantage which then, far more even than now, carried an immense weight—she belonged to the highest circle of society. She moved naturally among Peers and Cabinet Ministers—she was one of their own set; and in those days their set was a very narrow one. What kind of attention would such persons have paid to some middle-class woman with whom they were not acquainted, who possessed great experience of army nursing and had decided views upon hospital reform? They would have politely ignored her; but it was impossible to ignore Flo Nightingale. When she spoke, they were obliged to listen; and, when they had once begun to do that—what might not follow? She knew her power, and she used it. She supported her weightiest minutes with familiar witty little notes. The Bison began to look grave. It might be difficult—it might be damned difficult—to put down one's head against the white hand of a lady.

Of Miss Nightingale's friends, the most important was Sidney Herbert. He was a man upon whom the good fairies seemed to have showered, as he lay in his cradle, all their most enviable gifts. Well born, handsome, rich, the master of Wilton—one of those great country-houses, clothed with the glamour of a historic past, which are the peculiar glory of England—he possessed, besides all these advantages, so charming, so lively, so gentle a disposition that no one who had once come near him could ever be his enemy. He was, in fact, a man of whom it was difficult not to say that he was a perfect English gentleman. For his virtues were equal even to his good fortune. He was religious—deeply religious: "I am more and more convinced every day," he wrote, when he had been for some years a Cabinet Minister, "that in politics, as in everything else, nothing can be right which is not in accordance with the spirit of the Gospel." No one was more unselfish; he was charitable and benevolent to a remarkable degree; and he devoted the whole of his life with an unwavering conscientiousness to the public service. With such a character, with such opportunities, what high hopes must have danced before him, what radiant visions of accomplished duties, of ever-increasing usefulness, of beneficent power, of the consciousness of disinterested success! Some of those hopes and visions were, indeed, realised; but, in the end, the career of Sidney Herbert seemed to

show that, with all their generosity, there was some gift or other—what was it?—some essential gift—which the good fairies had withheld, and that even the qualities of a perfect English gentleman may be no safeguard against anguish, humiliation, and defeat.

That career would certainly have been very different if he had never known Miss Nightingale. The alliance between them, which had begun with her appointment to Scutari, which had grown closer and closer while the war lasted, developed, after her return, into one of the most extraordinary of friendships. It was the friendship of a man and a woman intimately bound together by their devotion to a public cause; mutual affection, of course, played a part in it, but it was an incidental part; the whole soul of the relationship was a community of work. Perhaps out of England such an intimacy could hardly have existed—an intimacy so utterly untinctured not only by passion itself but by the suspicion of it. For years Sidney Herbert saw Miss Nightingale almost daily, for long hours together, corresponding with her incessantly when they were apart; and the tongue of scandal was silent; and one of the most devoted of her admirers was his wife. But what made the connection still more remarkable was the way in which the parts that were played in it were divided between the two. The man who acts, decides, and achieves; the woman who encourages, applauds, and—from a distance—inspires;—the combination is common enough; but Miss Nightingale was neither an Aspasia nor an Egeria. In her case it is almost true to say that the rôles were reversed; the qualities of pliancy and sympathy fell to the man, those of command and initiative to the woman. There was one thing only which Miss Nightingale lacked in her equipment for public life; she had not—she never could have—the public power and authority which belong to the successful politician. That power and authority Sidney Herbert possessed; the fact was obvious, and the conclusion no less so: it was through the man that the woman must work her will. She took hold of him, taught him, shaped him, absorbed him, dominated him through and through. He did not resist—he did not wish to resist; his natural inclination lay along the same path as hers; only that terrific personality swept him forward at her own fierce pace and with her own relentless stride. Swept him—where to? Ah! Why had he ever known Miss Nightingale? If Lord Panmure was a bison, Sidney Herbert, no doubt, was a stag—a comely, gallant creature springing through the forest; but the forest is a dangerous place. One has the image of those wide eyes fascinated suddenly by something feline, something strong; there is a pause; and then the ugress has her claws in the quivering haunches; and then——!

Besides Sidney Herbert, she had other friends who, in a more restricted sphere, were hardly less essential to her. If, in her condition of bodily collapse, she were to accomplish what she was determined that she should accomplish, the attentions and the services of others would be absolutely indispensable. Helpers and servers she must have; and accordingly there was soon formed about her a little group of devoted disciples upon whose affections and energies she could implicitly rely. Devoted, indeed, these disciples were, in no ordinary

sense of the term; for certainly she was no light task-mistress, and he who set out to be of use to Miss Nightingale was apt to find, before he had gone very far, that he was in truth being made use of in good earnest—to the very limit of his endurance and his capacity. Perhaps, even beyond those limits; why not? Was she asking of others more than she was giving herself? Let them look at her lying there pale and breathless on the couch; could it be said that she spared herself? Why, then, should she spare others? And it was not for her own sake that she made these claims. For her own sake, indeed! No! They all knew it! it was for the sake of the work. And so the little band, bound body and soul in that strange servitude, laboured on ungrudgingly. Among the most faithful was her "Aunt Mai," her father's sister, who from the earliest days had stood beside her, who had helped her to escape from the thralldom of family life, who had been with her at Scutari, and who now acted almost the part of mother to her, watching over her with infinite care in all the movements and uncertainties which her state of health involved. Another constant attendant was her brother-in-law, Sir Harry Verney, whom she found particularly valuable in parliamentary affairs. Arthur Clough, the poet, also a connection by marriage, she used in other ways. Ever since he had lost his faith at the time of the Oxford Movement, Clough had passed his life in a condition of considerable uneasiness, which was increased rather than diminished by the practice of poetry. Unable to decide upon the purpose of an existence whose savour had fled together with his belief in the Resurrection, his spirits lowered still further by ill-health, and his income not all that it should be, he had determined to seek the solution of his difficulties in the United States of America. But, even there, the solution was not forthcoming; and when, a little later, he was offered a post in a government department at home, he accepted it, came to live in London, and immediately fell under the influence of Miss Nightingale. Though the purpose of existence might be still uncertain and its nature still unsavoury, here, at any rate, under the eye of this inspired woman, was something real, something earnest: his only doubt was—could he be of any use? Certainly he could. There were a great number of miscellaneous little jobs which there was nobody handy to do. For instance, when Miss Nightingale was travelling, there were the railway-tickets to be taken; and there were proof-sheets to be corrected; and then there were parcels to be done up in brown paper, and carried to the post. Certainly he could be useful. And so, upon such occupations as these, Arthur Clough was set to work. "This that I see, is not all," he comforted himself by reflecting, "and this that I do is but little! nevertheless it is good, though there is better than it."

As time went on, her "Cabinet," as she called it, grew larger. Officials with whom her work brought her into touch and who sympathised with her objects, were pressed into her service; and old friends of the Crimean days gathered round her when they returned to England. Among these the most indefatigable was Dr. Sutherland, a sanitary expert, who for more than thirty years acted as her confidential private secretary, and surrendered to her purposes

literally the whole of his life. Thus sustained and assisted, thus slaved for and adored, she prepared to beard the Bison.

Two facts soon emerged, and all that followed turned upon them. It became clear, in the first place, that that imposing mass was not immovable, and, in the second, that its movement, when it did move, would be exceedingly slow. The Bison was no match for the lady. It was in vain that he put down his head and planted his feet in the earth; he could not withstand her; the white hand forced him back. But the process was an extraordinarily gradual one. Dr. Andrew Smith and all his War Office phalanx stood behind, blocking the way; the poor Bison groaned inwardly, and cast a wistful eye towards the happy pastures of the Free Church of Scotland; then slowly, with infinite reluctance, step by step, he retreated, disputing every inch of the ground.

The first great measure, which, supported as it was by the Queen, the Cabinet, and the united opinion of the country, it was impossible to resist, was the appointment of a Royal Commission to report upon the health of the Army. The question of the composition of the Commission then immediately arose; and it was over this matter that the first hand-to-hand encounter between Lord Panmure and Miss Nightingale took place. They met, and Miss Nightingale was victorious; Sidney Herbert was appointed Chairman; and, in the end the only member of the Commission opposed to her views was Dr. Andrew Smith. During the interview, Miss Nightingale made an important discovery: she found that "the Bison was bullyable"—the hide was the hide of a Mexican buffalo, but the spirit was the spirit of an Alderney calf. And there was one thing above all others which the huge creature dreaded—an appeal to public opinion. The faintest hint of such a terrible eventuality made his heart dissolve within him; he would agree to anything—he would cut short his grouse-shooting—he would make a speech in the House of Lords—he would even overrule Dr. Andrew Smith—rather than that. Miss Nightingale held the fearful threat in reserve—she would speak out what she knew; she would publish the truth to the whole world, and let the whole world judge between them. With supreme skill, she kept this sword of Damocles poised above the Bison's head, and more than once she was actually on the point of really dropping it. For his recalcitrancy grew and grew. The *personnel* of the Commission once determined upon, there was a struggle, which lasted for six months, over the nature of its powers. Was it to be an efficient body, armed with the right of full inquiry and wide examination, or was it to be a polite official contrivance for exonerating Dr. Andrew Smith? The War Office phalanx closed its ranks, and fought tooth and nail; but it was defeated: the Bison was bullyable.

Three months from this day [Miss Nightingale had written at last] I publish my experience of the Crimean Campaign, and my suggestions for improvement, unless there has been a fair and tangible pledge by that time for reform.

Who could face that?

And, if the need came, she meant to be as good as her word. For she had now determined, whatever might be the fate of the Commission, to draw up

her own report upon the questions at issue. The labour involved was enormous; her health was almost desperate; but she did not flinch, and after six months of incredible industry she had put together and written with her own hand her "Notes affecting the Health, Efficiency, and Hospital Administration of the British Army." This extraordinary composition, filling more than eight hundred closely printed pages, laying down vast principles of far-reaching reform, discussing the minutest details of a multitude of controversial subjects, containing an enormous mass of information of the most varied kinds—military, statistical, sanitary, architectural—was never given to the public, for the need never came; but it formed the basis of the Report of the Royal Commission; and it remains to this day the leading authority on the medical administration of armies.

Before it had been completed the struggle over the powers of the Commission had been brought to a victorious close. Lord Panmure had given way once more; he had immediately hurried to the Queen to obtain her consent; and only then, when her Majesty's initials had been irrevocably affixed to the fatal document, did he dare to tell Dr. Andrew Smith what he had done. The Commission met, and another immense load fell upon Miss Nightingale's shoulders. To-day she would, of course, have been one of the Commission herself; but at that time the idea of a woman appearing in such a capacity was unheard of; and no one even suggested the possibility of Miss Nightingale's doing so. The result was that she was obliged to remain behind the scenes throughout, to coach Sidney Herbert in private at every important juncture, and to convey to him and to her other friends upon the Commission the vast funds of her expert knowledge—so essential in the examination of witnesses—by means of innumerable consultations, letters, and memoranda. It was even doubtful whether the proprieties would admit of her giving evidence; and at last as a compromise, her modesty only allowed her to do so in the form of written answers to written questions. At length the grand affair was finished. The Commission's Report, embodying almost word for word the suggestions of Miss Nightingale, was drawn up by Sidney Herbert. Only one question remained to be answered—would anything, after all, be done? Or would the Royal Commission, like so many other Royal Commissions before and since, turn out to have achieved nothing but the concoction of a very fat blue-book on a very high shelf?

And so the last and the deadliest struggle with the Bison began. Six months had been spent in coercing him into granting the Commission effective powers; six more months were occupied by the work of the Commission; and now yet another six were to pass in extorting from him the means whereby the recommendations of the Commission might be actually carried out. But, in the end, the thing was done. Miss Nightingale seemed indeed, during these months, to be upon the very brink of death. Accompanied by the faithful Aunt Mai, she moved from place to place—to Hampstead, to Highgate, to Derbyshire, to Malvern—in what appeared to be a last desperate effort to find

health somewhere; but she carried that with her which made health impossible. Her desire for work could now scarcely be distinguished from mania. At one moment she was writing a "last letter" to Sidney Herbert; at the next she was offering to go out to India to nurse the sufferers in the Mutiny. When Dr. Sutherland wrote, imploring her to take a holiday, she raved. Rest!—

I am lying without my head, without my claws, and you all peck at me. It is *de rigueur*, *d'obligation*, like the saying something to one's hat, when one goes into church, to say to me all that has been said to me 110 times a day during the last three months. It is the *obligato* on the violin, and the twelve violins all practise it together, like the clocks striking 12 o'clock at night all over London, till I say like Xavier de Maistre, *Assez, je le sais, je ne le sais que trop*. I am not a penitent; but you are like the R. C. confessor, who says what is *de rigueur*. . . .

Her wits began to turn, and there was no holding her. She worked like a slave in a mine. She began to believe, as she had begun to believe at Scutari, that none of her fellow-workers had their hearts in the business; if they had, why did they not work as she did? She could only see slackness and stupidity around her. Dr. Sutherland, of course, was grotesquely muddle-headed; and Arthur Clough incurably lazy. Even Sidney Herbert . . . oh yes, he had simplicity and candour and quickness of perception, no doubt; but he was an eclectic; and what could one hope for from a man who went away to fish in Ireland just when the Bison most needed bullying? As for the Bison himself he had fled to Scotland, where he remained buried for many months. The fate of the vital recommendation in the Commission's Report—the appointment of four Sub-Commissions charged with the duty of determining upon the details of the proposed reforms and of putting them into execution—still hung in the balance. The Bison consented to everything; and then, on a flying visit to London, withdrew his consent and hastily returned to Scotland. Then for many weeks all business was suspended; he had gout—gout in the hands, so that he could not write. "His gout was always handy," remarked Miss Nightingale. But eventually it was clear even to the Bison that the game was up, and the inevitable surrender came.

There was, however, one point in which he triumphed over Miss Nightingale. The building of Netley Hospital had been begun, under his orders, before her return to England. Soon after her arrival she examined the plans, and found that they reproduced all the worst faults of an out-of-date and mischievous system of hospital construction. She therefore urged that the matter should be reconsidered, and in the meantime building stopped. But the Bison was obdurate; it would be very expensive, and in any case it was too late. Unable to make any impression on him, and convinced of the extreme importance of the question, she determined to appeal to a higher authority. Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister; she had known him from her childhood; he was a near neighbour of her father's in the New Forest. She went down to the New Forest, armed with the plans of the proposed hospital and all the relevant information, stayed the night at Lord Palmerston's house, and convinced him of the necessity of rebuilding Netlev.

It seems to me [Lord Palmerston wrote to Lord Panmure] that at Netley all consideration of what would best tend to the comfort and recovery of the patients has been sacrificed to the vanity of the architect, whose sole object has been to make a building which should cut a dash when looked at from the Southampton river. . . . Pray, therefore, stop all further progress in the work until the matter can be duly considered.

But the Bison was not to be moved by one peremptory letter, even if it was from the Prime Minister. He put forth all his powers of procrastination, Lord Palmerston lost interest in the subject, and so the chief military hospital in England was triumphantly completed on unsanitary principles, with unventilated rooms, and with all the patients' windows facing northeast.

But now the time had come when the Bison was to trouble and to be troubled no more. A vote in the House of Commons brought about the fall of Lord Palmerston's Government, and Lord Panmure found himself at liberty to devote the rest of his life to the Free Church of Scotland. After a brief interval, Sidney Herbert became Secretary of State for War. Great was the jubilation in the Nightingale Cabinet; the day of achievement had dawned at last. The next two and a half years (1859-61) saw the introduction of the whole system of reforms for which Miss Nightingale had been struggling so fiercely—reforms which make Sidney Herbert's tenure of power at the War Office an important epoch in the history of the British Army. The four Sub-Commissions, firmly established under the immediate control of the Minister, and urged forward by the relentless perseverance of Miss Nightingale, set to work with a will. The barracks and the hospitals were remodelled; they were properly ventilated and warmed and lighted for the first time; they were given a water supply which actually supplied water, and kitchens where, strange to say, it was possible to cook. Then the great question of the Purveyor—that portentous functionary whose powers and whose lack of powers had weighed like a nightmare upon Scutari—was taken in hand, and new regulations were laid down, accurately defining his responsibilities and his duties. One Sub-Commission reorganised the medical statistics of the Army. Another established—in spite of the last convulsive efforts of the Department—an Army Medical School. Finally the Army Medical Department itself was completely reorganised; an administrative code was drawn up; and the great and novel principle was established that it was as much a part of the duty of the authorities to look after the soldier's health as to look after his sickness. Besides this, it was at last officially admitted that he had a moral and intellectual side. Coffee-rooms and reading-rooms, gymnasiums and workshops were instituted. A new era did in truth appear to have begun. Already by 1861 the mortality in the Army had decreased by one half since the days of the Crimea. It was no wonder that even vaster possibilities began now to open out before Miss Nightingale. One thing was still needed to complete and to assure her triumphs. The Army Medical Department was indeed reorganised; but the great central machine was still untouched. The War Office itself—! If she could remould *that* nearer to her heart's desire—there indeed would be a victory! And until

that final act was accomplished, how could she be certain that all the rest of her achievements might not, by some capricious turn of Fortune's wheel—a change of Ministry, perhaps, replacing Sidney Herbert by some puppet of the permanent official gang—be swept to limbo in a moment?

Meanwhile, still ravenous for more and yet more work, her activities had branched out into new directions. The army in India claimed her attention. A Sanitary Commission, appointed at her suggestion, and working under her auspices, did for our troops there what the four Sub-Commissions were doing for those at home. At the same time, these very years which saw her laying the foundations of the whole modern system of medical work in the army, saw her also beginning to bring her knowledge, her influence, and her activity into the service of the country at large. Her *Notes on Hospitals* (1859) revolutionised the theory of hospital construction and hospital management. She was immediately recognised as the leading expert upon all the questions involved; her advice flowed unceasingly and in all directions, so that there is no great hospital to-day which does not bear upon it the impress of her mind. Nor was this all. With the opening of the Nightingale Training School for Nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital (1860), she became the founder of modern nursing.

But a terrible crisis was now fast approaching. Sidney Herbert had consented to undertake the root and branch reform of the War Office. He had sallied forth into that tropical jungle of festooned obstructiveness, of inter-twisted irresponsibilities, of crouching prejudices, of abuses grown stiff and rigid with antiquity, which for so many years to come was destined to lure reforming ministers to their doom.

The War Office [said Miss Nightingale] is a very slow office, an enormously expensive office, and one in which the Minister's intentions can be entirely negated by all his sub-departments, and those of each of the sub-departments by every other.

It was true; and, of course, at the first rumour of a change, the old phalanx of reaction was bristling with its accustomed spears. At its head stood no longer Dr. Andrew Smith, who, some time since, had followed the Bison into outer darkness, but a yet more formidable figure, the permanent Under-Secretary himself, Sir Benjamin Hawes—Ben Hawes the Nightingale Cabinet irreverently dubbed him—a man remarkable even among civil servants for adroitness in baffling inconvenient inquiries, resource in raising false issues, and, in short, a consummate command of all the arts of officially sticking in the mud. "Our scheme will probably result in Ben Hawes's resignation," Miss Nightingale said; "and that is another of its advantages." Ben Hawes himself, however, did not quite see it in that light. He set himself to resist the wishes of the Minister by every means in his power. The struggle was long and desperate; and, as it proceeded, it gradually became evident to Miss Nightingale that something was the matter with Sidney Herbert. What was it? His health, never very strong, was, he said, in danger of collapsing under the strain of his work. But, after all, what is illness, when there is a War Office to be reorganised? Then he began to talk of retiring altogether from public life. The

doctors were consulted, and declared that, above all things, what was necessary was rest. Rest! She grew seriously alarmed. Was it possible that, at the last moment, the crowning wreath of victory was to be snatched from her grasp? She was not to be put aside by doctors; they were talking nonsense; the necessary thing was not rest but the reform of the War Office; and, besides, she knew very well from her own case what one could do even when one was on the point of death. She expostulated vehemently, passionately: the goal was so near, so very near; he could not turn back now! At any rate, he could not resist Miss Nightingale. A compromise was arranged. Very reluctantly, he exchanged the turmoil of the House of Commons for the dignity of the House of Lords, and he remained at the War Office. She was delighted. "One fight more, the best and the last," she said.

For several more months the fight did indeed go on. But the strain upon him was greater even than she perhaps could realise. Besides the intestine war in his office, he had to face a constant battle in the Cabinet with Mr. Gladstone—a more redoubtable antagonist even than Ben Hawes—over the estimates. His health grew worse and worse. He was attacked by fainting-fits; and there were some days when he could only just keep himself going by gulps of brandy. Miss Nightingale spurred him forward with her encouragements and her admonitions, her zeal and her example. But at last his spirit began to sink as well as his body. He could no longer hope; he could no longer desire; it was useless, all useless; it was utterly impossible. He had failed. The dreadful moment came when the truth was forced upon him: he would never be able to reform the War Office. But a yet more dreadful moment lay behind; he must go to Miss Nightingale and tell her that he was a failure, a beaten man.

Blessed are the merciful! What strange ironic prescience had led Prince Albert, in the simplicity of his heart, to choose that motto for the Crimean brooch? The words hold a double lesson; and, alas! when she brought herself to realise at length what was indeed the fact and what there was no helping, it was not in mercy that she turned upon her old friend.

Beaten! [she exclaimed]. Can't you see that you've simply thrown away the game? And with all the winning cards in your hands! And so noble a game! Sidney Herbert beaten! And beaten by Ben Hawes! It is a worse disgrace. . . . [her full rage burst out at last] . . . a worse disgrace than the hospitals at Scutari.

He dragged himself away from her, dragged himself to Spa, hoping vainly for a return of health, and then, despairing, back again to England, to Wilton, to the majestic house standing there resplendent in the summer sunshine, among the great cedars which had lent their shade to Sir Philip Sidney, and all those familiar, darling haunts of beauty which he loved, each one of them, "as if they were persons"; and at Wilton he died. After having received the Eucharist he had become perfectly calm; then, almost unconscious, his lips were seen to be moving. Those about him bent down. "Poor Florence! Poor Florence!" they just caught. ". . . Our joint work . . . unfinished . . . tried to do . . ." and they could hear no more.

When the onward rush of a powerful spirit sweeps a weaker one to its destruction, the commonplaces of the moral judgment are better left unmade. If Miss Nightingale had been less ruthless, Sidney Herbert would not have perished; but then, she would not have been Miss Nightingale. The force that created was the force that destroyed. It was her Demon that was responsible. When the fatal news reached her, she was overcome by agony. In the revulsion of her feelings, she made a worship of the dead man's memory; and the facile instrument which had broken in her hand she spoke of for ever after as her "Master." Then, almost at the same moment, another blow fell upon her. Arthur Clough, worn out by labours very different from those of Sidney Herbert, died too: never more would he tie up her parcels. And yet a third disaster followed. The faithful Aunt Mai did not, to be sure, die; no, she did something almost worse: she left Miss Nightingale. She was growing old, and she felt that she had closer and more imperative duties with her own family. Her niece could hardly forgive her. She poured out, in one of her enormous letters, a passionate diatribe upon the faithlessness, the lack of sympathy, the stupidity, the ineptitude of women. Her doctrines had taken no hold among them; she had never known one who had *appris à apprendre*; she could not even get a woman secretary; "they don't know the names of the Cabinet Ministers—they don't know which of the Churches has Bishops and which not." As for the spirit of self-sacrifice, well—Sidney Herbert and Arthur Clough were men, and they indeed had shown their devotion; but women—! She would mount three widow's caps "for a sign." The first two would be for Clough and for her Master; but the third, "the biggest widow's cap of all"—would be for Aunt Mai. She did well to be angry; she was deserted in her hour of need; and, after all, could she be sure that even the male sex was so impeccable? There was Dr. Sutherland, bungling as usual. Perhaps even he intended to go off, one of these days, too? She gave him a look, and he shivered in his shoes. No!—she grinned sardonically; she would always have Dr. Sutherland. And then she reflected that there was one thing more that she would always have—her work.

Sidney Herbert's death finally put an end to Miss Nightingale's dream of a reformed War Office. For a moment, indeed, in the first agony of her disappointment, she had wildly clutched at a straw; she had written to Mr. Gladstone to beg him to take up the burden of Sidney Herbert's work. And Mr. Gladstone had replied with a sympathetic account of the funeral.

Succeeding Secretaries of State managed between them to undo a good deal of what had been accomplished, but they could not undo it all; and for ten years more (1862-72) Miss Nightingale remained a potent influence at the War Office. After that, her direct connection with the army came to an end, and her energies began to turn more and more completely towards more general objects. Her work upon hospital reform assumed enormous proportions; she was able to improve the conditions in infirmaries and workhouses; and one of her most remarkable papers forestalls the recommendations of the Poor Law

Commission of 1909. Her training school for nurses, with all that it involved in initiative, control, responsibility, and combat, would have been enough in itself to have absorbed the whole efforts of at least two lives of ordinary vigour. And at the same time her work in connection with India, which had begun with the Sanitary Commission on the Indian Army, spread and ramified in a multitude of directions. Her tentacles reached the India Office and succeeded in establishing a hold even upon those slippery high places. For many years it was *de rigueur* for the newly appointed Viceroy, before he left England, to pay a visit to Miss Nightingale.

After much hesitation, she had settled down in a small house in South Street, where she remained for the rest of her life. That life was a very long one; the dying woman reached her ninety-first year. Her ill-health gradually diminished; the crises of extreme danger became less frequent, and at last, altogether ceased; she remained an invalid, but an invalid of a curious character—an invalid who was too weak to walk downstairs and who worked far harder than most Cabinet Ministers. Her illness, whatever it may have been, was certainly not inconvenient. It involved seclusion; and an extraordinary, an unparalleled seclusion was, it might almost have been said, the mainspring of Miss Nightingale's life. Lying on her sofa in the little upper room in South Street, she combined the intense vitality of a dominating woman of the world with the mysterious and romantic quality of a myth. She was a legend in her lifetime, and she knew it. She tasted the joys of power, like those Eastern Emperors whose autocratic rule was based upon invisibility, with the mingled satisfactions of obscurity and fame. And she found the machinery of illness hardly less effective as a barrier against the eyes of men than the ceremonial of a palace. Great statesmen and renowned generals were obliged to beg for audiences; admiring princesses from foreign countries found that they must see her at her own time, or not at all; and the ordinary mortal had no hope of ever getting beyond the downstairs sitting-room and Dr. Sutherland. For that indefatigable disciple did, indeed, never desert her. He might be impatient, he might be restless, but he remained. His "incurable looseness of thought," for so she termed it, continued at her service to the end. Once, it is true, he had actually ventured to take a holiday; but he was recalled, and he did not repeat the experiment. He was wanted downstairs. There he sat, transacting business, answering correspondence, interviewing callers, and exchanging innumerable notes with the unseen power above. Sometimes word came down that Miss Nightingale was just well enough to see one of her visitors. The fortunate man was led up, was ushered, trembling, into the shaded chamber, and, of course, could never afterwards forget the interview. Very rarely, indeed, once or twice a year, perhaps, but nobody could be quite certain, in deadly secrecy, Miss Nightingale went out for a drive in the Park. Unrecognised, the living legend flitted for a moment before the common gaze. And the precaution was necessary; for there were times when, at some public function, the rumour of her presence was spread abroad; and ladies, mistaken by the crowd for Miss Nightingale, were followed, pressed upon, and vehemently supplicated

—"Let me touch your shawl,"—"Let me stroke your arm"; such was the strange adoration in the hearts of the people. That vast reserve of force lay there behind her; she could use it, if she would. But she preferred never to use it. On occasions, she might hint or threaten; she might balance the sword of Damocles over the head of the Bison; she might, by a word, by a glance, remind some refractory minister, some unpersuadable viceroy, sitting in audience with her in the little upper room, that she was something more than a mere sick woman, that she had only, so to speak, to go to the window and wave her handkerchief, for . . . dreadful things to follow. But that was enough; they understood; the myth was there—obvious, portentous, impalpable; and so it remained to the last.

With statesmen and governors at her beck and call, with her hands on a hundred strings, with mighty provinces at her feet, with foreign governments agog for her counsel, building hospitals, training nurses—she still felt that she had not enough to do. She sighed for more worlds to conquer—more, and yet more. She looked about her—what was there left? Of course! Philosophy! After the world of action, the world of thought. Having set right the health of the British Army, she would now do the same good service for the religious convictions of mankind. She had long noticed—with regret—the growing tendency towards free-thinking among artisans. With regret, but not altogether with surprise; the current teaching of Christianity was sadly to seek; nay, Christianity itself was not without its defects. She would rectify these errors. She would correct the mistakes of the Churches; she would point out just where Christianity was wrong; and she would explain to the artisans what the facts of the case really were. Before her departure for the Crimea, she had begun this work; and now, in the intervals of her other labours, she completed it. Her "Suggestions for Thought to the Searchers after Truth among the Artisans of England" (1860), unravels, in the course of three portly volumes, the difficulties—hitherto, curiously enough, unsolved—connected with such matters as Belief in God, the Plan of Creation, the Origin of Evil, the Future Life, Necessity and Free Will, Law, and the Nature of Morality. The Origin of Evil, in particular, held no perplexities for Miss Nightingale. "We cannot conceive," she remarks, "that Omnipotent Righteousness would find satisfaction in *solitary existence*." This being so, the only question remaining to be asked is, "What beings should we then conceive that God would create?" Now, He cannot create perfect beings, "since, essentially, perfection is one"; if He did so, He would only be adding to Himself. Thus the conclusion is obvious: He *must* create *imperfect* ones. Omnipotent Righteousness, faced by the intolerable *impasse* of a solitary existence, finds itself bound, by the very nature of the case, to create the hospitals at Scutari. Whether this argument would have satisfied the artisans, was never discovered, for only a very few copies of the book were printed for private circulation. One copy was sent to Mr. Mill, who acknowledged it in an extremely polite letter. He felt himself obliged, however, to confess that he had not been altogether convinced by Miss Nightingale's proof of the existence of God. Miss Nightingale was surprised and mortified; she had thought better of Mr. Mill; for surely her proof of the

existence of God could hardly be improved upon. "A law," she had pointed out, "implies a lawgiver." Now the Universe is full of laws—the law of gravitation, the law of the excluded middle, and many others; hence it follows that the Universe has a lawgiver—and what would Mr. Mill be satisfied with, if he was not satisfied with that?

Perhaps Mr. Mill might have asked why the argument had not been pushed to its logical conclusion. Clearly, if we are to trust the analogy of human institutions, we must remember that laws are, as a matter of fact, not dispensed by lawgivers, but passed by Act of Parliament. Miss Nightingale, however, with all her experience of public life, never stopped to consider the question whether God might not be a Limited Monarchy.

Yet her conception of God was certainly not orthodox. She felt towards Him as she might have felt towards a glorified sanitary engineer; and in some of her speculations she seems hardly to distinguish between the Deity and the Drains. As one turns over these singular pages, one has the impression that Miss Nightingale has got the Almighty too into her clutches, and that, if He is not careful, she will kill Him with overwork.

Then, suddenly, in the very midst of the ramifying generalities of her metaphysical disquisitions there is an unexpected turn, and the reader is plunged all at once into something particular, something personal, something impregnated with intense experience—a virulent invective upon the position of women in the upper ranks of society. Forgetful alike of her high argument and of the artisans, the bitter creature rails through a hundred pages of close print at the falsities of family life, the ineptitudes of marriage, the emptiness of convention, in the spirit of an Ibsen or a Samuel Butler. Her fierce pen, shaking with intimate anger, depicts in biting sentences the fearful fate of an unmarried girl in a wealthy household. It is a *cri du cœur*; and then, as suddenly, she returns once more to instruct the artisans upon the nature of Omnipotent Righteousness.

Her mind was, indeed, better qualified to dissect the concrete and distasteful fruits of actual life than to construct a coherent system of abstract philosophy. In spite of her respect for Law, she was never at home with a generalisation. Thus, though the great achievement of her life lay in the immense impetus which she gave to the scientific treatment of sickness, a true comprehension of the scientific method itself was alien to her spirit. Like most great men of action—perhaps like all—she was simply an empiricist. She believed in what she saw, and she acted accordingly; beyond that she would not go. She had found in Scutari that fresh air and light played an effective part in the prevention of the maladies with which she had to deal; and that was enough for her; she would not inquire further; what were the general principles underlying that fact—or even whether there were any—she refused to consider. Years after the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister, she laughed at what she called the "germ-fetish." There was no such thing as "infection"; she had never seen it, therefore it did not exist. But she *had* seen the good effects of fresh air; therefore there could be no doubt about them; and therefore it was essential

that the bedrooms of patients should be well ventilated. Such was her doctrine; and in those days of hermetically sealed windows it was a very valuable one. But it was a purely empirical doctrine, and thus it led to some unfortunate results. When, for instance, her influence in India was at its height, she issued orders that all hospital windows should be invariably kept open. The authorities, who knew what an open window in the hot weather meant, protested, but in vain; Miss Nightingale was incredulous. She knew nothing of the hot weather, but she did know the value of fresh air—from personal experience; the authorities were talking nonsense and the windows must be kept open all the year round. There was a great outcry from all the doctors in India, but she was firm; and for a moment it seemed possible that her terrible commands would have to be put into execution. Lord Lawrence, however, was Viceroy, and he was able to intimate to Miss Nightingale, with sufficient authority, that he himself had decided upon the question, and that his decision must stand, even against her own. Upon that, she gave way, but reluctantly and quite unconvinced; she was only puzzled by the unexpected weakness of Lord Lawrence. No doubt, if she had lived to-day, and if her experience had lain, not among cholera cases at Scutari but among yellow-fever cases in Panama, she would have declared fresh air a fetish, and would have maintained to her dying day that the only really effective way of dealing with disease was by the destruction of mosquitoes.

Yet her mind, so positive, so realistic, so ultra-practical, had its singular revulsions, its mysterious moods of mysticism and of doubt. At times, lying sleepless in the early hours, she fell into long strange agonised meditations, and then, seizing a pencil, she would commit to paper the confessions of her soul. The morbid longings of her pre-Crimean days came over her once more; she filled page after page with self-examination, self-criticism, self-surrender. "O Father," she wrote, "I submit, I resign myself, I accept with all my heart this stretching out of Thy hand to save me. . . . O how vain it is, the vanity of vanities, to live in men's thoughts instead of God's!" She was lonely, she was miserable. "Thou knowest that through all these horrible twenty years, I have been supported by the belief that I was working with Thee who wert bringing everyone, even our poor nurses, to perfection,"—and yet, after all, what was the result? Had not even she been an unprofitable servant? One night, waking suddenly, she saw, in the dim light of the night-lamp, tenebrous shapes upon the wall. The past rushed back upon her. "Am I she who once stood on that Crimean height?" she wildly asked—"The Lady with a lamp shall stand. . . . The lamp shows me only my utter shipwreck."

She sought consolation in the writings of the Mystics and in a correspondence with Mr. Jowett. For many years the Master of Balliol acted as her spiritual adviser. He discussed with her in a series of enormous letters the problems of religion and philosophy; he criticised her writings on those subjects with the tactful sympathy of a cleric who was also a man of the world; and he even ventured to attempt at times to instil into her rebellious nature some of his own peculiar suavity. "I sometimes think," he told her, "that you

ought seriously to consider how your work may be carried on, not with less energy, but in a calmer spirit. I am not blaming the past. . . . But I want the peace of God to settle on the future." He recommended her to spend her time no longer in "conflicts with Government offices," and to take up some literary work. He urged her to "work out her notion of Divine Perfection," in a series of essays for *Frazer's Magazine*. She did so; and the result was submitted to Mr. Froude, who pronounced the second essay to be "even more pregnant than the first. I cannot tell," he said, "how sanitary, with disordered intellects, the effects of such papers will be." Mr. Carlyle, indeed, used different language, and some remarks of his about a lost lamb bleating on the mountains having been unfortunately repeated to Miss Nightingale, all Mr. Jowett's suavity was required to keep the peace. In a letter of fourteen sheets, he turned her attention from the painful topic towards a discussion of Quietism. "I don't see why," said the Master of Balliol, "active life might not become a sort of passive life too." And then, he added, "I sometimes fancy there are possibilities of human character much greater than have been realised." She found such sentiments helpful, underlining them in blue pencil; and, in return, she assisted her friend with a long series of elaborate comments upon the Dialogues of Plato, most of which he embodied in the second edition of his translation. Gradually her interest became more personal; she told him never to work again after midnight, and he obeyed her. Then she helped him to draw up a special form of daily service for the College Chapel, with selections from the Psalms, under the heads of "God the Lord, God the Judge, God the Father, and God the Friend,"—though, indeed, this project was never realised; for the Bishop of Oxford disallowed the alterations, exercising his legal powers, on the advice of Sir Travers Twiss.

Their relations became intimate. "The spirit of the twenty-third psalm and the spirit of the nineteenth psalm should be united in our lives," Mr. Jowett said. Eventually, she asked him to do her a singular favour. Would he, knowing what he did of her religious views, come to London and administer to her the Holy Sacrament? He did not hesitate, and afterwards declared that he would always regard the occasion as a solemn event in his life. He was devoted to her; though the precise nature of his feelings towards her never quite transpired. Her feelings towards him were more mixed. At first, he was "that great and good man"—"that true saint, Mr. Jowett"; but, as time went on, some gall was mingled with the balm; the acrimony of her nature asserted itself. She felt that she gave more sympathy than she received; she was exhausted, she was annoyed, by his conversation. Her tongue, one day, could not refrain from shooting out at him. "He comes to me, and he talks to me," she said, "as if I were someone else."

At one time she had almost decided to end her life in retirement, as a patient at St. Thomas's Hospital. But partly owing to the persuasions of Mr Jowett, she changed her mind; for forty-five years she remained in South Street; and in South Street she died. As old age approached, though her

influence with the official world gradually diminished, her activities seemed to remain as intense and widespread as before. When hospitals were to be built, when schemes of sanitary reform were in agitation, when wars broke out, she was still the adviser of all Europe. Still, with a characteristic self-assurance, she watched from her Mayfair bedroom over the welfare of India. Still, with an indefatigable enthusiasm, she pushed forward the work, which, perhaps, was nearer to her heart, more completely her own, than all the rest—the training of nurses. In her moments of deepest depression, when her greatest achievements seemed to lose their lustre, she thought of her nurses, and was comforted. The ways of God, she found, were strange indeed. “How inefficient I was in the Crimea,” she noted. “Yet He has raised up from it trained nursing.”

At other times she was better satisfied. Looking back, she was amazed by the enormous change which, since her early days, had come over the whole treatment of illness, the whole conception of public and domestic health—a change in which, she knew, she had played her part. One of her Indian admirers, the Aga Khan, came to visit her. She expatiated on the marvellous advances she had lived to see in the management of hospitals, in drainage, in ventilation, in sanitary work of every kind. There was a pause; and then, “Do you think you are improving?” asked the Aga Khan. She was a little taken aback, and said, “What do you mean by ‘improving’?” He replied, “Believing more in God.” She saw that he had a view of God which was different from hers. “A most interesting man,” she noted after the interview; “but you could never teach him sanitation.”

When old age actually came, something curious happened. Destiny, having waited very patiently, played a queer trick on Miss Nightingale. The benevolence and public spirit of that long life had only been equalled by its acerbity. Her virtue had dwelt in hardness, and she had poured forth her unstinted usefulness with a bitter smile upon her lips. And now the sarcastic years brought the proud woman her punishment. She was not to die as she had lived. The sting was to be taken out of her: she was to be made soft; she was to be reduced to compliance and complacency. The change came gradually, but at last it was unmistakable. The terrible commander who had driven Sidney Herbert to his death, to whom Mr. Jowett had applied the words of Homer, ἀμωρον μεμαῖνα—raging insatiably—now accepted small compliments with gratitude, and indulged in sentimental friendships with young girls. The author of “*Notes on Nursing*”—that classical compendium of the besetting sins of the sisterhood, drawn up with the detailed acrimony, the vindictive relish, of a Swift—now spent long hours in composing sympathetic Addresses to Probationers, whom she petted and wept over in turn. And, at the same time there appeared a corresponding alteration in her physical mould. The thin, angular woman, with her haughty eye and her acrid mouth had vanished; and in her place was the rounded bulky form of a fat old lady, smiling all day long. Then something else became visible. The brain which had been steeled at Scutari was indeed, literally, growing soft

Senility—an ever more and more amiable senility—descended. Towards the end, consciousness itself grew lost in a roseate haze, and melted into nothingness. It was just then, three years before her death, when she was eighty-seven years old (1907), that those in authority bethought them that the opportune moment had come for bestowing a public honour on Florence Nightingale. She was offered the Order of Merit. That Order, whose roll contains, among other distinguished names, those of Sir Laurence Alma Tadema and Sir Edward Elgar, is remarkable chiefly for the fact that, as its title indicates, it is bestowed because its recipient deserves it, and for no other reason. Miss Nightingale's representatives accepted the honour, and her name, after a lapse of many years, once more appeared in the Press. Congratulations from all sides came pouring in. There was a universal burst of enthusiasm—a final revivification of the ancient myth. Among her other admirers, the German Emperor took this opportunity of expressing his feelings towards her. "His Majesty," wrote the German Ambassador, "having just brought to a close a most enjoyable stay in the beautiful neighbourhood of your old home near Romsey, has commanded me to present you with some flowers as a token of his esteem." Then, by Royal command, the Order of Merit was brought to South Street, and there was a little ceremony of presentation. Sir Douglas Dawson, after a short speech, stepped forward, and handed the insignia of the Order to Miss Nightingale. Propped up by pillows, she dimly recognised that some compliment was being paid her. "Too kind—too kind," she murmured; and she was not ironical.

J. E. B. STUART¹

by Gamaliel Bradford

STUART was a fighter by nature. When he was at West Point in the early fifties, his distinguishing characteristics, as chronicled by Fitzhugh Lee, were "a strict attendance to his military duties, an erect, soldierly bearing, an immediate and almost thankful acceptance of a challenge from any cadet to fight, who might in any way feel himself aggrieved." The tendency, if not inherited, did not lack paternal encouragement; for the elder Stuart writes to his son, in regard to one of these combats: "I did not consider you so much to blame. An insult should be resented under all circumstances." The young cadet also showed himself to be a fearless and an exceptionally skillful horseman.

¹ From Gamaliel Bradford, *Confederate Portraits*. By arrangement with and permission of Houghton Mifflin Company

These qualities served him well in the Indian warfare to which he was immediately transferred from West Point. His recklessness in taking chances was equaled only by his ingenuity in pulling through. One of his superiors writes: "Lieutenant Stuart was brave and gallant, always prompt in execution of orders and reckless of danger and exposure. I considered him at that time one of the most promising young officers in the United States Army."

Later Stuart took a prominent part in the capture of John Brown. He himself wrote an account of the matter at the time for the newspapers, simply to explain and justify Lee's conduct. He also wrote a letter to his mother, with a characteristic description of his own doings: "I approached the door in the presence of perhaps two thousand spectators, and told *Mr. Smith* that I had a communication for him from Colonel Lee. He opened the door about four inches, and placed his body against the crack, with a cocked carbine in his hand; hence his remark after his capture that he could have wiped me out like a mosquito. . . . When *Smith* first came to the door I recognized old *Osawatimie Brown*, who had given us so much trouble in Kansas. No one present but myself could have performed that service. I got his bowie-knife from his person, and have it yet."

From the very beginning of the war Stuart maintained this fighting reputation. He would attack any thing anywhere, and the men who served under him had to do the same; what is more, and marks the born leader, he made them wish to do the same. "How can I eat, sleep, or rest in peace without you upon the outpost?" wrote Joseph Johnston; and a noble enemy, who had been a friend, Sedgwick, is reported to have said that Stuart was "the greatest cavalry officer ever foaled in America."

Danger he met with more than stolid indifference, a sort of furious bravado, thrusting himself into it with manifest pleasure, and holding back, when he did hold back, with a sigh. And some men's luck! Johnston was wounded a dozen times, was always getting wounded. Yet Stuart, probably far more exposed, was wounded only once in his life, among the Indians; in the war not at all. His clothes were pierced again and again. According to Von Borcke, the general had half of his moustache cut off by a bullet "as neatly as it could have been done by the hand of an experienced barber." Yet nothing ever drew blood till the shot which was mortal. Such an immunity naturally encouraged the sort of fatalism not unusual with great soldiers, and Stuart once said of the proximity of his enemies, "You might have shot a marble at them—but I am not afraid of any ball aimed at me."

In this spirit he got into scores of difficult places—and got out again. Sometimes it was by quick action and a mad rush, as when he left his hat and a few officers behind him. Sometimes it was by stealth and secrecy, as when he hid his whole command all night within a few hundred yards of the marching enemy. "And nothing now remained but to watch and wait and keep quiet. Quiet? Yes, the men kept very quiet, for they realized that even Stuart never before had them in so tight a place. But many a time did we fear that we were betrayed by the weary, hungry, head-

strong mules of the ordnance train. Men were stationed at the head of every team; but in spite of all precautions, a discordant bray would every now and then fill the air. Never was the voice of a mule so harsh!"

The men who had watched and tried and tested him on such occasions as these knew what he was and gave him their trust. He asked nothing of them that he would not do himself. Therefore they did what he asked of them. Scheibert says that "he won their confidence and inspired them by his whole bearing and personality, by his kindling speech, his flashing eye, and his cheerfulness which no reverse could overcome." Stuart himself describes his followers' enthusiastic loyalty with a naïveté as winning as it is characteristic. "There was something of the sublime in the implicit confidence and unquestioning trust of the rank and file in a leader guiding them straight, apparently, into the very jaws of the enemy, every step appearing to them to diminish the very faintest hope of extrication." Yet he asked this trust and they gave it simply on the strength of his word. "You are about to engage in an enterprise which, to ensure success, imperatively demands at your hands coolness, decision, and the strictest order and sobriety on the march and in the bivouac. The destination and extent of this expedition had better be kept to myself than known to you."

The men loved him also because, when the strain was removed, he put on no airs, pretense, or remoteness of superiority, but treated them as man to man. "He was the most approachable of major-generals, and jested with the private soldiers of his command as jovially as though he had been one of themselves. The men were perfectly unconstrained in his presence, and treated him more like the chief huntsman of a hunting party than as a major-general." His officers also loved him, and not only trusted him for war, but enjoyed his company in peace. He was constantly on the watch to do them kindnesses, and would frolic with them—marbles, snowballs, quoits, what not?—like a boy with boys.

And Stuart loved his men as they loved him, did not regard them as mere food for cannon, to be used, and abused, and forgotten. There is something almost pathetic in his neglect of self in praising them. "The horseman who, at his officer's bidding, without question, leaps into unexplored darkness, knowing nothing except that there is danger ahead, possesses the highest attribute of the patriot soldier. It is a great source of pride to me to command a division of such men." Careless of his own danger always, he was far more thoughtful of those about him. In the last battle he was peculiarly reckless, and Major McClellan noticed that the general kept sending him with messages to General Anderson. "At last the thought occurred to me that he was endeavoring to shield me from danger. I said to him: 'General, my horse is weary. You are exposing yourself, and you are alone. Please let me remain with you.' He smiled at me kindly, but bade me go to General Anderson with another message."

Any reflection on his command arouses him at once to its defense. "There seems to be a growing tendency to abuse and underrate the services of that

arm of the service [cavalry] by a few officers of infantry, among whom I regret to find General Trimble. Troops should be taught to take pride in other branches of the service than their own."

It is very rare that Stuart has any occasion to address himself directly to the authorities at Richmond. Fighting, not writing, was his business. But when he feels that his men and horses are being starved unnecessarily, he bestirs himself, and sends Seddon a letter which is as interesting for nervous and vigorous expressions as for the character of the writer. "I beg to urge that in no case should persons not connected with the army, and who are amply compensated for all that is taken, be allowed more subsistence per day than the noble veterans who are periling their lives in the cause and at every sacrifice are enduring hardship and exposure in the ranks."

And the general's care and enthusiasm for his officers was as great as for the privates. It is charming to see how earnestly and how specifically he commends them in every report. Particularly, he is anxious to impress upon Lee that no family considerations should prevent the merited advancement of Lee's own son and nephew. Even on his deathbed one of his last wishes was that his faithful followers should have his horses, and he allotted them thoughtfully according to each officer's needs.

The general did not allow his feelings to interfere with subordination, however. His discipline "was as firm as could be with such men as composed the cavalry of General Lee's army," writes Judge Garnett. "He never tolerated nor overlooked disobedience of orders." Even his favorites, Mosby and Fitz Lee, come in for reproof when needed. Of the latter's failure to arrive at Raccoon Ford when expected he writes: "By this failure to comply with instructions not only the movement of the cavalry across the Rapidan was postponed a day, but a fine opportunity was lost to overhaul a body of the enemy's cavalry on a predatory excursion far beyond their lines." His tendency to severity in regard to a certain subordinate calls forth one of Lee's gently tactful cautions: "I am perfectly willing to transfer him to Paxton's brigade, if he desires it; but if he does not, I know of no act of his to justify my doing so. Do not let your judgment be warped." There were officers with whom Stuart could not get along; for instance, "Grumble Jones," who perhaps could get along with no one. Yet, after Stuart's death, Jones said of him: "By G—, Martin! You know I had little love for Stuart, and he had just as little for me; but that is the greatest loss the army has ever sustained except the death of Jackson."

From these various considerations it will be surmised that Stuart was no mere reckless sworder, no Rupert, good with sabre, furious in onset, beyond that signifying nothing. He knew the spirit of the antique maxim, "Be bold, and evermore be bold; be not too bold." He had learned the hardest lesson and the essential corrective for such a temperament, self-control. To me there is an immense pathos in his quiet, almost plaintive explanation to Lee, on one occasion: "The commanding general will, I am sure, appreciate how hard it was to desist from the undertaking, but to any one on the spot there

could be but one opinion—its impossibility. I gave it up." On the other hand, no one knew better that in some cases perfect prudence and splendid boldness are one and the same thing. To use again his own language: "Although the expedition was prosecuted further than was contemplated in your instructions, I feel assured that the considerations which actuated me will convince you that I did not depart from their spirit and that the bold development in the subsequent direction of the march was the quintessence of prudence." Lee always found the right words. In one of his reports he says of Stuart [*italics mine*]: "I take occasion to express to the Department my sense of the boldness, *judgment*, and *prudence* he displayed in its execution."

But one may have self-control without commanding intelligence. Fremont's description of Stuart's movements does not suggest much of the latter quality. "He seems to roam over the country at his own discretion, and always gives a good account of himself, turning up at the right moment, and hitherto he has not got himself into any serious trouble." Later, more studious observers do not take quite the same view. One should read the whole of the Prussian colonel Scheibert's account of Stuart's thorough planning, his careful calculation, his exact methods of procedure. "Before Stuart undertook any movement, he spared nothing in the way of preparation which might make it succeed. He informed himself as exactly as possible by scouts and spies, himself reconnoitred with his staff, often far beyond the outposts, had his engineer officers constantly fill out and improve the rather inadequate maps and ascertain the practicability of roads, fords, etc. In short, he omitted no precaution and spared no pains or effort to secure the best possible results for such undertakings as he planned; therefore he was in the saddle almost as long again as his men." Similar testimony can be gathered incidentally everywhere in Stuart's letters and reports, proving that he was no chance roamer, but went where he planned to go and came back when he intended. For instance, he writes of the Peninsular operations: "It is proper to remark here that the commanding general had, on the occasion of my late expedition to the Pamunkey, imparted to me his design of bringing Jackson down upon the enemy's right flank and rear, and directed that I should examine the country with reference to its practicability for such a movement. I therefore had studied the features of the country very thoroughly and knew exactly how to conform my movements to Jackson's route."

On the strength of these larger military qualities it has sometimes been contended that Stuart should have had an even more responsible command than fell to him and that Lee should have retained him at the head of Jackson's corps after Jackson's death. Certainly Lee can have expressed no higher opinion of any one: "A more zealous, ardent, brave and devoted soldier than Stuart the Confederacy cannot have." Johnston called him "calm, firm, acute, active, and enterprising, I know of no one more competent than he to estimate occurrences at their true value." Longstreet, hitting Jackson as well as praising Stuart, said: "His death was possibly a greater loss to the Confederate army than that of the swift-moving General Stonewall Jackson." Among foreign

authorities Scheibert writes that "General von Schmidt, the regenerator of our [Prussian] cavalry tactics, has told me that Stuart was the model cavalry leader of this century and has questioned me very often about his mode of fighting." And Captain Battine thinks that he should have had Jackson's place. Finally, Alexander, sanest of Confederate writers, expresses the same view strongly and definitely: "I always thought it an injustice to Stuart and a loss to the army that he was not from that moment *continued in command of Jackson's corps*. He had *won* the right to it. I believe he had all of Jackson's genius and dash and originality, without the eccentricity of character which sometimes led to disappointment. Jackson's spirit and inspiration were uneven. Stuart, however, possessed the rare quality of being always *equal to himself at his very best*."

This is magnificent praise, coming from such a source. Nevertheless, I find it hard to question Lee's judgment. There was nothing in the world to prevent his giving Stuart the position, if he thought him qualified. It is not absolutely certain how Stuart would have carried independent command. I can hardly imagine Davis, even early in the war, writing of Jackson as he did of Stuart: "The letter of General Hill painfully impresses me with that which has before been indicated—a want of vigilance and intelligent observation on the part of General Stuart." Major Bigelow, who knows the battle of Chancellorsville as well as any one living, does not judge Stuart's action so favorably as Alexander. And Cooke, who adored Stuart and served constantly under him, says: "At Chancellorsville, when he succeeded Jackson, the troops, although quite enthusiastic about him, complained that he led them too recklessly against artillery; and it is hard for those who knew the man to believe that, as an army commander, he would have consented to a strictly defensive campaign. Fighting was a necessity of his blood, and the slow movements of infantry did not suit his genius."

May it not be also that Lee thought Stuart indispensable where he was and believed it would be as difficult to replace him as Jackson? Most of Stuart's correspondence has perished and we are obliged to gather its tenor from letters written to him, which is much like listening to a one-sided conversation over the telephone. From one of Lee's letters, however, it is fairly evident that neither he nor Stuart himself had seriously considered the latter's taking Jackson's place. Lee writes: "I am obliged to you for your views as to the successor of the great and good Jackson. Unless God in his mercy will raise us up one, I do not know what we shall do. I agree with you on the subject, and have so expressed myself."

In any event, what his countrymen will always remember of Stuart is the fighting figure, the glory of battle, the sudden and tumultuous fury of charge and onset.

And what above all distinguishes him in this is his splendid joy in it. Others fought with clenched fist and set teeth, rejoicing, perhaps, but with deadly determination of lip and brow. He laughed and sang. His blue eye sparkled and his white teeth gleamed. To others it was the valley of the shadow of death. To him it was a picnic and a pleasure party.

He views everything by its picturesque side, catches the theatrical detail which turns terror and death into a scenic surprise. "My arrival could not have been more fortunately timed, for, arriving after dark, the ponderous march, with the rolling artillery, must have impressed the enemy's cavalry, watching their rear, with the idea of an immense army about to cut off their retreat." He rushed gayly into battle, singing, "Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the Wilderness?" or his favorite of favorites, "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry." When he is riding off, as it were into the mouth of hell, his adjutant asks, "How long?" and he answers, as Touchstone might, with a bit of old ballad, "It may be for years and it may be for ever." His clear laughter, in the sternest crises, echoes through dusty war books, like a silver bell. As he sped back from his Peninsular raid, the Union troops were close upon him and the-swollen Chickahominy in front, impassable, it seemed. Stuart thought a moment, pulling at his beard. Then he found the remains of an old bridge and set his men to rebuild it. "While the men were at work upon it, Stuart was lying down on the bank of the stream, in the gayest humor I ever saw, laughing at the prank he had played on McClellan."

It is needless to enlarge on the effect of such a temper, such exuberant confidence and cheerfulness in danger, on subordinates. It lightened labor, banished fatigue, warmed chill limbs and fainting courage. "My men and horses are tired, hungry, jaded, but all right," was the last despatch he ever wrote. So long as he was with them, they were all right. His very voice was like music, says Fitz Lee, "like the silver trumpet of the Archangel." It sounded oblivion of everything but glory. His gayety, his laughter, were infectious and turned a raid into a revel. "That summer night," writes Mosby of the McClellan expedition, "was a carnival of fun I can never forget. Nobody thought of danger or sleep, when champagne bottles were bursting and wine was flowing in copious streams. All had perfect confidence in their leader. . . . The discipline of the soldiers for a while gave way to the wild revelry of Comus."

And this spirit of adventure, of romance, of buoyant optimism and energy, was not merely reserved for occasions of excitement, was not the triumphant outcome of glory and success. It was constant and unflinching. To begin with, Stuart had a magnificent physique. "Nothing seemed strong enough to break down his powerful organization of mind and body," says his biographer; and Mosby, "Although he had been in the saddle two days and nights without sleep, he was as gay as a lark." When exhaustion finally fell upon him, he would drop off his horse by the roadside, anywhere, sleep for an hour, and arise as active as ever. Universal testimony proves that he was overcome and disheartened by no disaster. He would be thoughtful for a moment, pulling at his beard, then seize upon the best decision that presented itself and push on. Dreariness sometimes crushes those who can well resist actual misfortune. Not Stuart. "In the midst of rainstorms, when everybody was riding along grim and cowering beneath the flood pouring down, he would trot on head up, and singing gayly."

The list of his personal adventures and achievements is endless. He braved capture and death with entire indifference, trusting in his admirable horsemanship, which often saved him, trusting in Providence, trusting in nothing at all but his quick wit and strong arm, curious mainly, perhaps, to see what would happen. On one occasion he is said to have captured forty-four Union soldiers. He was riding absolutely alone and ran into them taking their ease in a field. Instantly he chose his course. "Throw down your arms or you are all dead men." They were green troops and threw down their arms, and Stuart marched the whole squad into camp. When duty forbids a choice adventure, he sighs, as might Don Quixote: "A scouting party of one hundred and fifty lancers had just passed toward Gettysburg. I regretted exceedingly that my march did not admit of the delay necessary to catch them."

I have sometimes asked myself how much of this spirit of romantic adventure, of knight-errantry, as it were, in Stuart was conscious. Did he, like Claverhouse, read Homer and Froissart, and try to realize in modern Virginia the heroic deeds, still more, the heroic spirit, of antique chivalry? In common with all Southerners, he probably knew the prose and poetry of Scott and dreamed of the plume of Marmion and the lance of Ivanhoe. He must have felt the weight of his name, also, and believed that "James Stuart" might be aptly fitted with valorous adventure, and knightly deeds, and sudden glory. It is extremely interesting to find him writing to Jackson: "Did you receive the volume of Napoleon and his Maxims I sent you?" I should like to own that volume. And in his newspaper account of Brown's raid he quotes Horace, horribly, but still Horace: *Erant fortes ante Agamemnona*.

Yet I do not gather that he was much of a student. He preferred to live poems rather than read them. The spirit of romance, the instinct of the picturesque, was born in him and would out anywhere and everywhere. Life was a perpetual play, with ever shifting scenes, and gay lime-light, and hurrying incident, and passionate climax. Again and again he reminds me of a boy playing soldiers. His ambition, his love of glory, was of this order, not a bit the ardent, devouring, growing, far-sighted passion of Jackson, but a jovial sense of pleasant things that can be touched and heard and tasted here, to-day. He had a childlike, simple vanity which all his biographers smile at, liked parade, display, and pomp and gorgeousness, utterly differing in this from Jackson, who was too proud, or Lee, who was too lofty. Stuart rode fine horses, never was seen on an inferior animal. He wore fine clothes, all that his position justified, perhaps a little more. Here is Fitz Lee's picture of him: "His strong figure, his big brown beard, his piercing, laughing blue eye, the drooping hat and black feather, the 'fighting jacket' as he termed it, the tall cavalry boots, forming one of the most jubilant and striking figures in the war." And Cooke is even more particular: "His fighting jacket shone with dazzling buttons and was covered with gold braid; his hat was looped up with a golden star, and decorated with a black ostrich plume; his fine buff gauntlets reached to the elbow; around his waist was tied a splendid yellow

sash, and his spurs were of pure gold." After this, we appreciate the biographer's assertion that Stuart was as fond of colors as a boy or girl, and elsewhere we read that he never moved without his gorgeous red battle-flag which often drew the fire of the enemy.

As to the spurs, they were presented to the general by the ladies of Baltimore and he took great pride in them, signing himself sometimes in his private letters, K.G.S., Knight of the Golden Spurs.

This last touch is perfectly characteristic and the Stuart of the pen is precisely the same as the Stuart of the sword. He could express himself as simply as Napoleon: "Tell General Lee that all is right. Jackson has not advanced, but I have; and I am going to crowd them with artillery." But usually he did not. Indeed, the severe taste of Lee recoiled from his subordinate's fashions of speech: "The general deals in the flowery style, as you will perceive, if you ever see his reports in detail." But I love them, they ring and resound so with the temper of the man, gorgeous scraps of tawdry rhetoric, made charming by their riotous sincerity, as with Scott and Dumas. "Their brave men behaved with coolness and intrepidity in danger, unswerving resolution before difficulties, and stood unappalled before the rushing torrent of the Chickahominy, with the probability of an enemy at their heels armed with the fury of a tigress robbed of her whelps." Could anything be worse from Lee's point of view? But it does put some life into an official report. Or take this Homeric picture of a charge, which rushes like a half-dozen stanzas of "Chevy Chase": "Lieutenant Robbins, handling it in the most skilful manner, managed to clear the way for the march with little delay, and infused by a sudden dash at a picket such a wholesome terror that it never paused to take a second look. . . . On, on dashed Robbins, here skirting a field, there leaping a fence or ditch, and clearing the woods beyond."

When I read these things, I cannot but remember Madame de Sévigné's fascinating comment on the historical novels of her day. "The style of La Calprenède is detestable in a thousand ways: long-winded, romantic phrases, ill-chosen words, I admit it all. I agree that it is detestable; yet it holds me like glue. The beauty of the sentiments, the violence of the passions, the grandeur of the events, and the miraculous success of the hero's redoubtable sword—it sweeps me away as if I were a child."

And Stuart's was a real sword!

Then, too, as in Shakespearean tragedy or modern melodrama, the tension, in Stuart's case, is constantly relieved by hearty, wholesome, cheery laughter, which shook his broad shoulders and sparkled in his blue eyes. See what a strange comedy his report makes of this lurid night scene, in which another might have found only shadow and death: "It so far succeeded as to get possession of his [General Bartlett's] headquarters at one o'clock at night, the general having saved himself by precipitate flight in his nether garments. The headquarters flag was brought away. No prisoners were attempted to be taken, the party shooting down every one within reach. Some horses breaking loose near headquarters ran through an adjacent regimental camp, causing the

greatest commotion, mid firing and yelling and cries of 'Halt!' 'Rally!' mingling in wild disorder, and ludicrous stampede which beggars description." Can't you hear him laugh?

It must not be concluded from this that Stuart was cruel in his jesting. Where gentleness and sympathy were really called for, all the evidence shows that no man could give more. But he believed that the rough places are made smooth and the hard places soft and the barren places green and smiling by genial laughter. Who shall say that he was wrong? Therefore he would have his jest, with inferior and superior, with friend and enemy. Even the sombre Jackson was not spared. Once he had floundered into winter-quarters oddly decorated. Stuart suggested "that a drawing of the apartment should be made, with the race-horses, gamecocks, and terrier in bold relief, the picture to be labelled: 'View of the winter-quarters of General Jackson, affording an insight into the tastes and character of the individual.'" And Jackson enjoyed it.

When it came to his adversaries, Stuart's fun was unlimited. Everybody knows his telegraphed complaint to the United States Commissary Department that the mules he had been getting lately were most unsatisfactory and he wished they would provide a better quality. Even more amusing is the correspondence that occurred at Lewinsville. One of Stuart's old comrades wrote, addressing him by his West Point nickname. "My dear Beauty,—I am sorry that circumstances are such that I can't have the pleasure of seeing you, although so near you. Griffin says he would like to have you dine with him at Willard's at 5 o'clock on Saturday next. Keep your Black Horse off me, if you please. Yours, etc., Orlando M. Poe." On the back of this was penciled in Stuart's writing: "I have the honor to report that 'circumstances' were such that they could have seen me if they had stopped to look behind, and I answered both at the cannon's mouth. Judging from his speed, Griffin surely left for Washington to hurry up that dinner."

I had an old friend who adored the most violent melodrama. When the curtain and his tears had fallen together, he would sigh and murmur, "Now let's have a little of that snare-drum music." Such was Stuart. "It might almost be said that music was his passion," writes his biographer. I doubt, however, whether he dealt largely in the fugues of Bach. His favorites, in the serious order, are said to have been "The dew is on the blossom," and "Sweet Evelina." But his joy was the uproarious "If you get there before I do"; or his precious "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry." He liked to live in the blare of trumpets and the crash of cymbals, liked to have his nerves tingle and his blood leap to a merry hunts-up or a riotous chorus, liked to have the high strain of war's melodrama broken by the sudden crackle of the snare-drum. His banjo-player, Sweeney, was as near to him as an aide-de-camp, followed him everywhere. "Stuart wrote his most important correspondence with the rattle of the gay instrument stunning everybody, and would turn round from his work, burst into a laugh, and join uproariously in Sweeney's chorus."

And dance was as keen a spice to peril as song and laughter. To fight all day and dance all night was a good day's work to this creature of perfect physique and inexhaustible energy. If his staff officers could not keep pace with him and preferred a little sleep, the general did not like it at all. What? Here is—or was—a gay town, and pretty girls. Just because we are here to-day and gone to-morrow, shall we not fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world? And the girls are got together, and a ball is organized, and the fun grows swifter and swifter. Perhaps a fortunate officer picks the prettiest and is about to stand up with her. Stuart whispers in his ear that a hurried message must be carried, laughs his gay laugh, and slips into the vacant place. Then an orderly hurries in, covered with dust. The enemy are upon us. "The officers rushed to their weapons and called for their horses, panic-stricken fathers and mothers endeavored to collect around them their bewildered children, while the young ladies ran to and fro in most admired despair. General Stuart maintained his accustomed coolness and composure. Our horses were immediately saddled, and in less than five minutes we were in rapid gallop to the front." Oh, what a life!

You divine that with such a temperament Stuart would love women. So he did. Not that he let them interfere with duty. He would have heartily accepted the profound doctrine of Enobarbus in regard to the fair: "It were pity to cast them away for nothing; yet between them and a great cause they should be esteemed as nothing." Stuart arrested hundreds of ladies, says his biographer, and remained inexorable to their petitions. Cooke's charming account of one of these arrests should be read in full: how the fair captives first raved, and then listened, and then laughed, and then were charmed by the mellifluous Sweeney and the persuasive general, and at last departed with kissed hands and kindly hearts, leaving Stuart to explain to his puzzled aide, who inquired why he took so much pains: "Don't you understand? When those ladies arrived they were mad enough with me to bite my head off, and I determined to put them in good humor before they left me."

And the women liked Stuart. It was a grand thing to be the first officer in the Confederate cavalry, with a blue eye and a fair beard, and all gold, like Horace's Lydia, from hat to spurs. When he rode singing and laughing into a little town, "by river or seashore," they flocked to meet him, young and old, and touched his garments, and begged his buttons and kissed his gloved hands, until he suggested that his cheeks were available, and then they kissed those, young and old alike. They showered him with flowers also, buried him under nosegays and garlands, till he rode like old god Bacchus or the queen of May. What an odd fashion of making war! And the best I have met with is, that one day Stuart described one of these occurrences to his great chieftain. "I had to wear her garland, till I was out of sight," apologized the young cavalier. "Why aren't you wearing it now?" retorted Lee. Isn't that admirable? I verily believe that if any young woman had had the unimaginable audacity to throw a garland over Lee, he would have worn it through the streets of Richmond itself.

You say, then, this Stuart was dissipated, perhaps, a scapegrace, a rioter, imitating Rupert and Murat in other things than great cavalry charges. That is the curious point. The man was nothing of the sort. With all his instinct of revelry, he had no vices, a very Puritan of laughter. He liked pretty girls everywhere; but when he was charged with libertinism, he answered, in the boldness of innocence, "That person does not live who can say that I ever did anything improper of that description"; and he liked his wife better than any other pretty girl. He married her when he was twenty-two years old and his last wish was that she might reach him before he died. His few letters to her that have been printed are charming in their playful affection. He adored his children also; in short, was a pattern of domesticity. He did, indeed, love his country more, and telegraphed to his wife, when she called him to his dying daughter's bedside, "My duty to the country must be performed before I can give way to the feelings of a father"; but the child's death was a cruel blow to him. With his intimates he constantly referred to her, and when he himself was dying, he whispered, "I shall soon be with my little Flora again."

"I never saw him touch a card," writes one who was very near him, "and he never dreamed of uttering an oath under any provocation, nor would he permit it at his headquarters." We are assured by many that he never drank and an explicit statement of his own on the subject is reported: "I promised my mother in my childhood never to touch ardent spirits and a drop has never passed my lips, except the wine of the communion."

As the last words show, he had religion as well as morals. He joined the Methodist church when he was fifteen; later the Episcopal. When he was twenty-four, he sent money home to his mother to aid in the building of a church. He carried his Bible with him always. In his reports religion is not obtrusive. When it does occur, it is evidently sincere. "The Lord of Hosts was plainly fighting on our side, and the solid walls of Federal infantry melted away before the straggling, but nevertheless determined, onset of our infantry columns." "Believing that the hand of God was clearly manifested in the signal deliverance of my command from danger, and the crowning success attending it, I ascribe to Him the praise, the honor, and the glory." He inclined to strictness in the observance of Sunday. Captain Colston writes me that when twelve struck of a Saturday night Stuart held up his hand relentlessly and stopped song and dance in their full tide, though youth and beauty begged for just one more. He was equally scrupulous in the field, though, in his feeling of injury because the enemy were not, I seem to detect his habitual touch of humor: "The next morning being the Sabbath, I recognized my obligation to do no duty other than what was absolutely necessary, and determined, so far as possible, to devote it to rest. Not so the enemy, whose guns about 8 A.M. showed that he would not observe it."

I have no doubt that Stuart's religion was inward as well as outward and remoulded his heart. But, after all, he was but little over thirty when he died, and I love to trace in him the occasional working of the old Adam which had such lively play in the bosom of many an officer who was unjustly blamed or missed some well-deserved promotion. Stuart's own letters are too few to

afford much insight of this kind. But here again we get that one-sided correspondence with Lee which is so teasingly suggestive. On one occasion Lee writes: "The expression 'appropriated by the Stuart Horse Artillery' was not taken from a report of Colonel Baldwin, nor intended in any objectionable sense, but used for want of a better phrase, without any intention on my part of wounding." And again, after Chancellorsville: "As regards the closing remarks of your note, I am at a loss to understand their reference or to know what has given rise to them. In the management of the difficult operations at Chancellorsville, which you so promptly undertook and creditably performed, I saw no errors to correct, nor has there been a fit opportunity to commend your conduct. I prefer your acts to speak for themselves, nor does your character or reputation require bolstering up by out-of-place expressions of my opinion."

But by far the most interesting human revelation of this kind is one letter of Stuart's own, written to justify himself against some aspersions of General Trimble. With the right or wrong of the case we are not concerned; simply with the fascinating study of Stuart's state of mind. He begins evidently with firm restraint and a Christian moderation: "Human memory is frail I know." But the exposure of his wrongs heats his blood, as he goes on, and spurs him, though he still endeavors to check himself: "It is true I am not in the habit of giving orders, particularly to my seniors in years, in a dictatorial and authoritative manner, and my manner very likely on this occasion was more restive than imperative; indeed, I may have been content to satisfy myself that the dispositions which he himself proposed accorded with my own ideas, without any blustering show of orders to do this or that. . . . General Trimble says I did not reach the place until seven or eight o'clock. I was in plain view all the time, and rode through, around, and all about the place soon after its capture. General Trimble is mistaken." Nay, in his stammering eagerness to right himself, his phrases, usually so crisp and clear, stumble and fall over each other: "In the face of General Trimble's positive denial of sending me such a message, 'that he would prefer waiting until daylight,' or anything like it, while my recollection is clear that I did receive such a message, and received it as coming from General Trimble, yet, as he is so positive to not having sent such a message or anything like it, I feel bound to believe that either the message was misrepresented or made up by the messenger, or that it was a message received from General Robertson, whose sharpshooters had been previously deployed."

A real man, you see, like the rest of us; but a noble one, and lovable. Fortunate, also, in his death as in his life. For he was not shot down in the early days, like Jackson and Sidney Johnston, when it seemed as if his great aid might have changed destiny. He had done all a man in his position could do. When he went, hope too was going. He was spared the long, weary days of Petersburg, spared the bitter cup of Appomattox, spared the cruel domination of the conqueror, spared what was perhaps worst of all, the harsh words and reproaches which flew too hotly where there should have been nothing but love and silence. He slept untroubled in his glory, while

his countrymen mourned and Lee "yearned for him." His best epitaph has been written by a magnanimous opponent: "Deep in the hearts of all true cavalrymen, North and South, will ever burn a sentiment of admiration mingled with regret for this knightly soldier and generous man."

MARCO POLO*

by Eileen Power

LET us go back in mind—as would that we could go back in body—to the year 1268. It is a year which makes no great stir in the history books, but it will serve us well. In those days, as in our own, Venice lay upon her lagoons, a city like a sea-bird's nest afloat on the shallow waves, a city like a ship, moored to the land but only at home upon the seas, the proudest city in all the Western world. For only consider her position. Lying at the head of the Adriatic, half-way between East and West, on the one great sea thoroughfare of medieval commerce, a Mediterranean seaport, yet set so far north that she was almost in the heart of Europe, Venice gathered into her harbour all the trade routes overland and overseas, on which pack-horses could travel or ships sail. Merchants bringing silk and spices, camphor and ivory, pearls and scents and carpets from the Levant and from the hot lands beyond it, all came to port in Venice. For whether they came by way of Egypt sailing between the low banks of the Nile and jolting on camels to Alexandria, or whether they came through the rich and pleasant land of Persia and the Syrian desert to Antioch and Tyre, or whether they slowly pushed their way in a long, thin caravan across the highlands of Central Asia and south of the Caspian Sea to Trebizond, and so sailed through the Black Sea and the Dardanelles, Venice was their natural focus. Only Constantinople might have rivalled her, and Constantinople she conquered. To Venice, therefore, as if drawn by a magnet, came the spoils of the East, and from Venice they went by horse across the Alps by the Brenner and St. Gothard passes to Germany and France, or in galleys by way of the Straits of Gibraltar to England and Flanders; and the galleys and pack-horses came back again to Venice, laden with the metals of Germany, the furs of Scandinavia, the fine wool of England, the cloth of Flanders, and the wine of France.

Is it not true to say that Venice was the proudest city on earth, *la noble cite que l'en apele Venise, qui est orendroit la plus bele dou siecle*?¹ Life was a fair and splendid thing for those merchant princes who held the gorgeous East in fee in the year of grace 1268. In that year traders in great stone counting-houses, lapped by the waters of the canals, were checking, book in hand, their

* Condensed from *Medieval People*. By permission of and arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company.

¹ Canale, *Cronique*, p. 270.

sacks of cloves, mace and nutmegs, cinnamon and ginger from the Indies, ebony chessmen from Indo China, ambergris from Madagascar, and musk from Tibet. In that year the dealers in jewels were setting prices upon diamonds from Golconda, rubies and lapis lazuli from Badakhshan, and pearls from the fisheries of Ceylon; and the silk merchants were stacking up bales of silk and muslin and brocade from Bagdad and Yezd and Malabar and China. In that year young gallants on the Rialto (scented gallants, but each, like Shakespeare's Antonio, with a ship venturing into port somewhere in the Levant) rubbed elbows with men of all nations, heard travellers' tales of all lands, and at dawn slipped along the canals in gondolas (not black in those days, but painted and hung with silk), saluting the morning with songs; and the red-haired ladies of Venice whom centuries later Titian loved to paint, went trailing up and down the marble steps of their palaces, with all the brocades of Persia on their backs and all the perfumes of Arabia to sweeten their little hands.

It was in that year too, that one Martino da Canale, a clerk in the customs house, began to busy himself (like Chaucer after him) less with his accounts than with writing in the delectable French language ("por ce que langue franceise cort parmi le monde, et est la plus delitable a lire et a oir que nule autre") a chronicle of Venice. It is of the water, watery, Canale's chronicle, like Ariel's dirge; he has indeed, "that intensesness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates." Here is nothing indeed, of "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey," but the lovely words sparkle like the sun on the waters of the Mediterranean, and like a refrain, singing itself in and out of the narrative, the phrase recurs, "Li tens estoit clers et biaux . . . et lors quant il furent en mer, li mariniers decrerent les voiles au vent, et lesserent core a ploine voiles les mes parmi la mer a la force dou vent";¹ for so much of the history of Venice was enacted upon deck. It is a passing proud chronicle, too, for Canale was, and well he knew it, a citizen of no mean city.

Now would I [he says] that every one and all know for ever the works of the Venetians, who they were and whence they came and what they are, and how they made the noble city which is called Venice, which is this day the fairest in the world. And I would that all those who are now living and those who are to come know how the noble city is builded and how all good things abound in her, and how the sire of the Venetians, the noble Doge, is powerful, and what nobility is found therein and the prowess of the Venetian people, and how they are all perfect in the faith of Jesu Christ and obedient to holy Church, and how they never disobey the commandment of holy Church. Within this noble Venice there dares to dwell neither heretic, nor usurer, murderer, thief nor robber. And I will tell you the names of all the Doges that have been in Venice, one after the other, and what they did to the honour of holy Church and of their noble City. And I will tell you the names of the noble captains whom the noble Doges sent in their time to lay low their enemies, and concerning the victories

¹ "The weather was clear and fine . . . and when they were at sea, the mariners let out the sails to the wind, and let the ships run with spread sails before the wind over the sea" See for instance, Canale, *op cit.*, pp. 320, 326.

that they won I will have you know, for it is fitting. . . . In the year of the incarnation of our Lord Jesu Christ M^{CC}LXVII years, in the time of Milord Renier Zeno, the high Doge of Venice, I laboured and strove until I found the ancient history of the Venetians, whence they came first and how they builded the noble city called Venice, which is to-day the fairest and the pleasantest in the world, full of beauty and of all good things. Merchandise flows through this noble city even as water flows from the fountains, and the salt water runs through it and round it and in all places save in the houses and the streets; and when the citizens go abroad they can return to their houses by land or by water, as they will. From all parts there come merchandise and merchants, who buy merchandise as they will and take it back to their own countries. Within this town is found food in great plenty, bread and wine, land fowl and river fowl, fresh meat and salt, and sea fish and river fish. . . . You may find within this fair town many men of gentle birth, both old men and young *damoisais* in plenty, and merchants with them, who buy and sell, and money changers and citizens of all crafts, and therewith mariners of all sorts, and ships to carry them to all lands and galleys to lay low their enemies. And in this fair town is also great plenty of ladies and damsels and maidens, very richly apparelled.¹

It happened that there was a new Doge that year, our year 1268, Lorenzo Tiepolo by name, and a great procession of the gilds took place before the palace on the Piazza of St. Mark to welcome his accession. Martino da Canale was watching it and wrote it all down in his chronicle. First came the navy sailing past in the harbour, fifty galleys and other ships, with their crews cheering and shouting on deck. Then came the gilds on foot: first the master smiths, with garlands on their heads and banners and trumpets; then the furriers apparelled in samite and scarlet silk, with mantles of ermine and vair; then the weavers richly bedight, and the ten master tailors in white with crimson stars. Then the master clothworkers passed, carrying boughs of olive and wearing crowns of olive on their heads; then the fustian makers in furred robes of their own weaving, and the quilt makers with garlands of gilt beads and white cloaks sewn with fleurs-de-lis, marching two by two, with little children singing *chansonnettes* and *cobles* before them. Then came the makers of cloth of gold, all in cloth of gold, and their servants in cloth of gold or of purple. followed by the mercers in silk and the butchers in scarlet, the fish seliers robed and furred and garlanded, and the master barbers, having with them two riders attired as knights-errant, and four captive damsels, strangely garbed. Then came the glass-workers in scarlet furred with vair, and gold-fringed hoods, and rich garlands of pearls, carrying flasks and goblets of the famous Venetian glass before them, and the comb and lantern makers, with a lantern full of birds to let loose in the Doge's presence, and the goldsmiths wearing wreaths and necklaces of gold and silver beads and sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, topazes, jacinths, amethysts, rubies, jasper, and carbuncles. Masters and servants alike were sumptuously clad, and almost all wore gold fringes on their hoods and garlands of gilded beads. Each craft was accompanied by its band of divers instruments, and bore with it silver cups and flagons of wine, and all marched in fair order, singing ballads and songs of greeting,

¹ Canale, *op. cit.*, pp. 268-72.

and saluted the Doge and Dogaressa in turn, crying "Long live our lord, the noble Doge Lorenzo Tiepolo!" Gild after gild they marched in their splendour, lovely alike to ear and eye; and a week fled before the rejoicings were ended and all had passed in procession. Canale surpasses himself here, for he loved State ceremonies; he gives a paragraph to the advance of each gild, its salutation and withdrawal, and the cumulative effect of all the paragraphs is enchanting, like a prose ballade, with a repeated refrain at the end of every verse.¹

What, they lived once thus in Venice, where the merchants were the kings,
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings?

Listening to the magnificent salutation of the Doge by the priests of St Mark's, "Criste vince, Criste regne, Criste inpere. Notre signor Laurens Teuples, Des gracie, inclit Dus de Venise, Dalmace atque Groace, et dominator de la quarte partie et demi de tot l'enmire de Romanie, sauvement, honor, vie. et victoire. Saint Marc, tu le aie,"² who, hearing, could have doubted that Venice, defier of Rome and conqueror of Constantinople, was the finest, richest, most beautiful, and most powerful city in the world?

But was she? Listen and judge. Thousands of miles away from Venice, across the lands and seas of Asia, a little south of the Yangtze River and close to the sea stood the city of Kinsai or Hangchow, the capital of the Sung emperors, who ruled Southern China, not yet (in 1268) conquered by the Tartars.³ Like Venice, Kinsai stood upon lagoons of water and was intersected by innumerable canals. It was a hundred miles in circuit, not counting the suburbs which stretched round it, and there was not a span of ground which was not well peopled. It had twelve great gates, and each of the twelve quarters which lay within the gates was greater than the whole of Venice. Its main street was two hundred feet wide, and ran from end to end of the city, broken every four miles by a great square, lined with houses, gardens, palaces, and the shops of the artisans, who were ruled by its twelve great craft guilds. Parallel with the main street was the chief canal, beside which stood the stone warehouses of the merchants who traded with India. Twelve thousand stone bridges spanned its waterways, and those over the principal canals were high enough to allow ships with their tapering masts to pass below, while the carts and horses passed overhead. In its market-places men chaffered for game and peaches, sea-fish, and wine made of rice and spices; and in the lower part of the surrounding houses were shops, where spices and drugs and silk, pearls and every sort of manufactured article were sold. Up and down the streets of Kinsai moved lords and merchants clad in silk, and the most beautiful ladies in the world swayed languidly past in embroidered litters, with jade pins in their black hair and jewelled earrings swinging against their smooth cheeks.

¹ Canale, *op. cit.*, pp. 602-26.

² *Ibid.*, p. 600.

³ This account of Hangchow is taken partly from Marco Polo, *Travels*, bk. II, ch. LXVIII, and partly from Odoric Pordenone, *Yule, Cathay and the Way Thither*, pp. 113-20.

On one side of this city lay a beautiful lake (famous in Chinese history, and still one of the fairest prospects upon earth), studded with wooded islands, on which stood pavilions with charming names: "Lake Prospect," "Bamboo Chambers," "The House of the Eight Genii," and "Pure Delight." Here, like the Venetians, the men of Kinsai came for pleasure parties in barges, nobly hung and furnished, the cabins painted with flowers and mountain landscapes, and looking out they saw on one side the whole expanse of the city, its palaces, temples, convents, and gardens, and on the other the stretch of clear water, crowded with coloured pleasure boats, over which came echoing the high, clear voices and the tinkling instruments of the revellers. There is no space in which to tell of the King's palace, with its gardens and orchards, its painted pavilions, and the groves where the palace ladies coursed the game with dogs, and, tired of the pastime, flung off their robes and ran to the lake, where they disported themselves like a shoal of silver fishes. But a word must be said of the junks, which came sailing into the harbour four and twenty miles away, and up the river to the city; and of the great concourse of ships which came to Zaiton (perhaps the modern Amoy), the port of the province. Here every year came a hundred times more pepper than came to the whole of Christendom through the Levantine ports. Here from Indo China and the Indies came spices and aloes and sandalwood, nutmegs, spikenard and ebony, and riches beyond mention. Big junks laded these things, together with musk from Tibet, and bales of silk from all the cities of Mansi,¹ and sailed away in and out of the East India Archipelago, with its spice-laden breezes billowing their sails, to Ceylon. There merchants from Malabar and the great trading cities of Southern India took aboard their cargoes and sold them in turn to Arab merchants, who in their turn sold them to the Venetians in one or other of the Levantine ports. Europeans who saw Zaiton and the other Chinese seaports in after years were wont to say that no one, not even a Venetian, could picture to himself the multitude of trading vessels which sailed upon those Eastern seas and crowded into those Chinese harbours. They said also with one accord that Kinsai was without doubt the finest and richest and noblest city in the world. To the men of Kinsai, Venice would have been a little suburb and the Levant a backyard. The whole of the East was their trading field, and their wealth and civilization were already old when Venice was a handful of mud huts peopled by fishermen.

Nor was Kinsai alone and unmatched in all its wonder and beauty, for a three days' journey from it stood Sugui, which to-day we call Suchow, lying also on the great canal, with its circumference of twenty miles, its prodigious multitudes swarming the streets, its physicians, philosophers, and magicians; Sugui, with the ginger which was so common that forty pounds of it might be bought for the price of a Venetian silver groat, the silk which was manufactured in such vast quantities that all the citizens were dressed in it and still ships laden with it sailed away; Sugui under whose jurisdiction were sixteen wealthy cities, where trade and the arts flourished. If you had not seen Hang-

¹ Mansi or Manji was Southern China and Cathay was Northern China.

MARCO POLO

chow, you would have said that there was no city in the world, not Venice nor Constantinople nor another worthy to be named in the same breath with Sugui. The Chinese indeed, seeing the riches and beauty of these two cities, doubted whether even the pleasant courts of heaven could show their equal and proudly quoted the proverb:

There's Paradise above, 'tis true
But here below we've Hang and Su.¹

Kinsai seems far enough away in all conscience from Venice in the year 1268, and Venice was all unwitting of its existence, far beyond the sunrise. Yet there was in the city of the lagoons that year, watching the same procession of the gilds which Canale watched, a boy who was destined to link them for ever in the minds of men—a lean lad of fourteen, Marco Polo by name, who was always kicking his heels on the quay and bothering foreign sailors for tales of distant lands. He heard all they had to tell him very willingly, storing it up in that active brain of his, for his curiosity was insatiable; but always the tales that he heard most willingly were about the Tartars.

At this time the Tartars were at the height of their power in the West and the East. Tartars ruled at Peking all over Northern China, Corea, Mongolia, Manchuria, and Tibet, and took tribute from Indo China and Java. Tartars were spread over Central Asia, holding sway in Turkestan and Afghanistan. The Golden Horde ruled the Caucasus, a large part of Russia, and a piece of Siberia. Tartars held sway in Persia, Georgia, Armenia, and a part of Asia Minor. When the great Mangu Khan died in 1259, one empire lay spread across Asia and Europe, from the Yellow River to the Danube. There had been nothing like it in the world before, and there was nothing like it again, until the Russian Empire of modern times. By 1268 it was beginning to split up into the four kingdoms of China, Central Asia, Russia, and Persia, but still it was one people. Now, the attitude of the West to the Tartars at this time was very interesting. At first it feared them as a new scourge of God, like Attila and his Huns; they overran Poland, ravaged Hungary, and seemed about to break like a great flood upon the West, and overwhelm it utterly. Then the tide rolled back. Gradually the West lost its first stupefaction and terror and began to look hopefully towards the Tartars as a possible ally against its age-old foe, the Moslem. The Christians of the West knew that the Tartars had laid the Moslem power low through the length and breadth of Asia, and they knew too, that the Tartars had no very sharply defined faith and were curious of all beliefs that came their way. Gradually the West became convinced that the Tartars might be converted to Christianity, and fight side by side beneath the Cross against the hated Crescent. There grew up the strange legend of Prester John, a Christian priest-king, ruling somewhere in the heart of Asia; and indeed little groups of Nestorian Christians did still survive in Eastern Asia at this time.² Embassies began to pass between Tartar khans and

¹ Yule, *Book of Ser Marco Polo*, II, p. 184.

² For Prester John see *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and Lynn Thorndike *History of Magic and Experimental Science*, II, 236-45.

Western monarchs, and there began also a great series of missions of Franciscan friars to Tartary, men who were ethnologists and geographers at heart as well as missionaries, and have left us priceless accounts of the lands which they visited. In the year of grace 1268, much was known about Central Asia, for in 1245 the Pope had sent the Italian friar John of Plano Carpini thither, and in 1253 another friar, William of Rubruck, a French Fleming, had been sent by the saintly Louis, King of France. Both got as far as Karakorum, the Tartar camp on the borders of Northern China, though they did not enter China itself. They had brought back innumerable stories about the nomad conquerors, who carried their tents on carts, and drank fermented mares' milk, about the greatness of the khan and his welcome to the strangers from the West, and the interest with which he listened to their preaching.¹ These tales were common property now, and Marco Polo must have listened to them.

Marco Polo was always talking of the Tartars, always asking about them. Indeed, he had reason to be interested in them. This (as we have said) was the year of grace 1268, and eight years before (some, indeed, say fifteen years) his father, Nicolo Polo, and his uncle Maffeo had vanished into Tartary. They were rich merchants, trading with their own ship to Constantinople, and there they had decided to go on a commercial venture into the lands of the Golden Horde, which lay to the north of the Black Sea. So they had sailed over to the Crimea, where they had a counting-house at Soldaia, and taking with them a store of costly jewels, for they were jewel merchants, they had set off on horseback to visit the Khan of the West Tartars. So much the Venetians knew, for word had come back from Soldaia of their venture; but they had never returned. And so Marco, kicking his heels upon the quay, caught sailor-men by the sleeve and asked them about those wild horsemen with their mares' milk and their magicians and their droves of cattle; and as he asked he wondered about his father and his uncle, and whether they were dead and lost for ever in the wilds of Tartary. But even while he asked and wondered and kicked his heels on the quay, while the Doge Tiepolo was watching the procession of the gilds and the clerk Canale was adding up customs dues or writing the ancient history of the Venetians, at that very moment the two Polos were slowly and wearily making their way across the heights of Central Asia with a caravan of mules and camels, drawing near to golden Samarcand with its teeming bazaars, coming nearer and nearer to the West; and in the following year, 1269, they reached Acre, and took ship there for Venice, and so at last came home.

They had a strange story to tell, stranger and better than anything the lean, inquisitive boy had heard upon the quays. They had soon disposed of their jewels and they had spent a year at the camp of the Khan of the Golden Horde of Kipchak on the mighty River Volga. Then war broke out between that ruler and the Khan who ruled the Persian Khanate, and it cut off their way back. But Marco's curiosity was inherited; and no Venetian was ever averse to seeing strange lands and seeking out new opportunities for trade; so

¹See *Journal of William de Rubruck to the Eastern Parts*, tr. W. W. Rockhill.

the Polos decided to go on and visit the Khan of Central Asia or Chagatai, and perhaps make their way back to Constantinople by some unfrequented route. They struggled over plains peopled only by tent-dwelling Tartars and their herds, until at last they reached the noble city of Bokhara. They must have followed the line of the Oxus River, and if we reverse the marvellous description which Matthew Arnold wrote of that river's course in *Sohrab and Rustum*, we shall have a picture of the Polos' journey:

But the majestic River floated on,
 Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
 Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
 Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste
 Under the solitary moon; he flow'd
 Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjè,
 Brimming and bright and large: then sands begin
 To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
 And split his currents; that for many a league
 The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
 Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
 Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
 In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
 A foil'd circuitous wanderer:—till at last
 The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
 His luminous home of waters opens, bright
 And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
 Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea.

For three years the Polos remained at Bokhara, until one day it happened that an embassy came to the city, on its way back from the khan in Persia to the great Khan Kublai, who ruled in far-off China, and to whom all the Tartar rulers owed allegiance. The chief ambassador was struck with the talents and charm of the brothers, who had now become proficient in the Tartar language, and persuaded them to accompany him on his journey to the presence of the Great Khan, who had never yet set eyes on a man of the West, and would, he assured them, receive them honourably. They would not have been Venetians had they refused such an opportunity, and, taking their Venetian servants with them, they journeyed for a year with the Tartar embassy across the heart of Asia, and so reached the great Kublai Khan. Many years later Marco himself described their reception, as they had told it to him:

Being introduced to the presence of the Grand Khan Kublai, the travellers were received by him with the condescension and affability that belonged to his character, and as they were the first Latins who had made their appearance in that country, they were entertained with feasts and honoured with other marks of distinction. Entering graciously into conversation with them, he made earnest inquiries on the subject of the western parts of the world, of the Emperor of the Romans, and of other Christian kings and princes . . . and above all he questioned them particularly respecting the Pope, the affairs of the Church, and the religious worship and doctrine of the Christians. Being well instructed and discreet men, they gave appropriate answers upon all these points, and as they were perfectly

acquainted with the Tartar language, they expressed themselves always in becoming terms; insomuch that the Grand Khan, holding them in high estimation, frequently commanded their attendance.¹

The Great Khan finally decided to send these two intelligent strangers back to their own land on a mission from himself to the Pope, asking for a hundred men of learning to be sent to teach and preach to his Tartars, and for some holy oil from the lamp which burned over Christ's sepulchre in Jerusalem. He provided them with a golden tablet of honour, which acted as a passport and secured that they should be entertained and their journey facilitated from city to city in all his dominions, and so they set forth once more upon their homeward journey. But they were delayed by the dangers and difficulties of travel, "the extreme cold, the snow, the ice, and the flooding of the rivers," and it was three years before they at last reached Acre in the April of 1269, and finding that the Pope had died the year before, and that no election had yet been made, so that they could not immediately accomplish their mission, they decided to visit their home again, and so went back to Venice. There Nicolo found that his wife, who had been with child at his departure, was dead, leaving behind her a son Marco, our young haunter of quays.

This was the marvellous tale which the same Marco drank in from the lips of his new-found father and uncle. But more marvels were to come. For two years the Venetians remained at home, awaiting the election of a Pope in order to deliver the Great Khan's letters; but no election was made, and at last, fearing that Kublai might suspect them of playing him false, they decided to return to the East, and this time they took with them Marco, now a well-grown lad of sixteen or seventeen years with a bright eye that looked everywhere and took in everything, observant and sober beyond his age. But when they got as far as Ayas on the Gulf of Scanderoon, news was brought them of the election of Tebaldo di Piacenza as Pope Gregory X, and as Tebaldo had already interested himself in their mission, they returned with all speed to Acre, and obtained from him letters to the Khan (they had already visited Jerusalem and provided themselves with some of the holy oil), and two Dominican friars, "men of letters and science as well as profound theologians," though not the hundred men of learning for whom the Khan had asked; and so they set out again from Acre in November, 1271. The Dominicans may have been profound theologians, but they were somewhat chicken-hearted adventurers, and when rumours reached them of wars in the district of Armenia, through which they had to pass, they hastily handed over their letters to the Venetians, put themselves under the protection of the Knights Templars, and scuttled back to the coast and safety as fast as they could go, leaving the Polos, "undismayed by perils and difficulties, to which they had long been inured," to proceed alone. Assuredly, St. Francis crows over St. Dominick somewhere in the courts of Heaven; his friars never feared for their skins, as they travelled blithely into the heat of India and the cold of Central

¹ Marco Polo, *Travels*, ch. I.

Asia; and it is easy to imagine the comments of fat William of Rubruck upon the flight of the profound theologians.

The account of this second journey of the Polos may be read in the wonderful book which Marco afterwards wrote to describe the wonders of the world. They went from Lajazzo through Turcomania, past Mount Ararat, where Marco heard tell that Noah's ark rested, and where he first heard also of the oil wells of Baku and the great inland sea of Caspian. Past Mosul and Bagdad they went, through Persia, where brocades are woven and merchants bring caravan after caravan of treasures, to Hormuz, on the Persian Gulf, into which port put the ships from India, laden with spices, drugs, scented woods, and jewels, gold tissues and elephants' teeth. Here they meant to take ship, but they desisted, perhaps because they feared to trust themselves to the flimsy nailless vessels in which the Arabs braved the dangers of the Indian Ocean. So they turned north again and prepared to make the journey by land. They traversed the salt desert of Kerman, through Balk and Khorassan to Badakhshan, where there are horses bred from Alexander the Great's steed Bucephalus, and ruby mines and lapis lazuli. It is a land of beautiful mountains and wide plains, of trout streams and good hunting, and here the brothers sojourned for nearly a year, for young Marco had fallen ill in the hot plains: a breath of mountain air blows through the page in which he describes how amid the clean winds his health came back to him. When he was well, they went on again, and ascended the upper Oxus to the highlands of Pamir, "the roof of the world" as it has been called in our own time, a land of icy cold, where Marco saw and described the great horned sheep which hunters and naturalists still call after him the *Ovis Poli*, a land which no traveller (save Benedict Goës, about 1604) described again, until Lieutenant John Wood of the Indian Navy went there in 1838. Thence they descended upon Kashgar, Yarkand, and Khotan, where jade is found, regions which no one visited again until 1860. From Khotan they pushed on to the vicinity of Lake Lob, never to be reached again until a Russian explorer got there in 1871. They halted there to load asses and camels with provisions, and then, with sinking hearts, they began the terrible thirty days' journey across the Gobi Desert. Marco gives a vivid description of its terrors, voices which seem to call the traveller by name, the march of phantom cavalcades, which lures them off the road at night, spirits which fill the air with sounds of music, drums and gongs and the clash of arms—all those illusions which human beings have heard and seen and feared in every desert and in every age.

What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

At last they arrived safely at Tangut in the extreme north-west of China, and, skirting the frontier across the great steppes of Mongolia, they were greeted by the Khan's people, who had been sent forward to meet them at the

distance of forty days' journey, and so at last they reached his presence in the May of 1275, having journeyed for three years and a half.

The Great Khan received the Polos kindly, listened attentively to the account which they gave of their mission, commended them for their zeal and fidelity, and received the holy oil and the Pope's gifts with reverence. He then observed the boy Marco, now a "young gallant" and personable enough, no doubt, and inquired who he was, and Nicolo made answer, "Sire, this is your servant, and my son," to which the Khan replied, "He is welcome, and much it pleases me," and enrolled Marco among his own attendants. It was the beginning of a long and close association, for Kublai Khan soon found that Marco Polo was both discreet and intelligent, and began to employ him on various missions. Moreover, Marco, for his part, found that the Great Khan was always desirous of learning the manners and customs of the many tribes over whom he ruled. Kublai had to the full that noble curiosity which is the beginning of wisdom, and it irked him exceedingly that his envoys, good conscientious men, followed their noses upon his business, looking neither to right nor to left, and as like as not never even noticed that among the aboriginal hill tribes of the interior called Miaotzu there prevailed the peculiar and entertaining custom of the *couvade*, wherein

Chineses go to bed
And lie in, in their ladies' stead.

"The Prince, in consequence," says Marco, "held them for no better than fools and dolts and would say, 'I had far liefer hearken about the strange things and the manners of the different countries you have seen than merely be told of the business you went upon.'"

Very different was the habit of the Venetian, who as a lad had lent ear so readily to swarthy sailors on the Rialto. He quickly picked up several of the languages current in the Great Khan's empire, and here is his account of his proceedings when on a mission to foreign parts:

Perceiving that the Great Khan took a pleasure in hearing accounts of whatever was new to him respecting the customs and manners of people, and the peculiar circumstances of distant countries, he endeavoured, wherever he went, to obtain correct information on these subjects and made notes of all he saw and heard, in order to gratify the curiosity of his master. In short, during seventeen years that he continued in his service, he rendered himself so useful, that he was employed on confidential missions to every part of the empire and its dependencies; and sometimes also he travelled on his own private account, but always with the consent and sanctioned by the authority of the Grand Khan. In such circumstances it was that Marco Polo had the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge, either by his own observation or by what he collected from others, of so many things until his time unknown, respecting the Eastern parts of the world, and these he diligently and regularly committed to writing. . . . And by this means he obtained so much honour that he provoked the jealousy of other officers of the court.¹

It is small wonder that when first the lad came back with his reports the Great Khan and his courtiers marvelled and exclaimed, "If this young man live he will assuredly be a person of great worth and ability."

¹ Marco Polo, *Travels*, pp. 21-22.

It was while on these various public missions that Marco Polo journeyed through the provinces of Shansi, Shensi, and Szechuen, and skirted the edge of Tibet to Yunnan, and entered Northern Burma, lands unknown again to the West until after 1860. For three years he was himself governor of the great city of Yangchow, which had twenty-four towns under its jurisdiction, and was full of traders and makers of arms and military accoutrements. He visited Karakorum in Mongolia, the old Tartar capital, and with his Uncle Maffeo spent three years in Tangut. On another occasion he went on a mission to Cochin China, and by sea to the southern states of India, and he has left a vivid picture of the great trading cities of Malabar. He might indeed have pondered with Ulysses,

I am become a name
For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known, cities of men,
And manners, climates, countries, governments,
Myself not least, but honoured of them all.

He describes the great capital Cambaluc (Peking) in the north, and the beautiful Kinsai (Hangchow) in the south. He describes the Khan's summer palace at Shandu, with its woods and gardens, its marble palace, its bamboo pavilion swung like a tent from two hundred silken cords, its stud of white mares, and its wonder-working magicians. Indeed his description of the summer palace is better known to Englishmen than any other part of his work, for Shandu is Xanadu, which Coleridge saw in a dream after he had been reading Marco's book and wove into wonderful verse:

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph the sacred river ran,
Past caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.

And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense bearing tree,
And here were forests, ancient as the hills
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

Nor is it only palaces which Marco Polo describes, for he tells of the great canal and inland river trade of China, the exports and imports at its harbours, the paper money, the system of posts and caravanserais, which linked it together. He gives an unsurpassed picture of that huge, rich, peaceful empire, full of wealth and commerce and learned men and beautiful things, and of its ruler Kublai Khan, one of the noblest monarchs who ever sat upon a throne, who, since "China is a sea that salts all the rivers that flow into it," was far more than a barbarous Mongol khan, was in very truth a Chinese emperor, whose house, called by the Chinese the "Yuan Dynasty," takes its place among the great dynasties of China.

Even more than Marco Polo tells us he must, indeed, have seen. The **personality** of the greater part of the book is its one blemish, for we would

fain know more of how he lived in China. There is some evidence that he consorted with the Mongol conquerors rather than with the Chinese, and that Chinese was not one of the languages which he learned. He makes no mention of several characteristic Chinese customs, such as the compressed feet of the women, and fishing with cormorants (both of which are described by Odoric of Pordenone after him); he travelled through the tea districts of Fo-kien, but he never mentions tea-drinking, and he has no word to say even of the great Wall.¹ And how typical a European he is, in some ways, for all his keen interest in new and strange things. "They are," he says of the peaceful merchants and scholars of Suchow, "a pusillanimous race and solely occupied with their trade and manufactures. In these indeed they display considerable ability, and if they were as enterprising, manly, and warlike as they are ingenious, so prodigious is their number that they might not only subdue the whole of the province, but carry their rule further still."² Nearly five hundred years later we find the same judgment expressed in different words: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." The answer is a question: Would you rather be the pusillanimous Chinese who painted the landscape roll of which a portion is reproduced opposite page 46, or the enterprising, manly, and warlike European of the same period, whose highest achievement in pictorial art is the picture of Marco Polo's embarkation, reproduced opposite page 40? What is civilization and what progress? Yet Marco Polo shows himself throughout his book far from unable to appreciate other standards than those of his own land and religion, for of Sakya-muni Buddha he says that, "had he been a Christian he would have been a great saint of our Lord Jesus Christ," and he could honour Kublai as that great Khan deserved.

But we must return to the history of the Polos in China. From time to time in Marco's book we hear also of his father and uncle, travelling about the empire, growing rich by trade, and amassing a store of those jewels, in the value of which they were so skilled, even helping the Khan to reduce a rebel town, by constructing siege engines for him on the European model, handy Venetians that they were, who could lay their hands to anything.³ Without doubt they were proud of their Marco, who from an inquisitive lad had grown to so wise and observant a man, and had risen to so high a position. So for seventeen years the three Polos abode in the Khan's service in China. The long months slipped by; and at last they began to feel upon them a longing to see Venice and the lagoons again, and to hear Mass once more beneath the majestic roof of St. Mark's before they died. Moreover, Kublai Khan was growing old himself, and the favour which he had always shown to them had excited some jealousy among his own people, and they feared what might happen when he died. But the old Khan was adamant to all their prayers; wealth and honours were theirs for the asking, but he would not let them go. They might, indeed, have died in China, and we of the West might never

¹ On Marco Polo's omissions see Yule, *Book of Ser Marco Polo*, I, Introduction, p. 110.

² Marco Polo, *Travels*, p. 288.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 281 f.

have heard of Marco Polo or of Kublai Khan, but for a mere accident, a stroke of fate, which gave them their chance. In 1286 Arghun, the Khan of Persia, lost by death his favourite wife Bolgana, and, according to her dying wish, he sent ambassadors to the Court of Peking to ask for another bride from her own Mongol tribe. Their overland route home again was endangered by a war, and they therefore proposed to return by sea. Just at that moment, Marco Polo happened to return from a voyage on which he had been sent, and spoke with such assurance of the ease with which it had been accomplished, that the three ambassadors conceived a strong desire to take with them all three of these ingenious Venetians, who seemed to know so much about ships. Thus it was that the great Khan was prevailed upon, very reluctantly, to let them go.

Early in 1292 they set sail from the busy port of Zaiton in fourteen big Chinese junks (of which Marco, writing of the shipping of the Indian and China seas, has left an excellent description),¹ with the three envoys, the princess, a beautiful girl of seventeen, "moult bele dame et avenant," says Marco, who had an eye for pretty ladies, and a large suite of attendants. One version of Marco's book says that they took with them also the daughter of the king of Mansi, one of those Sung princesses who in happier days had wandered beside the lake in Hangchow, and who had no doubt been brought up at Cambaluc by the care of Kublai Khan's favourite queen, the Lady Jamui. The voyage was a long and difficult one; they suffered lengthy delays in Sumatra, Ceylon, and Southern India, occupied by Marco in studying the sea charts of the coast of India which the Arab pilots showed him, and adding to his knowledge of these parts, which he had already visited. Thus it was over two years before the junks reached Persia, and two of the three envoys and a large number of their suite had died by the way. When at last they landed, it was found that Arghun, the prospective bridegroom, had meanwhile died too, leaving his throne in the charge of a regent for his young son. But on the regent's advice a convenient solution of the difficulty was found by handing the princess over to this prince, and Marco and his uncles duly conducted her to him in the province of Timochain, where Marco Polo noticed that the women were "in my opinion the most beautiful in the world," where stood the famed and solitary *arbor secco*, and where men still told tales of great Alexander and Darius. There they took leave of their princess, who had come on the long voyage to love them like fathers, so Marco says, and wept sorely when they parted. It was while they were still in Persia, where they stayed for nine months after handing over the princess, that the Polos received news of the death of the Great Khan whom they had served so faithfully for so many years. He died at the ripe age of eighty, and with his death a shadow fell over Central Asia, darkening the shining yellow roofs of Cambaluc,

the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light,

¹ Marco Polo, *Travels*, pp. 321-23.

the minarets of Persia, and the tents of wild Kipchak Tartars, galloping over the Russian steppes. So wide had been the sway of Kublai Khan. A shadow fell also upon the heart of Marco Polo. It was as though a door had clanged to behind him, never to open again. "In the course of their journey," he says, "our travellers received intelligence of the Great Khan having departed this life, which entirely put an end to all prospects of their revisiting those regions." So he and his elders went on by way of Tabriz, Trebizond, and Constantinople to Venice, and sailed up to the city of the lagoons at long last at the end of 1295.

A strange fairy-tale legend has come down to us about the return of the Polos. "When they got thither," says Ramusio, who edited Marco's book in the fifteenth century, "the same fate befell them as befell Ulysses, who when he returned after his twenty years' wanderings to his native Ithaca was recognized by nobody." When, clad in their uncouth Tartar garb, the three Polos knocked at the doors of the Ca' Polo, no one recognized them, and they had the greatest difficulty in persuading their relatives and fellow-Venetians that they were indeed those Polos who had been believed dead for so many years. The story goes that they satisfactorily established their identity by inviting all their kinsmen to a great banquet, for each course of which they put on a garment more magnificent than the last, and finally bringing in their coarse Tartar coats, they ripped open the seams and the lining thereof, "upon which there poured forth a great quantity of precious stones, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds, which had been sewn into each coat with great care, so that nobody could have suspected that anything was there. . . . The exhibition of such an extraordinary and infinite treasure of jewels and precious stones, which covered the table, once more filled all present with such astonishment that they were dumb and almost beside themselves with surprise: and they at once recognized these honoured and venerated gentlemen in the Ca' Polo, whom at first they had doubted, and received them with the greatest honour and reverence."¹ Human nature has changed little since the thirteenth century. The precious stones are a legend, but no doubt the Polos brought many with them, for they were jewel merchants by trade; they had had ample opportunities for business in China, and the Great Khan had loaded them with "rubies and other handsome jewels of great value" to boot. Jewels were the most convenient form in which they could have brought home their wealth. But the inquiring Marco brought other things also to tickle the curiosity of the Venetians, as he lets fall from time to time in his book. He brought, for example, specimens of the silky hair of the Tangut yak, which his countrymen much admired, the dried head and feet of a musk deer, and the seeds of a dye plant (probably indigo) from Sumatra, which he sowed in Venice, but which never came up, because the climate was not sufficiently warm.² He brought presents also for the Doge; for an inventory made in 1351 of things found in the palace of Marino Faliero includes among others a ring given by Kublai Khan, a Tartar collar, a three-bladed sword, an Indian brocade, and a

¹ Yule, *Book of Ser Marco Polo*, I, *Introd.*, pp. 4-8.

² Marco Polo, *op. cit.*, pp. 136, 138, 344

book "written by the hand of the aforesaid Marco," called *De locis mirabilibus Tartarorum*.¹

The rest of Marco Polo's life is quickly told. The legend goes that all the youth of Venice used to resort to the Ca' Polo in order to hear his stories, for not even among the foreign sailors on the quays, where once the boy Marco had wandered and asked about the Tartars, were stories the like of his to be heard. And because he was always talking of the greatness of Kublai Khan's dominions, the millions of revenue, the millions of junks, the millions of riders, the millions of towns and cities, they gave him a nickname and jestingly called him Marco *Milione*, or *Il Milione* which is, being interpreted, "Million Marco"; and the name even crept into the public documents of the Republic, while the courtyard of his house became known as the *Corte Milione*. To return from legend to history, the ancient rivalry between Venice and Genoa had been growing during Marco Polo's absence, nor had Venice always prevailed. Often as her galleys sailed,

dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire, . . .
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit, and corpses up the hold.

At last in 1298, three years after Marco's return, a Genoese fleet under Lamba Doria sailed for the Adriatic, to bate the pride of Venice in her own sea. The Venetians fitted out a great fleet to meet it, and Marco Polo, the handy man who knew so much about navigation, albeit more skilled with Chinese junks than with Western ships, went with it as gentleman commander of a galley. The result of the encounter was a shattering victory for the Genoese off Curzola. Sixty-eight Venetian galleys were burnt, and seven thousand prisoners were haled off to Genoa, among them Marco Polo, who had now a taste of the results of that enterprise, manliness, and warfare, whose absence he so deprecated in the men of Suchow.

But soon there began to run through the streets and courtyards of Genoa a rumour that in prison there lay a certain Venetian captain, with tales so wonderful to beguile the passing hour that none could tire of hearing them; and anon the gallants and sages and the bold ladies of Genoa were flocking, just as the men of the Rialto, had flocked before, to hear his stories of Kublai Khan,

Lord of the fruits of Tartary
Her rivers silver-pale,
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood, and dale,
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale.

¹ Yule, *op. cit.*, I, *Introd.*, p. 70.

"Messer Marco," so runs Ramusio's account of the tradition which lingered in Venice in his day, "finding himself in this position, and witnessing the general eagerness to hear all about Cathay and the Great Khan, which indeed compelled him daily to repeat his story till he was weary, was advised to put the matter in writing; so he found means to get a letter written to his father in Venice, in which he desired the latter to send those notes and memoranda, which he had brought home with him."

It happened that in prison with Marco Polo there lay a certain Pisan writer of romances, Rusticiano by name,¹ who had probably been taken prisoner before at the battle of Melaria (1284), when so many Pisan captives had been carried to Genoa, that the saying arose "He who would see Pisa let him go to Genoa." Rusticiano was skilled in the writing of French, the language *par excellence* of romances, in which he had written versions of the Round Table Tales, and in him Marco Polo found a ready scribe, who took down the stories as he told them, in the midst of the crowd of Venetian prisoners and Genoese gentlemen, raptly drinking in all the wonders of Kublai Khan. It was by a just instinct that, when all was written, Rusticiano prefixed to the tale that same address to the lords and gentlemen of the world, bidding them to take heed and listen, which he had been wont to set at the beginning of his tales of Tristan and Lancelot and King Arthur: "Ye Lords, Emperors and Kings, Dukes and Marquises, Counts, Knights and Burgesses and all ye men who desire to know the divers races of men and the diversities of the different regions of the world, take ye this book and cause it to be read, and here shall ye find the greatest marvels." But he adds, "Marco Polo, a wise and learned citizen of Venice, states distinctly what things he saw and what things he heard from others, for this book will be a truthful one." Marco Polo's truthful marvels were more wonderful even than the exploits of Arthur's knights, and were possibly better suited to the respectable Rusticiano's pen, for his only other claim to distinction in the eyes of posterity seems to be that in his abridgment of the Romance of Lancelot he entirely omits the episode (if episode it can be called) of the loves of Lancelot and Guinevere. "Alas," remarks his French editor, "that the copy of *Lancelot* which fell into the hands of poor Francesca of Rimini was not one of those expurgated by Rusticiano!"²

Marco Polo was released from prison (there must have been mourning in the palaces of Genoa) and returned to Venice at the end of a year. Sometimes hereafter his name occurs in the records of Venice, as he moves about on his lawful occasions.³ In 1305 we find "Nobilis Marchus Polo Milioni" standing surety for a wine smuggler; in 1311 he is suing a dishonest agent who owes him money on the sale of musk (he, Marco, had seen the musk deer in its lair); and in 1323 he is concerned in a dispute about a party wall. We know, too, from his will, that he had a wife named Donata, and three daughters, Fantina, Bellela, and Moreta. Had he loved before, under the alien skies

¹ On Rusticiano see *Ibid.*, Introd., pp. 56 ff.

² *Ibid.*, Introd., p. 61.

³ *Ibid.*, Introd., pp. 67-73.

where his youth was spent, some languid exquisite lady of China, or hardy Tartar maid? Had he profited himself from the strange marriage customs of Tibet, of which he remarks (with one of his very rare gleams of humour), "En cele contree aurent bien aler les jeune de seize anz en vingt quatre"? Had Fantina, Bellela, and Moreta half-brothers, flying their gerfalcons at the quails by the shores of the "White Lake" where the Khan hunted, and telling tales of the half legendary father, who sailed away for ever when they were boys in the days of Kublai Khan? These things we cannot know, nor can we even guess whether he regretted that only daughters sprang from his loins in the city of the lagoons, and no Venetian son to go venturing again to the far-distant country where assuredly he had left a good half of his heart. Perhaps he talked of it sometimes to Peter, his Tartar servant, whom he freed at his death "from all bondage as completely as I pray God to release mine own soul from all sin and guilt." Some have thought that he brought Peter the Tartar with him from the East, and the thought is a pleasant one; but it is more likely that he bought him in Italy, for the Venetians were inveterate slave-owners, and captive Tartars were held of all the slaves the strongest and best. So his life passed; and in 1324 Marco Polo died, honoured much by his fellow-citizens, after making a will which is still preserved in the library of St. Mark's.

A characteristic story of his death-bed is related by a Dominican friar, one Jacopo of Acqui, who wrote some time later. "What he told in the book," says Jacopo, "was not as much as he had really seen, because of the tongues of detractors, who being ready to impose their own lies on others are over hasty to set down as lies what they in their perversity disbelieve or do not understand. And because there are many great and strange things in that book, which are reckoned past all credence, he was asked by his friends on his death-bed to correct the book, by removing everything that went beyond the facts. To which his reply was that he had not told *one half* of what he had really seen."¹ How well one can see that last indignant flash of the dying observer, who in the long years of his youth had taken notes of strange tribes and customs for the wise and gracious Kublai Khan, and whom little men now dared to doubt. Indeed, modern discovery has entirely confirmed the exactitude of Marco Polo's observation. It is true that he sometimes repeated some very tall stories which had been told to him, of dog-faced men in the Andaman Islands and of the "male and female islands" so beloved of medieval geographers. These were sailors' yarns, and where Marco Polo reports what he has seen with his own eyes, he reports with complete accuracy, nor does he ever pretend to have seen a place which he had not visited. The explorers of our own day, Aurel Stein, Ellsworth Huntington, and Sven Hedin, travelling in Central Asia, have triumphantly vindicated him. "It is," says an eminent French historian, "as though the originals of very old photographs had been suddenly rediscovered: the old descriptions of things which were unchanged could be perfectly superimposed upon present reality,"² and Huntington and

¹ On Rusticiano, see *Ibid.*, *Introd.*, p. 54.

² Ch.-V. Langlois in *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, xxxv, p. 259.

Aurel Stein took with them to the inaccessible districts of Central Asia as guide-books the book of the Chinese pilgrim Hiwen Tshang (seventh century) and the book of Marco Polo, and over and over again found how accurate were their descriptions.

The knowledge which Marco Polo had thus brought to Europe, the intercourse between East and West which his experience had shown to be so desirable, continued to grow after him. Merchants and missionaries alike travelled by land or sea eastward to Cathay.¹ Another of those indomitable Franciscan friars, John of Monte Corvino, went out at the age of fifty and became Archbishop of Peking. Churches and houses of friars were founded in some of the Chinese cities. Odoric of Pordenone, another friar, and a very good observer too, set forth in 1316 and sailed round India and through the Spice Islands by the same sea route by which the Polos had brought their Tartar princess back to Persia, and so reached Canton, "a city as big as three Venices . . . and all Italy hath not the amount of craft that this one city hath." He left a wonderful account of his travels in China, including descriptions of Peking and Hangchow, and ends his stories with the words, "As for me, from day to day I prepare myself to return to those countries, in which I am content to die, if it pleaseth Him from whom all good things do come"—no doubt where he had left his heart, but he died at Udine in Italy. Later there went out another friar, John Marignolli, who was Papal Legate to Peking from 1342 to 1346.

Nor was it only missionaries who went to Cathay. Odoric, speaking of the wonders of Hangchow, refers for confirmation to Venetian traders who have visited it: "'Tis the greatest city in the whole world, so great indeed that I should scarcely venture to tell of it, but that I have met at Venice people in plenty who have been there"; John of Monte Corvino was accompanied by Master Peter of Lucolongo, "a great merchant," and John Marignolli mentions a *fondaco* for the use of Christian merchants, which was attached to one of the Franciscan convents at Zaiton. Above all, there is Francis Balducci Pegolotti, that intrepid factor who served the great commercial house of the Bardi of Florence, and who wrote a priceless handbook for the use of merchants about 1340. In this he gives detailed instructions for the guidance of a merchant, who wishes to proceed from Tana on the Black Sea by the overland route across Asia to Cathay and back again with £1,200 worth of silk in his caravan, and remarks casually, in passing, "The road you travel from Tana to Cathay is perfectly safe, whether by day or night, according to what merchants say who have used it"—"il chanmino dandare dalla Tana al Ghattajo è *sichurisimo!*"² Think only of what it all means. Marco Polo travelling where no man set foot again till the twentieth century. The bells of the Christian church ringing sweetly in the ears of the Great Khan in Peking. The long road across Central Asia perfectly safe for merchants. The "many persons at Venice" who have walked in the streets of Hangchow. This is in the late thirteenth and

¹ Yule, *Cathay and the Way Thither*, Intro., cxxxii-iv.

² *Ibid.*, II, p. 292; and App., p. LXV.

early fourteenth centuries, in the despised and hidebound Middle Ages. *È sichurissimo!* It takes some of the gilt off Columbus and Vasco da Gama and the age (forsooth) of "discovery."

But a change came over everything in the middle of the fourteenth century. Darkness fell again and swallowed up Peking and Hangchow, the great ports, the crowding junks, the noble civilization. No longer was the great trade route *sichurissimo*, and no longer did Christian friars chant their masses in Zaiton. The Tartar dynasty fell and the new rulers of China reverted to the old anti-foreign policy; moreover, Islam spread its conquests all over Central Asia and lay like a rampart between the Far East and the West, a great wall of intolerance and hatred stronger by far than the great wall of stone which the Chinese had once built to keep out the Tartars. All Marco Polo's marvels became no more than a legend, a traveller's tale.

But that great adventurer was not done for yet. Nearly a century and a half after Marco's death a Genoese sea captain sat poring over one of the new printed books, which men were beginning to buy and to hand about among themselves. The book which he was reading was the Latin version of Marco Polo's travels. He was reading it with intentness and indeed with passion. As he read he made notes in the margin; on over seventy pages he made his notes.¹ For time to time he frowned and turned back and read again the tale of those great ports of Cathay and the gold-roofed palaces of Cipangu; and always he wondered how those lands might be reached, now that the wall of darkness covered Central Asia and anarchy blocked the road to the Persian Gulf. One day (may we not see him?) he lifted his head and smote his hand upon the table. "I will sail west," he said. "Maybe I shall find the lost island of Antilha in the western ocean, but maybe on its far rim I shall indeed come to Cipangu, for the world is round, and somewhere in those great seas beyond the coast of Europe must lie Marco Polo's rich Cathay. I will beseech the kings of England and of Spain for a ship and a ship's company, and the silk and the spices and the wealth shall be theirs. I will sail West," said the Genoese sea captain, and he smote his thigh. "I will sail West, West, West!" And this was the last of Messer Marco's marvels; he discovered China in the thirteenth century, when he was alive, and in the fifteenth, when he was dead, he discovered America!

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AUTOBIOGRAPHIC CHAPTERS

LIFE WITH FATHER¹

by Clarence Day

ONE late afternoon when Father came up from downtown, he found his home much upset. Our cook had walked out and left us. I was a child of four, George was two, and there was a new baby besides. Mother was ill. She hadn't been able to leave us to go to an agency. And as she was no hand at cooking herself, the outlook for dinner was poor.

This state of affairs was unprecedented in all Father's experience. In his father's home, they never changed their servants suddenly; they seldom changed them at all; and as his mother was a past mistress of cooking, he had always been doubly protected. Since his marriage, he had had to live a much bumpier life. But this was the worst yet.

He asked Mother, who was lying in bed, what she was going to do about it. There were no telephones then, and she couldn't do anything at all, at the moment; but she said she would try to go to an agency in the morning and see what she could find. "In the morning? Good God!" Father said. "Where is the place, anyhow?" And he clapped on his hat and strode out again, over toward Sixth Avenue.

As I heard the story years afterward, it was late when he got there, and he bounded up the front stoop two or three steps at a time, and went quickly into the little office, where the gaslights were burning. He had never been in such a place before, and to his surprise it was empty, except for a severe-looking woman who sat at a desk at one side. "Where do you keep 'em?" he urgently demanded, his mind on the question of dinner.

She looked at him, got out her pen, and opened a large book deliberately. "I will take your name and address," she informed him, "and then, if you please, you may give me the details as to what kind of person you require and when you would wish her to call."

But Father had no time, he told her, for any damned fol-de-rol. "Where do you keep 'em?" he said again. She was standing in the way of his dinner. I can imagine how his face must have reddened and how his eyes must have blazed at her. "I am asking you where you keep them!" he roared.

"Why, the girls are in there," the lady explained, to calm him, "but clients are not allowed in that room. If you will tell me the kind of position you wish me to fill for you, I will have one come out."

Before she'd half finished, Father had thrown open the door and gone in.

¹ From Clarence Day, *Life with Father*. By permission of Alfred A. Knopf.

There sat a crowd of the girls, young and old, sickly and brawny, of all shapes and sizes; some ugly, some pretty and trim and stylish, some awkward; nurses, ladies' maids, waitresses, washerwomen, and cooks.

The manager was by now at Father's elbow, trying to make him get out, and insisting that he tell her the position he wished her to fill. But Father was swiftly glancing around at the crowd, and he paid no attention. He noticed a little woman in the corner, with honest gray eyes, who sat there, shrewd-looking and quiet. He pointed his cane over at her and said, "I'll take that one."

The manager was flustered, but still she kept trying to enforce her authority. She protested she didn't yet know the position. . . .

"Cook," Father said, "cook."

"But Margaret doesn't wish to be a cook, she wants—"

"You can cook, can't you?" Father demanded.

Margaret's plain little face was still pink with excitement and pleasure at being chosen above all that roomful by such a masterful gentleman. Father had probably smiled at her, too, for they liked each other at once. Well, she said, she had cooked for one family.

"Of course she can cook," Father said.

The manager didn't like this at all. The discipline of the office was spoiled. "If you are going to take her anyhow," she said acidly, "what day would you wish her to come, and will you please give me your name?"

"Yes, yes," Father said, without giving it. "Come on, Margaret." And he planked down the fee and walked out.

Margaret followed him through the door and trotted over to our home at his heels. He sent her down to the kitchen immediately, while he went upstairs to dress.

"I don't know why you make such a fuss about engaging new servants. It's simple enough," he said comfortably to Mother that evening, after Margaret's first dinner.

It was the first of a long series, for she stayed with us twenty-six years.

* * *

Buttons were Father's worst trial, however, from his point of view. Ripped shirts and socks with holes in them could still be worn, but drawers with their buttons off couldn't. The speed with which he dressed seemed to discourage his buttons and make them desert Father's service. Furthermore, they always gave out suddenly and at the wrong moment.

He wanted help and he wanted it promptly at such times, of course. He would appear at Mother's door with a waistcoat in one hand and a disloyal button in the other, demanding that it be sewn on at once. If she said she couldn't just then, Father would get as indignant as though he had been drowning and a life-guard had informed him he would save him to-morrow.

When his indignation mounted high enough to sweep aside his good judgment, he would say in a stern voice, "Very well, I'll sew it on myself," and demand a needle and thread. Mother knew only too well what it meant. She would beg him to leave his waistcoat in her work basket and let her do it

next day. Father was inflexible. Moreover, his decision would be strengthened if he happened to glance at her basket and see how many of his socks were dismally waiting there in that crowded exile.

"I've been looking for those blue polka-dotted socks for a month," he said angrily one night before dinner. "Not a thing is done for a man in this house. I even have to sew on my own buttons. Where is your needle and thread?"

Mother reluctantly gave these implements to him. He marched off, sat on the edge of his sofa in the middle of his bedroom, and got ready to work. The gaslight was better by his bureau, but he couldn't sit on a chair when he sewed. It had no extra room on it. He laid his scissors, the spool of thread, and his waistcoat down on the sofa beside him, wet his fingers, held the needle high up and well out in front, and began poking the thread at the eye.

Like every commander, Father expected instant obedience, and he wished to deal with trained troops. The contrariness of the needle and the limp obstinacy of the thread made him swear. He stuck the needle in the sofa while he wet his fingers and stiffened the thread again. When he came to take up his needle, it had disappeared. He felt around everywhere for it. He got up, holding fast to his thread, and turned around, facing the sofa to see where it was hiding. This jerked the spool off onto the floor, where it rolled away and unwound.

The husbands of two of Mother's friends had had fits of apoplexy and died. It frightened her horribly when this seemed about to happen to Father. At the sound of his roars, she rushed in. There he was on the floor, as she had feared. He was trying to get his head under the sofa and he was yelling at something, and his face was such a dark red and his eyes so bloodshot that Mother was terrified. Pleading with him to stop only made him more apoplectic. He said he'd be damned if he'd stop. He stood up presently, tousled but triumphant, the spool in his hand. Mother ran to get a new needle. She threaded it for him and he at last started sewing.

Father sewed on the button in a violent manner, with vicious haulings and jabs. Mother said she couldn't bear to see him—but she couldn't bear to leave the room, either. She stood watching him, hypnotized and appalled, itching to sew it herself, and they talked at each other with vehemence. Then the inevitable accident happened: the needle came forcibly up through the waistcoat, it struck on the button, Father pushed at it harder, and it burst through the hole and stuck Father's finger.

He sprang up with a howl. To be impaled in this way was not only exasperating, it was an affront. He turned to me, as he strode about on the rug, holding onto his finger, and said wrathfully, "It was your mother."

"Why, Clare!" Mother cried.

"Talking every minute," Father shouted at her, "and distracting a man! How the devil can I sew on a button with this gibbering and buzz in my ears? Now see what you made me do!" he added suddenly. "Blood on my good waistcoat! Here! Take the damned thing. Give me a handkerchief to

EARLY IMPRESSIONS¹*by Henry Adams*

Boys are wild animals, rich in the treasures of sense, but the New England boy had a wider range of emotions than boys of more equable climates. He felt his nature crudely, as it was meant. To the boy Henry Adams, summer was drunken. Among senses, smell was the strongest—smell of hot pine-woods and sweet-fern in the scorching summer noon; of new-mown hay; of ploughed earth; of box hedges; of peaches, lilacs, syringas; of stables, barns, cow-yards; of salt water and low tide on the marshes; nothing came amiss. Next to smell came taste, and the children knew the taste of everything they saw or touched, from pennyroyal and flagroot to the shell of a pignut and the letters of a spelling-book—the taste of A-B, AB, suddenly revived on the boy's tongue sixty years afterwards. Light, line, and color as sensual pleasures, came later and were as crude as the rest. The New England light is glare, and the atmosphere harshens color. The boy was a full man before he ever knew what was meant by atmosphere; his idea of pleasure in light was the blaze of a New England sun. His idea of color was a peony, with the dew of early morning on its petals. The intense blue of the sea, as he saw it a mile or two away, from the Quincy hills; the cumuli in a June afternoon sky; the strong reds and greens and purples of colored prints and children's picture-books, as the American colors then ran; these were ideals. The opposites or antipathies, were the cold grays of November evenings, and the thick, muddy thaws of Boston winter. With such standards, the Bostonian could not but develop a double nature. Life was a double thing. After a January blizzard, the boy who could look with pleasure into the violent snow-glare of the cold white sunshine, with its intense light and shade, scarcely knew what was meant by tone. He could reach it only by education.

Winter and summer, then, were two hostile lives, and bred two separate natures. Winter was always the effort to live; summer was tropical license. Whether the children rolled in the grass, or waded in the brook, or swam in the salt ocean, or sailed in the bay, or fished for smelts in the creeks, or netted minnows in the salt-marshes, or took to the pine-woods and the granite quarries, or chased muskrats and hunted snapping-turtles in the swamps, or mushrooms or nuts on the autumn hills, summer and country were always sensual living, while winter was always compulsory learning. Summer was the multiplicity of nature; winter was school.

The bearing of the two seasons on the education of Henry Adams was no fancy; it was the most decisive force he ever knew; it ran through life and

¹ From Henry Adams, *Education of Henry Adams*. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

made the division between its perplexing, warring, irreconcilable problems. irreducible opposites, with growing emphasis to the last year of study. From earliest childhood the boy was accustomed to feel that, for him, life was double. Winter and summer, town and country, law and liberty, were hostile, and the man who pretended they were not, was in his eyes a schoolmaster—that is, a man employed to tell lies to little boys. Though Quincy was but two hours' walk from Beacon Hill, it belonged in a different world. For two hundred years, every Adams, from father to son, had lived within sight of State Street, and sometimes had lived in it, yet none had ever taken kindly to the town, or been taken kindly by it. The boy inherited his double nature. He knew as yet nothing about his great-grandfather, who had died a dozen years before his own birth: he took for granted that any great-grandfather of his must have always been good, and his enemies wicked; but he divined his great-grandfather's character from his own. Never for a moment did he connect the two ideas of Boston and John Adams; they were separate and antagonistic; the idea of John Adams went with Quincy. He knew his grandfather John Quincy Adams only as an old man of seventy-five or eighty who was friendly and gentle with him, but except that he heard his grandfather always called "the President," and his grandmother "the Madam," he had no reason to suppose that his Adams grandfather differed in character from his Brooks grandfather, who was equally kind and benevolent. He liked the Adams side best, but for no other reason than that it reminded him of the country, the summer, and the absence of restraint. Yet he felt also that Quincy was in a way inferior to Boston, and that socially Boston looked down on Quincy. The reason was clear enough even to a five-year-old child. Quincy had no Boston style. Little enough style had either; a simpler manner of life and thought could hardly exist, short of cave-dwelling. The flint-and-steel with which his grandfather Adams used to light his own fires in the early morning was still on the mantel piece of his study. The idea of a livery or even a dress for servants, or of an evening toilette, was next to blasphemy. Bathrooms, water-supplies, lighting, heating, and the whole array of domestic comforts, were unknown at Quincy. Boston had already a bathroom, a water-supply, a furnace, and gas. The superiority of Boston was evident, but a child liked it no better for that. . . .

The Madam was a little more remote than the President, but more decorative. She stayed much in her own room with the Dutch tiles, looking out on her garden with the box walks, and seemed a fragile creature to a boy who sometimes brought her a note or a message, and took distinct pleasure in looking at her delicate face under what seemed to him very becoming caps. He liked her refined figure; her gentle voice and manner; her vague effect of not belonging there, but to Washington or to Europe, like her furniture, and writing-desk with little glass doors above and little eighteenth-century volumes in old binding, labelled "Peregrine Pickle" or "Tom Jones" or "Hannah More." Try as she might, the Madam could never be Bostonian, and it was her cross in life, but to the boy it was her charm. Even at that

age, he felt drawn to it. The Madam's life had been in truth far from Boston. She was born in London in 1775, daughter of Joshua Johnson, an American merchant, brother of Governor Thomas Johnson of Maryland; and Catherine Nuth, of an English family in London. Driven from England by the Revolutionary War, Joshua Johnson took his family to Nantes, where they remained till the peace. The girl Louisa Catherine was nearly ten years old when brought back to London, and her sense of nationality must have been confused; but the influence of the Johnsons and the services of Joshua obtained for him from President Washington the appointment of Consul in London on the organization of the Government in 1790. In 1794 President Washington appointed John Quincy Adams Minister to The Hague. He was twenty-seven years old when he returned to London, and found the Consul's house a very agreeable haunt. Louisa was then twenty.

At that time, and long afterwards, the Consul's house, far more than the Minister's, was the centre of contact for travelling Americans, either official or other. The Legation was a shifting point, between 1785 and 1815; but the Consulate, far down in the City, near the Tower, was convenient and inviting; so inviting that it proved fatal to young Adams. Louisa was charming, like a Romney portrait, but among her many charms that of being a New England woman was not one. The defect was serious. Her future mother-in-law, Abigail, a famous New England woman whose authority over her turbulent husband, the second President, was hardly so great as that which she exercised over her son, the sixth to be, was troubled by the fear that Louisa might not be made of stuff stern enough, or brought up in conditions severe enough, to suit a New England climate, or to make an efficient wife for her paragon son, and Abigail was right on that point, as on most others where sound judgment was involved; but sound judgment is sometimes a source of weakness rather than of force, and John Quincy already had reason to think that his mother held sound judgments on the subject of daughters-in-law which human nature, since the fall of Eve, made Adams helpless to realize. Being three thousand miles away from his mother, and equally far in love, he married Louisa in London, July 26, 1797, and took her to Berlin to be the head of the United States Legation. During three or four exciting years, the young bride lived in Berlin; whether she was happy or not, whether she was content or not, whether she was socially successful or not, her descendants did not surely know; but in any case she could by no chance have become educated there for a life in Quincy or Boston. In 1801 the overthrow of the Federalist Party drove her and her husband to America, and she became at last a member of the Quincy household, but by that time her children needed all her attention, and she remained there with occasional winters in Boston and Washington, till 1803. Her husband was made Senator in 1803, and in 1809 was appointed Minister to Russia. The life at St. Petersburg was hardly gay for her; they were far too poor to shine in that extravagant society; but she survived it, though her little girl baby did not, and in the winter of 1814-15, alone with the boy of seven years old, crossed Europe from

St. Petersburg to Paris, in her travelling-carriage, passing through the armies, and reaching Paris in the *Cent Jours* after Napoleon's return from Elba. Her husband next went to England as Minister, and she was for two years at the Court of the Regent. In 1817 her husband came home to be Secretary of State, and she lived for eight years in F Street, doing her work of entertainer for President Monroe's administration. Next she lived four miserable years in the White House. When that chapter was closed in 1829, she had earned the right to be tired and delicate, but she still had fifteen years to serve as wife of a Member of the House, after her husband went back to Congress in 1833. Then it was that little Henry, her grandson, first remembered her, from 1843 to 1848, sitting in her panelled room, at breakfast, with her heavy silver teapot and sugar-bowl and cream-jug, which still exist somewhere as an heirloom of the modern safety-vault. By that time she was seventy years old or more, and thoroughly weary of being beaten about a stormy world. To the boy she seemed singularly peaceful, a vision of silver gray, presiding over her old President and her Queen Anne mahogany; an exotic, like her Sèvres china; an object of deference to every one, and of great affection to her son Charles; but hardly more Bostonian than she had been fifty years before, on her wedding-day, in the shadow of the Tower of London.

Such a figure was even less fitted than that of her old husband, the President, to impress on a boy's mind, the standards of the coming century. She was Louis Seize, like the furniture. The boy knew nothing of her interior life, which had been, as the venerable Abigail, long since at peace, foresaw, one of severe stress and little pure satisfaction. He never dreamed that from her might come some of those doubts and self-questionings, those hesitations, those rebellions against law and discipline, which marked more than one of her descendants; but he might even then have felt some vague instinctive suspicion that he was to inherit from her the seeds of the primal sin, the fall from grace, the curse of Abel, that he was not of pure New England stock, but half exotic. . . .

The boy naturally learned only one lesson from his saturation in such air. He took for granted that this sort of world, more or less the same that had always existed in Boston and Massachusetts Bay, was the world which he was to fit. Had he known Europe he would have learned no better. The Paris of Louis Philippe, Guizot, and de Tocqueville, as well as the London of Robert Peel, Macaulay, and John Stuart Mill, were but varieties of the same upper-class *bourgeoisie* that felt instinctive cousinship with the Boston of Ticknor, Prescott, and Motley. Even the typical grumbler Carlyle, who cast doubts on the real capacity of the middle class, and who at times thought himself eccentric, found friendship and alliances in Boston—still more in Concord. The system had proved so successful that even Germany wanted to try it, and Italy yearned for it. England's middle-class government was the ideal of human progress.

Even the violent reaction after 1848, and the return of all Europe to military practices, never for a moment shook the true faith. No one, except

Karl Marx, foresaw radical change. What announced it? The world was producing sixty or seventy million tons of coal, and might be using nearly a million steam-horse-power, just beginning to make itself felt. All experience since the creation of man, all divine revelation or human science, conspired to deceive and betray a twelve-year-old boy who took for granted that his ideas, which were alone respectable, would be alone respected.

Viewed from Mount Vernon Street, the problem of life was as simple as it was classic. Politics offered no difficulties, for there the moral law was a sure guide. Social perfection was also sure, because human nature worked for Good, and three instruments were all she asked—Suffrage, Common Schools, and Press. On these points doubt was forbidden. Education was divine, and man needed only a correct knowledge of facts to reach perfection:

“Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.”

Nothing quieted doubt so completely as the mental calm of the Unitarian clergy. In uniform excellence of life and character, moral and intellectual, the score of Unitarian clergymen about Boston, who controlled society and Harvard College, were never excelled. They proclaimed as their merit that they insisted on no doctrine, but taught, or tried to teach, the means of leading a virtuous, useful, unselfish life, which they held to be sufficient for salvation. For them, difficulties might be ignored; doubts were waste of thought; nothing exacted solution. Boston had solved the universe; or had offered and realized the best solution yet tried. The problem was worked out.

Of all the conditions of his youth which afterwards puzzled the grown-up man, this disappearance of religion puzzled him most. The boy went to church twice every Sunday; he was taught to read his Bible, and he learned religious poetry by heart; he believed in a mild deism; he prayed; he went through all the forms; but neither to him nor to his brothers or sisters was religion real. Even the mild discipline of the Unitarian Church was so irksome that they all threw it off at the first possible moment, and never afterwards entered a church. The religious instinct had vanished, and could not be revived, although one made in later life many efforts to recover it. That the most powerful emotion of man, next to the sexual, should disappear, might be a personal defect of his own; but that the most intelligent society, led by the most intelligent clergy, in the most moral conditions he ever knew, should have solved all the problems of the universe so thoroughly as to have quite ceased making itself anxious about past or future, and should have persuaded itself that all the problems which had convulsed human thought from earliest recorded time, were not worth discussing, seemed to him the most curious social phenomenon he had to account for in a long life. The faculty of turning away one's eyes as one approaches a chasm is not unusual, and Boston showed, under the lead of Mr. Webster, how successfully it could be done in politics; but in politics a certain number of men did at least protest. In religion and philosophy no one protested.

HOW I FOUND AMERICA¹

by *Anzia Yezierska*

EVERY breath I drew was a breath of fear, every shadow a stifling shock, every footfall struck on my heart like the heavy boot of the Cossack. On a low stool in the middle of the only room in our mud hut sat my father, his red beard falling over the Book of Isaiah, open before him. On the tile stove, on the benches that were our beds, even on the earthen floor, sat the neighbors' children, learning from him the ancient poetry of the Hebrew race. As he chanted, the children repeated:

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of the Lord.
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
Every valley shall be exalted,
And every mountain and hill shall be made low,
And the crooked shall be made straight,
And the rough places plain,
And the glory of God shall be revealed,
And all flesh shall see it together.

Undisturbed by the swaying and chanting of teacher and pupils, old Kakah, our speckled hen, with her brood of chicks, strutted and pecked at the potato-peelings that fell from my mother's lap as she prepared our noon meal.

I stood at the window watching the road, lest the Cossack come upon us unawares to enforce the ukase of the czar, which would tear the last bread from our mouths: "No *chadir* (Hebrew school) shall be held in a room used for cooking and sleeping."

With one eye I watched ravenously my mother cutting chunks of black bread. At last the potatoes were ready. She poured them out of an iron pot into a wooden bowl and placed them in the center of the table.

Instantly the swaying and chanting ceased. The children rushed forward. The fear of the Cossack was swept away from my heart by the fear that the children would get my potato, and deserting my post, with a shout of joy I seized my portion and bit a huge mouthful of mealy delight.

At that moment the door was driven open by the blow of an iron heel. The Cossack's whip swished through the air. Screaming, we scattered. The children ran out—our livelihood with them.

"*Oi weh!*" wailed my mother, clutching at her breast, "is there a God over us and sees all this?"

With grief-glazed eyes my father muttered a broken prayer as the Cossack thundered the ukase: "A thousand-ruble fine, or a year in prison, if you are ever found again teaching children where you're eating and sleeping."

"*Gottunieul!*" then pleaded my mother, "would you tear the last skin from our bones? Where else would we be eating and sleeping? Or should we keep *chadir* in the middle of the road? Have we houses with separate rooms like the czar?"

Ignoring my mother's protests, the Cossack strode out of the hut. My father sank into a chair, his head bowed in the silent grief of the helpless.

My mother wrung her hands.

"God from the world, is there no end to our troubles? When will the earth cover me and my woes?"

I watched the Cossack disappear down the road. All at once I saw the whole village running toward us. I dragged my mother to the window to see the approaching crowd.

"*Gevalt!* What more is falling over our heads?" she cried in alarm.

Masheh Mindel, the water-carrier's wife, headed a wild procession. The baker, the butcher, the shoemaker, the tailor, the goatherd, the workers in the fields, with their wives and children pressed toward us through a cloud of dust.

Masheh Mindel, almost fainting, fell in front of the doorway.

"A letter from America!" she gasped.

"A letter from America!" echoed the crowd as they snatched the letter from her and thrust it into my father's hands.

"Read, read!" they shouted tumultuously.

My father looked through the letter, his lips uttering no sound. In breathless suspense the crowd gazed at him. Their eyes shone with wonder and reverence for the only man in the village who could read. Masheh Mindel crouched at his feet, her neck stretched toward him to catch each precious word of the letter.

To my worthy wife, Masheh Mindel, and to my loving son, Sushkah Feivel, and to my darling daughter, the apple of my eye, the pride of my life, 'Tzipkeleh!

Long years and good luck on you! May the blessings from heaven fall over your beloved heads and save you from all harm!

First I come to tell you that I am well and in good health. May I hear the same from you!

Secondly, I am telling you that my sun is beginning to shine in America. I am becoming a person—a business man. I have for myself a stand in the most crowded part of America, where people are as thick as flies and every day is like market-day at a fair. My business is from bananas and apples. The day begins with my push-cart full of fruit, and the day never ends before I can count up at least two dollars' profit. That means four rubles. Stand before your eyes, I, Gedalyah Mindel, four rubles a day; twenty-four rubles a week!

"Gedalyah Mindel, the water-carrier, twenty-four rubles a week!" The words leaped like fire in the air.

We gazed at his wife, Masheh Mindel, a dried-out bone of a woman.

"Masheh Mindel, with a husband in America. Masheh Mindel, the wife of a man earning twenty-four rubles a week! The sky is falling to the earth!"

We looked at her with new reverence. Already she was a being from another world. The dead, sunken eyes became alive with light. The worry

for bread that had tightened the skin of her cheek-bones was gone. The sudden surge of happiness filled out her features, flushing her face as with wine. The two starved children clinging to her skirts, dazed with excitement, only dimly realized their good fortune in the envious glances of the others. But the letter went on:

Thirdly, I come to tell you, white bread and meat I eat every day, just like the millionaires. Fourthly, I have to tell you that I am no more Gedalyah Mindel. *Mister Mindel* they call me in America. Fifthly, Masheh Mindel and my dear children, in America there are no mud huts where cows and chickens and people live all together. I have for myself a separate room, with a closed door, and before any one can come to me, he must knock, and I can say, "Come in," or "Stay out," like a king in a palace. Lastly, my darling family and people of the village of Sukovoly, there is no czar in America.

My father paused. The hush was stifling. "No czar—no czar in America!" Even the little babies repeated the chant, "No czar in America!"

In America they ask everybody who should be the President. And I, Gedalyah Mindel, when I take out my citizen's papers, will have as much to say who shall be our next President as Mr. Rockefeller, the greatest millionaire. Fifty rubles I am sending you for your ship-ticket to America. And may all Jews who suffer in Golluth from ukases and pogroms live yet to lift up their heads like me, Gedalyah Mindel, in America.

Fifty rubles! A ship-ticket to America! That so much good luck should fall on one head! A savage envy bit us. Gloomy darts from narrowed eyes stabbed Masheh Mindel. Why should not we, too, have a chance to get away from this dark land! has not every heart the same hunger for America, the same longing to live and laugh and breathe like a free human being? America is for all. Why should only Masheh Mindel and her children have a chance to the New World?

Murmuring and gesticulating, the crowd dispersed. Every one knew every one else's thought—how to get to America. What could they pawn? From where could they borrow for a ship-ticket?

Silently, we followed my father back into the hut from which the Cossack had driven us a while before. We children looked from mother to father and from father to mother.

"*Gottunieu*; the czar himself is pushing us to America by this last ukase." My mother's face lighted up the hut like a lamp.

"*Meshugeneh Yidenehl*!" admonished my father. "Always your head in the air. What—where—America? With what money? Can dead people lift themselves up to dance?"

"Dance?" The samovar and the brass pots reëchoed my mother's laughter. "I could dance myself over the waves of the ocean to America."

In amazed delight at my mother's joy, we children rippled and chuckled with her. My father paced the room, his face dark with dread for the morrow.

"Empty hands, empty pockets; yet it dreams itself in you—America," he said.

"Who is poor who has hopes on America?" flaunted my mother.

"Sell my red-quilted petticoat that grandmother left for my dowry," I urged in excitement.

"Sell the feather-beds, sell the samovar," chorused the children.

"Sure, we can sell everything—the goat and all the winter things," added my mother. "It must be always summer in America."

I flung my arms around my brother, and he seized Bessie by the curls, and we danced around the room, crazy with joy.

That very evening we brought Berel Zalman, the usurer, and showed him all our treasures, piled up in the middle of the hut.

"Look! All these fine feather-beds, Berel Zalman!" urged my mother. "This grand fur coat came from Nijny itself. My grandfather bought it at the fair."

I held up my red-quilted petticoat, the supreme sacrifice of my ten-year-old life. Even my father shyly pushed forward the samovar.

"It can hold enough tea for the whole village," he declared.

"Only a hundred rubles for them all!" pleaded my mother, "only enough to lift us to America! Only one hundred little rubles!"

"A hundred rubles! *Pfui!*" sniffed the pawnbroker. "Forty is overpaid. Not even thirty is it worth."

But, coaxing and cajoling, my mother got a hundred rubles out of him.

Steerage, dirty bundles, foul odors, seasick humanity; but I saw and heard nothing of the foulness and ugliness about me. I floated in showers of sunshine; visions upon visions of the New World opened before me. From lip to lip flowed the golden legend of the golden country:

"In America you can say what you feel, you can voice your thoughts in the open streets without fear of a Cossack."

"In America is a home for everybody. The land is your land, not, as in Russia, where you feel yourself a stranger in the village where you were born and reared, the village in which your father and grandfather lie buried."

"Everybody is with everybody alike in America. Christians and Jews are brothers together."

"An end to the worry for bread, an end to the fear of the bosses over you. Everybody can do what he wants with his life in America."

"There are no high or low in America. Even the President holds hands with Gedalyah Mindel."

"Plenty for all. Learning flows free, like milk and honey."

"Learning flows free." The words painted pictures in my mind. I saw before me free schools, free colleges, free libraries, where I could learn and learn and keep on learning. In our village was a school, but only for Christian children. In the schools of America I'd lift up my head and laugh and dance, a child with other children. Like a bird in the air, from sky to sky, from star to star, I'd soar and soar.

"Land! land!" came the joyous shout. All crowded and pushed on deck.

They strained and stretched to get the first glimpse of the "golden country," lifting their children on their shoulders that they might see beyond them. Men fell on their knees to pray. Women hugged their babies and wept. Children danced. Strangers embraced and kissed like old friends. Old men and old women had in their eyes a look of young people in love. Age-old visions sang themselves in me, songs of freedom of an oppressed people. America! America!

Between buildings that loomed like mountains we struggled with our bundles, spreading around us the smell of the steerage. Up Broadway, under the bridge, and through the swarming streets of the Ghetto, we followed Gedalyah Mindel.

I looked about the narrow streets of squeezed-in stores and houses, ragged clothes, dirty bedding oozing out of the windows, ash-cans and garbage cans cluttering the sidewalks. A vague sadness pressed down my heart, the first doubt of America.

"Where are the green fields and open spaces in America?" cried my heart. "Where is the golden country of my dreams?" A loneliness for the fragrant silence of the woods that lay beyond our mud hut welled up in my heart, a longing for the soft, responsive earth of our village streets. All about me was the hardness of brick and stone, the smells of crowded poverty.

"Here's your house, with separate rooms like a palace," said Gedalyah Mindel, and flung open the door of a dingy airless flat.

"*Oi weh!*" cried my mother in dismay. "Where's the sunshine in America?" She went to the window and looked out at the blank wall of the next house. "*Gottunie!* Like in a grave so dark!"

"It ain't so dark; it's only a little shady," said Gedalyah Mindel, and lighted the gas. "Look only!"—he pointed with pride to the dim gas-light—"No candles, no kerosene lamps, in America. You turn on a screw, and put to it a match, and you got it light like with sunshine."

Again the shadow fell over me, again the doubt of America. In America were rooms without sunlight; rooms to sleep in, to eat in, to cook in, but without sunshine, and Gedalyah Mindel was happy. Could I be satisfied with just a place to sleep in and eat in, and a door to shut people out, to take the place of sunlight? Or would I always need the sunlight to be happy? And where was there a place in America for me to play? I looked out into the alley below, and saw pale-faced children scrambling in the gutter. "Where is America?" cried my heart.

My eyes were shutting themselves with sleep. Blindly I felt for the buttons on my dress! and buttoning, I sank back in sleep again—the dead-weight sleep of utter exhaustion.

"Heart of mine," my mother's voice moaned above me, "father is already gone an hour. You know how they'll squeeze from you a nickel for every minute you're late. Quick only!"

I seized my bread and herring and tumbled down the stairs and out into

the street. I ate running, blindly pressing through the hurrying throngs of workers, my haste and fear choking every mouthful. I felt a strangling in my throat as I neared the sweat-shop prison; all my nerves screwed together into iron hardness to endure the day's torture.

For an instant I hesitated as I faced the grated windows of the old building. Dirt and decay cried out from every crumbling brick. In the maw of the shop raged around me the roar and the clatter, the merciless grind, of the pounding machines. Half-maddened, half-deadened, I struggled to think, to feel, to remember. What am I? Who am I? Why am I here? I struggled in vain, bewildered and lost in a whirlpool of noise. "America—America, where was America?" it cried in my heart.

Then came the factory whistle, the slowing down of the machines, the shout of release hailing the noon hour. I woke as from a tense nightmare, a weary waking to pain. In the dark chaos of my brain reason began to dawn. In my stifled heart feelings began to pulse. The wound of my wasted life began to throb and ache. With my childhood choked with drudgery, must my youth, too, die un-lived?

Here were the odor of herring and garlic, the ravenous munching of food, laughter and loud, vulgar jokes. Was it only I who was so wretched? I looked at those around me. Were they happy or only insensible to their slavery? How could they laugh and joke? Why were they not torn with rebellion against this galling grind, the crushing, deadening movements of the body, where only hands live, and hearts and brains must die?

I felt a touch on my shoulder and looked up. It was Yetta Solomon, from the machine next to mine.

"Here's your tea."

I stared at her half-hearing.

"Ain't you going to eat nothing?"

"*Oi weh*, Yetta! I can't stand it!" The cry broke from me. "I didn't come to America to turn into a machine. I came to America to make from myself a person. Does America want only my hands, only the strength of my body, not my heart, not my feelings, my thoughts?"

"Our heads ain't smart enough," said Yetta, practically. "We ain't been to school, like the American-born."

"What for did I come to America but to go to school, to learn, to think, to make something beautiful from my life?"

"'Sh! 'Sh! The boss! the boss!" came the warning whisper.

A sudden hush fell over the shop as the boss entered. He raised his hand. There was breathless silence. The hard, red face with the pig's eyes held us under its sickening spell. Again I saw the Cossack and heard him thunder the ukase. Prepared for disaster, the girls paled as they cast at one another sidelong, frightened glances.

"Hands," he addressed us, fingering the gold watch-chain that spread across his fat stomach, "it's slack in the other trades, and I can get plenty girls begging themselves to work for half what you're getting; only I ain't a skinner.

I always give my hands a show to earn their bread. From now on I'll give you fifty cents a dozen shirts instead of seventy-five, but I'll give you night-work, so you needn't lose nothing." And he was gone.

The stillness of death filled the shop. Everyone felt the heart of the other bleed with her own helplessness. A sudden sound broke the silence. A woman sobbed chokingly. It was Balah Rifkin, a widow with three children.

"*Oi wehl!*"—she tore at her scrawny neck,—“the blood-sucker! the thief! How will I give them to eat, my babies, my hungry little lambs!”

“Why do we let him choke us?”

“Twenty-five cents less on a dozen—how will we be able to live?”

“He tears the last skin from our bones.”

“Why didn't nobody speak up to him?”

Something in me forced me forward. I forgot for the moment how my whole family depended on my job. I forgot that my father was out of work and we had received a notice to move for unpaid rent. The helplessness of the girls around me drove me to strength.

“I'll go to the boss,” I cried, my nerves quivering with fierce excitement. “I'll tell him Balah Rifkin has three hungry mouths to feed.”

Pale, hungry faces thrust themselves toward me, thin, knotted hands reached out, starved bodies pressed close about me.

“Long years on you!” cried Balah Rifkin, drying her eyes with a corner of her shawl.

“Tell him about my old father and me, his only bread-giver,” came from Bessie Sopolsky, a gaunt-faced girl with a hacking cough.

“And I got no father or mother, and four of them younger than me hanging on my neck.” Jennie Feist's beautiful young face was already scarred with the gray worries of age.

America, as the oppressed of all lands have dreamed America to be, and America as it is, flashed before me, a banner of fire. Behind me I felt masses pressing, thousands of immigrants; thousands upon thousands, crushed by injustice, lifted me as on wings.

I entered the boss's office without a shadow of fear. I was not I; the wrongs of my people burned through me till I felt the very flesh of my body a living flame of rebellion. I faced the boss.

“We can't stand it,” I cried. “Even as it is we're hungry. Fifty cents a dozen would starve us. Can you, a Jew, tear the bread from another Jew's mouth?”

“You fresh mouth, you! Who are you to learn me my business?”

“Weren't you yourself once a machine slave, your life in the hands of your boss?”

“You loafer! Money for nothing you want! The minute they begin to talk English they get flies in their nose. A black year on you, trouble-maker! I'll have no smart heads in my shop! Such freshness! Out you get! Out from my shop!”

Stunned and hopeless, the wings of my courage broken, I groped my way

back to them—back to eager, waiting faces, back to the crushed hearts aching with mine.

As I opened the door, they read our defeat in my face.

"Girls,"—I held out my hands,—*"he's fired me."* My voice died in the silence. Not a girl stirred. Their heads only bent closer over their machines.

"Here, you, get yourself out of here!" the boss thundered at me. "Bessie Sopolsky and you, Balah Rifkin, take out her machine into the hall. I want no big-mouthed *Americanerins* in my shop."

Bessie Sopolsky and Balah Rifkin, their eyes black with tragedy, carried out my machine. Not a hand was held out to me, not a face met mine, I felt them shrink from me as I passed them on my way out.

In the street I found I was crying. The new hope that had flowed in me so strongly bled out of my veins. A moment before, our unity had made me believe us so strong, and now I saw each alone, crushed, broken. What were they all but crawling worms, servile grubbers for bread?

And then in the very bitterness of my resentment the hardness broke in me. I saw the girls through their own eyes, as if I were inside of them. What else could they have done? Was not an immediate crust of bread for Balah Rifkin's children more urgent than truth, more vital than honor? Could it be that they ever had dreamed of America as I had dreamed? Had their faith in America wholly died in them? Could my faith be killed as theirs had been?

Gasping from running, Yetta Solomon flung her arms around me.

"You golden heart! I sneaked myself out from the shop only to tell you, I'll come to see you to-night. I'd give the blood from under my nails for you, only I got to run back. I got to hold my job. My mother—"

I hardly saw or heard her. My senses were stunned with my defeat. I walked on in a blind daze, feeling that any moment I would drop in the middle of the street from sheer exhaustion. Every hope I had clung to, every human stay, every reality, was torn from under me. Was it then only a dream, a mirage of the hungry-hearted people in the desert lands of oppression, this age-old faith in America?

Again I saw the mob of dusty villagers crowding about my father as he read the letter from America, their eager faces thrust out, their eyes blazing with the same hope, the same faith, that had driven me on. Had the starved villagers of Sukovoly lifted above their sorrows a mere rainbow vision that led them—where? Where? To the stifling submission of the sweat-shop or the desperation of the streets!

"God! God!" My eyes sought the sky, praying, "where—where is America?"

Times changed. The sweat-shop conditions that I had lived through had become a relic of the past. Wages had doubled, tripled, and went up higher and higher, and the working-day became shorter and shorter. I began to earn enough to move my family uptown into a sunny, airy flat with electricity and telephone service. I even saved up enough to buy a phonograph and a piano.

My knotted nerves relaxed. At last I had become free from the worry for bread and rent, but I was not happy. A more restless discontent than ever before ate out my heart. Freedom from stomach needs only intensified the needs of my soul.

I ached and clamored for America. Higher wages and shorter hours of work, mere physical comfort, were not yet America. I had dreamed that America was a place where the heart could grow big with giving. Though outwardly I had become prosperous, life still forced me into an existence of mere getting and getting.

Ach! how I longed for a friend, a real American friend, some one to whom I could express the thoughts and feelings that choked me! In the Bronx, the uptown Ghetto, I felt myself farther away from the spirit of America than ever before. In the East Side the people had yet alive in their eyes the old, old dreams of America, the America that would release the age-old hunger to give; but in the prosperous Bronx good eating and good sleeping replaced the spiritual need for giving. The chase for dollars and diamonds deadened the dreams that had once brought them to America.

More and more the all-consuming need for a friend possessed me. In the street, in the cars, in the subways, I was always seeking, ceaselessly seeking for eyes, a face, the flash of a smile that would be light in my darkness.

I felt sometimes that I was only burning out my heart for a shadow, an echo, a wild dream, but I couldn't help it. Nothing was real to me but my hope of finding a friend. America was not America to me unless I could find an American that would make America real.

The hunger of my heart drove me to the night-school. Again my dream flamed. Again America beckoned. In the school there would be education, air, life for my cramped-in spirit. I would learn to think, to form the thoughts that surged formless in me, I would find the teacher that would make me articulate.

I joined the literature class. They were reading *The De Coverley Papers*. Filled with insatiate thirst, I drank in every line with the feeling that any moment I would get to the fountain-head of revelation. Night after night I read with tireless devotion. But of what? The manners and customs of the eighteenth century, of people two hundred years dead.

One evening, after a month's attendance, when the class had dwindled from fifty to four, and the teacher began scolding us who were present for those who were absent, my bitterness broke.

"Do you know why all the girls are dropping away from the class? It's because they have too much sense than to waste themselves on *The De Coverley Papers*. Us four girls are four fools. We could learn more in the streets. It's dirty and wrong, but it's life. What are *The De Coverley Papers*? Dry dust fit for the ash-can."

"Perhaps you had better tell the principal your ideas of the standard classics," she scoffed, white with rage.

"All right," I snapped, and hurried down to the principal's office.

I swung open the door.

"I just want to tell you why I'm leaving. I—"

"Won't you come in?" The principal rose and placed a chair for me near her desk. "Now tell me all." She leaned forward with an inviting interest.

I looked up, and met the steady gaze of eyes shining with light. In a moment all my anger fled. *The De Coverley Papers* were forgotten. The warm friendliness of her face held me like a familiar dream. I couldn't speak. It was as if the sky suddenly opened in my heart.

"Do go on," she said, and gave me a quick nod. "I want to hear."

The repression of centuries rushed out of my heart. I told her everything—of the mud hut in Sukovoly where I was born, of the czar's pogroms, of the constant fear of the Cossack, of Gedalyah Mindel's letter, of our hopes in coming to America, and my search for an American who would make America real.

"I am so glad you came to me," she said. And after a pause, "You can help me."

"Help you?" I cried. It was the first time that an American suggested that I could help her.

"Yes, indeed. I have always wanted to know more of that mysterious, vibrant life—the immigrant. You can help me know my girls. You have so much to give—"

"Give—that's what I was hungering and thirsting all these years—to give out what's in me. I was dying in the unused riches of my soul."

"I know; I know just what you mean," she said, putting her hand on mine.

My whole being seemed to change in the warmth of her comprehension. "I have a friend," it sang itself in me. "I have a friend!"

"And you are a born American?" I asked. There was none of that sure, all right look of the Americans about her.

"Yes, indeed. My mother, like so many mothers,"—and her eyebrows lifted humorously whimsical,—"claims we're descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, and that one of our lineal ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*."

"For all your mother's pride in the Pilgrim Fathers, you yourself are as plain from the heart as an immigrant."

"Weren't the Pilgrim Fathers immigrants two hundred years ago?"

She took from her desk a book and read to me.

Then she opened her arms to me, and breathlessly I felt myself drawn to her. Bonds seemed to burst. A suffusion of light filled my being. Great choirings lifted me in space. I walked out unseeing.

All the way home the words she read flamed before me: "We go forth all to seek America. And in the seeking we create her. In the quality of our search shall be the nature of the America that we create."

So all those lonely years of seeking and praying were not in vain. How glad I was that I had not stopped at the husk, a good job, a good living! Through my inarticulate groping and reaching out I had found the soul, the spirit of America.

UNIVERSITY DAYS¹*by James Thurber*

I PASSED all the other courses that I took at my university, but I could never pass botany. This was because all botany students had to spend several hours a week in a laboratory looking through a microscope at plant cells, and I could never see through a microscope. I never once saw a cell through a microscope. This used to enrage my instructor. He would wander around the laboratory pleased with the progress all the students were making in drawing the involved and, so I am told, interesting structure of flower cells, until he came to me. I would just be standing there. "I can't see anything," I would say. He would begin patiently enough, explaining how anybody can see through a microscope, but he would always end up in a fury, claiming that I could *too* see through a microscope but just pretended that I couldn't. "It takes away from the beauty of flowers anyway," I used to tell him. "We are not concerned with beauty in this course," he would say. "We are concerned solely with what I may call the *mechanics* of flars." "Well," I'd say, "I can't see anything." "Try it just once again," he'd say, and I would put my eye to the microscope and see nothing at all, except now and again, a nebulous milky substance—a phenomenon of maladjustment. You were supposed to see a vivid, restless clockwork of sharply defined plant cells. "I see what looks like a lot of milk," I would tell him. This, he claimed, was the result of my not having adjusted the microscope properly; so he would readjust it for me, or rather, for himself. And I would look again and see milk.

I finally took a deferred pass, as they called it, and waited a year and tried again. (You had to pass one of the biological sciences or you couldn't graduate.) The professor had come back from vacation brown as a berry, bright-eyed, and eager to explain cell-structure again to his classes. "Well," he said to me, cheerily, when we met in the first laboratory hour of the semester, "we're going to see cells this time, aren't we?" "Yes, sir," I said. Students to right of me and to left of me and in front of me were seeing cells; what's more, they were quietly drawing pictures of them in their notebooks. Of course, I didn't see anything.

"We'll try it," the professor said to me, grimly, "with every adjustment of the microscope known to man. As God is my witness, I'll arrange this glass so that you see cells through it or I'll give up teaching. In twenty-two years of botany, I—" He cut off abruptly for he was beginning to quiver all over, like Lionel Barrymore, and he genuinely wished to hold onto his temper; his scenes with me had taken a great deal out of him.

¹ From J. Thurber, *My Life and Hard Times*. By permission of the author.

So we tried it with every adjustment of the microscope known to man. With only one of them did I see anything but blackness or the familiar lacteal opacity, and that time I saw, to my pleasure and amazement, a variegated constellation of flecks, specks, and dots. These I hastily drew. The instructor, noting my activity, came back from an adjoining desk, a smile on his lips and his eyebrows high in hope. He looked at my cell drawing. "What's that?" he demanded, with a hint of a squeal in his voice. "That's what I saw," I said. "You didn't, you didn't, you *didn't*!" he screamed, losing control of his temper instantly, and he bent over and squinted into the microscope. His head snapped up. "That's your eye!" he shouted. "You've fixed the lens so that it reflects! You've drawn your eye!"

Another course that I didn't like, but somehow managed to pass, was economics. I went to that class straight from the botany class, which didn't help me any in understanding either subject. I used to get them mixed up. But not as mixed up as another student in my economics class who came there direct from a physics laboratory. He was a tackle on the football team, named Bolenciewicz. At that time Ohio State University had one of the best football teams in the country, and Bolenciewicz was one of its outstanding stars. In order to be eligible to play it was necessary for him to keep up in his studies, a very difficult matter, for while he was not dumber than an ox he was not any smarter. Most of his professors were lenient and helped him along. None gave him more hints, in answering questions, or asked him simpler ones than the economics professor, a thin, timid man named Bassum. One day when we were on the subject of transportation and distribution, it came Bolenciewicz's turn to answer a question. "Name one means of transportation," the professor said to him. No light came into the big tackle's eyes. "Just any means of transportation," said the professor. Bolenciewicz sat staring at him. "That is," pursued the professor, "any medium, agency, or method of going from one place to another." Bolenciewicz had the look of a man who is being led into a trap. "You may choose among steam, horse-drawn, or electrically propelled vehicles," said the instructor. "I might suggest the one which we commonly take in making long journeys across land." There was a profound silence in which everybody stirred uneasily, including Bolenciewicz and Mr. Bassum. Mr. Bassum abruptly broke this silence in an amazing manner. "Choo-choo-choo," he said, in a low voice, and turned instantly scarlet. He glanced appealingly around the room. All of us, of course, shared Mr. Bassum's desire that Bolenciewicz should stay abreast of the class in economics, for the Illinois game, one of the hardest and most important of the season, was only a week off. "Toot, toot, too-tooooooot!" some student with a deep voice moaned, and we all looked encouragingly at Bolenciewicz. Somebody else gave a fine imitation of a locomotive letting off steam. Mr. Bassum himself rounded off the little show. "Ding, dong, ding, dong," he said, hopefully. Bolenciewicz was staring at the floor now, trying to think, his great brow furrowed, his huge hands rubbing together, his face red.

"How did you come to college this year, Mr. Bolenciewicz?" asked the professor. "*Chuffa chuffa, chuffa chuffa.*"

"M'father sent me," said the football player.

"What on?" asked Bassum.

"I git an 'lowance," said the tackle, in a low, husky voice, obviously embarrassed.

"No, no," said Bassum. "Name a means of transportation. What did you *ride* here on?"

"Train," said Bolenciewicz.

"Quite right," said the professor. "Now, Mr. Nugent, will you tell us——"

If I went through anguish in botany and economics—for different reasons—gymnasium work was even worse. I don't even like to think about it. They wouldn't let you play games or join in the exercises with your glasses on and I couldn't see with mine off. I bumped into professors, horizontal bars, agricultural students, and swinging iron rings. Not being able to see, I could take it but I couldn't dish it out. Also, in order to pass gymnasium (and you had to pass it to graduate) you had to learn to swim if you didn't know how. I didn't like the swimming pool, I didn't like swimming, and I didn't like the swimming instructor, and after all these years I still don't. I never swam but I passed my gym work anyway, by having another student give my gymnasium number (978) and swim across the pool in my place. He was a quiet, amiable blonde youth, number 473, and he would have seen through a microscope for me if we could have got away with it, but we couldn't get away with it. Another thing I didn't like about gymnasium work was that they made you strip the day you registered. It is impossible for me to be happy when I am stripped and being asked a lot of questions. Still, I did better than a lanky agricultural student who was cross-examined just before I was. They asked each student what college he was in—that is, whether Arts, Engineering, Commerce, or Agriculture. "What college are you in?" the instructor snapped at the youth in front of me. "Ohio State University," he said promptly.

It wasn't that agricultural student but it was another a whole lot like him who decided to take up journalism, possibly on the ground that when farming went to hell he could fall back on newspaper work. He didn't realize, of course, that that would be very much like falling back full-length on a kit of carpenter's tools. Haskins didn't seem cut out for journalism, being too embarrassed to talk to anybody and unable to use a typewriter, but the editor of the college paper assigned him to the cow barns, the sheep house, the horse pavilion, and the animal husbandry department generally. This was a genuinely big "beat," for it took up five times as much ground and got ten times as great a legislative appropriation as the College of Liberal Arts. The agricultural student knew animals, but nevertheless his stories were dull and colorlessly written. He took all afternoon on each of them, because he had to hunt for each letter on the typewriter. Once in a while he had to ask somebody to help him hunt. "C" and "L," in particular, were

hard letters for him to find. His editor finally got pretty much annoyed at the farmer-journalist because his pieces were so uninteresting. "See here, Haskins," he snapped at him one day, "why is it we never have anything hot from you on the horse pavilion? Here we have two hundred head of horses on this campus—more than any other university in the Western Conference except Purdue—and yet you never get any real low-down on them. Now shoot over to the horse barns and dig up something lively." Haskins shambled out and came back in about an hour; he said he had something. "Well, start it off snappily," said the editor. "Something people will read." Haskins set to work and in a couple of hours brought a sheet of typewritten paper to the desk; it was a two-hundred word story about some disease that had broken out among the horses. Its opening sentence was simple but arresting. It read: "Who has noticed the sores on the tops of the horses in the animal husbandry building?"

Ohio State was a land grant university and therefore two years of military drill was compulsory. We drilled with old Springfield rifles and studied the tactics of the Civil War even though the World War was going on at the time. At 11 o'clock each morning thousands of freshmen and sophomores used to deploy over the campus, moodily creeping up on the old chemistry building. It was good training for the kind of warfare that was waged at Shiloh but it had no connection with what was going on in Europe. Some people used to think there was German money behind it, but they didn't dare say so or they would have been thrown in jail as German spies. It was a period of muddy thought and marked, I believe, the decline of higher education in the Middle West.

As a soldier I was never any good at all. Most of the cadets were glumly indifferent soldiers, but I was no good at all. Once General Littlefield, who was commandant of the cadet corps, popped up in front of me during regimental drill and snapped, "You are the main trouble with this university!" I think he meant that my type was the main trouble with the university but he may have meant me individually. I was mediocre at drill, certainly—that is, until my senior year. By that time I had drilled longer than anybody else in the Western Conference, having failed at military at the end of each preceding year so that I had to do it all over again. I was the only senior still in uniform. The uniform which, when new, had made me look like an interurban railway conductor, now that it had become faded and too tight made me look like Bert Williams in his bell-boy act. This had a definitely bad effect on my morale. Even so, I had become by sheer practise little short of wonderful at squad manoeuvres.

One day General Littlefield picked our company out of the whole regiment and tried to get it mixed up by putting it through one movement after another as fast as we could execute them: squads right, squads left, squads on right into line, squads right about, squads left front into line, etc. In about three minutes one hundred and nine men were marching in one direction and I was marching away from them at an angle of forty degrees, all

alone Company, halt!" shouted General Littlefield, "That man is the only man who has it right!" I was made a corporal for my achievement.

The next day General Littlefield summoned me to his office. He was swatting flies when I went in. I was silent and he was silent too, for a long time. I don't think he remembered me or why he had sent for me, but he didn't want to admit it. He swatted some more flies, keeping his eyes on them narrowly before he let go with the swatter. "Button up your coat!" he snapped. Looking back on it now I can see that he meant me although he was looking at a fly, but I just stood there. Another fly came to rest on a paper in front of the general and began rubbing its hind legs together. The general lifted the swatter cautiously. I moved restlessly and the fly flew away. "You startled him!" barked General Littlefield, looking at me severely. I said I was sorry. "That won't help the situation!" snapped the General, with cold military logic. I didn't see what I could do except offer to chase some more flies toward his desk, but I didn't say anything. He stared out the window at the faraway figures of co-eds crossing the campus toward the library. Finally, he told me I could go. So I went. He either didn't know which cadet I was or else he forgot what he wanted to see me about. It may have been that he wished to apologize for having called me the main trouble with the university; or maybe he had decided to compliment me on my brilliant drilling of the day before and then at the last minute decided not to. I don't know. I don't think about it much any more.

THE MODERN GOTHIC¹

by Vincent Sheean

THE armistice came when I was eighteen. What it meant to the war generation I can only imagine from the stories they tell; to me it meant that we in the University of Chicago, that mountain range of twentieth-century Gothic near the shores of Lake Michigan, went out of uniform and into civilian clothes.

The world has changed so much that it seems downright indecent to tell the truth: I was sorry when the war ended. I fumed with disappointment on the night of the false armistice—the celebrated night when the American newspapers reported the end of the war some days before it happened. We were all patriots then. We knew nothing about that horror and degradation which our elders who had been through the war were to put before us so unremittingly for the next fifteen years. There were millions of us, young Americans between the ages of fifteen or sixteen and eighteen or nineteen,

¹ From Vincent Sheean, *Personal History*, Copyright 1934, 1935, reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

who cursed freely all through the middle weeks of November. We felt cheated. We had been put into uniform with the definite promise that we were to be trained as officers and sent to France. In my case, as in many others, this meant growing up in a hurry, sharing the terrors and excitements of a life so various, free and exalted that it was worth even such hardships as studying trigonometry. So we went into uniform and marched about the place from class to class like students in a military academy; listened to learned professors lecturing about something called 'War Aims'; lived in 'barracks'; did rifle drill. The rifles were dummies, and the 'barracks' were only the old dormitories rechristened, but such details made little difference. We played at being soldiers for a few months with tremendous seriousness, and then the glorious uproar to which we had been preparing our approach suddenly died down. Our part of the war had been a prelude to something that did not take place.

And when demobilization came at last the prospect of returning to the regular life of the University had become repellent to me. I had nobody to persuade but my mother, who was still too thankful for the Armistice to make many objections. Consequently I went job hunting and spent three months as secretary to a millionaire builder and real estate operator in the Chicago financial district. It was there, hanging out a window above the crevasse of LaSalle Street, that I watched the Black Hawk Division come home. Waving flags and the thump of a military march were enough to stir me to any extravagance; we all shouted and waved and winked back the hysterical tears. Those were patriotic days.

My employer was an odious little man who had quarreled with his wife and disinherited his son because the latter wanted to go on the stage. He was a brilliant entrepreneur, the little man: he used to point with pride to the ceilings of the skyscraper in which he had his office, saying, 'That ceiling is a good six inches shallower than the law allows. You can always arrange things if you know how. I got eight extra storeys into this building by that little detail.' When I inquired if the building was likely to fall down he sniffed contemptuously. 'Buildings don't fall down,' he said. The building did start to fall down some years later, was condemned and demolished. By an unfortunate accident, its builder was not buried under the ruins.

He sent me on one occasion to collect rents from the impoverished tenants of a village he owned in Indiana. It was a horrible experience from which I escaped as quickly as I could, but the thought of it came back to me for years. The tenants of the wretched little Indiana town worked in a coal mine belonging to my employer when they worked at all, but they had not worked for many months. They lived in houses belonging to him (if you could call such hovels houses) and bought their food from stores belonging to him. I was to collect what I could of the back rent owed on the disgraceful shacks in which they were obliged to live. I was a failure at the job, for the sight of the life into which children were there being born disorganized whatever efficiency I possessed as a secretary. That day in the little mining town

was my introduction to capitalism at work, and it filled me, even then, with disgust. I blamed the busy little entrepreneur as well as the system of which he was a part, and it was not long before the idea of continuing to work for him became insupportable. 'Business' (if this was business) bored, irked, and revolted me, and I determined to do whatever I could to avoid being involved in it again.

In the spring of 1919, therefore, I went back to the University and stayed on throughout the summer to make up for lost time. My education up to then had been a sorry failure. I had never made any headway with science, mathematics or the classical languages. Of the first two I remembered nothing; of the second I remembered just one Greek sentence, *enteuthen exelaunei* ('and the next day he marched onward')—this not because it had any stirring significance for me, but because it marked the welcome end of nearly every chapter in the *Anabasis*.

I had derived, it was true, considerable pleasure of a low order from some other academic pursuits in my first two years of college. I had come to the University knowing some Italian, German, and French (particularly French), and could easily make a better showing in these subjects than my contemporaries. My favourite trick had been to register for courses in which I was unlikely to encounter anything I did not already know. Such conduct was lazy and dishonest, but you could make out a good case for the theory that young people were all lazy and dishonest when they could be. Certainly what the undergraduates called 'snaps' (i. e., courses easy to get through without undue effort) were always crowded in my day at the University. The football players, the social lights, the pretty co-eds, and all the other students who regarded study as an inconvenient detail in college life, rushed to inscribe themselves for 'snap' courses. I was in a more advantageous position than some of my fellows for wasting time, since more courses were 'snaps' for me. I could go to a series of lectures on Victorian Prose, for example, and be confident of hearing nothing new; similarly, in French, with the novels of Victor Hugo or the plays of Molière. I had read altogether too much in the two languages, thanks to a bookish childhood. There was thus a group of studies open to me at the University in which I could, without working or learning, impress my instructors sufficiently to make a good record.

More than two years of my three and a half at the University of Chicago had already been wasted in this way. It was a kind of confidence game of which the victim was, of course, myself. I did well enough in the subjects I already knew to make up for my failures in the subjects I did not know and was too lazy to study. I was too undisciplined, too indolent, and too dishonest to force myself to learn what did not interest me. And it was not until that summer of 1919 that I began to realize the silliness of such an approach to what ought to be one of the great experiences of a life. The University of Chicago in summer was invaded by hordes of earnest men and women from the smaller colleges and schools of the Middle West, working towards their master's or their doctor's degree. These thin, spectacled myrm-

dons, humpbacked from carrying armfuls of books up and down academic steps for many years, filled the cool gray corridors and covered the green lawns I had always thought reserved for pretty girls and long-legged youths. The summer school, I discovered, was an altogether different affair from the ordinary academic year. If you tried to talk to a summer student during a lecture, a cold glance through glittering spectacles was the only reply. The brilliant hot sun of a Chicago July threw into merciless relief all the unloveliness of these dank visitors from the provincial colleges of Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota. Their presence was somehow unbecoming, both to their surroundings and to the general fitness of things. I resented them for two or three weeks, and on the few occasions when I saw my vacationing friends, the undergraduates who had finished their college year in June, we were exceedingly witty about the looks, manners, lives, and minds of the pitiable summer students. There were probably not half a dozen of these bookworms, we calculated, who could dance the fox trot decently.

But as the summer study advanced I became more and more uncomfortable about them. They were not beautiful, but neither were they ignorant. They were always putting me to shame, somehow or other. I was not to remember much about most of the studies of that summer; only one was vivid in retrospect. It was a fairly advanced course in French—the poetry of Victor Hugo, all of it, including every pitiless line of *La Légende des Siècles*. The instructor was a visiting bigwig from one of the Eastern universities, a Frenchman with a German name. He used to conduct the course in an informal fashion, lecturing some of the time, reading occasionally, and starting discussions whenever the spirit moved him. It was assumed that students in such a course as this would be mature and educated enough to know something besides the actual subject matter itself. Comparisons were always popping up, were constantly invited. Most of the students—there may have been twelve or fifteen, men and women—were well past thirty, and probably all of them taught French literature somewhere or other. In that company, through July and August, I first began to be ashamed of my evil ways, and no amount of smug scorn for the bookworms could disguise the fact.

‘Vous trouverez ici sans doute que Hugo a beaucoup emprunté à Chateaubriand; n’est-ce pas, Mademoiselle?’ the professor would inquire innocently, smiling across his desk at an eager spinster from Indiana. And then off she would go, talking about Hugo and Chateaubriand in a French accent that would have been incomprehensible to either of those gentlemen—but talking, just the same, with information and intelligence. The professor would argue with her; others would join in; and it appalled me that I could not even follow their battle from afar. I had never read a word of Chateaubriand; my interest in Christianity was almost nonexistent; I had no real idea why it had ever seemed intellectually important to Victor Hugo or to anybody else. And I looked at the summer students in amazement. Their excitement over such subjects actually brought color to their wan faces; they could smile, make

jokes, go through all the movements of living organisms when their attention was aroused.

My salvation was that the instructor was a Frenchman. If he had been an American or an Englishman he would have seen at once that my glibness in French was a sheer accident, and that I actually understood nothing of the turmoil through which Victor Hugo had lived and written. But, being French, the professor had a natural prejudice in favor of hearing his language pronounced correctly. In spite of all their knowledge and interest, most of the students in this course had abominable accents; it seemed to be a rule among American school teachers. I had learned French so young that all the laziness in the world could never rob me of a fairly good pronunciation. Consequently, when I had occasion to read some of Victor Hugo's detested verses aloud, the professor would lean back in his chair with satisfaction. This, combined with a prudent silence when the discussions were out of my depth, gave the good man the idea that I really knew something of the subject, and I finished the course with an unjustifiably handsome record.

But something important happened to me during the summer of 1919, thanks chiefly to the Hugo poems. I had been realizing with increasing clarity, week after week, the superficial character of my own mind. I was nineteen, and I knew nothing. The fact that I could speak a sort of French had nothing to do with me; what credit there might be for that should have gone to the devout and kindly Irish priest who had tutored me in it for years. Of the actual meaning of French literature I knew far less than the scrubbiest high-school teacher from Iowa. The struggles of men's minds—whether of contemporary minds or of those like Chateaubriand's and Hugo's, long gone to dust—meant nothing to me at all. I had existed without realizing that it seriously mattered to anybody what men believed, or under what form of government, in what structure of society, they lived. The summer's study gave me no love for the poetry of Victor Hugo: on the contrary, the mere thought of *La Légende des Siècles* made me feel slightly uneasy for years to come. But I did derive from it some idea of what the process of literature could be—some hint of the stormy sincerity in which minds like Hugo's sought for the truth. The suggestion, however dim, was sufficient reward for the boredom of reading what then seemed to me an intolerable quantity of pompous, overstuffed verse.

My ideas of what I might get out of the University thereafter submitted to rearrangement. Words could no longer suffice: I understood Hugo's words well enough, the upholstery of his mind, but it was the mind itself that escaped me. If a mind of Hugo's quality was incomprehensible, how could I expect to know anything about the rarer minds that did (even then) seem to me most worth the effort of comprehension: Molière, Racine, Shakespeare? And, even in a world I found tiresome beyond my powers of resistance, the world of the 'Victorian Prose Writers,' what could I hope to understand by words alone? It was clear, after the Hugo experience, that literature involved something at once more complex and more ordinary, more closely related to

the whole life of mankind, than the science of stringing words together in desirable sequences, however fascinating the contemplation of such patterns might seem to a bookish and word-conscious nature.

Nothing could be learned about literature by studying literature: that was what it came to. Courses in literature seldom took on the vitality of that special Hugo course with its special participants. In general, they were either arranged to suit average students with no interest in the subject, or specialists with an interest so minute that it was (in my view) equivalent to no interest at all. I had no desire to count the feminine endings in the lines of the *Canterbury Tales*. What I wanted to know—in so far as I really wanted to know anything about them—was why the *Canterbury Tales* were written; what mysterious springs existed in the mind and heart of a man named Geoffrey Chaucer to bring forth such a particular stream of articulated language; what the world was like for which he wrote, in which he lived, and what was his particular struggle with it. Professors did sometimes try to convey this sort of information; but it was obvious that they had obtained it elsewhere and were passing it on in capsule form. Where had they obtained it?

History, perhaps, was the answer; philosophy might be part of it.

That autumn, when the regular academic year began, I switched from the faculties of English literature and Romance languages to those of history and philosophy. And perhaps if this had been the arrangement two years before I might not have wasted quite so much time.

I am not suggesting that I became a model of industry and scholarship promptly at nine o'clock on the morning of registration day in October, 1919. I still frittered away a good three quarters or four fifths of my time, still registered for an occasional course of lectures that could be treated cavalierly as a 'snap' (*History of Venetian Art*, for instance). But at least I was not behaving altogether as if the University were a country club. Both in history and in philosophy I learned something—not much, but something. There was a course in Plato that conveyed meaning to me; another, on the German idealists, I found as exciting as a romantic novel. But perhaps the most interesting of all—the one to be recalled most often in subsequent life—was a term of lectures and reading on the *Decline of the Ottoman Empire*.

This—an 'advanced,' and therefore a rather small, class—was in charge of an inspired teacher. I never knew what made the difference between a good and a bad teacher, but I did know that Ferdinand Schevill was a superlatively good one. He was a German, short and rather formidable in appearance, with eyeglasses and a neatly trimmed Vandyke beard. His university was Heidelberg or Bonn, I believe, and yet he had none of that pedantry which is supposed to be the vice of German scholarship. When he led us through the immense and complicated story of the decay that fell upon Suleiman's empire after the seventeenth century he did not try to treat it microscopically as an isolated phenomenon. He talked about the Arabs, the Turks, the Balkan peoples, as if they were alive; and they soon began to come to life for me. Schevill's system was to allow his students to read at will through the whole

literature of the subject, and therefrom to choose, halfway through the course, a particular aspect for further reading and a final paper. I began to read everything I could find about the Asiatic empire of the Turks. Almost from the first day that side of the Bosphorus seemed to me of greater interest than this. I extended my researches to the files of newspapers and magazines, and when it came time to choose, I took for my term paper the history of the Wahabite movement.

An odder choice for a nineteen-year-old undergraduate at the University of Chicago would be hard to imagine. Ibn es-Sa'ud was then almost unknown to the Western world, and the literature on the Wahabi was scarce indeed. I read everything I could find in English, French, or German, and performed the best piece of honest work I had ever done. For a few weeks, while I was reading in the library, I nearly persuaded myself that I was living in Arabia, and sometimes the vast cloaks and camel turbans of the Bedawin seemed more real than the swishing skirts of the co-eds going by. Later on I obtained permission to go down into the stacks of that huge library—steel stacks with glass floors running among them, layer upon layer. The world's knowledge lay there like a sunken continent swimming in subaqueous light, and through its fields I ranged more or less at will. My interest in Islam, such as it was, began that year, and what I learned in Schevill's course was never wholly forgotten. If other teachers had been like him, other subjects as vivid to me as the disintegration of Turkey became, I might have learned more in my long sojourn under the sham-Gothic towers.

THE PERSONAL ESSAY

Old China, <i>by Charles Lamb</i>	103
On Going a Journey, <i>by William Hazlitt</i>	107
The Autocrat Takes His Exercise, <i>by Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	112
The Lantern-Bearers, <i>by Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	117
How Shall I Word It?, <i>by Max Beerbohm</i>	125
Codfish Chowder and Sun, <i>by Robert P. Tristram Coffin</i>	130
From Spargo to Carver to Speaker, <i>by Heywood Broun</i>	134
As They Go Riding By, <i>by Clarence Day</i>	136
Football Is King, <i>by Frank Sullivan</i>	139
Stabilizing the Language through Popular Songs, <i>by Sigmund Spaeth</i>	144

THE PERSONAL ESSAY

THOUGH the personal essay has roots far back in the immemorial past,—as does, in fact, every form of writing,—it was the genius of Lamb and of Hazlitt in the 1820's which created a vogue lasting for a century. The personal essay no longer enjoys its favored position in the "quality magazines," for it tended toward an artificial archness and a cultivated triviality. But it is far from defunct. Without the label and the Lamb-like archaisms, it may still be found very much alive in the *New Yorker*, on certain editorial pages, and in certain columns of lighter vein. For what is the personal essay after all but informal chat about matters grave or gay from the point of view of the essayist? And there will always be those who chat entertainingly and those who will pause from more serious affairs to listen.

There are often elements of biography in the personal essay as in *The Lantern-Bearers* and *From Spargo to Carver to Speaker*, but neither of these essays would belong in a biography. Stevenson is less concerned with his boyhood idiocies than with his genial sermon on romance, and Broun is less concerned with biographic fidelity to fact than with telling a good story. The essay, then, is under no obligation to stick close to reality; one may touch up, rearrange, exaggerate the materials of experience, the better to entertain. The reader should not take too seriously Beerbohm's craving for epistolary malice. Lamb's *Chapter on Ears* and DeQuincey's *On Murder as a Fine Art* are classical examples of "spoofing."

The personal essay must be personal. There is no taboo on the pronoun "I" or its inflected forms. Count the "I's" in *On Going a Journey*; even the "you's" in *Codfish Chowder and Sun* are really a subterfuge, for "you" are told to do what "I" or "we" used to find such delight in doing. Such a seemingly objective treatment as *Stabilizing the Language through Popular Songs* is full of the author's ironic comments, his attitude of amused mockery, though he does not once speak in the first person.

Hence the difficulties of the informal essayist, for he cannot attract and hold his readers by the thrill of plot or dramatic situation or by the importance of the subject discussed, and yet he must make his personality and his opinions interesting. Humor, of course, helps—when it does not hinder. Nothing is more fatal to the essay than feeble jokes, hoary anecdotes, strained efforts to raise a laugh. Far better be serious, as Hazlitt is serious throughout and as Stevenson is for the most part. But if there is not the piquancy of humor, there should be the charm of novelty. Stale platitudes and commonplace observation will not do. Study in the essays which follow the elements of originality in the topic itself, in the introduction and presentation, and in the observation of men and things.

One more essential—style. Observe the perfect fitness of Lamb's phrases describing the tea-cup—their delicacy, their suggestion of the grotesque—and the very natural and fitting strung-out sentences of his Cousin Bridget's reverie on old times. Observe the neatness with which Sullivan parodies the cross-questioning method of a law-court and evokes the absurdity of phrase after phrase of the sport-writer's cant. The style of the personal essay may vary with mood and purpose, but it is never ponderous and never flat.

OLD CHINA

by Charles Lamb

I HAVE an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I enquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue—which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon), some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to overshadow the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were

not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state"—so she was pleased to ramble on—"in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!)—we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that overworn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the 'Lady Blanch'; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's, and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday—holydays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich—and the little handbasket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savoury cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noontide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a tablecloth—and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton has described many

a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a-fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now—when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we *ride* part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the *Battle of Hexham*, and the *Surrender of Calais*, and *Bannister* and *Mrs. Bland* in the *Children in the Wood*—when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with *Rosalind in Arden*, or with *Viola at the Court of Illyria*? You used to say, that the Gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough—but there was still a law of civility to woman recognised to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can you have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make

much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

"I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first Night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now) we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with 'lusty brimmers' (as you used to quote it out of *heartly cheerful Mr. Cotton*, as you called him), we used to welcome in the 'coming guest.' Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of a poor — hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked: live better, and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a-day—could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old one-shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fire-side, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in that Cræsus had, or the great Jew R— is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese

waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half Madonna-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house."

ON GOING A JOURNEY¹

by William Hazlitt

ONE of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, nature was his book.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room, and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

—— a friend in my retreat,

Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all conveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired,

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours march to dinner, and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken

¹ From W. Hazlitt, *Table Talk*.

wrack and sunless treasuries," burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplace, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!" I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me "very stuff of the conscience." Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that "he thought it was a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time." So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said: but in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid; if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of Nature, without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey, in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomise them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with anyone for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a beanfield crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill humour. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary

to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company, seems extravagance or affectation; and on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered) is a task to which few are competent. We must “give it an understanding, but no tongue.” My old friend Coleridge, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer’s day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. “He talked far above singing.” If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have someone with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had “that fine madness in them which our first poets had”; and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following.

—— Here be woods as green
 As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
 As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
 Face of the curled stream, with flow’rs as many
 As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
 Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
 Arbours o’ergrown with woodbine, caves and dells;
 Choose where thou wilt, while I sit by and sing,
 Or gather rushes to make many a ring
 For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
 How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,
 First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
 She took eternal fire that never dies;
 How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
 His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
 Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
 Gilding the mountain with her brother’s light,
 To kiss her sweetest. ——

Faithful Shepherdess.

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds: but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot:—I must have time to collect myself.

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for Table-talk. Lamb is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors; because he is the best within. I grant, there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey; and that is, what one shall have

for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn!" These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop: they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea,

The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal-cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen—*Procul, O procul este profani!* These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathise with him, and he breaks no squares. I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having someone with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world: but your "unhoused free condition is put into circumscription and confine." The incognito of an inn is one of its striking privileges—"lord of one's-self, uncumber'd with a name." Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion—to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties—to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweet-breads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour!* One may take one's choice of all char-

acters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively rightworshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed commonplaces that we appear in the world; an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns—sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham-common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas—at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St. Neot's (I think it was), where I first met with Grubelin's engravings of the "Cartoons," into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in the boat between me and the twilight—at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read "Paul and Virginia," which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's "Camilla." It was on the tenth of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the "New Eloise," at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bon bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighbourhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point, you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with sunny showers," and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to

myself, so much have they been broken and defaced! I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou then wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

THE AUTOCRAT TAKES HIS EXERCISE¹

by Oliver Wendell Holmes

A YOUNG friend has lately written an admirable article in one of the journals entitled, "Saints and Their Bodies." Approving of his general doctrines and grateful for his records of personal experience, I cannot refuse to add my own experimental confirmation of his eulogy of one particular form of active exercise and amusement, namely, *boating*. For the past nine years I have rowed about during a good part of the summer on fresh or salt water. My present fleet on the river Charles consists of three row-boats. (1) A small flat-bottomed skiff of the shape of a flat-iron, kept mainly to lend to boys. (2) A fancy "dory" for two pairs of sculls, in which I sometimes go out with my young folks. (3) My own particular water-sulky, a "skeleton" or "shell" race-boat, twenty-two feet long, with huge outriggers, which boat I pull with ten-foot sculls—alone, of course, as it holds but one, and tips him out if he doesn't mind what he is about. In this I glide around the Back Bay, down the stream, up the Charles to Cambridge and Watertown, up the Mystic, round the wharves in the wake of steamboats, which leave a swell after them delightful to rock upon; I linger under the bridges—those "caterpillar bridges" as my brother professor so happily called them; rub against the black sides of old wood-schooners; cool down under the overhanging stern of some tall Indianan; stretch across to the Navy Yard, where the sentinel warns me off from the *Ohio*—just as if I should hurt her by lying in her shadow; then strike out into the harbor, where the water gets clear and the air smells of the ocean—till all at once I remember that if a west wind blows up of a sudden I shall drift along past the islands out of sight of the dear old State House—plate, tumbler, knife and fork all waiting at home, but no chair drawn up at the table—all the dear people waiting, waiting, waiting, while the boat is sliding, sliding, sliding into the great desert where there is no tree and no fountain. As I don't want my wreck to be washed up on one of the beaches in company with devil's-aprons, bladder-weeds, dead horse-shoes, and bleached

¹ From *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.

crab-shells, I turn about and flap my long, narrow wings for home. When the tide is running out swiftly, I have a splendid fight to get through the bridges but always make it a rule to beat—though I have been jammed up into pretty tight places at times and was caught once between a vessel swinging round and the pier, until our bones (the boat's, that is) cracked as if we had been in the jaws of Behemoth. Then back to my moorings at the foot of the Common, off with the rowing-dress, dash under the green translucent wave, return to the garb of civilization, walk through my garden, take a look at my elms on the Common, and, reaching my habitat, in consideration of my advanced period of life, indulge in the Elysian abandonment of a huge recumbent chair.

When I have established a pair of well-pronounced feathering-calluses on my thumbs, when I am in training so that I can do my fifteen miles at a stretch without coming to grief in any way, when I can perform my mile in eight minutes or a little more, then I feel as if I had old Time's head in chancery, and could give it to him at my leisure.

I do not deny the attraction of walking. I have bored this ancient city through and through in my daily travels, until I know it as an old inhabitant of a Cheshire knows his cheese. Why, it was I who, in the course of these rambles, discovered that remarkable avenue called Myrtle Street, stretching in one long line from east of the Reservoir to a precipitous and rudely paved cliff which looks down on the grim abode of Science, and beyond it to the far hills; a promenade so delicious in its repose, so cheerfully varied with glimpses down the northern slope into busy Cambridge Street with its iron river of the horse-railroad, and wheeled barges gliding back and forward over it—so delightfully closing at its western extremity in sunny courts and passages where I know peace and beauty and virtue and serene old age must be perpetual tenants—so alluring to all who desire to take their daily stroll, in the words of Dr. Watts,

“Alike unknowing and unknown,”

that nothing but a sense of duty would have prompted me to reveal the secret of its existence. I concede, therefore, that walking is an immeasurably fine invention, of which old age ought constantly to avail itself.

Saddle leather is in some respects even preferable to sole leather. The principal objection to it is of a financial character. But you may be sure that Bacon and Sydenham did not recommend it for nothing. One's *hepar*, or, in vulgar language, liver—a ponderous organ weighing some three or four pounds—goes up and down like the dasher of a churn in the midst of the other vital arrangements at every step of a trotting horse. The brains also are shaken up like coppers in a money-box. Riding is good for those that are born with a silver-mounted bridle in their hand and can ride as much and as often as they like without thinking all the time they hear that steady grinding sound as the horse's jaws triturate with calm lateral movement the bank-

bills and promises to pay upon which it is notorious that the profligate animal in question feeds day and night.

Instead, however, of considering these kinds of exercise in this empirical way, I will devote a brief space to an examination of them in a more scientific form.

The pleasure of exercise is due first to a purely physical impression and secondly to a sense of power in action. The first source of pleasure varies of course with our condition and the state of the surrounding circumstances; the second with the amount and kind of power, and the extent and kind of action. In all forms of active exercise there are three powers simultaneously in action—the will, the muscles, and the intellect. Each of these predominates in different kinds of exercise. In walking, the will and muscles are so accustomed to work together and perform their task with so little expenditure of force that the intellect is left comparatively free. The mental pleasure in walking, as such, is in the sense of power over all our moving machinery. But in riding I have the additional pleasure of governing another will, and my muscles extend to the tips of the animal's ears and to his four hoofs, instead of stopping at my hands and feet. Now in this extension of my volition and my physical frame into another animal, my tyrannical instincts and my desire for heroic strength are at once gratified. When the horse ceases to have a will of his own and his muscles require no special attention on your part, then you may live on horseback as Wesley did, and write sermons or take naps, as you like. But you will observe that in riding on horseback you always have a feeling that, after all, it is not you that do the work, but the animal, and this prevents the satisfaction from being complete.

Now let us look at the conditions of rowing. I won't suppose you to be disgracing yourself in one of those miserable tubs, tugging in which is to rowing the true boat what riding a cow is to bestriding an Arab. You know the Esquimaux *kayak* (if that is the name of it), don't you? Look at that model of one over my door. Sharp, rather?—On the contrary, it is a lubber to the one you and I must have; a Dutch fish-wife to Psyche contrasted with what I will tell you about. Our boat, then, is something of the shape of a pickerel as you look down upon his back, he lying in the sunshine just where the sharp edge of the water cuts in among the lily-pads. It is a kind of giant *pod*, as one may say—tight everywhere, except in a little place in the middle, where you sit. Its length is from seven to ten yards, and as it is only from sixteen to thirty inches wide in its widest part, you understand why you want those "outriggers," or projecting iron frames with the rowlocks in which the oars play. My rowlocks are five feet apart; double the greatest width of the boat.

Here you are, then, afloat with a body a rod and a half long, with arms, or wings, as you may choose to call them, stretching more than twenty feet from tip to tip; every volition of yours extending as perfectly into them as if your spinal cord ran down the center strip of your boat, and the nerves of your arms tingled as far as the broad blades of your oars—oars of spruce,

balanced, leathered and ringed under your own special direction. This, in sober earnest, is the nearest approach to flying that man has ever made or perhaps ever will make. As the hawk sails without flapping his pinions, so you drift with the tide when you will, in the most luxurious form of locomotion indulged to an embodied spirit. But if your blood wants rousing, turn round that stake in the river, which you see a mile from here; and when you come in in sixteen minutes (if you do, for we are old boys and not champion scullers, you remember), then say if you begin to feel a little warmed up or not! You can row easily and gently all day, and you can row yourself blind and black in the face in ten minutes, just as you like. It has been long agreed that there is no way in which a man can accomplish so much labor with his muscles as in rowing. It is in the boat, then, that man finds the largest extension of his volitional and muscular existence; and yet he may tax both of them so slightly, in that most delicious of exercises, that he shall mentally write his sermon, or his poem, or recall the remarks he has made in company and put them in form for the public as well as in his easy-chair.

I dare not publicly name the rare joys, the infinite delights, that intoxicate me on some sweet June morning when the river and bay are smooth as a sheet of beryl-green silk, and I run along ripping it up with my knife-edged shell of a boat, the rent closing after me like those wounds of angels which Milton tells of, but the seam still shining for many a long rod behind me. To lie still over the Flats, where the waters are shallow, and see the crabs crawling and the sculpins gliding busily and silently beneath the boat—to rustle in through the long harsh grass that leads up some tranquil creek—to take shelter from the sunbeams under one of the thousand-footed bridges, and look down its interminable colonnades, crusted with green and oozy growths, studded with minute barnacles, and belted with rings of dark mussels, while overhead streams and thunders that other river whose every wave is a human soul flowing to eternity as the river below flows to the ocean—lying there moored unseen, in loneliness so profound that the columns of Tadmor in the Desert could not seem more remote from life—the cool breeze on one's forehead, the stream whispering against the half-sunken pillars—why should I tell of these things, that I should live to see my beloved haunts invaded and the waves blackened with boats as with a swarm of waterbeetles? What a city of idiots we must be not to have covered this glorious bay with gondolas and wherries, as we have just learned to cover the ice in winter with skaters!

I am satisfied that such a set of black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, paste-complexioned youth as we can boast in our Atlantic cities never before sprang from loins of Anglo-Saxon lineage. Of the females that are the mates of these males I do not here speak. I preached my sermon from the lay-pulpit on this matter a good while ago. Of course, if you heard it, you know my belief is that the total climatic influences here are getting up a number of new patterns of humanity, some of which are not an improvement on the old model. Clipper-built, sharp in the bows, long in the spars, slender to look at, and fast to go, the ship, which is the great organ of our national life of

relation, is but a reproduction of the typical form which the elements impress upon its builder. All this we cannot help; but we can make the best of these influences, such as they are. We have a few good boatmen—no good horsemen that I hear of—I cannot speak for cricketing—but as for any great athletic feat performed by a gentleman in these latitudes, society would drop a man who should run round the Common in five minutes. Some of our amateur fencers, single-stick players, and boxers we have no reason to be ashamed of. Boxing is rough play but not too rough for a hearty young fellow. Anything is better than this white-blooded degeneration to which we all tend.

I dropped in at a gentlemen's sparring exhibition only last evening. It did my heart good to see that there were a few young and youngish youths left who could take care of their own heads in case of emergency. It is a fine sight, that of a gentleman resolving himself into the primitive constituents of his humanity. Here is a delicate young man now with an intellectual countenance, a slight figure, a subpallid complexion, a most unassuming deportment, a mild adolescent, in fact, that any Hiram or Jonathan from between the plowtails would of course expect to handle with perfect ease. Oh, he is taking off his gold-bowed spectacles! Ah, he is divesting himself of his cravat! Why, he is stripping off his coat! Well, here he is, sure enough, in a tight silk shirt and with two things that look like batter puddings in the place of his fists. Now see that other fellow with another pair of batter puddings—the big one with the broad shoulders; he will certainly knock the little man's head off if he strikes him. Feinting, dodging, stopping, hitting, countering—little man's head not off yet. You might as well try to jump upon your own shadow as to hit the little man's intellectual features. He needn't have taken off the gold-bowed spectacles at all. Quick, cautious, shifty, nimble, cool, he catches all the fierce lunges or gets out of their reach till his turn comes, and then, whack goes one of the batter puddings against the big one's ribs, and bang goes the other into the big one's face and, staggering, shuffling, slipping, tripping, collapsing, sprawling, down goes the big one in a miscellaneous bundle. If my young friend, whose excellent article I have referred to, could only introduce the manly art of self-defense among the clergy, I am satisfied that we should have better sermons and an infinitely less quarrelsome church-militant. A bout with the gloves would let off the ill-nature and cure the indigestion, which, united, have embroiled their subject in a bitter controversy. We should then often hear that a point of difference between an infallible and a heretic, instead of being vehemently discussed in a series of newspaper articles, had been settled by a friendly contest in several rounds, at the close of which the parties shook hands and appeared cordially reconciled.

But boxing you and I are too old for, I am afraid. I was for a moment tempted, by the contagion of muscular electricity last evening, to try the gloves with the Benicia Boy, who looked in as a friend to the noble art; but remembering that he had twice my weight and half my age, besides the advantage of his training, I sat still and said nothing.

There is one other delicate point I wish to speak of with reference to old

age. I refer to the use of dioptic media which correct the diminished refracting power of the humors of the eye—in other words, spectacles. I don't use them. All I ask is a large, fair type, a strong daylight or gas-light, and one yard of focal distance, and my eyes are as good as ever. But if *your* eyes fail, I can tell you something encouraging. There is now living in New York State an old gentleman who, perceiving his sight to fail, immediately took to exercising it on the finest print, and in this way fairly bullied Nature out of her foolish habit of taking liberties at five-and-forty, or thereabout. And now this old gentleman performs the most extraordinary feats with his pen, showing that his eyes must be a pair of microscopes. I should be afraid to say to you how much he writes in the compass of a half-dime—whether the Psalms or the Gospels, or the Psalms *and* the Gospels, I won't be positive.

But now let me tell you this. If the time comes when you must lay down the fiddle and the bow because your fingers are too stiff, and drop the ten-foot sculls because your arms are too weak, and, after dallying a while with eyeglasses, come at last to the undisguised reality of spectacles—if the time comes when that fire of life we spoke of has burned so low that where its flames reverberated there is only the somber stain of regret, and where its coals glowed only the white ashes that cover the embers of memory—don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century, if you can last so long. As our friend, the Poet, once said in some of those old-fashioned heroics of his which he keeps for his private reading,

Call him not old whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring with her birds, or children with their play,
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art
Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart,—
Turn to the record where his years are told—
Count his gray hairs—they cannot make him old!

THE LANTERN-BEARERS¹

by Robert Louis Stevenson

THESE boys congregated every autumn about a certain easterly fisher-village, where they tasted in a high degree the glory of existence. The place was created seemingly on purpose for the diversion of young gentlemen. A street or two of houses, mostly red and many of them tiled; a number of fine trees clustered about the manse and the kirkyard, and

¹ From *Across the Plains* Reprinted with the kind permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

turning the chief street into a shady alley; many little gardens more than usually bright with flowers; nets a-drying, and fisher-wives scolding in the backward parts; a smell of fish, a genial smell of seaweed; whiffs of blowing sand at the street-corners; shops with golf-balls and bottled lollipops; another shop with penny pickwicks (that remarkable cigar) and the *London Journal*, dear to me for its startling pictures, and a few novels, dear for their suggestive names: such, as well as memory serves me, were the ingredients of the town. These, you are to conceive posted on a spit between two sandy bays, and sparsely flanked with villas—enough for the boys to lodge in with their subsidiary parents, not enough (not yet enough) to cocknify the scene; a haven in the rocks in front: in front of that, a file of gray islets: to the left, endless links and sand wreaths, a wilderness of hiding-holes, alive with popping rabbits and soaring gulls: to the right, a range of seaward crags, one rugged brow beyond another; the ruins of a mighty and ancient fortress on the brink of one; coves between—now charmed into sunshine quiet, now whistling with wind and clamorous with bursting surges; the dens and sheltered hollows redolent of thyme and southernwood, the air at the cliff's edge brisk and clean and pungent of the sea—in front of all, the Bass Rock, tilted seaward like a doubtful bather, the surf ringing it with white, the solan-geese hanging round its summit like a great and glittering smoke. This choice piece of seaboard was sacred, besides, to the wrecker; and the Bass, in the eye of fancy, still flew the colours of King James; and in the ear of fancy the arches of Tantallon still rang with horse-shoe iron, and echoed to the commands of Bell-the-Cat.

There was nothing to mar your days, if you were a boy summering in that part, but the embarrassment of pleasure. You might golf if you wanted; but I seem to have been better employed. You might secrete yourself in the Lady's Walk, a certain sunless dingle of elders, all mossed over by the damp as green as grass, and dotted here and there by the streamside with roofless walls, the cold homes of anchorites. To fit themselves for life, and with a special eye to acquire the art of smoking, it was even common for the boys to harbour there: and you might have seen a single penny pickwick, honestly shared in lengths with a blunt knife, bestrew the glen with these apprentices. Again, you might join our fishing parties, where we sat perched as thick as solan-geese, a covey of little anglers, boy and girl, angling over each other's heads, to the much entanglement of lines and loss of podleys and consequent shrill recrimination—shrill as the geese themselves. Indeed, had that been all, you might have done this often; but though fishing be a fine pastime, the podley is scarce to be regarded as a dainty for the table; and it was a point of honour that a boy should eat all that he had taken. Or again, you might climb the Law, where the whale's jawbone stood landmark in the buzzing wind, and behold the face of many counties, and the smoke and spires of many towns, and the sails of distant ships. You might bathe, now in the flaws of fine weather, that we pathetically call our summer, now in a gale of wind, with the sand scourging your bare hide, your clothes thrashing abroad from underneath their guardian stone, the froth of the great breakers casting you

headlong ere it had drowned your knees. Or you might explore the tidal rocks, above all in the ebb of springs, when the very roots of the hills were for the nonce discovered; following my leader from one group to another, groping in slippery tangle for the wreck of ships, wading in pools after the abominable creatures of the sea, and ever with an eye cast backward on the march of the tide and the menaced line of your retreat. And then you might go Crusoeing, a word that covers all extempore eating in the open air: digging perhaps a house under the margin of the links, kindling a fire of the seaware, and cooking apples there—if they were truly apples, for I sometimes suppose the merchant must have played us off with some inferior and quite local fruit, capable of resolving, in the neighborhood of fire, into mere sand and smoke and iodine; or perhaps pushing to Tantallon, you might lunch on sandwiches and visions in the grassy court, while the wind hummed in the crumbling turrets; or clambering along the coast, eat geans (the worst, I must suppose, in Christendom) from an adventurous gean tree that had taken root under a cliff, where it was shaken with an ague of east wind, and silvered after gales with salt, and grew so foreign among its bleak surroundings that to eat of its produce was an adventure in itself.

There are mingled some dismal memories with so many that were joyous. Of the fisher-wife, for instance, who had cut her throat at Cauty Bay; and of how I ran with the other children to the top of the Quadrant, and beheld a posse of silent people escorting a cart, and on the cart, bound in a chair, her throat bandaged, and the bandage all bloody—horror!—the fisher-wife herself, who continued thenceforth to hag-ride my thoughts, and even to-day (as I recall the scene) darkens daylight. She was lodged in the little old jail in the chief street; but whether or no she died there, with a wise terror of the worst, I never inquired. She had been tipling; it was but a dingy tragedy; and it seems strange and hard that, after all these years, the poor crazy sinner should be still pilloried on her cart in the scrapbook of my memory. Nor shall I readily forget a certain house in the Quadrant where a visitor died, and a dark old woman continued to dwell alone with the dead body; nor how this old woman conceived a hatred to myself and one of my cousins, and in the dread hour of the dusk, as we were clambering on the garden-walls, opened a window in that house of mortality and cursed us in a shrill voice and with a marrowy choice of language. It was a pair of very colourless urchins that fled down the lane from this remarkable experience! But I recall with a more doubtful sentiment, compounded out of fear and exultation, the coil of equinoctial tempests; trumpeting squalls, scouring flaws of rain; the boats with their reefed lugsails scudding for the harbour mouth, where danger lay, for it was hard to make when the wind had any east in it; the wives clustered with blowing shawls at the pier-head, where (if fate was against them) they might see boat and husbands and sons—their whole wealth and their whole family—engulfed under their eyes; and (what I saw but once) a troop of neighbours forcing such an unfortunate homeward, and she squalling and battling in their midst, a figure scarcely human, a tragic Maenad.

These are things that I recall with interest; but what my memory dwells upon the most, I have been all this while withholding. It was a sport peculiar to the place, and indeed to a week or so of our two months' holiday there. Maybe it still flourishes in its native spot; for boys and their pastimes are swayed by periodic forces inscrutable to man; so that tops and marbles reappear in their due season, regular like the sun and moon; and the harmless art of knucklebones has seen the fall of the Roman empire and the rise of the United States. It may still flourish in its native spot, but nowhere else, I am persuaded; for I tried myself to introduce it on Tweedside, and was defeated lamentably; its charm being quite local, like a country wine that cannot be exported.

The idle manner of it was this:—

Toward the end of September, when school-time was drawing near and the nights were already black, we would begin to sally from our respective villas, each equipped with a tin bull's-eye lantern. The thing was so well known that it had worn a rut in the commerce of Great Britain; and the grocers, about the due time, began to garnish their windows with our particular brand of luminary. We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigour of the game, a buttoned top-coat. They smelled noisomely of glistered tin; they never burned aright, though they would always burn our fingers; their use was naught; the pleasure of them merely fanciful; and yet a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat asked for nothing more. The fishermen used lanterns about their boats, and it was from them, I suppose, that we had got the hint; but theirs were not bull's-eyes, nor did we ever play at being fishermen. The police carried them at their belts, and we had plainly copied them in that; yet we did not pretend to be policemen. Burglars, indeed, we may have had some haunting thoughts of; and we had certainly an eye to past ages when lanterns were more common, and to certain story-books in which we had found them to figure very largely. But take it for all in all, the pleasure of the thing was substantive; and to be a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat was good enough for us.

When two of these asses met, there would be an anxious "Have you got your lantern?" and a gratified "Yes!" That was the shibboleth, and very needful too; for, as it was the rule to keep our glory contained, none could recognize a lantern-bearer, unless (like the pole-cat) by the smell. Four or five would sometimes climb into the belly of a ten-man lugger, with nothing but the thwarts above them—for the cabin was usually locked, or choose out some hollow of the links where the wind might whistle overhead. There the coats would be unbuttoned and the bull's-eye discovered; and in the chequering glimmer under the huge windy hall of the night, and cheered by a rich steam of toasting tinware, these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together in the cold sand of the links or on the scaly bilges of the fishing boat, and delight themselves with inappropriate talk. Woe is me that I may not give some specimens—some of their foresights of life, or deep inquiries

into the rudiments of man and nature, these were so fiery and so innocent, they were so richly silly, so romantically young. But the talk, at any rate, was but a condiment; and these gatherings themselves only accidents in the career of the lantern-bearer. The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night; the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned; not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public: a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.

II

It is said that a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid. It may be contended, rather, that this (somewhat minor) bard in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to his possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it, in which he dwells delighted; and for as dark as his pathway seems to the observer, he will have some kind of a bull's-eye at his belt.

It would be hard to pick out a career more cheerless than that of Dancer, the miser, as he figures in the *Old Bailey Reports*, a prey to the most sordid persecutions, the butt of his neighbourhood, betrayed by his hired man, his house beleaguered by the impish school-boy, and he himself grinding and fuming and impotently fleeing to the law against these pin-pricks. You marvel at first that any one should willingly prolong a life so destitute of charm and dignity; and then you call to memory that had he chosen, had he ceased to be a miser, he could have been freed at once from these trials, and might have built himself a castle and gone escorted by a squadron. For the love of more recondite joys, which we cannot estimate, which, it may be, we should envy, the man had willingly foregone both comfort and consideration. "His mind to him a kingdom was"; and sure enough, digging into that mind, which seems at first a dust-heap, we unearth some priceless jewels. For Dancer must have had the love of power and the disdain of using it, a noble character in itself; disdain of many pleasures, a chief part of what is commonly called wisdom; disdain of the inevitable end, that finest trait of mankind; scorn of men's opinions, another element of virtue; and at the back of all, a conscience just like yours and mine, whining like a cur, swindling like a thimble-rigger, but still pointing (there or thereabout) to some conventional standard. Here were a cabinet portrait to which Hawthorne perhaps had done justice; and yet not Hawthorne either, for he was mildly minded, and it lay not in him to create for us that throb of the miser's pulse, his fretful energy of gusto, his vast arms of ambition clutching in he knows not what: insatiable, insane, a god with a muck-rake. Thus, at least, looking in the bosom of the miser, consideration detects the poet in the full tide of life, with more, indeed, of the poetic fire than usually goes to epics; and tracing that mean man about his

cold hearth, and to and fro in his discomfortable house, spies within him a blazing bonfire of delight. And so with others, who do not live by bread alone, but by some cherished and perhaps fantastic pleasure; who are meat salesmen to the external eye, and possibly to themselves are Shakespeares, Napoleons, or Beethovens; who have not one virtue to rub against another in the field of active life, and yet perhaps, in the life of contemplation, sit with the saints. We see them on the street, and we can count their buttons; but heaven knows in what they pride themselves! heaven knows where they have set their treasure!

There is one fable that touches very near the quick of life: the fable of the monk who passed into the woods, heard a bird break into song, hearkened for a trill or two, and found himself on his return a stranger at his convent gates; for he had been absent fifty years, and of all his comrades there survived but one to recognize him. It is not only in the woods that this enchanter carols, though perhaps he is native there. He sings in the most doleful places. The miser hears him and chuckles, and the days are moments. With no more apparatus than an ill-smelling lantern I have evoked him on the naked links. All life that is not merely mechanical is spun out of two strands: seeking for that bird and hearing him. And it is just this that makes life so hard to value, and the delight of each so incommunicable. And just a knowledge of this, and a remembrance of those fortunate hours in which the bird has sung to us, that fills us with such wonder when we turn the pages of the realist. There, to be sure, we find a picture of life in so far as it consists of mud and of old iron, cheap desires and cheap fears, that which we are ashamed to remember and that which we are careless whether we forget; but of the note of that time-devouring nightingale we hear no news.

The case of these writers of romance is most obscure. They have been boys and youths; they have lingered outside the window of the beloved, who was then most probably writing to some one else; they have sat before a sheet of paper, and felt themselves mere continents of congested poetry, not one line of which would flow; they have walked alone in the woods, they have walked in cities under the countless lamps; they have been to sea, they have hated, they have feared, they have longed to knife a man, and maybe done it; the wild taste of life has stung their palate. Or, if you deny them all the rest, one pleasure at least they have tasted to the full—their books are there to prove it—the keen pleasure of successful literary composition. And yet they fill the globe with volumes, whose cleverness inspires me with despairing admiration, and whose consistent falsity to all I care to call existence, with despairing wrath. If I had no better hope than to continue to revolve among the dreary and petty businesses, and to be moved by the paltry hopes and fears with which they surround and animate their heroes, I declare I would die now. But there has never been an hour of mine gone quite so dully yet; if it were spent waiting at a railway junction, I would have some scattering thoughts, I could count some grains of memory, compared to which the whole of one of these romances seems but dross.

These writers would retort (if I take them properly) that this was very true; that it was the same with themselves and other persons of (what they call) the artistic temperament; that in this we were exceptional, and should apparently be ashamed of ourselves; but that our works must deal exclusively with (what they call) the average man, who was a prodigious dull fellow, and quite dead to all but the paltriest considerations. I accept the issue. We can only know others by ourselves. The artistic temperament (a plague on the expression!) does not make us different from our fellow-men, or it would make us incapable of writing novels; and the average man (a murrain on the word!) is just like you and me, or he would not be average. It was Whitman who stamped a kind of Birmingham sacredness upon the latter phrase; but Whitman knew very well, and showed very nobly, that the average man was full of joys and full of a poetry of his own. And this harping on life's dullness and man's meanness is a loud profession of incompetence; it is one of two things: the cry of the blind eye, *I cannot see*, or the complaint of the dumb tongue, *I cannot utter*. To draw a life without delights is to prove I have not realized it. To picture a man without some sort of poetry—well, it goes near to prove my case, for it shows an author may have little enough. To see Dancer only as a dirty, old, small-minded, impotently fuming man, in a dirty house, besieged by Harrow boys, and probably beset by small attorneys, is to show myself as keen an observer as . . . the Harrow boys. But these young gentlemen (with a more becoming modesty) were content to pluck Dancer by the coat-tails; they did not suppose they had surprised his secret or could put him living in a book: and it is there my error would have lain. Or say that in the same romance—I continue to call these books romances, in the hope of giving pain—say that in the same romance, which now begins really to take shape, I should leave to speak of Dancer, and follow instead the Harrow boys; and say that I came on some such business as that of my lantern-bearers on the links; and described the boys as very cold, spat upon by flurries of rain, and drearily surrounded, all of which they were; and their talk as silly and indecent, which it certainly was. I might upon these lines, and had I Zola's genius, turn out, in a page or so, a gem of literary art, render the lantern-light with the touch of a master, and lay on the indecency with the ungrudging hand of love; and when all was done, what a triumph would my picture be of shallowness and dullness! how it would have missed the point; how it would have belied the boys! To the ear of the stenographer, the talk is merely silly and indecent; but ask the boys themselves, and they are discussing (as it is highly proper they should) the possibilities of existence. To the eye of the observer they are wet and cold and drearily surrounded; but ask themselves, and they are in the heaven of a recondite pleasure, the ground of which is an ill-smelling lantern.

III

For, to repeat, the ground of a man's joy is often hard to hit. It may hinge at times upon a mere accessory, like the lantern; it may reside, like Dancer's,

in the mysterious inwards of psychology. It may consist with perpetual failure, and find exercise in the continued chase. It has so little bond with externals (such as the observer scribbles in his note-book) that it may even touch them not; and the man's true life, for which he consents to live, lie altogether in the field of fancy. The clergyman, in his spare hours, may be winning battles, the farmer sailing ships, the banker reaping triumph in the arts: all leading another life, plying another trade from that they chose; like the poet's house-builder, who, after all is cased in stone,

By his fireside, as impotent fancy prompts,
Rebuilds it to his liking.

In such a case the poetry runs underground. The observer (poor soul, with his documents!) is all abroad. For to look at the man is but to court deception. We shall see the trunk from which he draws his nourishment; but he himself is above and abroad in the green dome of foliage, hummed through by winds and nested in by nightingales. And the true realism were that of the poets, to climb up after him like a squirrel, and catch some glimpse of the heaven for which he lives. And the true realism, always and everywhere, is that of the poets: to find out where joy resides and give it a voice far beyond singing.

For to miss the joy is to miss all. In the joy of the actors lies the sense of any action. That is the explanation, that the excuse. To one who has not the secret of the lanterns, the scene upon the links is meaningless. And hence the haunting and truly spectral unreality of realistic books. Hence, when we read the English realists, the incredulous wonder with which we observe the hero's constancy under the submerging tide of dullness, and how he bears up with his jibbing sweetheart, and endures the chatter of idiot girls, and stands by his whole unfeatured wilderness of an existence, instead of seeking relief in drink or foreign travel. Hence, in the French, in that meat-market of middle-aged sensuality, the disgusted surprise with which we see the hero drift sidelong, and practically quite untempted, into every description of misconduct and dishonour. In each, we miss the personal poetry, the enchanted atmosphere, that rainbow work of fancy that clothes what is naked and seems to ennoble what is base; in each, life falls dead like dough, instead of soaring away like a balloon into the colours of the sunset; each is true, each inconceivable; for no man lives in the external truth, among salts and acids, but in the warm, phantasmagoric chamber of his brain, with the painted windows and the storied walls.

Of this falsity we have had a recent example from a man who knows far better—Tolstoi's *Powers of Darkness*. Here is a piece full of force and truth, yet quite untrue. For before Mikita was led into so dire a situation he was tempted, and temptations are beautiful at least in part; and a work which dwells on the ugliness of crime and gives no hint of any loveliness in the temptation, sins against the modesty of life, and even when a Tolstoi writes it, sinks to melodrama. The peasants are not understood; they saw their life in

fairer colours; even the deaf girl was clothed in poetry for Mikita, or he had never fallen. And so, once again, even an Old Bailey melodrama, without some brightness of poetry and lustre of existence, falls into the inconceivable and ranks with fairy tales.

IV

In nobler books we are moved with something like the emotions of life; and this emotion is very variously provoked. We are so moved when Levine labours in the field, when André sinks beyond emotion, when Richard Feverel and Lucy Desborough meet beside the river, when Antony, "not cowardly, puts off his helmet," when Kent has infinite pity on the dying Lear, when, in Dostoevsky's *Despised and Rejected*, the uncomplaining hero drains his cup of suffering and virtue. These are notes that please the great heart of man. Not only love, and the fields, and the bright face of danger, but sacrifice and death and unmerited suffering humbly supported, touch in us the vein of the poetic. We love to think of them, we long to try them, we are humbly hopeful that we may prove heroes also.

We have heard, perhaps, too much of lesser matters. Here is the door, here is the open air. *Itur in antiquam silvam.*

HOW SHALL I WORD IT? ¹

by Max Beerbohm

IT would seem that I am one of those travellers for whom the railway bookstall does not cater. Whenever I start on a journey, I find that my choice lies between well-printed books which I have no wish to read, and well-written books which I could not read without permanent injury to my eyesight. The keeper of the bookstall, seeing me gaze vaguely along his shelves, suggests that I should take 'Fen Country Fanny' or else 'The Track of Blood' and have done with it. Not wishing to hurt his feelings, I refuse these works on the plea that I have read them. Whereon he, divining despite me that I am a superior person, says 'Here is a nice little handy edition of More's "Utopia"' or 'Carlyle's "French Revolution"' and again I make some excuse. What pleasure could I get from trying to cope with a masterpiece printed in diminutive grey-ish type on a semi-transparent little grey-ish page? I relieve the bookstall of nothing but a newspaper or two.

The other day, however, my eye and fancy were caught by a book entitled 'How Shall I Word It?' and sub-entitled 'A Complete Letter Writer for Men

¹ From Max Beerbohm, *And Even Now*, published and copyrighted by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

and Women.' I had never read one of these manuals, but had often heard that there was a great and constant 'demand' for them. So I demanded this one. It is no great fun in itself. The writer is no fool. He has evidently a natural talent for writing letters. His style is, for the most part, discreet and easy. If you were a young man writing 'to Father of Girl he wishes to Marry' or 'thanking Fiancée for Present' or 'reproaching Fiancée for being a Flirt,' or if you were a mother 'asking Governess her Qualifications' or 'replying to Undesirable Invitation for her Child,' or indeed if you were in any other one of the crises which this book is designed to alleviate, you might copy out and post the specially-provided letter without making yourself ridiculous in the eyes of its receiver—unless, of course, he or she also possessed a copy of the book. But—well, can you conceive any one copying out and posting one of these letters, or even taking it as the basis for composition? You cannot. That shows how little you know of your fellow-creatures. Not you nor I can plumb the abyss at the bottom of which such humility is possible. Nevertheless, as we know by that great and constant 'demand,' there the abyss is, and there multitudes are at the bottom of it. Let's peer down . . . No, all is darkness. But faintly, if we listen hard, is borne up to us a sound of the scratching of innumerable pens—pens whose wielders are all trying, as the author of this handbook urges them, to 'be original, fresh, and interesting' by dint of more or less strict adherence to sample.

Giddily you draw back from the edge of the abyss. Come!—here is a thought to steady you. The mysterious great masses of helpless folk for whom 'How Shall I Word It' is written are sound at heart, delicate in feeling, anxious to please, most loth to wound. For it must be presumed that the author's style of letter-writing is informed as much by a desire to give his public what it needs, and will pay for, as by his own beautiful nature; and in the course of all the letters that he dictates you will find not one harsh word, not one ignoble thought or unkind insinuation. In all of them, though so many are for the use of persons placed in the most trying circumstances, and some of them are for persons writhing under a sense of intolerable injury, sweetness and light do ever reign. Even 'yours truly, Jacob Langton,' in his 'letter to his Daughter's Mercenary Fiancé,' mitigates the sternness of his tone by the remark that his 'task is inexpressibly painful.' And he, Mr. Langton, is the one writer who lets the post go out on his wrath. When Horace Masterton, of Thorpe Road, Putney, receives from Miss Jessica Weir, of Fir Villa, Blackheath, a letter 'declaring her Change of Feelings,' does he upbraid her? No; 'it was honest and brave of you to write to me so straightforwardly and at the back of my mind I know you have done what is best. . . . I give you back your freedom only at your desire. God bless you, dear.' Not less admirable is the behaviour, in similar case, of Cecil Grant (14, Glover Street, Streatham). Suddenly, as a bolt from the blue, comes a letter from Miss Louie Hawke (Elm View, Deerhurst), breaking off her betrothal to him. Haggard, he sits down to his desk; his pen traverses the note-paper—calling down curses on Louie and on all her sex? No; 'one cannot say good-bye for

ever without deep regret to days that have been so full of happiness. I must thank you sincerely for all your great kindness to me. . . . With every sincere wish for your future happiness,' he bestows complete freedom on Miss Hawke. And do not imagine that in the matter of self-control and sympathy, of power to understand all and pardon all, the men are lagged behind by the women. Miss Leila Johnson (*The Manse*, Carlyle) has observed in Leonard Wace (*Dover Street*, Saltburn) a certain coldness of demeanour; yet 'I do not blame you; it is probably your nature'; and Leila in her sweet forbearance is typical of all the other pained women in these pages: she is but one of a crowd of heroines.

Face to face with all this perfection, the not perfect reader begins to crave some little outburst of wrath, of hatred or malice, from one of these imaginary ladies and gentlemen. He longs for—how shall he word it?—a glimpse of some bad motive, of some little lapse from dignity. Often, passing by a pillar-box, I have wished I could unlock it and carry away its contents, to be studied at my leisure. I have always thought such a haul would abound in things fascinating to a student of human nature. One night, not long ago, I took a waxen impression of the lock of the pillar-box nearest to my house, and had a key made. This implement I have as yet lacked either the courage or the opportunity to use. And now I think I shall throw it away . . . No, I shan't. I refuse, after all, to draw my inference that the bulk of the British public writes always in the manner of this handbook. Even if they all have beautiful natures they must sometimes be sent slightly astray by inferior impulses, just as are you and I.

And, if err they must, surely it were well they should know how to do it correctly and forcibly. I suggest to our author that he should sprinkle his next edition with a few less righteous examples, thereby both purging his book of its monotony and somewhat justifying its sub-title. Like most people who are in the habit of writing things to be printed, I have not the knack of writing really good letters. But let me crudely indicate the sort of thing that our manual needs. . . .

LETTER FROM POOR MAN TO OBTAIN MONEY FROM RICH ONE

(The English law is particularly hard on what is called blackmail. It is therefore essential that the applicant should write nothing that might afterwards be twisted to incriminate him.—Ed.)

Dear Sir,

To-day, as I was turning out a drawer in my attic, I came across a letter which by a curious chance fell into my hands some years ago, and which, in the stress of grave pecuniary embarrassment, had escaped my memory. It is a letter written by yourself to a lady, and the date shows it to have been written shortly after your marriage. It is of a confidential nature, and might, I fear, if it fell into the wrong hands, be cruelly misconstrued. I would wish

you to have the satisfaction of destroying it in person. At first I thought of sending it on to you by post. But I know how happy you are in your domestic life; and probably your wife and you, in your perfect mutual trust, are in the habit of opening each other's letters. Therefore, to avoid risk, I would prefer to hand the document to you personally. I will not ask you to come to my attic, where I could not offer you such hospitality as is due to a man of your wealth and position. You will be so good as to meet me at 3.0 A.M. (sharp) to-morrow (Thursday) beside the tenth lamp-post to the left on the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge; at which hour and place we shall not be disturbed.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours respectfully
James Gridge.

LETTER FROM YOUNG MAN REFUSING TO PAY HIS TAILOR'S BILL

Mr. Eustace Davenant has received the half-servile, half-insolent screed which Mr. Yardley has addressed to him. Let Mr. Yardley cease from crawling on his knees and shaking his fist. Neither this posture nor this gesture can wring one bent farthing from the pockets of Mr. Davenant, who was a minor at the time when that series of ill-made suits was supplied to him and will hereafter, as in the past, shout (without prejudice) from the house-tops that of all the tailors in London Mr. Yardley is at once the most grasping and the least competent.

LETTER TO THANK AUTHOR FOR INSCRIBED COPY OF BOOK

Dear Mr. Emanuel Flower,

It was kind of you to think of sending me a copy of your new book. It would have been kinder still to think again and abandon that project. I am a man of gentle instincts, and do not like to tell you that 'A Flight into Arcady' (of which I have skimmed a few pages, thus wasting two or three minutes of my not altogether worthless time) is trash. On the other hand, I am determined that you shall not be able to go around boasting to your friends, if you have any, that this work was not condemned, derided, and dismissed by your sincere well-wisher, *Wrexford Cripps*.

LETTER TO MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT UNSEATED AT GENERAL ELECTION

Dear Mr. Pobsby-Burford,

Though I am myself an ardent Tory, I cannot but rejoice in the crushing defeat you have just suffered in West Odgetown. There are moments when political conviction is overborne by personal sentiment; and this is one of them. Your loss of the seat that you held is the more striking by reason of the splendid manner in which the northern and eastern divisions of Odgetown

have been wrested from the Liberal Party. The great bulk of the newspaper-reading public will be puzzled by your extinction in the midst of our party's triumph. But then, the great mass of the newspaper-reading public has not met you. I have. You will probably not remember me. You are the sort of man who would not remember anybody who might not be of some definite use to him. Such, at least, was one of the impressions you made on me when I met you last summer at a dinner given by our friends the Pelhams. Among the other things in you that struck me were the blatant pomposity of your manner, your appalling flow of cheap platitudes, and your hoggish lack of ideas. It is such men as you that lower the tone of public life. And I am sure that in writing to you thus I am but expressing what is felt, without distinction of party, by all who sat with you in the late Parliament.

The one person in whose behalf I regret your withdrawal into private life is your wife, whom I had the pleasure of taking in to the aforesaid dinner. It was evident to me that she was a woman whose spirit was well-nigh broken by her conjunction with you. Such remnants of cheerfulness as were in her I attributed to the Parliamentary duties which kept you out of her sight for so very many hours daily. I do not like to think of the fate to which the free and independent electors of West Odgetown have just condemned her. Only, remember this: chattel of yours though she is, and timid and humble, she despises you in her heart.

I am, dear Mr. Pobsby-Burford,

Yours very truly,

Harold Thistle.

LETTER FROM YOUNG LADY IN ANSWER TO INVITATION FROM OLD
SCHOOLMISTRESS

My dear Miss Price,

How awfully sweet of you to ask me to stay with you for a few days but how *can* you think I may have forgotten you for of course I think of you so very often and of the three years I spent at your school because it is such a joy not to be there any longer and if one is at all down it bucks one up directly to remember that *thats* all over atanyrate and that one has enough food to nurrish one and not that awful monottany of life and not the petty fogging daily tirrorany you went in for and I can imagin no greater thrill and luxury in a way than to come and see the whole dismal grind still going on but without me being in it but this would be rather beastly of me wouldnt it so please dear Miss Price dont expect me and do excuse mistakes of English Composition and Spelling and etcetra in your affectionate old pupil,

Emily Therese Lynn-Royston.

ps, I often rite to people telling them where I was eddicated and highly reckomending you.

LETTER IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF WEDDING PRESENT

Dear Lady Amblesham,

Who gives quickly, says the old proverb, gives twice. For this reason I have purposely delayed writing to you, lest I should appear to thank you more than once for the small, cheap, hideous present you sent me on the occasion of my recent wedding. Were you a poor woman, that little bowl of ill-imitated Dresden china would convict you of tastelessness merely; were you a blind woman, of nothing but an odious parsimony. As you have normal eyesight and more than normal wealth, your gift to me proclaims you at once a Philistine and a miser (or rather did so proclaim you until, less than ten seconds after I had unpacked it from its wrappings of tissue paper, I took it to the open window and had the satisfaction of seeing it shattered to atoms on the pavement). But stay! I perceive a possible flaw in my argument. Perhaps you were guided in your choice by a definite wish to insult me. I am sure, on reflection, that this was so. *I shall not forget.*

Yours, etc.,

Cynthia Beaumarsh.

PS. My husband asked me to tell you to warn Lord Amblesham to keep out of his way or to assume some disguise so complete that he will not be recognized by him and horsewhipped.

PPS. I am sending copies of this letter to the principal London and provincial newspapers.

LETTER FROM

But enough! I never thought I should be so strong in this line. I had not foreseen such copiousness and fatal fluency. Never again will I tap these deep dark reservoirs in a character that had always seemed to me, on the whole, so amiable.

CODFISH CHOWDER AND SUN¹

by Robert P. Tristram Coffin

THERE are many kinds of picnics; but my kind is the only kind that satisfies so well that it lasts me through a whole year.

To begin with, you must have the Maine Coast; but more than that, a particular part of the Maine coast, Casco Bay with its islands, a new one for every day in the year, ranging in size from Great Chebeague and

¹ From R. P. T. Coffin, *An Attic Room*. By permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company.

Great Island, each capable of supporting far-flung villages, to the Chunk o' Pork and the Pound o' Tea and Jello with its bushel of soil. And you must have my kind of a family—one in which there are enough babies sprinkled in among the grownups to keep a panoramic camera busy. A picnic without a dozen yards of grandchildren would be only half a picnic for my mother. Not any children at all will do, either; they must be babies who take life as a sunrise or a circus or both together even when they still go on all fours.

Then you must have islands with fir trees packed so closely that you might walk along their tops, if you were spry, and you must have the myrrh of the balsams in your nose along with the smell of the sea on a summer's day. It must be a day in August and one of the kind that you will find nowhere else on this round earth save Maine; northwest wind blowing the sky as clean and clear as a bell, a blue sky that you can fairly hear ring, and white galleons of clouds with flat keels, which sail over by thousands and yet never get in the way of the sun. The sunshine turns everything to amber and crystal and pours over the world like a tide. You can hear it lapping the granite coasts. The whole world is very hot yet airy; you can smell the tar in the caulking of the boats. Your face turns into a russet banner. Your brain turns into sunlight. The ocean grows darker and deeper blue between the white crests that are coming in from far Spain. The sea and the sun get in under your soul.

I cannot begin to tell you all the ingredients you mix together to make this day of bliss. Somewhere at the beginning you stir in a motor boat of the sort that is wide in the beam, good to hold a small army. You add spray all over everybody, especially the children; for my picnic would lack spice if all of us were not well drenched down with brine and salted down till our eyes were a fast blue. To have the best spray you need a flooding tide to kick up a chop against the wind. Throw into the picnic all the sandwiches, ginger ale, coffee, salads, fruit, cakes, and doughnuts if you please, for nothing can spoil the mess. You have the safe *sine qua non* in the baskets at the bottom of the boat. Nothing could kill the flavor of the clams and lobsters you are carrying with you alive. The codfish are alive and waiting, too, out in the ocean you are heading into.

After the many islands, all white with granite and dark green with spruces and cedars, all looking as bright and new as they looked on the morning of creation, you must have the island where you are to land. I am the last person to be finicky, but this island should be absolutely like Pond Island. Now Pond Island has always been in the family along with my mother's ladderback chairs and melodeon. When they were young and quite brand-new to each other, Mother and Father lived one summer upon this jewel they had acquired soon after marriage. It was before most of us were born or "thought of," as Maine folks delicately put the matter of generation. Pond Island is the last place between Maine and Spain. There isn't a tree on it; the twelve winds from the twelve corners of the sky use it for their playground. The spray of a sou'easter salts the springs that bubble up in its very

centre. The sheep that bite its grasses have to be thickset and low to the earth; they carry their heads raked like the stacks and masts of ocean craft. They are adopted cousins of the gales and the surf. The island can be smelt miles to the lee, since it is one mass of bayberry and juniper.

Pond Island has its name from the many ponds which pit its slopes. Years ago a lobsterman found a crock full of Spanish doubloons in a cleft of its rocks. That was enough to bring searchers for the treasure of Captain Kidd hither to dig in droves. All Maine fishermen believe in buried treasure. Why shouldn't they when any lobster pot may bring fortune flapping and kicking to the surface? But pirate legends are one of Maine's richest crops. So you can judge the number of pits on the island. Yet richer than any jeweled crucifix any freebooter hoarded are the pools far out in the ledges where rock-crabs slide like great emeralds through crystal. All the shores slant down into deep water so clear that you can see great fish and more mysterious things fathoms down moving beautifully like thoughts one has in the starlight of a winter night. Mystery comes close up to the island, ribboned kelp and jellyfish that shine like dim moons. But one place, open to the ocean and the White Bull, the reef which bellows and whitens forever with surf on the rim of the horizon, is the holy of holies of all the island's windy beauty. It is Shell Cove, and it is heaped with the petals of flowers that blossomed in the sea, white with shells of living things that flourished aeons ago and that will go on flourishing for aeons to come, God being willing and God being the lover of sheer, delicate, pearly things that He was of old. Upon this floor the long breakers curl over through the nights and the days, the years and the ages, over and over in arcs that are flawless and complete, patterns of rhythm akin to the rhythm of the circling stars. The tremendous whisper of the things the sea tries to tell to men runs through and through the hours like peace. The air is snowed with seagulls leaning their white breasts on the wind and holding it in the symmetry of their wings. Foam takes flight, and the clouds go over; the place is like Gilead and the cedars of Lebanon. Bones of ships are bleaching among the shells to be your firewood. It is here the feast must be spread. No, no other island will ever do.

The first thing to do is to put most of the babies, with suitable chaperons equipped to feed them, ashore on Pond Island. Those who can run can chase butterflies, which grow bigger out here and fly over like flakes of the clouds and the sky; and those that can only creep can wallow in the sand. The landlubber uncles are best dropped along with the infants and women. But the hardier picnickers are off for the heaving ridges of Lumbo Ledges and the cod which graze there. I shall not dwell on the angling for the savory ladings of the kettles. Deep-sea fishing is a means to an end; it has no beauty or sufficiency in itself. I have crossed the Atlantic a modest number of times, and in such rolling timber as the Beata Marta, of cursed memory, built to ferry bananas and yams on the Caribbean Sea but launched on greater waters without ballast in the desperate times of the War; but I have been seasick only once. That was deep-sea fishing in a motor launch that rolled in a

scorching July sun on oily swells off Pond Island. The smell of the fish, the agony of the inexorable anchor, the double movement of the boat—it was such a combination of unspeakable things that undid me. When they put me ashore in their wrath on the island and went back to their fishing, I sat on the solid earth but was not aware of its solidity. The island kept tipping up and sliding off just the way the boat had done. But I won't spoil the picnic by remembering melancholy things.

Nor are the fish one catches in the ocean exciting things. If a twenty-pound cod had the fight of a trout in his inches, there would be few dories left over here to tell the tale; they would all be over by Spain. The bite of a haddock is like the bump of a sluggish automobile in the dark against a wall. There is no piquancy in it. Suppose a hake should take hold of your line like a bass! There is no blue lightning in salt-water fishing this side of whales. The fish you catch, though, are satisfactory things. They flop over the boat bottom with belated surprise, bulge-eyed and plump with their tooth-someness. They have bronze spots on their sleek sides, and deep in their eyes shines the winter moon. They are ripe for the picnic.

The cod taken, you are for the shore and a fire. It is easy to get a cradle of coals as big as a bed with so much old timber frosty with salt lying about. You fetch the big iron kettle that was cast to feed a family of the pioneer age. Sling it on a green fir-bole and put it over the blaze. Now begins the ritual of your chowder. First you cut salt pork into ribbons and throw it in. When it begins to seethe, throw in halved onions and fry them till they squirm like hissing adders. Dowse in half a jugful of water on the blue fumes. Cut up the codfish and throw them in, heads and fins and all. Throw in salt by the fistful, pepper by the pound. Slice potatoes, and in with them. Keep the mess stirred. Give everybody a stick. Let everybody stir. Too many cooks are the making of this broth. The more cinders and sparks you can get into the kettle, the tastier the pottage. You stir in everything you can find: the spray from the sea, the iodine of the kelp, the smell of bayberry bushes scorching in the sun. Even the wind and the blue day get into the chowder sooner or later. It is a wedding of sun and sea.

FROM SPARGO TO CARVER TO SPEAKER¹

by Heywood Broun

TELL me, Mr. Broun," said the young lady to my right, "how did you happen to become a Red?"

Assuming that her question was sincere, I proceeded to tell her in my own words, which, by a fortunate coincidence, happened to be just sufficient to fill one page of *The New Republic* when printed in this type.

The first person to tempt me to the left was a Vermont Republican named John Spargo, who wrote mildly Marxian tracts years ago when I was very young. Had there been more violence in his views or in his presentation, I might have scurried home, but he was as soft spoken as any curate and he succeeded in sneaking up on me. Later, in college, Lippmann asked me to join the Socialist Club, and as I had failed to make either Gas House or Fly, I yielded to his blandishments.

But commitment was not yet complete. The way of retreat still lay open. It was Professor Carver of the Harvard faculty and Tris Speaker, center fielder of the Boston Red Sox, who closed the door and left me locked in the hall of heresy. Possibly an assist should be scored for a particularly salubrious spring which came to New England in 1908. The good bald economist gave a course which might be roughly described as "radical panaceas and their underlying fallacies." Professor Carver introduced these crack-brained notions in the fall and winter semesters and then proceeded to demolish them in the spring and early summer.

Faithful to the Harvard tradition of fair play, the Professor gave the revolutionaries an ample amount of rope. Indeed, he did not undertake to state the case himself for the various aberrant philosophies, but invited a leader of each school of thought to tell all from his particular point of view. The soap boxes were carried openly into the class room and mounted by the orators. Men with burning causes are generally more eloquent than cloistered dons and there was not a single visitor who could not talk rings around Professor Carver.

We had an anarchist, a socialist, a syndicalist, a single-taxer and a few other theorists whose special lines escape me now with the passing of the years. The single-taxer was a little on the dull side, but all the others sparkled. It may be that I was more susceptible than my fellow students, for I must report that I hit the sawdust trail at each and every lecture in the creation of a united front against the capitalist system.

In other courses it was my custom to draw starfish in my notebook and

¹ From *The New Republic*, Nov. 17, 1937, p. 41. By permission of the editor and the author.

jot down reminders such as: "Be sure and get Osmond Fraenkel for the poker game tonight." But under Carver I took notes as long as the cavalcade of visiting firemen was on. Later I would peruse the book and find entries such as "Born 1839—died 1897," "unearned increase in land values," "P. J. Proudhon," "Five dollars (\$5) with Horseface McCarthy Dartmouth doesn't beat us by two touchdowns." And I used to wonder what some of the notations could possibly mean. But I paid closer attention than ever until the last galoot had reached the shore and Carver went up into the pilot house.

At this point spring broke through. It had been a tough winter. Dartmouth did beat us by two touchdowns and Osmond Fraenkel, who was a mathematical shark, had just become wise to the fact that it doesn't pay to draw to inside straights. I had failed to make *The Harvard Crimson* after my third try. But gone was the winter of our discontent, and now it was Professor Carver's turn to haul us back from the pie counter of the sky and put our feet again upon the good earth and the law of supply and demand.

Carver was at bat, but, as luck would have it, so was Tris Speaker. Spring can come up like thunder in Massachusetts. One day all the elms of the yard may be cased in ice and the next you read that the Boston Red Sox are opening the season against the Athletics. Tris Speaker, just up from the Texas League, was the particular star of the greatest outfield trio that has ever been gathered together. Speaker and Duffy Lewis and Harry Hooper—that was a united front. For a little while I tried to give Professor Carver an even break. Naturally I missed his first blast for the cause of conservatism because that particular lecture conflicted with the opening game. Still I did ask a fellow scholar what went on and he lent me his notebook. He seemed to have boiled the discourse down to the bone because all he had written was, "Adam Smith was Scotch and died before the industrial revolution—look this up in the library. He approached economics from the side of ethics and believed in laissez-faire, which means 'anything goes.' 'Has anybody here seen Kelly?'"

I decided that in all fairness to my parents, who were paying for my education, I should attend some of the lectures myself, and so in the beginning I made it a rigorous rule to give only three afternoons a week to the Red Sox and the other three to Professor Carver. But on a certain Wednesday, which was a baseball afternoon, Tris Speaker made a home run, two triples, and a double. In addition he went all the way back to the flagpole in center field and speared a drive with his gloved hand while still on the dead run. Two innings later he charged in for a low liner and made the catch by sliding the last twenty feet on his stomach. Professor Carver couldn't do that. I had seen him stand on his head in the class room but never did he slide on his stomach. Even at such times as he got to base it was my impression that he had profited by an error or made a lucky-handle hit. Tris Speaker was batting .348 and Carver wasn't hitting the size of his hat. At times he did dig his toes in and take his full cut at the ball, but never when I was around did he succeed in knocking socialism over the fence.

Adam Smith had died in 1790 and Professor Carver wasn't getting any

younger. I got hold of *The Wealth of Nations* and learned that to Smith laissez-faire meant "the obvious and simple system of natural liberty." And so in the books I read no more then, and not very much later.

I just went completely laissez-faire and never missed any of the remaining games. The arguments for the radical theories I had heard, but I never got around to hearing the answers. Tris Speaker had thrown Carver out at the plate because the Professor forgot to slide. And I went out into the world the fervent follower of all things red, including the Boston Red Sox.

AS THEY GO RIDING BY¹

by Clarence Day

WHAT kind of men do we think the medieval knights really were? I have always seen them in a romantic light, finer than human. Tennyson gave me that apple, and I confess I did eat, and I have lived on the wrong diet ever since. Malory was almost as misleading. My net impression was that there were a few wicked, villainous knights, who committed crimes such as not trusting other knights or saying mean things, but that even they were subject to shame when found out and rebuked, and that all the rest were a fine, earnest Y. M. C. A. crowd, with the noblest ideas.

But only the poets hold this view of knights, not the scholars. Here, for example, is a cold-hearted scholar, Monsieur Albert Guerard. He has been digging into the old medieval records with an unromantic eye, hang him; and he has emerged with his hands full of facts which prove the knights were quite different. They did have some good qualities. When invaders came around the knights fought them off as nobly as possible and they often went away and fought Saracens or ogres or such, and when thus engaged they gave little trouble to the good folk at home. But in between wars, not being educated, they couldn't sit still and be quiet. It was dull in the house. They liked action. So they rode around the streets in a pugnacious, wild-western manner, despising anyone who could read and often knocking him down; and making free with the personal property of merchants and peasants, who they thought had no special right to property or even to life. Knights who felt rough behaved as such, and the injuries they inflicted were often fatal.

They must have been terrors. Think of being a merchant or cleric without any armor, and meeting a gang of ironclads, with the nearest police court centuries off! Why, they might do anything, and whatever they did to a merchant, they thought was a joke. Whenever they weren't beating you up they fought with one another like demons—I don't mean just in tournaments, which were for practice, but in small, private wars. And to every war,

¹ From *The Crow's Nest*, by Clarence Day. By special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

public or private, citizens had to contribute; and instead of being thanked for it, they were treated with the utmost contempt.

Suppose a handsome young citizen, seeing this and feeling ambitious, tried to join the gang and become a knight himself. Would they let him? No! At first, if he were a powerful fighter, he did have a small chance, but as time went on and the knights got to feeling more noble than ever, being not only knights but the sons of knights, they wouldn't let in a new man. The mere idea made them so indignant they wanted to lynch him. "Their loathing for the people seemed almost akin in its intensity to color prejudice."

They were also extravagant and improvident and never made money, so the more they spent the more they had to demand from the people. When every one had been squeezed dry for miles around, and had been thumped to make sure, the knights cursed horribly and borrowed from the Church, whether the Church would or no, or got hold of some money-lender and pulled his beard and never paid interest.

The Church tried to make them religious and partly succeeded; there were some Christian knights who were soldierly, and courtly, of course. But, allowing for this (and for my exaggerating their bad side, for the moment), they certainly were not the kind of men Tennyson led me to think.

I do not blame Tennyson. He had a perfect right to romanticize. He may have known what toughs the knights were as well as anybody, but loved their noble side, too, and dreamed about it until he had made it for the moment seem real to him, and then hurried up and wrote his idyls before the dream cracked. He may never have intended me or any of us to swallow it whole. "It's not a dashed bible; it's a book of verse," I can imagine him saying; "so don't be an idiot; don't forget to read your encyclopedia, too."

But verse is mightier than any encyclopedia. At least it prevails. That's because the human race is emotional and goes by its feelings. Why haven't encyclopedists considered this? They are the men I should blame. What is the use of embodying the truth about everything in a precise condensed style which, even if we read it, we can't remember, since it does not stir our feelings? The encyclopedists should write their books over again, in passionate verse. What we need in an encyclopedia is lyrical fervor, not mere completeness—Idyls of Economic Jurisprudence, Songs of the Nitrates. Our present compendiums are meant for scholars rather than people.

Well, the knights are gone and only their armor and weapons remain; and our rich merchants, who no longer are under-dogs, collect these as curios. They present them with a magnificent gesture to local museums. The metal suit which old Sir Percy Mortimer wore, when riding down merchants, is now in the Briggsville Academy, which never heard of Sir Percy, and his armor is a memorial to Samuel Briggs of the Briggs Tailoring Company. In Europe a few ancient families, in financial decay, are guarding their ancestors' clothing as well as they can, but sooner or later they will be driven to sell it, to live. And they won't live much longer at that. The race will soon be extinct.

Last year I got a bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art about armor. It described how an American collector saw a fine set in Paris. "A single view was quite enough to enable him to decide that the armor was too important to remain in private hands." And that settled it. These collectors are determined fellows and must have their own way—like the knights.

But there were difficulties this time. They couldn't at first get this set. The knightly owner of the armor, "in whose family it was an heirloom, was, from our point of view, singularly unreasonable: he . . . was unwilling to part with it; the psychological crisis when he would allow it to pass out of his hands must, therefore, be awaited." For there comes "a propitious moment in cases of this kind," adds the bulletin.

Yes, "in cases of this kind" collectors comfortably wait for that crisis when the silent old knightly owner finally has to give in. They leave agents to watch him while he struggles between want and pride, agents who will snap him up if a day comes when the old man is weak. These agents must be persistent and shrewd, and must present tactful arguments, and must shoo away other agents, if possible, so as to keep down the price. When the "propitious" time comes they must act quickly, lest the knight's weakness pass, or lest some other knight send him help and thus make them wait longer. And, having got the armor, they hurry it off, give a dinner, and other merchants come to view it and measure it and count up the pieces.

This sort of thing has been happening over and over in Europe—the closing scenes of the order of knighthood, not foreseen at gay tournaments! They were lucky in those days not to be able to look into the future. Are *we* lucky to be blind, at Mount Vernon or on some old campus? The new times to come may be better—that always is possible—but they won't be the kind we are building, and they may scrap our shrines.

The men of the future will read, and disparage their era, and wish they had lived in the wild clashing times we have now. They will try to enliven the commonplaces of their tame daily lives by getting up memorial pageants where they can dress up as capitalists—some with high hats and umbrellas (borrowed from the museums), some as golfers or polo players, carrying the queer ancient implements. Beautiful girls will happily unbuckle their communist suits and dress up in old silken low-necks, hired from a costumer. Little boys will look on with awe as the procession goes by, and then hurry off to the back yard and play they are great financiers. And if some essay, like this, says the capitalists were not all noble, but a mixed human lot like the knights, many with selfish, harsh ways, the reader will turn from it restlessly. We need these illusions.

Ah, well, if we must romanticize something, it had best be the past.

FOOTBALL IS KING¹

by Frank Sullivan

JOHN B. SMITH takes the stand.

Q. Mr. Smith, are you familiar with the clichés used in football?

A. Naturally, as a football fan.

Q. What kind of football fan are you, may I ask?

A. I am a rabid football fan, sir.

Q. In that case, I suppose you attend a great many football games.

A. I go to a great many grid tilts, if that's what you mean.

Q. I see. Who attend these grid tilts?

A. Record crowds, or throngs.

Q. And what does a record crowd provide?

A. A colorful spectacle, particularly if it is the Army-Navy game.

Q. Mr. Smith, how do you know when the football season is about to start?

A. When there is a tang of autumn in the air I know that football will soon be king.

Q. Is there any other portent that helps you?

A. About September first, when the newsreels start showing pictures of coaches putting their charges through early practice, I know that football will soon hold sway—*undisputed* sway—over the hearts of sports lovers.

Q. Describe these pictures.

A. The candidates sit around on their haunches looking a little sheepish, while the coach stands in the middle holding a football—pardon *me*, a pigskin—and an announcer states that an atmosphere of optimism prevails in the Gopher camp despite a heavy schedule and the loss of several of their best men through graduation. Then the coach makes a short talk, the gist of which is that, while he will make no predictions, he *will* say that any team that comes up against the Gophers this fall will know they've been in a battle—how about it, men? Then the men line up and tackle a flying dummy.

Q. A shrewd summing up, Mr. Smith. Speaking of "up," what do football teams roll up?

A. A score.

Q. If they don't roll up a score, what do they do?

A. They battle to a scoreless tie.

Q. What do they hang up?

A. A victory. Or, they pull down a victory.

Q. Which means that they do what to the opposing team?

A. They take the measure of the opposing team, or take it into camp.

¹ From *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1938. By permission of the author and the editor.

Q. And the opposing team?

A. Drops a game, or bows in defeat.

Q. This dropping, or bowing, constitutes what kind of blow for the losing team?

A. It is a crushing blow to its hopes of annexing the Eastern championship. Visions of the Rose Bowl fade.

Q. So what follows as a result of the defeat?

A. A drastic shakeup follows as a result of the shellacking at the hands of Cornell last Saturday.

Q. And what is developed?

A. A new line of attack.

Q. Mr. Smith, how is the first quarter of a football game commonly referred to?

A. As the initial period.

Q. What kind of quarterbacks do you prefer?

A. Elusive quarterbacks.

Q. Who traditionally comprise the membership of Notre Dame's football team, the Fighting Irish?

A. Woszianko, Rumplemeyer, Kozlowski, Goldsmith, Ponzaneri, and so on.

Q. And who play on the Harvard team?

A. Mahoney, Grady, O'Halloran, Dolan, and Cabot.

Q. Very good. Now then, what does a young football player show?

A. An embryo football player? He shows great promise in high school.

Q. Why?

A. Because he is husky, powerful, sturdy, stout-hearted, fast on his feet, a tough man in a scrimmage, and tips the scales at two hundred pounds.

Q. Which makes him?

A. A magnificent physical specimen.

Q. What happens after the magnificent physical specimen shows great promise?

A. He goes to college.

Q. How?

A. On funds donated by wealthy alumni who are rabid football fans.

Q. And who are?

A. And who are dissatisfied with the coach, it is rumored.

Q. Once in college, what does the magnificent physical specimen become?

A. Promising football material.

Q. So he joins the candidates who are trying for positions on the football team, eh?

A. I wouldn't put it that way. I'd just say he goes out for football. By the way, Mr. Sullivan, now that I have amended your statement, how do you stand?

Q. I stand corrected.

A. Good. A bit of a cliché fancier yourself, eh?

Q. Oh, I dabble, I dabble. Now then, Mr. Smith, I suppose that in the course of time—the *due* course of time, to be exact—the magnificent physical specimen is appointed to a place on the regular team.

A. You waste so many words. He makes the varsity eleven.

- Q.* What kind of practice is he put through?
A. Hard, grueling practice.
- Q.* Where?
A. Under the eye of the coach.
- Q.* What kind of eye?
A. Watchful eye.
- Q.* So that he is?
A. In fine fettle, and a veritable human fighting machine.
- Q.* What does he shovel?
A. Passes.
- Q.* What kind of threats is he partial to?
A. Triple threats.
- Q.* What does he nurse?
A. Bruises.
- Q.* What does he break?
A. Training.
- Q.* What does he stave off?
A. Defeat.
- Q.* What kind of prowess does he boast?
A. Vaunted.
- Q.* What is a good football captain called?
A. An able field general.
- Q.* And the able field general leads his team through an unbroken series of victories, does he not?
A. He does unless he is declared ineligible.
- Q.* Where is he when he is declared ineligible?
A. He is behind in his studies.
- Q.* Now, Mr. Smith, what, according to tradition, does the coach call the players?
A. He calls them "men."
- Q.* And what does the captain call his teammates?
A. He calls them "fellows."
- Q.* What does the coach say in the locker room just before the game?
A. He says, "Well, men, I guess that's about all. Now, get in there and fight!"
- Q.* What does the captain say?
A. He says, "Come on, fellows, let's go!"
- Q.* So they go out there?
A. Determined to win.
- Q.* What for?
A. For the honor of the school; for dear old Alma Mater; for the glory of old Crimson; for God, for country, and for Yale; for dear old Rutgers; for good old coach; for Dad and Mother, and for A Certain Girl.
- Q.* For anything else?

A. For Delta Kappa Epsilon and good old Sigma Phi, for Scroll & Key and Skull & Bones, and Theta Delta Chi.

Q. Why, you're quite a poet, Mr. Smith!

A. Oh, I dabble, I dabble.

Q. Where is A Certain Girl during the game?

A. Up there in the stands, her heart glowing with pride.

Q. What is she wearing?

A. A chrysanthemum.

Q. Where are Mother and Dad?

A. Up there too, *their* hearts glowing with pride.

Q. When Son drops the punt, do Dad's and Mother's hearts cease glowing with pride?

A. Dad's sinks, but not Mother's.

Q. Why not?

A. Because she thinks he has scored a point.

Q. Why else is Son determined to win?

A. Because he wants to emerge from that game as the greatest end since Larry Kelly.

Q. Why does he wish to be the greatest end?

A. So he can get his letter, and be a candidate for the All-American team.

Q. Why?

A. So that he can get a bid from a big pro team.

Q. Pro team?

A. Professional football.

Q. Why does he want to play pro football?

A. Because that may bring a bid from the movies to play magnificent physical specimen parts, such as Tarzan.

Q. Does he get his letter?

A. Yes.

Q. How?

A. By snatching victory from the jaws of defeat.

Q. How?

A. By carrying the ball seventy-five yards for a touchdown.

Q. When?

A. In the last minute of play.

Q. What was the crowd yelling?

A. "Hold that line!"

Q. What else does the crowd yell?

A. "Block that kick!"

Q. What does the rabid football fan sitting behind you do?

A. He jams my hat down over my head in his excitement.

Q. Why?

A. Because he is an old grad, and he is a little the worse for wear.

Q. You mean?

A. He is feeling good. He's in his cups.

Q. By the way, Mr. Smith, what would you call the annual game between Yale and Harvard?

A. It is a grid classic.

Q. And what is the Yale Bowl—or the Harvard Stadium—on the day of this grid classic?

A. A Mecca for football fans throughout the East.

Q. And the fans?

A. Jam the Bowl to its utmost capacity. Reporters estimate the crowd at 75,000.

Q. Just 75,000?

A. No. Pardon me. *Fully* 75,000.

Q. Do Yale or Harvard care whether they bow to any other eleven prior to their grid classic with each other?

A. Oh, no. They point to each other.

Q. Point?

A. Yes. Train for each other.

Q. Why?

A. Because of their age-old rivalry.

Q. Are they the only two colleges that have an age-old rivalry?

A. Good heavens, no! Every college worthy of the name has an age-old rivalry. Army and Navy. Cornell and Syracuse—you know.

Q. I see. What is it the rooters want Yale to hold?

A. " 'Em." You know—"Hold 'em, Yale!"

Q. If Harvard emerges triumphant over Yale, what does that constitute?

A. A moral victory for Yale.

Q. And the game itself?

A. It was a good game from the spectators' point of view.

Q. Why?

A. Because there were plenty of thrills.

Q. What happens after a football game?

A. The undergraduates tear down the goal posts.

Q. What reigns on the campus of the winning team that night?

A. Joy, or pandemonium.

Q. And the cops?

A. The cops wink.

Q. Mr. Smith, as an expert, what lesson do you draw from the game of football?

A. Life is a game of football, Mr. Sullivan, and we the players. Some of us are only cheer leaders. Some of us are coaches and some of us are old grads, slightly the worse for wear, up in the stands. Some of us thump the people in front of us on the head in our excitement, some of us are the people who always get thumped. But the important thing to remember is—Play the Game!

A. How true!

STABILIZING THE LANGUAGE THROUGH POPULAR SONGS¹

by Sigmund Spaeth

IF you want to write a really popular song, one that will fall naturally from the lips of millions, be sure that somewhere in your chorus you assault the English language in no uncertain terms. With even one reasonably atrocious error in English grammar included in your words, you may find yourself with a hit on your hands.

The tradition of bad grammar is of long standing with the lyric-writers of popular music. (Why "lyric," incidentally?) Their efforts in this direction have been so consistent over a number of years that they have actually succeeded in stabilizing the language in certain details on which the dictionaries and the scholars would never have surrendered.

There is that troublesome word "like," for instance. It is generally agreed that it is not a conjunction but a preposition to be followed by a noun or pronoun in the objective case, not by a complete clause. But your song-writer blithely says "Let's all sing *like* the birdies sing," or "I don't know why I love you *like* I do," and straightway "like" becomes a conjunction, whether you like it or not.

Actually those titles would sound pretty stilted and artificial if you sang "*as* the birdies sing" or "*as* I do," and so good a writer as the late William Bolitho doggedly stuck to the same error. The usage was thoroughly established back in the nineties by Miss Imogen Comer when she sang, at Koster & Bial's music hall:

I love you *like* a copper loves to sleep,
And *like* a little newsboy loves a pie.
I love you *like* a baby loves to creep,
Well, if I don't love you, Mame, I hope to die.
I love you *like* the kids love street pianos,
I love you *like* a gambler loves a game;
Just *like* the Reuben loves the Tenderloin I love you,
Well, say, kid, that's how I love you, Mame.

Just to make assurance doubly sure, Joe McCarthy drove it home some years later in one of those Feist songs with which you can't go wrong. He managed to start practically every line with an improper "like," which is a record of some sort. Here is his chorus:

Like the roses need their fragrance,
Like a sweetheart needs a kiss,

¹ From *The New Yorker*, July 7, 1934. By permission of the editor and the author.

Like the summer needs the sunshine,
Like a laddie needs a miss,
Like a broken heart needs gladness,
Like the flowers need the dew,
Like a baby needs its mother,
 That's how I need you.

The lyric authority for this avalanche of incorrect "likes" came from that ungrammatical classic, "Frankie and Johnnie," which contains the deathless lines "this woman simply dropped her man *like* a hunter drops a bird." After that, the reiterated accusation, "He done her wrong," sounds inevitably right.

Back in 1908 they sang "Love me *like* I like to be loved" and liked it. Gene Austin brought in the touch of nature with his poetic line "*like* the whippoorwill sings in the valley," and Paul Dresser drew tears with "I'll be brave, just *like* father was." It was this same brother of Theodore Dreiser who made the supreme grammatic sacrifice when he wrote "Remember I was once a girl like *she*." It takes courage to disregard so obvious a preposition and so compulsively an objective case for the following pronoun.

Curiously enough, Dresser allowed the girl in "Just tell them that you saw me" to speak correct English when she sent the message to her mother. "I love her *as* I did long, long ago." Jim Thornton also deserves a medal for writing "I love you *as* I never did before," and ex-Mayor Walker a replica for "Will you love me in December *as* you do in May?"

Dresser's "like she" may have been a mere prejudice against the objective case, which is common among songwriters and many other people as well. Those who customarily say "between you and I" would hardly object to the line from that recent hit, "When We're Alone" (generally called the Penthouse Serenade): "A sweet slice of heaven for just you and I." H. P. Danks, of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," sanctioned this use of the nominative in a song called "Allie Darling," for which his lyricist, J. T. Rutledge, gave him both "Allie, dear, for you and I." Frank Crumit supplies a modern instance in his "Return of Abdul" when he has one of the combatants ejaculate, "'Twas foolish for *we* two to fight."

This matter of nominative and objective cases reaches a climax in the long-standing "who or whom" controversy, which F. P. A. has pursued so indefatigably. A songwriter would hardly dare to use "whom" in a sentence, even if he knew it was correct. Such things are just unsingable. "Who are you with tonight, tonight?" sounds both proper and provocative, and the song could not possibly have achieved popularity with the burden of a "whom" on its neck. Similarly the oft-reiterated phrase "Who do you love?" would lose all its enticing quality if it were made grammatically correct. Even the famous "Who" song of Jerome Kern slips occasionally, so far as the librettist is concerned.

Adverbs are frankly a puzzle to the lyric-writers. Their instincts tell them to hesitate before becoming involved in the suffix "ly." So it is with a sincere regard for his colleagues' feelings that Rudy Vallee sings "Don't take it seri-

ous." And he has an honorable model in the old motto song "Always take Mother's advice," which admonishes us never to "speak hasty or rude."

Irving Berlin's popular "Easter Parade" commits a pardonable error with "never saw you dressed quite so lovely," perhaps on the theory that one "ly" is enough for anybody. But that wail of the outraged moron, "Was that the human thing to do?" (pronounced "youman"), managed to cram several bits of questionable English into a single couplet:

Never thought that anyone in *their* right mind
Could ever treat another human so *unkind*.

After that, one hesitates to mention so slight an aberration as the common use of "don't" for the third person singular (literally, he, she, or it "do not"). The popular-song literature is full of it, mostly for reasons of metre, and occasionally in the spirit of deliberate dialect.

"The name of the lady *don't* matter," says the recent "Louisville Lady," in the manner of Robert Service, and there is intentional colloquialism in the Nassau folk-song, "Mamma *don't* want no peas an' rice an' cocoanut oil." "The world don't seem the same," wrote Irving Berlin not so long ago, and a still later hit proclaims, "It *don't* mean a thing if you ain't got that swing." (There is no use in arguing about "ain't," because that is now an accepted part of the American language.) An obscure song which gave the melody to "There's Yes, Yes in Your Eyes" had the title "Without You the World *Don't* Seem the Same," and there are plenty of other instances of this harmless abbreviation in song, both legitimate and illegitimate.

The popular songwriters, however, have only scratched the surface in their stabilization of bad grammar. The possibilities of the English language as actually spoken are enormous in their opportunities for a really consistent rule-breaker. These possibilities have thus far been realized in only one song, from the pen of Baron Ireland, whose real name is Nate Salisbury.

He has written an ungrammatical song to end ungrammatical songs, and its title is "If I Had of Knew What I'd Ought to of Knew, I'd Never of Did What I Done." With the permission of its publishers, the E. B. Marks Music Company, it is given here as the final word on this whole subject:

All my to-days is days of sorrow,
There ain't no dawn to my to-morrow;
Just one more fool for that thing they call love,
Acted like I should never of.

CHORUS

If I had of knew what I'd ought to of knew,
I'd never of did what I done,
If I had of saw we was breaking God's law,
I'd never of kissed you in fun.
I thought love was glad, didn't mean to be bad,
But the passions we had druv the both of us mad.
But if I had of knew what a fool would of knew,
I'd never of did what I done.

EXPOSITION

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE

Of Reading Books, <i>by John Livingston Lowes</i>	149
The Daily Theme Eye, <i>by Walter Prichard Eaton</i>	162
Writing Prose, <i>by W. Somerset Maugham</i>	164
On Jargon, <i>by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch</i>	174
T. H. Huxley as a Literary Man, <i>by Aldous Huxley</i>	180
The Novels of Thomas Hardy, <i>by Virginia Woolf</i>	195
The Pursuit of Values in Fiction, <i>by Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell</i>	203

REVIEWS

A Review of Eve Curie's <i>Madam Curie</i> , <i>by Clifton Fadiman</i>	212
A Review of Stuart Chase's <i>Government in Business</i> , <i>by Thurman Arnold</i>	215
A Review of Anne Lindbergh's <i>Listen! The Wind</i> , <i>by Amy Loveman</i>	218

DISCUSSIONS OF MODERN PROBLEMS

What Is the College For?, <i>by Max McConn</i>	220
Gate Receipts and Glory, <i>by Robert M. Hutchins</i>	234
Four Kinds of Thinking, <i>by James Harvey Robinson</i>	242
Youth Speaks Its Mind on Jobs and Careers, <i>by Raymond Gram Swing</i>	251
Five Million Jobs, <i>by Stuart Chase</i>	259
The Consumer Pays, <i>by Norman Thomas</i>	267
Liberty—for What?, <i>by Alexander Meiklejohn</i>	281
Chaos and Culture, <i>by Howard Mumford Jones</i>	291
How to Tell a Communist and How to Outwit Him, <i>by William F. Russell</i>	298
Pacifism, Its Rise and Fall, <i>by Bruce Bliven</i>	305
All Is Not Lost in the Fight for Democracy, <i>by David S. Muzzey</i>	309
Small-Town Middle-Westerner, <i>by Willis Fisher</i>	314
Chinese Traits, <i>by Lin Yutang</i>	325
Youth Moves toward New Standards, <i>by Christian Gauss</i>	332
Evolution and Ethics, <i>by Thomas Henry Huxley</i>	341
What Religion Means to Me, <i>by Pearl Buck</i>	353
Infallibility, <i>by John Henry Newman</i>	361

EDITORIALS

What Anthony Eden May Be Too Polite to Say Tonight, <i>New York Post</i>	368
Self-Reliance, <i>by Henry Goddard Leach</i>	370
To a Jewish Friend, <i>by Dorothy Thompson</i>	372
From Gin to Reality	375

RESEARCH PAPERS

The Yankee School, <i>by George Lyman Kittredge</i>	377
Propaganda Techniques of German Fascism, <i>Anonymous</i>	387

EXPOSITION

EXPOSITION, as you doubtless know, means "explaining." If it is good exposition, it gives pleasure to the reader—the pleasure of understanding something that was more or less obscure before, or of understanding another person's point of view on the matter. Even when the information is false or the interpretation doubtful, the clarity, sincerity, and taste of its presentation may give pleasure. One may not agree with President Hutchins on football gate-receipts and what to do about them, or with Newman on the infallibility of the pope, but here are the views of two eminent minds presented with great clarity and force. The main purpose of exposition is practical: to widen the reader's knowledge and understanding. Narrative, description, humor may be introduced to give flavor, or to illustrate a point, but solid information or trenchant interpretation there must be. Whether we have a recipe for broiling chicken, a definition of "fascism," a complete report on Boulder Dam, a critique of a novel, or a textbook on philosophy, no matter how charmingly written, it must be judged largely by its practical value, its fidelity to fact, and its clarity of presentation.

Of the expositions which follow, some are rich in literary flavor, some much less so. But all have value as the presentation of stimulating facts and ideas, and all afford examples of clarity and system. There are three things you may do with them: read them for the pleasure which any intelligent creature takes in absorbing fresh information and stimulating ideas; examine them to see whether the information and the ideas are sound and applicable to your own intellectual and practical life; study the literary expression as a model for your own writing. Here is the most practical type of literature, for it should have appreciable consequences in your own action and you may use it as an instrument to influence the actions of others.

You will do well to observe not only clarity and vigor of expression where you find them, but also the logical organization of the material. In connection with certain addresses and articles, such as those of Aldous Huxley, McConn, and Meiklejohn, it will be profitable to study the divisions of the topic, the introduction, the transitions, the conclusion, the paragraphing. This study of structure, which the rapid reader misses, is essential for the full appreciation of the expository art and its successful practice.

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE

OF READING BOOKS¹

by John Livingston Lowes

THE text (if I may call it so) of what I mean to say is this: "I hope, y-wis, to rede . . . som day." Which, translated into the vernacular, means: "I hope to Heaven that some day I'll get a chance to *read*." That pious hope is part of a line of Chaucer, and unless I much mistake, it finds an ardent response in the minds of scores of us to-day, who find ourselves caught in the toils of a more restless and exigent century than his. And what I propose to say about reading—whether it be for delight, or for information, or for something deeper still—must, if it is to have any value, take into account conditions which all save a few happy mortals are destined to meet.

For we live in an age and a land above all things marked by hurried motion. I happened to come from Pittsburgh to New York the other day, at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Every few minutes another train flashed by in the opposite direction. On a hundred thousand miles of rails the same flying shuttles were hurtling back and forth. The taxi which took me from one station to another in New York was numbered (they know better now) one million seven hundred thousand and odd, and the other million or two were trying simultaneously to hurl themselves along the streets. And under the street, packed trains, a couple of minutes or so apart, were crashing back and forth in the din of steel on steel flung back from walls of stone. My neighbour in the smoking-car that morning was manfully ploughing his way through a Gargantuan Sunday paper. My eye caught a page-wide head-line in one of those instructive sections which temper the comic supplement to the inquiring spirit: "Power enough in a glass of water to drive an ocean liner." And I wondered how far and how fast, when science had done its worst, our harmless necessary glass of water in the morning might one day drive us! A sip before breakfast here in Boston, and in an instant, if we will it, we are catapulted to Chicago. Why not? That is the logical goal of our endeavours. The word of the hour is the word of my headline—"drive." To carry on the business of college, church, or hospital, we initiate a "drive." Even in religion, education, and philanthropy we tend to think and act in terms of energy translated into tense and often fevered motion. The thing meets us

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everywhere. "In a weekly paper not very long ago"—and now I am quoting William James—"I remember reading a story in which, after describing the beauty and interest of the heroine's personality, the author summed up her charms by saying that to all who looked upon her an impression as of 'bottled lightning' was irresistibly conveyed. Bottled lightning, in truth," William James goes on, "is one of our American ideals, even of a young girl's character!" That was twenty-five years ago. To-day, be they masculine or feminine, we dub such persons dynamos. And the human dynamo is fast becoming our ideal.

Matthew Arnold saw all this coming—saw it, indeed, already well under way—much more than fifty years ago. "O born in days when wits were fresh and clear," he cries in his *Scholar-Gipsy*,

And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
Before *this strange disease of modern life*,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife—
Fly hence, our contact fear! . . .

And he continues:

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
For strong is the infection of our mental strife.

And in these last lines Arnold puts his finger on the core of the malady, so far as we are concerned. For this tension in which to-day we live and move and have our being is contagious. And there Matthew Arnold is at one with William James, in that wise discourse on which I have already drawn—his talk to students on "The Gospel of Relaxation": "The American overtension and jerkiness and breathlessness and intensity," he declares, "are primarily social . . . phenomena. They are *bad habits* . . . bred of custom and example." And you know, and I know, that high tension *is* contagious, and that we move in an atmosphere charged with energy driving at action, which sets us driving too, whether we are geared to anything or not. And we are helpless, unless—but that is to anticipate. And now I come back for a moment to Arnold again:

But we, brought forth and rear'd in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?
Like children bathing on the shore,
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds, before
We have had time to breathe.
Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harass'd, to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain.

And that brings us within sight of our theme.

For one of the consequences of this modern malady of ours is that the gracious things which lend to life and human intercourse the beauty of serenity and comeliness are gone, or on the wane. "The wisdom of a learned man," wrote the author of *Ecclesiasticus* long centuries ago, "cometh by opportunity of leisure," and not wisdom only, but grace, and gentle breeding, and amenity, and poise come so, and only so. And leisure (which is not to be confused with empty time, but which is time through which free, life-enhancing currents flow)—leisure in these days is something to be sought and cherished as a rare and priceless boon; leisure to think, and talk, and write, and read—lost arts else, all of them. "John Wesley's conversation is good," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell once, "but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do." The sainted John Wesley in the rôle of a modern "hustler" is a little humorous, and Samuel Johnson did a certain amount of work himself. But an age that loved, on occasion, to fold its legs, and have its talk out, and its book out, and its delightful familiar letters out, may not have been one hundred per cent. efficient (in our devastating modern phrase), but it did have shelter to grow ripe, and it did have leisure to grow wise, and more than our own driving, restless period, it did possess its soul. "He hasteth well," wrote Chaucer, whom business could not make dull, "who wisely can abide," and we first learn to live when we

. . . claim not every laughing Hour
 For handmaid to (our) striding power . . .
 To usher for a destined space
 (Her own sweet errands all forgone)
 The too imperious traveller on.

"We are great fools," says Montaigne: "'He spends his life in idleness,' we say, 'I've done nothing to-day.' What! Have you not *lived*? That is not only the most fundamental, but the most illustrious of your occupations."

Our salvation, then, lies in the refusal to be for ever hurried with the crowd, and in our resolution to step out of it at intervals, and drink from deeper wells. "Il se faut reserver une arrière boutique, toute nostre, toute franche"—"we ought to reserve for ourselves an *arrière boutique*, a back-shop, all our own, all free, in which we may set up our own true liberty and principal retreat and solitude." That is Montaigne's ripe, leisured wisdom, and in that *arrière boutique* the wish: "I hope, y-wis, to rede . . . som day," may find accomplishment. And so I mean to talk for a little while, most informally and most unacademically, about reading—a subject which, partly through our fault, I fear, some of you have come to think of in terms of courses and degrees, but which is infinitely bigger than all that. It is not even scholarship that I shall have in mind. It is simply reading, as men and women have always read, for the delight of it, and for the consequent enriching and enhancement of one's life. I have put delight deliberately first, for the rest, I believe, is contingent upon that. "In general," said Goethe once, "we learn from what we

love." And I propose first of all to exhibit some lovable readers—not a Professor or even a Doctor in the lot, I think—and allow them to speak for themselves. And first, then, reading for the sheer delight of it.

"In anything fit to be called by the name of reading," says Stevenson in his delectable *Gossip on Romance*,

the process itself should be absorbing and voluptuous; we should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our mind filled with the busiest, kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought. It was for this . . . that we read so closely, and loved our books so dearly, in the bright, troubled period of boyhood. . . . We dug blithely after a certain sort of incident, like a pig for truffles. For my part, I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn where, toward the close of the "year 17—," several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls. A friend of mine preferred the Malabar coast in a storm, with a ship beating to windward, and a scowling fellow of Herculean proportions striding along the beach—

and so on delightfully. Now it is that unquenchable, bubbling zest on which I wish for the moment to insist, and Stevenson's is the gusto of "the bright, troubled period of boyhood." Let us set beside it, as is fitting, its companion piece. "But, my dearest Catherine"—and need I say that it is the immortal and adorable Jane Austen who is speaking—

"But, my dearest Catherine, what have you been doing with yourself all this morning? Have you gone on with 'Udolpho'?"

"Yes, I have been reading it ever since I woke; and I am got to the black veil."

"Are you indeed? How delightful! Oh, I would not tell you what is behind the black veil for the world! Are you not wild to know?"

"Oh! yes, quite; what can it be? But do not tell me. I would not be told upon any account. I know it must be a skeleton; I am sure it is *Laurentina's* skeleton. Oh, I am delighted with the book! I should like to spend my whole life in reading it, I assure you; if it had not been to meet you, I would not have come away from it for all the world."

"Dear creature, how much I am obliged to you! and when you have finished 'Udolpho,' we will read 'The Italian' together; and I have made out a list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you."

"Have you indeed? How glad I am! What are they all?"

"I will read you their names directly. Here they are, in my pocket-book: 'Castle of Wolfenbach,' 'Clermont,' 'Mysterious Warnings,' 'Necromancer of the Black Forest,' 'Midnight Bell,' 'Orphan of the Rhine,' and 'Horrid Mysteries.' Those will last us some time."

"Yes, pretty well; but are they all horrid? Are you sure they are all horrid?"

"Yes, quite sure; for a particular friend of mine, a Miss Andrews, a sweet girl, one of the sweetest creatures in the world, has read every one of them."

Well, that is the meat upon which your inveterate readers are apt to have fed in childhood, and happy are you, if you have been caught at it young. For romances, and stories of giants, magicians, and genii, read with a child's quick and plastic imagination, are stepping-stones to later, deeper, if no more enduring loves. "I read through all gilt-cover little books that could be had at that time," wrote Coleridge to Tom Poole in those precious fragments of an autobiography,

and likewise all the uncovered tales of Tom Hickathrift, Jack the Giant Killer, and the like. And I used to lie by the wall, and mope; and my spirits used to come upon me suddenly and in a flood—and then I was accustomed to run up and down the churchyard, and act over again all that I had been reading on the docks, the nettles, and the rank grass. At six years of age . . . I found the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, . . . and I distinctly recollect the anxious and fearful eagerness with which I used to watch the window where the book lay, and when the sun came upon it, I would seize it, carry it by the wall, and bask, and read. . . . My whole being was, with eyes closed to every object of present sense, to crumple myself up in a sunny corner, and read, read, read.

I know there are those to whom all this is heresy, and who would feed children pedagogically desiccated food. There have always been such earnest and misguided souls. Charles Lamb has a gloriously volcanic outburst, in a letter to Coleridge, about Mrs. Barbauld's edifying books for children—Mrs. Barbauld, who objected to *The Ancient Mariner* because it was improbable, and who rushed in where angels fear to tread with *An Address to the Deity*:

I am glad (he writes) the snuff and Pi pos's books please "Goody Two Shoes" is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery. . . . Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs. B's books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the *shape of knowledge*, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learnt that a Horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a Horse, and such like. Instead of that beautiful Interest in wild tales which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child. Science has succeeded to Poetry no less in the little walks of children than with men. Is there no possibility of averting this sore evil? Think what you would have been now, if instead of being fed with Tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history!

Damn them! (The Bowdlerizing editors print "Hang them"—but Lamb was righteously indignant, and did *not* write "Hang")—I mean the cursed Barbauld Crew, those Blights and Blasts of all that is Human in man and child.

That at least cannot be charged with ambiguity, but Lamb expressed himself again—this time with reference to a girl's reading:

She was tumbled early (he is writing of Bridget Elia, who was Mary Lamb), by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

On that point I venture no opinion, but the doctrine of the rest is sound.

Now I have dwelt on this seemingly irrelevant theme of early reading, because the element of delight is the point I wish just now to emphasize, and that eager, childlike zest, once caught, is seldom lost. There is no essential difference, for example, between Coleridge's absorption in the "Arabian Nights," and the irrepressible gusto with which John Keats read Shakespeare.

Here is a bit of a letter which Keats wrote from Burford Bridge, one moonlit night, while he was deep in the composition of *Endymion*:

One of the three books I have with me is Shakespeare's Poems: I never found so many beauties in the Sonnets—they seem to be full of fine things said unintentionally—in the intensity of working out conceits. Is this to be borne? Hark ye!

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the head,
And Summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly head.

He has left nothing to say about nothing or anything: for look at snails—you know what he says about Snails—you know when he talks about "cockled Snails"—well, in one of these sonnets, he says—the chap slips into—no! I lie! this is in the *Venus and Adonis*: the simile brought it to my Mind.

As the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks back into his shelly cave with pain. . . .

He overwhelms a genuine Lover of poesy with all manner of abuse, talking about—

"a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song."

Which, by the bye, will be a capital motto for my poem, won't it? . . . By the Whim-King! I'll give you a stanza—

and at once he is off creating! That is Keats through and through—the Keats who went "ramping" (as Cowden Clarke put it) through *The Faerie Queene*; who "hoisted himself up, and looked burly and dominant, as he said, 'What an image that is—*sea-shouldering whales*'"; who wrote, the night he first opened Chapman's Homer: "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken." I always think, when I read in Keats's letters the things he says about his books, of those lines in *Ruth*:

Before me shone a glorious world—
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled
To music suddenly.

I have known, *you* know, men and women—busy men and women, too—to whom a book still means that. It is the very spirit of Miranda's cry:

O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

And I envy any one to whom for the first time—or for the hundredth time—the brave new world of books is opening, that world which has such people in it: Cleopatra, Mr. Pickwick, Helen of Troy, Samuel Pepys, the Wife of Bath, Sir John Falstaff, Mrs. Proudie, Sir Willoughby Patterne, Becky Sharp,

Perdita, Pantagruel, Mephistopheles, Launcelot, Dido, and a thousand others more alive than you and I. "I doe nothing without blithenesse," wrote Montaigne in his essay on "Books"—and if I were going to that famous desert island for which we are periodically asked to select our five-foot shelf, Montaigne in his pithy, sinewy, succulent French would be almost the first whom I should pick—"Je ne fais rien sans gayeté"; and no mortal ever went adventuring more blithely among books than Michael, Lord of Montaigne, or brought home richer treasure-trove.

"But," you will say to me, "we haven't time." I know it; very few of us these days have time—those least, I sometimes think, who have it most. But even if, being modern, and ambitious, and efficient, and all that, we are whirled along with our fellow atoms in the rush, we shall not be losing time if now and then we pause, and loaf (I wish the fine phrase had not been worn so trite), loaf, and invite our souls. And if you worship in the temple of efficiency, don't forget—and again I am drawing on the wise humanity of William James—that "just as a bicycle chain may be too tight, so may one's carefulness and conscientiousness be so tense as to hinder the running of one's mind." And after all, the smooth, free running of one's mind is fairly important to the precious efficiency of whatever machinery it be that your particular intelligence helps to run. Even as a business proposition (to fall again into the jargon of the day), time spent in unclamping our mental processes is time won, and not time lost.

And the thing is possible. Here is part of a letter which Matthew Arnold wrote to his sister. And Arnold, being a hard-driven public official, knew whereof he spoke.

If I were you, my dear Fan, I should now take to some regular reading, if it were only an hour a day. It is the best thing in the world to have something of this sort as a point in the day, and far too few people know and use this secret. You would have your district still, and all your business as usual, but you would have this hour in your day in the midst of it all, and it would soon become of the greatest solace to you.

Here is a passage in which William Hazlitt is talking of luxuriating in books:

I remember sitting up half the night to read *Paul and Virginia*, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's *Camilla*. It was on the 10th of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise*, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken.

And that delectable epicureanism is one of the marks of your true reader for delight—he remains a human being while he reads.

And here is Charles Lamb to Coleridge:

Observe, there comes to you, by the Kendal waggon to-morrow, . . . a box, containing the Miltons, the strange American Bible . . . Baxter's *Holy Commonwealth*, for which you stand indebted to me 3s. 6d.; an odd volume of Montaigne, being of no use to me, I have the whole; certain books belonging to Wordsworth,

as do also the strange thick-hoofed shoes, which are very much admired at in London—

and there I must pause for a moment. For those thick-hoofed shoes are uncanny in their rich suggestiveness. They are Simon Lee and Goody Blake and the Idiot Boy and Peter Bell in a nutshell. And one of the fascinations of the letters—of Gray's inimitable raciness, of "the divine chit-chat of Cowper," as Coleridge calls it, of Lamb, Byron, Keats, Fitzgerald, Stevenson—one of the quintessential pleasures of the letters lies in their wealth of unexpected flashes: "fine things said unintentionally," as Keats said of the Sonnets. And now I return to Lamb and his box of books:

If you find the Miltons in certain parts dirtied and soiled with a crumb of right Gloucester blacked in the candle (my usual supper), or peradventure, a stray ash of tobacco wafted into the crevices, look to that passage more especially: depend upon it, it contains good matter.

Crumbs of toasted cheese and the ash of a pipe suggest, however, concomitant delights perhaps of scant appeal to certain readers. Well, then, here is Dorothy Wordsworth:

Worked hard, and read *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and ballads. Sauntered a little in the garden. The blackbird sate quietly in its nest, rocked by the wind, and beaten by the rain. . . . Sauntered a good deal in the garden, bound carpets, mended old clothes, read *Timon of Athens*, dried linen. . . . In the afternoon we sate by the fire; I read Chaucer aloud, and Mary read the first canto of the *Faerie Queene*. . . . We spent the morning in the orchard reading the *Epithalamium* of Spenser; walked backwards and forwards. . . . We sowed the scarlet beans in the orchard, and read *Henry V* there. After dinner William added one to the orchard steps. . . . A sunshiny morning, I walked to the top of the hill and sate under a wall . . . facing the sun. I read a scene or two in *As You Like It*. . . . Read part of *The Knight's Tale* with exquisite delight.

The Faerie Queene, the *Epithalamium*, *Henry V*, *As You Like It*, *The Knight's Tale*: those are the things that you "take," as if they were some academic whooping-cough or measles. And there, under no compulsion, is a woman reading them as if they'd actually been written to be read—reading them by the fire, in the orchard, on a hill-top under a wall in the sun—reading with exquisite delight. Heaven help us who teach, if through well-meant but sometimes misguided efforts to instruct, we have rubbed the bloom off the great books, and blunted the keen edge of pleasure such as that!

I have not the slightest intention in all this of implying that only the hundred best books, so to speak, will serve our purposes. Some of the most bewitching, completely captivating things in life lie buried in forgotten, relatively worthless books, if one has eyes to see them. An enterprising young friend of mine suggested in a letter that I had from him not long ago the alluring enterprise of an anthology of the *worst* poetry. I hope he will make it! For your true adventurer in "the wide, wild wilderness of books" knows that often, as Browning has it, "the worst turns best for the brave."

"I am going to repeat my old experiment," Stevenson wrote in a letter to Sidney Colvin, "after buckling to a while to write more correctly, lie down and have a wallow." That is not elegant, but it is precise. And after one has wound up one's faculties, like Mrs. Battle, over serious things, one may indulge with propriety in what I suppose one may designate as a slumming expedition among books. I do not recommend it as a practice, but for occasional indulgence there are distinguished precedents. Macaulay, for instance, besides knowing the romances of a certain prolific Mrs. Meeke almost by heart, was devoted to the literary efforts of a Mrs. Kitty Cuthbertson—*Santo Sebastiano, or, the Young Protector, The Forest of Montalbano, The Romance of the Pyrenees, Adelaide, or, the Countercharm*. And on the last page of his edition of *Santo Sebastiano* appears an elaborate computation of the number of fainting fits that occur in the course of the five volumes. Here they are:

Julia de Clifford.....	11
Lady Delamore	4
Lady Theodosia	4
Lord Glenbrook	2
Lord Delamore	2
Lady Enderfield	1
Lord Ashgrove	1
Lord St. Orville	1
Henry Mildmay	1

a total of 27. And here is a specimen of one of these catastrophes: "One of the sweetest smiles that ever animated the face of mortal now diffused itself over the countenance of Lord St. Orville, as he fell at the feet of Julia in a death-like swoon."

There is a volume entitled *A Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies* by a certain John Ruttey, M.D., which, Boswell informs us, diverted Dr. Johnson vastly—one of these priceless things on which one stumbles now and then and which reward excursions off the beaten path. Here are a few of the worthy Quaker's entries:

Tenth month, 1753.

23. Indulgence in bed an hour too long.

Twelfth month, 17. An hypochondriac obnubilation from wind and indigestion.

Ninth month, 28. An over-dose of whiskey.

29. (Which was the day after the over-dose) A dull, cross, choleric day.

First month, 22. A little swinish at dinner and repast.

31. Dogged on provocation.

Second month, 5. Very dogged or snappish. . . .

23. Dogged again.

Fourth month, 29. Mechanically and sinfully dogged.

I am not, as you see, submitting a bibliography, or suggesting learned apparatus. For the moment we are concerned with reading for the sheer delight of it, when the world is all before us where to choose. But with

delight there may be coupled something else. For one also reads to learn. And about that and one thing more, I shall be very brief.

Let me begin with a remark of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

There are about as many twins in the births of thought as of children. For the first time in your lives you learn some fact or come across some idea. Within an hour, a day, a week, that same fact or idea strikes you from another quarter. . . . Yet no possible connection exists between the two channels by which the thought or the fact arrived. . . . And so it has happened to me and to every person, often and often, to be hit in rapid succession by these twinned facts or thoughts, as if they were linked like chain-shot.

Now all of us have had that experience, and it is apt to give us a curious sensation. "Here," we say, "we've gone all our life without seeing that, and now all at once we see it at every turn. What does it mean?" Not long ago, for example, my attention was called for the first time, in a letter, to an international society of writers; two days later my eye caught a reference to it in a daily paper. Soon afterward I heard, for the first time to my knowledge, the name of a certain breed of terriers. Within a week I had come across the name in two different novels I was reading. What had happened? Simply this. I had doubtless seen both names time and again before, but nothing had ever stamped them on my memory, and so when they turned up again, they wakened no response. Then, all at once, something did fix them in my mind, and when they met my eye once more, they were there behind it, so to speak, to recognize themselves when they appeared. There had been set up in my brain, as it were, by each of them, a magnetic centre, ready to catch and attract its like.

Now one of the things which the process we call education ought to do, and by no means always does, is to establish in the mind as many as possible of these magnetic centres—live spots, which thrust out tentacles of association and catch and draw to themselves their kind. For there are few joys in reading like the joy of the chase. And the joy of the chase comes largely through the action of these centres of association in your brain. Let me illustrate what I mean, and since first-hand experience imparts a certain vividness which abstract theorizing lacks, let me use myself as a *corpus vile*, and draw for a moment upon that.

Years ago, like everybody who was interested in Chaucer, I was puzzled by a mysterious reference to "the dry sea and the Carrenar." There was no Carrenar that anybody knew—nor, for that matter, any assured dry sea. One day, as I was reading in an old battered volume of *Purchas his Pilgrimes* which is one of my choicest treasures, I was struck by the recurrence in a number of Central-Asian place-names, of the prefix *Kara*. But none of them had the termination *nar*. Might they offer, however, a possible clue? So I asked that one among my colleagues who is an adept in all outlandish tongues, what the combination *Kara-nar* would mean in any language which he knew. The instant answer was: Black Lake. The rest of the long tale I shall not

tell. Suffice it to say that there was and is a lake called Kara-nor; that it lay and lies on the great ancient trade-route between Orient and Occident, travelled in Chaucer's time; and that the lake is at the edge of a vast and terrible desert which was and is, in name and character, a veritable dry sea. And the sole reason of my mention of the business here is this: Had the crux of the Carrenar not been very much alive in my head, I might have seen a thousand Kara's in the travel-books without a thrill, and so have missed the most fascinating exploration—barring two—I ever undertook. And these other two came about in precisely the same way: through the recognition as I read of something which suggested, through a likeness recognized, the solution of a puzzle which had found a lodgment in my mind, and which was there, once more, to recognize its like, when, without warning, its like turned up. I cannot lay too strong an emphasis upon the sort of pleasure which results from the constant recognition in what one reads of things which link themselves, often in endlessly suggestive fashion, with things one has already read, till old friends with new faces meet us at every turn, and flash sudden light, and waken old associations, and quicken the zest for fresh adventures. To read with alert intellectual curiosity is one of the keenest joys of life, and it is pleasure which too many of us needlessly forgo.

And that leads me to say two things. In the first place, one cannot begin too soon to buy one's own books, if for no other reason (and there are many more) than the freedom which they give you to use their fly-leaves for your own private index of those matters in their pages which are particularly yours, whether for interest, or information, or what not—those things which the index-makers never by any possibility include. To be able to turn at will, in a book of your own, to those passages which count for *you*, is to have your wealth at instant command, and your books become a record of your intellectual adventures, and a source of endless pleasure when you want, as you will, to turn back to the things which have given delight, or stirred imagination, or opened windows, in the past.

That is one point. The other is this. Goethe observed to Eckermann one day, in those *Conversations* which constitute one of the most thought-provoking volumes in the world: "You know, Saul the son of Kish went out one day to find his father's asses, and found a kingdom." Which is a parable. For it is when you are looking for one thing as you read—it may be some utterly trivial affair—that ten to one you come upon the unexpected thing, the big or thrilling thing, which opens up new worlds of possibilities. Most of our discoveries—even if, as usually happens, they are discoveries only to us—are made when we are hot on the trail of something else. For because we are looking, we see, and we see more than we look for, because the eye which scans the page is actively alert to everything. And the more you *have*—the more live cluster-points of association there are in your brain—the more you see, and reading becomes a *cumulative* delight. "The dear good people," said Goethe once, "don't know how long it takes to learn to read. I've been at it eighty years, and can't say yet that I've reached the goal." One never

does. There are always, as one goes on reading, unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ahead. And that is the secret of its perennial delight.

One reads for the sheer enjoyment of it; one reads to learn; and there is a yet more excellent way. "Man *lernt* nichts," said Goethe of Winckelmann, "wenn man ihn liest, aber man *wird* etwas"—"you don't *learn* anything when you read him, but you *become* something." That strikes to the very root of things, for it puts into one pregnant phrase the supreme creative influence in the world—the contagious touch of great personalities. And if a good book is, in truth, as Milton in a noble passage once declared, "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life," then that creative influence of life on life is in the book, and as we read, our spirit is enriched and grows, and we *become* something. We are just a little ashamed these days, I know, in our reaction from a certain sort of cant, to read for our soul's sake, or our spirit's sake, or for edification, in the fine old sense of a sadly misused word. We feel, somehow, that it isn't quite the thing. Well, I don't care at all what terms you use; but we are more than intellect, and more than sense, and the deepest-lying springs of life are touched by life alone. And the men who have lived, and learned through living, and won through life a wide and luminous view—these men have the imperishable creative power of broadening, deepening, and enhancing life. They are the true humanists, and humanism, as I take it, is the development, not of scholars, not of philosophers, or scientists, or specialists in this or that, but of human beings. Goethe was such a humanist, and Goethe, by practice, not by precept, has pointed out the way.

"I read every year," he said, "a few plays of Molière, just as I also, from time to time, look over the engravings of the great Italian masters. For we little men aren't capable of maintaining within us the greatness of such things, and we have always to keep turning back to them from time to time, in order to quicken within us our impressions." "Today after dinner," wrote Eckermann—and this sort of thing happened again and again—"Goethe went through the portfolio of Raphael with me. He busies himself with Raphael very often, in order to keep himself always in touch with the best, and to exercise himself continually in thinking the thoughts of a great spirit after him." And this, mind you, was not a preacher, or a teacher, or a reformer, but the most puissant, richly endowed spirit of the modern world. Beyond delight, and beyond intellectual adventure, there is the spiritual contagion of great books.

And again I should like to be very practical, for we live in a busy world. Matthew Arnold once wrote in a letter, while he was off inspecting schools: "I enjoy my time here very much. I read five pages of Greek anthology every day, looking out all the words I do not know"—a very comforting remark, that last, for some of us. "This," he goes on, "is what I shall always understand by *education*, and it does me good, and gives me great pleasure." And the secret of his practice comes out in another letter, written this time to a British working man: "As to useful knowledge, a single line of poetry, working

in the mind, may produce more thoughts and lead to more light, which is what man wants, than the fullest acquaintance (to take your own instance) with the processes of digestion." I am not sure, indeed, that anything which Arnold left is of more worth than his little, narrow, vestpocket notebooks, which extend over a period of thirty-seven years. They served, not only for his record of engagements, but also as a repository for those passages of his daily reading which, in his own words, were "working in his mind"—those passages through pondering on which (to use Montaigne's phrase) he *forged*, instead of merely *furnishing*, his soul. The entries for a dozen years have been printed, in a precious volume, by his daughter, and they exemplify, as nothing else I know can do, the sort of reading which I now have in mind—that reading through which "man *wird* etwas." I take nothing back of what I have said of reading as a delightful intellectual adventure. But this is different—yet not so different after all. "I had an idea," wrote Keats in one of his letters,

that a Man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner—let him on a certain day read a certain Page of full Poesy or distilled Prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, and reflect upon it, and bring home to it, and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it, until it becomes stale—but when will it do so? Never. When Man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect, any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-point towards all "the two-and-thirty Palaces."

Well, there before you are the palaces and the road thereto. I don't know where, for you, they are; I only know they are there.

We have no shrines, most of us, any more—we Protestant-Puritan-Pagan-Anglo-Saxon Occidentals—no tranquil Buddhas or symbols of the Passion by the roadside, no solemn temples, few cool, silent churches, always open and inviting to withdrawal for a moment from the hurly-burly of the world. It is not my business to determine whether that means loss or gain. But one thing it is always in our power to do—to withdraw now and then from the periphery to the centre, from the ceaseless whirl of the life that streams and eddies round us to the deep serenity of those great souls of better centuries ("ces grandes âmes des meilleurs siècles"), who give—and the lines sum up the antidote to the sick hurry of today—who give

Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

THE DAILY THEME EYE¹*by Walter Prichard Eaton*

WHEN I was an undergraduate at Harvard our instructors in English composition endeavored to cultivate in us a something they termed "The daily theme eye." This peculiar variety of optic, I fear, always remained a mystery to a majority of the toilers after clearness, force, and elegance. Clearness, force, and even a certain degree of elegance, may be acquired; but the daily theme eye, like the eye for the sights of a rifle, may be discovered, developed, trained—but not acquired. It comes by the grace of Heaven, not of the Harvard or any other English department, and its possession is often one of the marks of the man whose destiny compels him to write. The Harvard English department has but given it a name; it has no local habitation. It is found in Henry James and the police reporter of the *New York Sun*; it illuminates the pages of *The Harvard Monthly* (sometimes) and of George Moore. It winks at you in Heine and peers solemnly in Mrs. Humphry Ward. And it flashes and beams in a little lady I know who has written nothing save sprightly letters all the days of her life and never opened Hill's *Rhetoric* under the shade of the Washington Elm.

The fairy who stood over my cradle, though he forgot the gold spoon and much else besides, at least bestowed the gift of this wonderful optic. It brought me my college degree; for when other courses failed—which means when I failed in other courses—there was always English; it has brought me a living since; but more than all else it has brought me enjoyment, it has clothed the daily walk with interest, the teeming, noisy town with color and beauty, "the society of my contemporaries," to use Emerson's big phrase for my little purpose, with stimulating excitement. It has turned the panorama of existence into a play, or rather a thousand plays, and brought after sorrow or pain the great comfort of composition.

Daily themes in my day had to be short, not over a page of handwriting. They had to be deposited in a box at the professor's door not later than ten five in the morning. A classmate of mine, when an epigram was called for once wrote, "An epigram is a lazy man's daily theme written at ten-three A.M." And because of this brevity, and the necessity of writing one every day whether the mood was on you or not, it was not always easy—to be quite modest—to make these themes literature, which, we were told by our instructors, is the transmission through the written word, from writer to reader, of a mood, an emotion, a picture, an idea. I hate to think how few, in fact, of all the thousands that were poured into that yawning box were literature,

¹ From *Essays and Essay-Writing*, by W. M. Tanner. An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication published by Little, Brown & Company. Reprinted by permission.

how seldom the poor instructors could dip their pens into their pots of red ink and write the magic "A" on the back. Their sarcastic comments were surely excusable. I have even forgiven the young man with hair like yellow corn-tassels, who scrawled on verses of mine, required to be written in imitation of some poet, "This may be O'Shaughnessy, it isn't poetry." Did he think thus to kill two song birds with one stone? Well, the effort of those of us who were sincere and comprehending in our pursuit of the elusive power to write was to make our themes literature as often as possible; and to do this the first essential was the choice of a subject. Not everything one sees or does or thinks can take shape on a page of paper and reproduce itself for the reader. Selection was the first requirement.

It became needful, then, to watch for and treasure incidents that were sharply dramatic or poignant, moods that were clear and definite, pictures that created a single clean impression. The tower of Memorial seen across the quiet marshes against the cool pink sky of evening; the sweep of a shell under the bridge and the rush of the spectators to the other rail to watch the needle-bow emerge, and the bent, brown backs of the crew; the chorus girls, still rubbing the paint from their cheeks with a tiny handkerchief wrapped over the forefinger, coming out of a stage entrance into the snow; the first sharp impression of a book just read or a play just seen,—these were the things we cherished, for these we could put on a page of paper with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and with some show of vividness. What we came to do, then, was to keep a note-book of our impressions, and when in June our themes were returned to us we had a precious record for the year. By training the daily theme eye, we watched for and found in the surroundings of our life, as it passed, a heightened picturesqueness, a constant wonder, an added significance. That hardened cynic, the professional writer, will smile and say, "You saw copy." Yes, we saw copy; but to see copy is to see the significant, to clarify what the ear and heart and eye receive, to add light and shadow to the monochrome of life.

My college roommate, a blessed boy full of good humor and serious purpose, was as incapable of acquiring the daily theme eye as a cat of obeying the eighth commandment. His idea of a daily theme was a task, not a pleasure. If there was no chance to write a political editorial, he supplied an anecdote of his summer vacation. Once he described a cliff he had seen in Newfoundland, and, determined to be pictorial, he added, "tumbling waterfalls" and "sighing pines." Unfortunately, the instructor who read it had also been in Newfoundland, and he pointed out that his investigations of the cliff in question had failed to disclose either "tumbling waterfalls" or "sighing pines." My roommate treated the matter as a joke; he could not see that he had been guilty of any fault. And yet he is a much more moral man than I, with a far more troublesome conscience. Truth to his principles he would die for. But truth to the picture his mind retained and his hand tried to portray in the medium of literature, to him so trivial and unimportant, he could not grasp. What did it matter? So it would never occur to him to

record in his themes the fleeting impressions of his daily life, to sit up half the night trying to pack into the clumsy frame of words the recollection of a strangely innocent face seen suddenly in the flash of an opened door down a dark, evil alley where the gusts of winter swirled. He went to bed and never knew a headache or jumpy nerve. Yet I could not help thinking then that there was something in life he was missing besides the ultimate mark in our composition course. And I cannot help thinking that there is something in life he misses still.

But perhaps that is only my fancy. George Moore says that happiness is no more than a faculty for being surprised; and it is the sudden vista, the beauty of a city square seen through falling snow, a street-car drama, the face of a passing woman, the dialogue of friends, which make the surprises for the man with the eye for copy. George Moore himself has a daily theme eye of preternatural keenness, and he may be speaking only for a class. Happiness for my roommate lies, I suspect, rather in his faculty for not being surprised. A sudden accession of emotion at the sight of an unexpected view, for instance, would probably be immensely disconcerting. And if he should go into an art museum, as I did the other day, and see a little marble boy with a slightly parted mouth wet his lips with his tongue, I truly believe he would rush off to the doctor's at once, very unhappy, instead of rushing joyfully home to try to put the illusion into a sonnet! Well, every class has its Pharisaism, which in reality isn't a form of priggishness, at all, but merely a recognition of difference. He thinks I am impractical, a bit odd, not quite a grown man. I think he is—a charming fellow. We are about quits on that!

WRITING PROSE¹

by W. Somerset Maugham

I HAVE never had more than two English lessons in my life, for though I wrote essays at school, I do not remember that I ever received any instruction on how to put sentences together. The two lessons I have had were given me so late in life that I am afraid I cannot hope greatly to profit by them. The first was only a few years ago. I was spending some weeks in London and had engaged as temporary secretary a young woman. She was shy, rather pretty, and absorbed in a love affair with a married man. I had written a book called *Cakes and Ale*, and, the typescript arriving one Saturday morning, I asked her if she would be good enough to take it home and correct it over the week-end. I meant her only to make a note of mistakes in spelling that the typist might have made and point out errors occa-

¹ From W. S. Maugham, *The Summing Up*. By permission of Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

sioned by a handwriting that is not always easy to decipher. But she was a conscientious young person and she took me more literally than I intended. When she brought back the typescript on Monday morning it was accompanied by four foolscap sheets of corrections. I must confess that at the first glance I was a trifle vexed; but then I thought that it would be silly of me not to profit, if I could, by the trouble she had taken and so sat me down to examine them. I suppose the young woman had taken a course at a secretarial college and she had gone through my novel in the same methodical way as her masters had gone through her essays. The remarks that filled the four neat pages of foolscap were incisive and severe. I could not but surmise that the professor of English at the secretarial college did not mince matters. He took a marked line, there could be no doubt about that; and he did not allow that there might be two opinions about anything. His apt pupil would have nothing to do with a preposition at the end of a sentence. A mark of exclamation betokened her disapproval of a colloquial phrase. She had a feeling that you must not use the same word twice on a page and she was ready every time with a synonym to put in its place. If I had indulged myself in the luxury of a sentence of ten lines, she wrote: "Clarify this. Better break it up into two or more periods." When I had availed myself of the pleasant pause that is indicated by a semicolon, she noted: "A full stop"; and if I had ventured upon a colon she remarked stingingly: "Obsolete." But the harshest stroke of all was her comment on what I thought was rather a good joke: "Are you sure of your facts?" Taking it all in all I am bound to conclude that the professor at her college would not have given me very high marks.

The second lesson I had was given me by a don, both intelligent and charming, who happened to be staying with me when I was myself correcting the typescript of another book. He was good enough to offer to read it. I hesitated, because I knew that he judged from a standpoint of excellence that is hard to attain; and though I was aware that he had a profound knowledge of Elizabethan literature, his inordinate admiration for *Esther Waters* made me doubtful of his discernment in the productions of our own day: no one could attach so great a value to that work who had an intimate knowledge of the French novel during the nineteenth century. But I was anxious to make my book as good as I could and I hoped to benefit by his criticisms. They were in point of fact lenient. They interested me peculiarly because I inferred that this was the way in which he dealt with the compositions of undergraduates. My don had, I think, a natural gift for language, which it has been his business to cultivate; his taste appeared to me faultless. I was much struck by his insistence on the force of individual words. He liked the stronger word rather than the euphonious. To give an example, I had written that a statue would be placed in a certain square and he suggested that I should write: the statue will stand. I had not done that because my ear was offended by the alliteration. I noticed also that he had a feeling that words should be used not only to balance a sentence but to balance an idea. This is sound, for an idea may lose its effect if it is delivered abruptly; but it is a matter

of delicacy, since it may well lead to verbiage. Here a knowledge of stage dialogue should help.† An actor will sometimes say to an author: "Couldn't you give me a word or two more in this speech? It seems to take away all the point of my line if I have nothing else to say." As I listened to my don's remarks I could not but think how much better I should write now if in my youth I had had the advantage of such sensible, broad-minded and kindly advice.

As it is, I have had to teach myself. I have looked at the stories I wrote when I was very young in order to discover what natural aptitude I had, my original stock-in-trade, before I developed it by taking thought. The manner had a superciliousness that perhaps my years excused and an irascibility that was a defect of nature; but I am speaking now only of the way in which I expressed myself. It seems to me that I had a natural lucidity and a knack for writing easy dialogue.

When Henry Arthur Jones, then a well-known playwright, read my first novel, he told a friend that in due course I should be one of the most successful dramatists of the day. I suppose he saw in it directness and an effective way of presenting a scene that suggested a sense of the theatre. My language was commonplace, my vocabulary limited, my grammar shaky, and my phrases hackneyed. But to write was an instinct that seemed as natural to me as to breathe, and I did not stop to consider if I wrote well or badly. It was not till some years later that it dawned upon me that it was a delicate art that must be painfully acquired. The discovery was forced upon me by the difficulty I found in getting my meaning down on paper. I wrote dialogue fluently, but when it came to a page of description I found myself entangled in all sorts of quandaries. I would struggle for a couple of hours over two or three sentences that I could in no way manage to straighten out. I made up my mind to teach myself how to write. Unfortunately I had no one to help me. I made many mistakes. If I had had someone to guide me like the charming don of whom I spoke just now, I might have been saved much time. Such a one might have told me that such gifts as I had lay in one direction and that they must be cultivated in that direction; it was useless to try to do something for which I had no aptitude. But at that time a florid prose was admired. Richness of texture was sought by means of a jeweled phrase and sentences stiff with exotic epithets; the ideal was a brocade so heavy with gold that it stood up by itself. The intelligent young read Walter Pater with enthusiasm. My common sense suggested to me that it was anaemic stuff; behind those elaborate, gracious periods I was conscious of a tired, wan personality. I was young, lusty, and energetic; I wanted fresh air, action, violence, and I found it hard to breathe that dead, heavily scented atmosphere and sit in those hushed rooms in which it was indecorous to speak above a whisper. But I would not listen to my common sense. I persuaded myself that this was the height of culture and turned a scornful shoulder on the outside world where men shouted and swore, played the fool, wenched and got drunk. I read *Intentions* and *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. I was intoxicated

by the colour and rareness of the fantastic words that thickly stud the pages of *Salome*. Shocked by the poverty of my own vocabulary, I went to the British Museum with pencil and paper and noted down the names of curious jewels, the Byzantine hues of old enamels, the sensual feel of textiles, and made elaborate sentences to bring them in. Fortunately I could never find an opportunity to use them and they lie there yet in an old notebook ready for anyone who has a mind to write nonsense. It was generally thought then that the Authorized Version of the Bible was the greatest piece of prose that the English language has produced. I read it diligently, especially the Song of Solomon, jotting down for future use turns of phrase that struck me and making lists of unusual or beautiful words. I studied Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Dying*. In order to assimilate his style I copied out passages and then tried to write them down from memory.

The first fruit of this labour was a little book about Andalusia called *The Land of the Blessed Virgin*. I had occasion to read parts of it the other day. I know Andalusia a great deal better now than I knew it then, and I have changed my mind about a good many things of which I wrote. Since it has continued in America to have a small sale, it occurred to me that it might be worth while to revise it. I soon saw that this was impossible. The book was written by someone I have completely forgotten. It bored me to distraction. But what I am concerned with is the prose, for it was as an exercise in style that I wrote it. It is wistful, allusive, and elaborate. It has neither ease nor spontaneity. It smells of hothouse plants and Sunday dinner like the air in the greenhouse that leads out of the dining-room of a big house in Bayswater. There are a great many melodious adjectives. The vocabulary is sentimental. It does not remind one of an Italian brocade, with its rich pattern of gold, but of a curtain material designed by Burne-Jones and reproduced by Morris.

I do not know whether it was a subconscious feeling that this sort of writing was contrary to my bent or a naturally methodical cast of mind that led me then to turn my attention to the writers of the Augustan Period. The prose of Swift enchanted me. I made up my mind that this was the perfect way to write and I started to work on him in the same way as I had done with Jeremy Taylor. I chose *The Tale of a Tub*. It is said that when the Dean re-read it in his old age he cried: "What genius I had then!" To my mind his genius was better shown in other works. It is a tiresome allegory and the irony is facile. But the style is admirable. I cannot imagine that English can be better written. Here are no flowery periods, fantastic turns of phrase or high-flown images. It is a civilized prose, natural, discreet, and pointed. There is no attempt to surprise by an extravagant vocabulary. It looks as though Swift made do with the first word that came to hand, but since he had an acute and logical brain it was always the right one, and he put it in the right place. The strength and balance of his sentences are due to an exquisite taste. As I had done before I copied passages and then tried to write them out again from memory. I tried altering words or the order in which

they were set. I found that the only possible words were those Swift had used and that the order in which he had placed them was the only possible order. It is an impeccable prose.

But perfection has one grave defect: it is apt to be dull. Swift's prose is like a French canal, bordered with poplars, that runs through a gracious and undulating country. Its tranquil charm fills you with satisfaction, but it neither excites the emotions nor stimulates the imagination. You go on and on and presently you are a trifle bored. So, much as you may admire Swift's wonderful lucidity, his terseness, his naturalness, his lack of affectation, you find your attention wandering after a while unless his matter peculiarly interests you. I think if I had my time over again I would give to the prose of Dryden the close study I gave to that of Swift. I did not come across it till I had lost the inclination to take so much pains. The prose of Dryden is delicious. It has not the perfection of Swift nor the easy elegance of Addison, but it has a springtime gaiety, a conversational ease, a blithe spontaneity that are enchanting. Dryden was a very good poet, but it is not the general opinion that he had a lyrical quality; it is strange that it is just this that sings in his softly sparkling prose. Prose had never been written in England like that before; it has seldom been written like that since. Dryden flourished at a happy moment. He had in his bones the sonorous periods and the baroque massiveness of Jacobean language and under the influence of the nimble and well-bred felicity that he learnt from the French he turned it into an instrument that was fit not only for solemn themes but also to express the light thought of the passing moment. He was the first of the rococo artists. If Swift reminds you of a French canal Dryden recalls an English river winding its cheerful way round hills, through quietly busy towns and by nestling villages, pausing now in a noble reach and then running powerfully through a woodland country. It is alive, varied, windswept; and it has the pleasant open-air smell of England.

The work I did was certainly very good for me. I began to write better; I did not write well. I wrote stiffly and self-consciously. I tried to get a pattern into my sentences, but did not see that the pattern was evident. I took care how I placed my words, but did not reflect that an order that was natural at the beginning of the eighteenth century was most unnatural at the beginning of ours. My attempt to write in the manner of Swift made it impossible for me to achieve the effect of inevitable rightness that was just what I so much admired in him. I then wrote a number of plays and ceased to occupy myself with anything but dialogue. It was not till five years had passed that I set out again to write a novel. By then I no longer had any ambition to be a stylist; I put aside all thought of fine writing. I wanted to write without any frills of language, in as bare and unaffected a manner as I could. I had so much to say that I could afford to waste no words. I wanted merely to set down the facts. I began with the impossible aim of using no adjectives at all. I thought that if you could find the exact term a qualifying epithet could be dispensed with. As I saw it in my mind's

eye my book would have the appearance of an immensely long telegram in which for economy's sake you had left out every word that was not necessary to make the sense clear. I have not read it since I corrected the proofs and do not know how near I came to doing what I tried. My impression is that it is written at least more naturally than anything I had written before; but I am sure that is often slipshod and I daresay there are in it a good many mistakes in grammar.

Since then I have written many other books; and though ceasing my methodical study of the old masters (for though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak), I have continued with increasing assiduity to try to write better. I discovered my limitations and it seemed to me that the only sensible thing was to aim at what excellence I could within them. I knew that I had no lyrical quality. I had a small vocabulary and no efforts that I could make to enlarge it much availed me. I had little gift of metaphor; the original and striking simile seldom occurred to me. Poetic flights and the great imaginative sweep were beyond my powers. I could admire them in others as I could admire their far-fetched tropes and the unusual but suggestive language in which they clothed their thoughts, but my own invention never presented me with such embellishments; and I was tired of trying to do what did not come easily to me. On the other hand, I had an acute power of observation and it seemed to me that I could see a great many things that other people missed. I could put down in clear terms what I saw. I had a logical sense, and if no great feeling for the richness and strangeness of words, at all events a lively appreciation of their sound. I knew that I should never write as well as I could wish, but I thought with pains I could arrive at writing as well as my natural defects allowed. On taking thought it seemed to me that I must aim at lucidity, simplicity and euphony. I have put these three qualities in the order of the importance I assigned to them.

I have never had much patience with the writers who claim from the reader an effort to understand their meaning. You have only to go to the great philosophers to see that it is possible to express with lucidity the most subtle reflections. You may find it difficult to understand the thought of Hume, and if you have no philosophical training its implications will doubtless escape you; but no one with any education at all can fail to understand exactly what the meaning of each sentence is. Few people have written English with more grace than Berkeley. There are two sorts of obscurity that you find in writers. One is due to negligence and the other to wilfulness. People often write obscurely because they have never taken the trouble to learn to write clearly. This sort of obscurity you find too often in modern philosophers, in men of science, and even in literary critics. Here it is indeed strange. You would have thought that men who passed their lives in the study of the great masters of literature would be sufficiently sensitive to the beauty of language to write if not beautifully at least with perspicuity. Yet you will find in their works sentence after sentence that you must read twice to discover the sense. Often

you can only guess at it, for the writers have evidently not said what they intended.

Another cause of obscurity is that the writer is himself not quite sure of his meaning. He has a vague impression of what he wants to say, but has not, either from lack of mental power or from laziness, exactly formulated it in his mind and it is natural enough that he should not find a precise expression for a confused idea. This is due largely to the fact that many writers think, not before, but as they write. The pen originates the thought. The disadvantage of this, and indeed it is a danger against which the author must be always on his guard, is that there is a sort of magic in the written word. The idea acquires substance by taking on a visible nature, and then stands in the way of its own clarification. But this sort of obscurity merges very easily into the wilful. Some writers who do not think clearly are inclined to suppose that their thoughts have a significance greater than at first sight appears. It is flattering to believe that they are too profound to be expressed so clearly that all who run may read, and very naturally it does not occur to such writers that the fault is with their own minds which have not the faculty of precise reflection. Here again the magic of the written word obtains. It is very easy to persuade oneself that a phrase that one does not quite understand may mean a great deal more than one realizes. From this there is only a little way to go to fall into the habit of setting down one's impressions in all their original vagueness. Fools can always be found to discover a hidden sense in them. There is another form of wilful obscurity that masquerades as aristocratic exclusiveness. The author wraps his meaning in mystery so that the vulgar shall not participate in it. His soul is a secret garden into which the elect may penetrate only after overcoming a number of perilous obstacles. But this kind of obscurity is not only pretentious; it is shortsighted. For time plays it an odd trick. If the sense is meagre, time reduces it to a meaningless verbiage that no one thinks of reading. This is the fate that has befallen the lucubrations of those French writers who were seduced by the example of Guillaume Apollinaire. But occasionally it throws a sharp cold light on what had seemed profound and thus discloses the fact that these contortions of language disguised very commonplace notions. There are few of Mallarmé's poems now that are not clear; one cannot fail to notice that his thought singularly lacked originality. Some of his phrases were beautiful; the materials of his verse were the poetic platitudes of his day.

Simplicity is not such an obvious merit as lucidity. I have aimed at it because I have no gift for richness. Within limits I admire richness in others, though I find it difficult to digest in quantity. I can read one page of Ruskin with delight, but twenty only with weariness. The rolling period, the stately epithet, the noun rich in poetic associations, the subordinate clauses that give the sentence weight and magnificence, the grandeur like that of wave following wave in the open sea; there is no doubt that in all this there is something inspiring. Words thus strung together fall on the ear like music. The appeal is sensuous rather than intellectual, and the beauty of the sound leads you

easily to conclude that you need not bother about the meaning. But words are tyrannical things, they exist for their meanings, and if you will not pay attention to these, you cannot pay attention at all. Your mind wanders. This kind of writing demands a subject that will suit it. It is surely out of place to write in the grand style of inconsiderable things. No one wrote in this manner with greater success than Sir Thomas Browne, but even he did not always escape this pitfall. In the last chapter of *Hydriotaphia* the matter, which is the destiny of man, wonderfully fits the baroque splendour of the language, and here the Norwich doctor produced a piece of prose that has never been surpassed in our literature; but when he describes the finding of his urns in the same splendid manner the effect (at least to my taste) is less happy.

But if richness needs gifts with which everyone is not endowed, simplicity by no means comes by nature. To achieve it needs rigid discipline. So far as I know ours is the only language in which it has been found necessary to give a name to the piece of prose which is described as the purple patch; it would not have been necessary to do so unless it were characteristic. English prose is elaborate rather than simple. It was not always so. Nothing could be more racy, straightforward and alive than the prose of Shakespeare; but it must be remembered that this was dialogue written to be spoken. We do not know how he would have written if like Corneille he had composed prefaces to his plays. It may be that they would have been as euphuistic as the letters of Queen Elizabeth. But earlier prose, the prose of Sir Thomas More, for instance, is neither ponderous, flowery nor oratorical. It smacks of the English soil. To my mind King James's Bible has been a very harmful influence on English prose. I am not so stupid as to deny its great beauty. It is majestic. But the Bible is an oriental book. Its alien imagery has nothing to do with us. Those hyperboles, those luscious metaphors, are foreign to our genius. I cannot but think that not the least of the misfortunes that the Secession from Rome brought upon the spiritual life of our country is that this work for so long a period became the daily, and with many the only, reading of our people. Those rhythms, that powerful vocabulary, that grandiloquence, became part and parcel of the national sensibility. The plain, honest English speech was overwhelmed with ornament. Blunt Englishmen twisted their tongues to speak like Hebrew prophets. There was evidently something in the English temper to which this was congenial, perhaps a native lack of precision in thought, perhaps a naive delight in fine words for their own sake, an innate eccentricity and love of embroidery, I do not know; but the fact remains that ever since, English prose has had to struggle against the tendency to luxuriance. When from time to time the spirit of the language has reasserted itself, as it did with Dryden and the writers of Queen Anne, it was only to be submerged once more by the pomposities of Gibbon and Dr. Johnson. When English prose recovered simplicity with Hazlitt, the Shelley of the letters, and Charles Lamb at his best, it lost it again with De Quincey, Carlyle, Meredith, and Walter Pater. It is obvious that the grand style is more striking than the plain. Indeed many people think that a style

that does not attract notice is not style. They will admire Walter Pater's, but will read an essay by Matthew Arnold without giving a moment's attention to the elegance, distinction and sobriety with which he set down what he had to say.

The dictum that the style is the man is well known. It is one of those aphorisms that say too much to mean a great deal. Where is the man in Goethe, in his birdlike lyrics or in his clumsy prose? And Hazlitt? But I suppose that if a man has a confused mind he will write in a confused way, if his temper is capricious his prose will be fantastical, and if he has a quick, darting intelligence that is reminded by the matter in hand of a hundred things, he will, unless he has great self-control, load his pages with metaphor and simile. There is a great difference between the magniloquence of the Jacobean writers, who were intoxicated with the new wealth that had lately been brought into the language, and the turgidity of Gibbon and Dr. Johnson, who were the victims of bad theories. I can read every word that Dr. Johnson wrote with delight, for he had good sense, charm, and wit. No one could have written better if he had not wilfully set himself to write in the grand style. He knew good English when he saw it. No critic has praised Dryden's prose more aptly. He said of him that he appeared to have no art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thought with vigour. And one of his *Lives* he finished with the words: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." But when he himself sat down to write, it was with a very different aim. He mistook the orotund for the dignified. He had not the good breeding to see that simplicity and naturalness are the truest marks of distinction.

Whether you ascribe importance to euphony, the last of the three characteristics that I mentioned, must depend on the sensitiveness of your ear. A great many readers, and many admirable writers, are devoid of this quality. Poets as we know have always made a great use of alliteration. They are persuaded that the repetition of a sound gives an effect of beauty. I do not think it does so in prose. It seems to me that in prose alliteration should be used only for a special reason; when used by accident it falls on the ear very disagreeably. But its accidental use is so common that one can only suppose that the sound of it is not universally offensive. Many writers without distress will put two rhyming words together, join a monstrous long adjective to a monstrous long noun, or between the end of one word and the beginning of another have a conjunction of consonants that almost breaks your jaw. These are trivial and obvious instances. I mention them only to prove that if careful writers can do such things, it is only because they have no ear. Words have weight, sound, and appearance; it is only by considering these that you can write a sentence that is good to look at and good to listen to.

If you could write lucidly, simply, euphoniously and yet with liveliness you would write perfectly: you would write like Voltaire. And yet we know how fatal the pursuit of liveliness may be: it may result in the tiresome acro-

batics of Meredith. Macaulay and Carlyle were in their different ways arresting; but at the heavy cost of naturalness. Their flashy effects distract the mind. They destroy their persuasiveness; you would not believe a man was very intent on ploughing a furrow if he carried a hoop with him and jumped through it at every other step. A good style should show no sign of effort. What is written should seem a happy accident. I think no one in France now writes more admirably than Colette, and such is the ease of her expression that you cannot bring yourself to believe that she takes any trouble over it. I am told that there are pianists who have a natural technique so that they can play in a manner that most executants can achieve only as the result of unremitting toil, and I am willing to believe that there are writers who are equally fortunate. Among them I was much inclined to place Colette. I asked her. I was exceedingly surprised to hear that she wrote everything over and over again. She told me that she would often spend a whole morning working upon a single page. But it does not matter how one gets the effect of ease. For my part, if I get it at all, it is only by strenuous effort. Nature seldom provides me with the word, the turn of phrase, that is appropriate without being far-fetched or commonplace.

I have read that Anatole France tried to use only the constructions and the vocabulary of the writers of the seventeenth century whom he so greatly admired. I do not know if it is true. If so, it may explain why there is some lack of vitality in his beautiful and simple French. But simplicity is false when you do not say a thing that you should say because you cannot say it in a certain way. One should write in the manner of one's period. The language is alive and constantly changing; to try to write like the authors of a distant past can only give rise to artificiality. I should not hesitate to use the common phrases of the day, knowing that their vogue was ephemeral, or slang, though aware that in ten years it might be incomprehensible, if they gave vividness and actuality. If the style has a classical form it can support the discreet use of a phraseology that has only a local and temporary aptness. I would sooner a writer were vulgar than mincing; for life is vulgar, and it is life he seeks.

I think that we English authors have much to learn from our fellow authors in America. For American writing has escaped the tyranny of King James's Bible and American writers have been less affected by the old masters whose mode of writing is part of our culture. They have formed their style, unconsciously perhaps, more directly from the living speech that surrounds them; and at its best it has a directness, a vitality, and a drive that give our more urbane manner an air of languor. It has been an advantage to American writers, many of whom at one time or another have been reporters, that their journalism has been written in a more trenchant, nervous, graphic English than ours. For we read the newspaper as our ancestors read the Bible. Not without profit either; for the newspaper, especially when it is of the popular sort, offers us a part of experience that we writers cannot afford to miss. It is raw material straight from the knacker's yard, and we are stupid

if we turn up our noses because it smells of blood and sweat. We cannot, however willingly we would, escape the influence of this workaday prose. But the journalism of a period has very much the same style; it might all have been written by the same hand; it is impersonal. It is well to counteract its effect by reading of another kind. One can do this only by keeping constantly in touch with the writing of an age not too remote from one's own. So can one have a standard by which to test one's own style and an ideal which in one's modern way one can aim at. For my part the two writers I have found most useful to study for this purpose are Hazlitt and Cardinal Newman. I would try to imitate neither. Hazlitt can be unduly rhetorical; and sometimes his decoration is as fussy as Victorian Gothic. Newman can be a trifle flowery. But at their best both are admirable. Time has little touched their style; it is almost contemporary. Hazlitt is vivid, bracing, and energetic; he has strength and liveliness. You feel the man in his phrases, not the mean, querulous, disagreeable man that he appeared to the world that knew him, but the man within of his own ideal vision. (And the man within us is as true in reality as the man, pitiful and halting, of our outward seeming.) Newman had an exquisite grace, music, playful sometimes and sometimes grave, a woodland beauty of phrase, dignity and mellowness. Both wrote with extreme lucidity. Neither is quite as simple as the purest taste demands. Here I think Matthew Arnold excels them. Both had a wonderful balance of phrase and both knew how to write sentences pleasing to the eye. Both had an ear of extreme sensitiveness.

If anyone could combine their merits in the manner of writing of the present day, he would write as well as it is possible for anyone to write.

ON JARGON¹

by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch

WE parted, Gentlemen, upon a promise to discuss the capital difficulty of Prose, as we have discussed the capital difficulty of Verse. But, although we shall come to it, on second thoughts I ask leave to break the order of my argument and to interpose some words upon a kind of writing which, from a superficial likeness, commonly passes for prose in these days, and by lazy folk is commonly written for prose, yet actually is not prose at all; my excuse being the simple practical one that, by first clearing this sham prose out of the way, we shall the better deal with honest prose when we come to it. The proper difficulties of prose will remain; but we shall be agreed in understanding what it is, or at any rate what it is not, that we talk about.

¹ From *On the Art of Writing*. Copyright, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

I remember to have heard somewhere of a religious body in the United States of America which had reason to suspect one of its churches of accepting spiritual consolation from a coloured preacher—an offence against the laws of the Synod—and despatched a Disciplinary Committee with power to act; and of the Committee's returning to report itself unable to take any action under its terms of reference, for that while a person undoubtedly coloured had undoubtedly occupied the pulpit, and had audibly spoken from it in the Committee's presence, the performance could be brought within no definition of preaching known or discoverable. So it is with that infirmity of speech—that flux, that determination of words to the mouth, or to the pen,—which, though it be familiar to you in parliamentary debates, in newspapers, and as the staple language of Blue Books, Committees, Official Reports, I take leave to introduce to you as prose which is not prose and under its real name of Jargon.

You must not confuse this Jargon with what is called Journalese. The two overlap, indeed, and have a knack of assimilating each other's vices. But Jargon finds, maybe, the most of its votaries among good douce people who have never written to or for a newspaper in their life, who would never talk of "adverse climatic conditions" when they mean "bad weather"; who have never trifled with verbs such as "obsess," "recrudesce," "envisage," "adumbrate," or with phrases, such as "the psychological moment," "the true inwardness," "it gives furiously to think." It dallies with Latinity,—*"sub silentio," "de die in diem," "cui bono?"* (always in the sense, unsuspected by Cicero, of "What is the profit?")—but not for the sake of style. Your journalist at the worst is an artist in his way; he daubs paint of this kind upon the lily with professional zeal; the more fragrant (or, to use his own word, arresting) the pigment, the happier is his soul. Like the Babu he is trying all the while to embellish our poor language, to make it more floriferous, more poetical—like the Babu, for example, who, reporting his mother's death wrote, "Regret to inform you, the hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket."

There is metaphor; *there* is ornament; *there* is a sense of poetry, though as yet groping in a world unrealised. No such gusto marks—no such zeal, artistic or professional, animates—the practitioners of Jargon, who are, most of them (I repeat), douce respectable persons. Caution is its father; the instinct to save everything and especially trouble; its mother, Indolence. It looks precise, but is not. It is, in these times, safe: a thousand men have said it before and not one to your knowledge had been prosecuted for it. And so, like respectability in Chicago, Jargon stalks unchecked in our midst. It is becoming the language of Parliament; it has become the medium through which Boards of Government, County Councils, Syndicates, Committees, Commercial Firms express the processes as well as the conclusions of their thought and so voice the reason of their being.

Has a Minister to say "No" in the House of Commons? Some men are constitutionally incapable of saying no; but the Minister conveys it thus: "The answer to the question is in the negative." That means "No." Can you dis-

cover it to mean anything less, or anything more except that the speaker is a pompous person?—which was no part of the information demanded.

That is Jargon, and it happens to be accurate. But as a rule Jargon is by no means accurate, its method being to walk circumspectly around its target; and its faith, that having done so it has either hit the bull's-eye or at least achieved something equivalent, and safer.

Thus the clerk of a Board of Guardians will minute that—

In the case of John Jenkins deceased the coffin provided was of the usual character.

Now this is not accurate. "In the case of John Jenkins deceased," for whom a coffin was supplied, it is wholly superfluous to tell us that he is deceased. But actually John Jenkins never had more than one case, and that was the coffin. The clerk says he had two,—a coffin in a case; but I suspect the clerk to be mistaken, and I am sure he errs in telling us that the coffin was of the usual character; for coffins have no character, usual or unusual.

For another example (I shall not tell you whence derived)—

In the case of every candidate who is placed in the first class [So you see the lucky fellow gets a case as well as a first-class. He might be a stuffed animal: perhaps he is]—In the case of every candidate who is placed in the first class the class-list will show by some convenient mark (1) the Section or Sections for proficiency in which he is placed in the first class and (2) the Section or Sections (if any) in which he has passed with special distinction.

"The Section* or Sections (if any)"—But how, if they are not any, could they be indicated by a mark however convenient?

The Examiners will have regard to the style and method of the candidate's answers, and will give credit for excellence in *these respects*.

Have you begun to detect the two main vices of Jargon? The first is that it uses circumlocution rather than short straight speech. It says: "In the case of John Jenkins deceased the coffin" when it means "John Jenkins's coffin"; and its yea is not yea, neither is its nay nay; but its answer is in the affirmative or in the negative, as the foolish and superfluous "case" may be. The second vice is that it habitually chooses vague woolly abstract nouns rather than concrete ones. I shall have something to say by-and-by about the concrete noun, and how you should ever be struggling for it whether in prose or in verse. For the moment I content myself with advising you, if you would write masculine English, never to forget the old tag of your Latin Grammar—

Masculine will only be
Things that you can touch and see.

But since these lectures are meant to be a course in First Aid to writing, I will content myself with one or two extremely rough rules; yet I shall be disappointed if you do not find them serviceable.

The first is: Whenever in your reading you come across one of these words, *case*, *instance*, *character*, *nature*, *condition*, *persuasion*, *degree*, whenever in writing your pen betrays you to one or another of them—pull yourself up and take thought. If it be “case” (I choose it as Jargon’s dearest child—“in Heaven yclept Metonymy”) turn to the dictionary, if you will, and seek out what meaning can be derived from *casus*, its Latin ancestor, then try how, with a little trouble, you can extricate yourself from that case. The odds are, you will feel like a butterfly who has discarded his chrysalis.

Here are some specimens to try your hand on:

(1) All those tears which inundated Lord Hugh Cecil’s head were dry in the case of Mr. Harold Cox.

Poor Mr. Cox! left gasping in his aquarium!

(2) [From a cigar-merchant.] In any case, let us send you a case on approval.

(3) It is contended that Consols have fallen in consequence; but such is by no means the case.

“*Such*,” by the way, is another spoilt child of Jargon, especially in Committee’s Rules—“Co-opted members may be eligible as such; such members to continue to serve for such time as”—and so on.

(4) Even in the purely Celtic areas only in two or three cases do the Bishops bear Celtic names.

For “cases” read “dioceses.”

Instance. In most instances the players were below their form.

But what were they playing at? Instances?

Character—*Nature.* There can be no doubt that the accident was caused through the dangerous nature of the spot, the hidden character of the by-road, and the utter absence of any warning or danger signal.

Mark the foggy wording of it all! And yet the man hit something and broke his neck! Contrast that explanation with the verdict of a coroner’s jury in the west of England on a drowned postman: “We find that deceased met his death by an act of God, caused by sudden overflowing of the river Walkham and helped out by the scandalous neglect of the way-wardens.”

The Aintree course is notoriously of a trying nature.

On account of its light character, purity, and age, Usher’s whiskey is a whiskey that will agree with you.

Order. The mésalliance was of a pronounced order.

Condition. He was conveyed to his place of residence in an intoxicated condition.

“He was carried home drunk.”

Quality and Section. Mr. —, exhibiting no less than five works, all of a superior quality, figures prominently in the oil section.

—This was written of an exhibition of pictures.

Degree. A singular degree of rarity prevails in the earlier editions of this romance.

That is jargon. In prose it runs simply "The earlier editions of this romance are rare"—or "are very rare"—or, even (if you believe what I take leave to doubt), "are singularly rare"; which should mean that they are rarer than the editions of any other work in the world.

Now what I ask you to consider about these quotations is that in each the writer was using jargon to shirk prose, palming off periphrases upon us when with a little trouble he could have gone straight to the point. "A singular degree of rarity prevails," "the accident was caused through the dangerous nature of the spot," "but such is by no means the case." We may not be capable of much; but we can all write better than that, if we take a little trouble. In place of, "the Aintree course is of a trying nature" we can surely say "Aintree is a trying course" or "the Aintree course is a trying one"—just that and nothing more.

For another rule—just as rough and ready, but just as useful: Train your suspicions to bristle up whenever you come upon "as regards," "with regard to," "in respect of," "in connection with," "according as to whether," and the like. They are all dodges of jargon, circumlocutions for evading this or that simple statement; and I say that it is not enough to avoid them nine times out of ten, or nine-and-ninety times out of a hundred. You should never use them. That is positive enough, I hope? Though I cannot admire his style, I admire the man who wrote to me, "Re Tennyson—your remarks anent his *In Memoriam* make me sick"; for though *re* is not a preposition of the first water, and "anent" has enjoyed its day, the finish crowned the work. But here are a few specimens far, very far, worse:—

The special difficulty in Professor Minocelsi's case [our old friend "case" again] arose *in connexion with* the view he holds *relative* to the historical value of the opening pages of Genesis.

That is jargon. In prose, even taking the miserable sentence as it stands constructed, we should write "the difficulty arose over the views he holds about the historical value," etc.

From a popular novelist:—

I was entirely indifferent *as to* the results of the game, caring nothing at all *as to* whether *I had losses or gains*—

Cut out the first "as" in "as to," and the second "as to" altogether, and the sentence begins to be prose—"I was indifferent to the results of the game, caring nothing whether I had losses or gains."

But why, like Dogberry, have "had losses"? Why not simply "lost"? Let us try again. "I was entirely indifferent to the results of the game, caring nothing at all whether I won or lost."

Still the sentence remains absurd; for the second clause but repeats the first without adding one jot. For if you care not at all whether you win or lose, you must be entirely indifferent to the results of the game. So why not say, "I was careless if I won or lost," and have done with it?

A man of simple and charming character, he was fitly *associated with* the distinction of the Order of Merit.

I take this gem with some others from a collection made three years ago, by the *Oxford Magazine*; and I hope you admire it as one beyond price. "He was associated with the distinction of the Order of Merit" means "he was given the Order of Merit." If the members of that Order make a society then he was associated with them; but you cannot associate a man with a distinction. The inventor of such fine writing would doubtless have answered Canning's Needy Knife-grinder with:—

I associate thee with sixpence! I will see thee in another association first!

But let us close our *florilegium* and attempt to illustrate jargon by the converse method of taking a famous piece of English (say Hamlet's soliloquy) and remoulding a few lines of it in this fashion:—

To be, or the contrary? Whether the former or the latter be preferable would seem to admit of some difference of opinion; the answer in the present case being of an affirmative or of a negative character according as to whether one elects on the one hand to mentally suffer the disfavour of fortune, albeit in an extreme degree, or on the other to boldly envisage adverse conditions in the prospect of eventually bringing them to a conclusion. The condition of sleep is similar to, if not distinguishable from that of death; and with the addition of finality the former might be considered identical with the latter: so that in this connection it might be argued with regard to sleep that, could the addition be effected, a termination would be put to the endurance of a multiplicity of inconveniences, not to mention a number of downright evils incidental to our fallen humanity, and thus a consummation achieved of a most gratifying nature.

T. H. HUXLEY AS A LITERARY MAN¹

by *Aldous Huxley*

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON has a genius for saying new and surprising things about old subjects. We are grateful to him for his originality. But there is such a thing as being too original by half; and it sometimes happens that what Mr. Chesterton says is so new and so surprising that it has very little perceptible relevance to the subject under discussion. For example, in that stimulating little book, *The Victorian Age in Literature*, he says of Lord Macaulay and T. H. Huxley that "they were both much more under the influence of their own admirable rhetoric than they knew. Huxley, especially, was much more a literary than a scientific man."

Well, this is new and surprising enough—new and surprising, indeed, to the point of being quite untrue. The records of Huxley's scientific achievements are there to prove the contrary. He was a man of science first of all—a man of science who also had, what quite a number of men of science before and after his day have had, a literary gift.

Being myself of the literary profession, I think I can guess how a fellow man of letters would arrive at the conclusion so boldly enunciated in Mr. Chesterton's book. The process is simplicity itself. All that is required is a little systematic and selective ignorance. Ostrich-like, one shuts one's eyes to the scientific achievements of one's subject. One refrains from reading any of his technical papers (and, incidentally, even if one did read them, one would not understand them); and one concentrates exclusively on his more accessible, his more specifically literary productions. The result is that one comes, logically and inevitably, to the conclusion that "Huxley, especially, was much more a literary than a scientific man." Q.E.D. It is as evident as a proposition of Euclid.

It would be easy to apply the same process to other men of science and to arrive at exactly similar conclusions. Thus, if you choose to forget the "Experimental Researches" and remember only the Calvinistic sermons, you can say of Faraday that he was much less a man of science than a nonconformist preacher. Concentrate on Clerk Maxwell's beautiful letters, and you will be able to conclude that the author of the electromagnetic theory of light was not so much the successor of Newton as of Mme. de Sévigné and Horace Walpole. And if you listen to the musical improvisations rather than to the lectures on relativity, you will have every reason for saying that Einstein is more significant as a violinist than as a mathematical physicist.

¹ From *The Huxley Memorial Lectures, 1925-1932*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Such conclusions are based, as I have said, on systematic and selective ignorance. Now, systematic ignorance of past science is doubtless deplorable. But, however deplorable, it is not, except with a special effort, to be avoided. Those who have not had a scientific education are incapable of understanding the technicalities of any scientific paper. Those who have been educated in one branch of science are hardly better off than laymen, when it comes to understanding a paper in some other branch. And those who have been educated in the particular science under consideration have no need to refer to the original papers of their predecessors. Every generation of scientific men starts where the previous generation left off; and the most advanced discoveries of one age constitute the elementary axioms of the next. We are not in the habit of inspecting the foundations of the houses in which we live; and, similarly, men of science are not in the habit of referring to the original papers of their predecessors. "I am toiling over my chapter about Owen," writes Huxley towards the end of his life, in 1894. "The thing that strikes me most is, how he and I and all the things we fought about belong to antiquity." It was, to a large extent, thanks to Huxley's own labours that they belonged to antiquity, A prolific discoverer is continuously superannuating his earlier self.

Except, then, for the historians of science, nobody studies at first hand those contributions to knowledge to which the great discoverers of the past owe their scientific reputations. By what seems a strange paradox, the older scientists survive mainly as artists. A work of art can never be taken for granted, and so forgotten; neither can it ever be disproved and therefore thrown aside. Science is soon out of date, art is not.

Of this fact Huxley himself was well aware. In one of his letters he comments upon it with characteristic humour. "At the Christmas dinner," we are told in his biography, "he invariably delighted the children by carving wonderful beasts, generally pigs, out of orange peel. When the marriage of his eldest daughter had taken her away from this important function, she was sent the best specimen as a reminder. 'I call it,' he writes in the accompanying letter, 'Piggurne, or Harmony in Orange and White.'" This was written in 1878, the year of Whistler's action against Ruskin; nocturnes and colour harmonies were very much "in the news." "'Preserve it, my dear child,' he goes on, 'as evidence of the paternal genius, when those light and fugitive productions which are buried in the *Philosophical Transactions* and elsewhere are forgotten.'"

The jesting words express a truth. Productions published in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society may not be light; but they are in a very real sense fugitive. The substance of a scientific paper is incorporated into the general stock of knowledge; but the paper itself is doomed to oblivion. Not so the pig made of orange peel. If sufficiently well carved, it may continue to give pleasure and to excite admiration for an indefinite period—or at any rate so long as the peel holds together. What is true of orange-peel pigs is true, *a fortiori*, of those monuments more lasting than brass, well-written books.

As a scientific man, Huxley, like all his great contemporaries and precedes-

sors, is now a mere historical figure. Most of us are content to accept his scientific reputation on authority, without ever having consulted the original evidence on which it was based. As a literary man, however, he is still a living force. His non-technical writings have the persistent contemporariness that is a quality of all good art. People go on reading his books and enjoying them. Mr. Chesterton affirms, as a matter of historical fact, that Huxley "was much more of a literary than a scientific man." In which Mr. Chesterton is wrong. But if he had said that Huxley "*is* much more of a literary than a scientific man," he would have been quite right. In so far as Huxley is still alive, influential and contemporary, it is as the man of letters. Such is the privilege of art. Orange-peel pigs are less transient than scientific papers.

There are several ways in which I might deal with Huxley's career as a man of letters. There is, for example, the biographical approach. But the biographical ground has been so thoroughly covered in the *Life and Letters* that I could do nothing in this line but summarize what has been said before. I prefer, therefore, to approach the subject as a purely literary critic. Now, much has been written in rather vague and general terms of Huxley's style. I shall, accordingly, try to do something more definite and precise. Taking characteristic specimens of Huxley's writings, I shall analyse them with a view to showing what exactly were the technical means he employed to produce his effects. Critics should take pains to show why such and such a piece of writing provokes us to call it by such and such a name. The observable facts of literature are words arranged in certain patterns. The words have a meaning independent of the pattern in which they are arranged; but it is the pattern that gives to this meaning its peculiar quality and intensity; that can make a statement seem somehow truer or somehow less true than the truth. Moreover, a word-pattern of one kind will cause us to say of its inventor: "This man is (for example) sincere"; of another kind: "This man is affected and false." It is the business of the literary artist to make word-patterns in such a way that his readers shall be compelled to draw certain inferences from them. It is the business of the critic to show how our judgments are affected by variations in word-patterns. This is what I shall try to do in the present case.

But before beginning my analysis of Huxley's achievements as a literary artist, I think it would be advisable to say a few words by way of general introduction about the relations between literature and science.

The function of language is twofold: to communicate emotion and to give information. The rudimentary language of the lower animals seems to be purely emotive. Beasts make noises to express desire, fear, anger and the like; to let off their superfluous energy; and to make their presence known to their fellow-creatures. Never do they express a concept. When a startled blackbird flies off at our approach with his characteristic cry, he is not saying, "There is a man"; he is saying, "I am afraid"—or rather, he is simply screaming with terror. And at the sound of the scream, other blackbirds are terrified.

Communication is by emotional infection, never, apparently, by conceptual statement.

Man has invented concepts. He does not merely scream with terror; he also says why and of what he is afraid. The noises he makes stand for classes of objects. He can do what the animal can never do: he can make an exact statement untunged by passion. In other words, he can write scientifically.

But because he *can* do this, it does not follow that he very often wants to do it. In most of the circumstances of life, he wants not only to inform, but also to move—above all, to be moved as well as to be informed. Literature is the art of making statements movingly.

Now, the emotions which a literary statement may cause us to feel are of two distinct types. They may be what I will call the “biological emotions”—emotions, that is to say, with a survival value, such as fear, anger, delight or disgust, all of which we share with the lower animals. Or they may be more specifically human emotions—luxury feelings, which we might lose without seriously imperilling our chances of survival.

Literature, in common with the other arts, arouses in us, over and above any kind of biological emotion, a certain luxury feeling, to which we give the name of the aesthetic emotion. We describe as beautiful anything which makes us experience this feeling.

Let us now consider the case of a writer who is trying to make a statement which shall cause his readers to have a certain biological feeling—say, a feeling of anger. By using words with suitable significances and associations, by expressing himself in terms of metaphors that call up the right kind of images, he can make it clear to his readers that he feels angry himself (or, vicariously, in the person of a fictional character) and that he wants them to feel angry too. Whether they respond or remain unmoved depends, to a very considerable extent, on his powers as an artist—on his powers, that is to say, as a giver of aesthetic emotions. If he can arrange his words and phrases in a pattern which his readers will consider beautiful, then he is likely to succeed. If not, he is likely to fail. Biological feelings can be well and promptly communicated only by words arranged so as to give us aesthetic feelings. And the same thing is true even of the most abstract ideas. We are more likely to take in an idea which is expressed with art, beautifully, than if it is expressed in language that gives us no aesthetic satisfaction.

True, facts and theories *can* be communicated in terms that give the reader no aesthetic satisfaction. So can the passions. But neither passion nor facts and theories can be communicated rapidly and persuasively in such terms. Whatever is expressed with art—whether it be a lover’s despair or a metaphysical theory—pierces the mind and compels assent and acceptance. Against that which is expressed without art, our understandings are naturally armoured. We have a certain difficulty in taking in anything that is not intrinsically elegant; a certain eagerness to accept anything that moves us aesthetically. Handsome faces are sometimes associated with ugly characters; and in the same way, alas! literary art may be associated with untruth. The natural

human tendency to believe what is beautiful has been the source of innumerable errors. If only Plato had written as badly as Immanuel Kant! But his voice was, unfortunately, the voice of an angel, even when it was uttering demonstrable nonsense. And if Darwin's style had been as excellent as Samuel Butler's, Mr. Bernard Shaw would not at present be a preacher of Lamarckism—"a doctrine," as Professor J. B. S. Haldane has remarked, "supported by far less positive evidence than exists for the reality of witchcraft."

Science is investigation. But if it were only investigation, it would be without fruit, and useless. Henry Cavendish investigated for the mere fun of the thing, and left the world in ignorance of his most important discoveries. Our admiration for his genius is tempered by a certain disapproval; we feel that such a man is selfish and anti-social. Science is investigation; yes. But it is also, and no less essentially, communication. But all communication is literature. In one of its aspects, then, science is a branch of literature.

Some kinds of literature, however, are more widely accessible than others. Also, certain classes of experience give more artistic scope to those who communicate them than do certain other classes of experience. For example, a man who writes about his experiences of love or pain has more scope for arranging words in an aesthetically satisfying way than one who sets out to give an account of his observations on, say, deep-sea fish. All communications are literature; but their potentialities for beauty are unequal. A good account of deep-sea fish can never be as richly, variously and subtly beautiful as a good poem about love. But, on the other hand, a bad account of fish can probably never be so monstrous as a bad love-poem.

To make clearer what I have been saying, let me give two specific examples. The following is an extract from an article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* on the furnishing of Anglican churches after the Reformation: "When tables were substituted for altars in the English churches, these were not merely movable, but, at the administration of the Lord's Supper, were actually moved into the body of the church, and placed *table-wise*—that is, with the long sides turned to the north and south, and the narrow ends to the east and west. In the time of Archbishop Laud, however, the present practice of the Church of England was introduced. The communion table, though still of wood and movable, is, in fact, never moved; it is placed *altar-wise*—that is, with the longer axis running north and south. Often there is a reredos behind it; it is also fenced in by rails to preserve it from profanation of various kinds."

This is a simple and, as it happens, not a very good specimen of scientific literature. We read it without feeling any emotion, whether biological or aesthetic. The words are neither exciting nor beautiful; they are merely informative—and informative in what is, on the whole, rather an inelegant way.

Let us now listen to what Milton had to say on the same subject. "The table of communion, now become a table of separation, stands like an exalted platform on the brow of the quire, fortified with bulwark and barricado to keep off the profane touch of the laics, whilst the obscene and surfeited priest scruples not to paw and mammock the sacramental bread as familiarly as his tavern biscuit."

This is a statement about church furnishing; but not, as I think you may have noticed, a scientific statement—that is to say, a merely informative and unimpassioned statement. Milton, it is clear, designed to communicate, along with the facts about altars, certain biological feelings of his own—as hatred of priests and sympathy for an exploited laity. Thanks to the skilful use of a number of technical literary devices—devices which, unfortunately, I have no time to describe and analyse—the passage also gives us a lively feeling of aesthetic satisfaction. Milton communicates what he has to say with art; that is to say, he communicates it successfully. He really makes us feel, at any rate while we are reading him, some of his own indignation.

Huxley, as I shall show in due course, was an artist in both these kinds of literature—an artist in pure scientific statement, and also, on occasion, an artist in the communication of what I have called the biological feelings. Both his pure scientific and his emotive statements arouse aesthetic feelings; in other words, each kind of statement is, in its own way, beautiful.

Huxley realized very well the importance of being an artist. Of the Germans he writes: "As men of research in positive science they are magnificently laborious and accurate. But most of them have no notion of style, and seem to compose their books with a pitchfork." Determined that his own books should not justify a similar reproach, he cultivated his literary gifts with conscientious industry. "It constantly becomes more and more difficult for me to *finish* things satisfactorily," he writes to Hooker in 1860. The reason for this was that his standard of literary excellence was constantly becoming higher. Let me quote in this context a letter to his French translator, de Varigny. "I am quite conscious that the condensed and idiomatic English into which I always try to put my thoughts must present many difficulties to a translator. . . . The fact is that I have a great love and respect for my native tongue, and take great pains to use it properly. Sometimes I write essays half a dozen times before I can get them into the proper shape; and I believe I become more fastidious as I grow older." It was an effective fastidiousness; Huxley undoubtedly wrote better as he grew older.

What were his artistic principles and ideals? The following passage from a letter to the *Pull Mall Gazette* in 1886 is illuminating:

That a young Englishman may be turned out of one of our universities, "epopt and perfect," as far as their system takes him, and yet ignorant of the noble literature which has grown up in these islands during the last three centuries, no less than of the philosophical and political ideas which have most profoundly influenced modern civilization, is a fact in the history of the nineteenth century which the twentieth will find hard to believe; though perhaps it is not more incredible than our current superstition that whoso wishes to write and speak English well should mould his style after the models furnished by classical antiquity. For my part, I venture to doubt the wisdom of attempting to mould one's style by any other process than that of striving after the clear and forcible expression of definite conceptions; in which process the Glassian precept, "first catch your definite conceptions," is probably the most difficult to obey. But still I mark among distinguished contemporary speakers and writers of English, saturated with antiquity, not a few to whom, it seems to me, the study of Hobbes

might have taught dignity, of Swift, concision and clearness, of Goldsmith and Defoe, simplicity.

Well, among a hundred young men whose university career is finished, is there one whose attention has ever been directed by his literary instructors to a page of Hobbes, or Swift, or Goldsmith, or Defoe? In my boyhood we were familiar with *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *Gulliver's Travels*; and though the treasures of "Middle English" were hidden from us, my impression is that we ran less chance of learning to write and speak the "muddling English" of popular orators and head masters than if we had been perfect in such mysteries and ignorant of those three masterpieces. It has been the fashion to decry the eighteenth century, as young fops laugh at their fathers. But we were there in germ; and a "Professor of Eighteenth-Century History and Literature" who knew his business might tell young Englishmen more of that which it is profoundly important that they should know, but which at present remains hidden from them, than any other instructor: and, incidentally, they would learn to know good English when they see or hear it—perhaps even to distinguish between slipshod copiousness and true eloquence, and that alone would be a great gain.

To literary beginners, Huxley's advice was: "Say that which has to be said in such language that you can stand cross-examination on each word." And again: "Be clear, though you may be convicted of error. If you are clearly wrong, you will run up against a fact sometime and get set right. If you shuffle with your subject and study chiefly to use language which will give you a loophole of escape either way, there is no hope for you." "Veracity," he said on another occasion, "is the heart of morality." It was also the heart of his literary style. For all those rhetorical devices by means of which the sophist and the politician seek to make the worse appear the better cause Huxley felt an almost passionate disapproval. "When some chieftain," he wrote, "famous in political warfare, ventures into the region of letters or of science, in full confidence that the methods which have brought fame and honour in his own province will answer there, he is apt to forget that he will be judged by those people on whom rhetorical artifices have long since ceased to take effect; and to whom mere dexterity in putting together cleverly ambiguous phrases, and even the great art of offensive misrepresentation, are unspeakably wearisome."

The chieftain in question was Mr. Gladstone, with whom, in 1891, Huxley was having the Gadarene swine controversy. Four years later, in the last year of his life, Huxley was to remark, in a conversation recorded by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, on the philosophical methods of another eminent politician, Mr. Arthur Balfour. "No human being holds the opinion he (Balfour) speaks of as Naturalism. He is a good debater. He knows the value of a word. The word 'Naturalism' has a bad sound and unpleasant associations. It would tell against us in the House of Commons, and so it will with his readers." Huxley was also a good debater; he also knew the value of a word. But his passion for veracity always kept him from taking any unfair rhetorical advantages of an opponent. The candour with which he acknowledged a weakness in his own case was always complete, and though he made full use of a rich variety of literary devices to bring home what he wanted to say, he never abused his great rhetorical powers. Truth was more important to him than personal

triumph, and he relied more on a forceful clarity to convince his readers than on the brilliant and exciting ambiguities of propagandist eloquence.

For the purposes of literary analysis, Huxley's writings may be divided into three classes: first, the purely descriptive; secondly, the philosophical and sociological; and thirdly, the controversial and (to use once more a repellent, but irreplaceable word) the emotive. To the first of these classes belong the technical scientific papers; to the second, the studies of Hume and Berkeley and a number of essays on metaphysical, ethical and educational subjects; and to the third, certain of the essays on Christian and Hebrew tradition and the essays containing criticisms of other people's ideas or a defence of his own. It is hardly necessary to say that, in reality, the three classes overlap. The descriptive papers contain philosophical matter in the form of generalizations and scientific hypotheses. The philosophical and sociological essays have their controversial and their emotionally moving passages; and as most of the controversies are on philosophical subjects, the controversial essays are to a considerable extent purely philosophical. Still, imperfect as it is, the classification is none the less useful. The writings of the first two classes are strictly scientific writings; that is to say, they are meant to communicate facts and ideas, not passions. They are of the same kind as the passage from the *Encyclopaedia* quoted at an earlier stage in this lecture. The writings of the third class belong to the same genus as my quotation from Milton. They are intended to communicate feelings as well as information—and biological feeling as well as pure aesthetic feeling. I propose now to deal with these three classes of Huxley's writings in order.

To describe with precision even the simplest object is extremely difficult. Just how difficult only those who have attempted the task professionally can realize. Let me ask you to imagine yourselves suddenly called upon to explain to some Martian visitor the exact form, function and mode of operation of, say, a corkscrew. The thing seems simple enough; and yet I suspect that, after a few minutes of stammering hesitations, most of us would find ourselves reduced to making spiral gestures with a forefinger and going through a pantomime of bottle-opening. The difficulties of describing in a clear and intelligible way such an incomparably more elaborate piece of machinery as a living organism, for example, are proportionately greater.

Not only is exact description difficult; it is also, of all kinds of writing, that which has in it the least potentialities of beauty. The object to be described stares the author uncompromisingly in the face. His business is to render its likeness in words, point by point, in such a way that someone who had never seen it would be able to reconstruct it from his description, as from a blue print. He must therefore call every spade consistently and exclusively a spade—never anything else. But the higher forms of literature depend for many of their most delicate effects on spades being called on occasion by other names. Non-scientific writers are free to use a variety of synonyms to express the same idea in subtly different ways; are free to employ words with variously coloured overtones of association; are free to express

themselves, in terms now of one metaphor, now of another. Not so the maker of verbal blue prints. The only beauties he can hope, or, indeed, has any right to create are beauties of orderly composition and, in detail, of verbal clarity. Huxley's scientific papers prove him to have had a remarkable talent for this austere and ungrateful kind of writing. His descriptions of the most complicated organic structures are astonishingly lucid. We are reminded, as we read, that their author was an accomplished draughtsman. "I should make it absolutely necessary," he writes in one of his essays on education, "for everybody to learn to draw. . . . You will find it," he goes on, "an implement of learning of extreme value. It gives you the means of training the young in attention and accuracy, which are two things in which all mankind are more deficient than in any other mental quality whatever. The whole of my life has been spent in trying to give my proper attention to things and to be accurate, and I have not succeeded as well as I could wish; and other people, I am afraid, are not much more fortunate." No artist, I suppose, has ever succeeded as well as he could wish; but many have succeeded as well as other, less talented people could wish. In its own kind, such a book as Huxley's *Treatise on the Crayfish* is a model of excellence. Quotation cannot do justice to the composition of the book as a whole, and the unavoidable use of technical terms makes the citing even of short extracts unsuitable on such an occasion as the present. The following passage may serve, however, to give some idea of the lucidity of Huxley's descriptive style:

In the dorsal wall of the heart two small oval apertures are visible, provided with valvular lips, which open inwards, or towards the internal cavity of the heart. There is a similar aperture in each of the two lateral faces of the heart, and two others in its inferior face, making six in all. These apertures readily admit fluid into the heart, but oppose its exit. On the other hand, at the origins of the arteries there are small valvular folds directed in such a manner as to permit the exit of fluid from the heart, while they prevent its entrance.

This is nakedly plain and unadorned; but it does what it was intended to do—gives the reader a satisfyingly accurate picture of what is being described. Some modern popularizers of science have sought to "humanize" their writing. The following is an example of the late Dr. Dorsey's humanized—his all-too-humanized—scientific style:

If we find that the thing we trust to pick the mother of our children [*sic*] is simply a double-barrelled pump, knowledge of our heart or the liquid refreshment it pumps to our brains will not grow more nerve cells, but it should make us less nervous and more respectful of the pump and the refreshment it delivers; when it stops, the brain starves to death.

Obscure almost to meaninglessness, vulgar, vague—this is the humanization of science with a vengeance! Deplorably but, I suppose, naturally enough, this kind of popular science is thoroughly popular in the other, the

box-office sense of the term. Tennyson's generalization, that we needs must love the highest when we see it, has but the slenderest justification in observable fact.

So much for the writings of the first class. Those of the second are more interesting, both to the general reader and to the literary critic. Philosophical writings have much higher potentialities of beauty than purely descriptive writings. The descriptive writer is confined within the narrow prison of the material objects whose likeness he is trying to render. The philosopher is the inhabitant of a much more spacious, because a purely mental, universe. There is, if I may so express myself, more room in the theory of knowledge than in a crayfish's heart. No doubt, if we could feel as certain about epistemology as we do about the shape and function of crustacean viscera, the philosopher's universe would be as narrow as the descriptive naturalist's. But we do not feel as certain. Ignorance has many advantages. Man's uncertainties in regard to all the major issues of life allow the philosopher much enviable freedom—freedom, among other things, to employ all kinds of artistic devices, from the use of which the descriptive naturalist is quite debarred.

The passages from Huxley's philosophical writings which I now propose to quote and analyse have been chosen mainly, of course, because they exhibit characteristic excellences of style, but partly also, for the sake of their content. Huxley's philosophical doctrines are outside my province, and I shall not discuss them. What I have done, however, is to choose as my literary examples passages which illustrate his views on a number of important questions. They show how cautious and profound a thinker he was—how very far from being that arrogant and cocksure materialist at whom, as at a convenient Aunt Sally, certain contemporary publicists are wont to fling their dialectical brickbats.

Huxley's use of purely rhythmical effects was always masterly, and my first three examples are intended to illustrate his practice in this branch of literary art. Here is a paragraph on scientific hypotheses:

All science starts with hypotheses—in other words, with assumptions that are unproved, while they may be, and often are, erroneous, but which are better than nothing to the searcher after order in the maze of phenomena. And the historical progress of every science depends on the criticism of hypotheses—on the gradual stripping off, that is, of their untrue or superfluous parts—until there remains only that exact verbal expression of as much as we know of the facts, and no more, which constitutes a perfect scientific theory.

The substance of this paragraph happens to be intrinsically correct. But we are the more willing to believe its truth because of the way in which that truth is expressed. Huxley's utterance has something peculiarly judicious and persuasive about it. The secret is to be found in his rhythm. If we analyse the crucial first sentence, we shall find that it consists of three more or less equal long phrases, followed by three more or less equal short ones. Thus:

All science starts with hypotheses—
 in other words, with assumptions that are unproved,
 while they may be, and often are, erroneous,
 but which are better than nothing
 to the searcher after order
 in the maze of phenomena.

The long opening phrases state all that can be said against hypotheses—state it with a firm and heavy emphasis. Then, suddenly, in the second half of the sentence, the movement quickens, and the brisk and lively rhythm of the three last phrases brings home the value of hypotheses with an appeal to the aesthetic sensibilities as well as to the intellect.

My second example is from a passage dealing with “those who oppose the doctrine of necessity”:

They rest [writes Huxley] on the absurd presumption that the proposition “I can do as I like” is contradictory to the doctrine of necessity. The answer is nobody doubts that, at any rate within certain limits, you can do as you like. But what determines your likings and dislikings? Did you make your own constitution? Is it your contrivance that one thing is pleasant and another is painful? And even if it were, why did you prefer to make it after the one fashion rather than the other? The passionate assertion of the consciousness of their freedom, which is the favorite refuge of the opponents of the doctrine of necessity, is mere futility, for nobody denies it. What they really have to do, if they would upset the necessarian argument, is to prove that they are free to associate any emotion whatever with any idea whatever; to like pain as much as pleasure, vice as much as virtue, in short, to prove that, whatever may be the fixity of order of the universe of things, that of thought is given over to chance.

Again, this is a very sound argument; but its penetrative force and immediate persuasiveness are unquestionably increased by the manner of its expression. The anti-necessarian case is attacked in a series of short, sharp phrases, each carrying a simple question demanding a simple and, for the arguer's opponents, a most damaging answer.

But what determines your likings and dislikings?
 Did you make your own constitution?
 Is it your contrivance that one thing is pleasant and another is painful?

The phrases lengthen as the argument deals with subtler points of detail; then, in the last sentence, where Huxley convicts his opponents of upholding an absurdity, they contract to the emphatically alliterative brevity of

to like pain as much as pleasure,
 vice as much as virtue.

After which the absurdity of the anti-necessarian case is generalized; there is a long preparatory phrase, followed by a brief, simple and, we are made to feel, definitive conclusion:

to prove that, whatever may be the fixity of order of the universe of things, that of thought is given over to chance.

The persuasive effectiveness of these last phrases is enhanced by the use of alliteration. "Things" and "thought" are key words. Their alliterative resemblance serves to emphasize the unjustifiable distinction which the anti-necessarians draw between the two worlds. And the insistent recurrence in both phrases of the v-sound of *prove, whatever, universe* and of *given* and *over* enhances the same effect.

The passage I am now about to quote is remarkable both for what it says and for the particularly solemn and noble manner of the saying:

In whichever way we look at the matter, morality is based on feeling, not on reason; though reason alone is competent to trace out the effects of our actions and thereby dictate conduct. Justice is founded on the love of one's neighbour; and goodness is a kind of beauty. The moral law, like the laws of physical nature, rests in the long run upon instinctive intuitions, and is neither more nor less "innate" and "necessary" than they are. Some people cannot by any means be got to understand the first book of Euclid; but the truths of mathematics are no less necessary and binding on the great mass of mankind. Some there are who cannot feel the difference between the "Sonata Appassionata" and "Cherry Ripe," or between a gravestone-cutter's cherub and the Apollo Belvedere; but the canons of art are none the less acknowledged. While some there may be who, devoid of sympathy, are incapable of a sense of duty; but neither does their existence affect the foundations of morality. Such pathological deviations from true manhood are merely the halt, the lame and the blind of the world of consciousness; and the anatomist of the mind leaves them aside, as the anatomist of the body would ignore abnormal specimens.

And as there are Pascals and Mozarts, Newtons and Raphaels, in which the innate faculty for science or art needs but a touch to spring into full vigour, and through whom the human race obtains new possibilities of knowledge and new conceptions of beauty; so there have been men of moral genius, to whom we owe ideals of duty and visions of moral perfection, which ordinary mankind could never have attained; though, happily for them, they can feel the beauty of a vision which lay beyond the reach of their dull imaginations, and count life well spent in shaping some faint image of it in the actual world.

As a piece of reflective writing, this is quite admirable; and it will be worth while, I think, to take some trouble to analyse out the technical devices which make it so effective. The secret of the peculiar beauty of this grave and noble passage is to be found, I believe, in the author's use of what, for lack of a better term, I will call "caesura-sentences." Hebrew literature provides the classical type of the caesura-sentence. Open any of the poetical books of the Bible at random, and you will find all the examples you want. "His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth." Or, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." The whole system of Hebrew poetry was based on the division of each sentence by a caesura into two distinct, but related clauses. Anglo-Saxon verse was written on a somewhat similar principle. The caesura-sentence is common in the work of some of the greatest English prose-writers. One of

them, Sir Thomas Browne, used it constantly. Here, for example, is a characteristic passage from the "Urn Burial": "Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings. We slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves."

In the long passage quoted just now much of that effect of noble and meditative gravity is obtained by the judicious use of caesura-sentences. The tone is set by a sentence that might almost have been penned by Sir Thomas Browne himself: "Justice is founded on the love of one's neighbour; and goodness is a kind of beauty." All the rest of the first paragraph is built up of fundamentally similar caesura-sentences, some almost as brief and simple as the foregoing, some long and complicated, but preserving through their length and complication the peculiar quality (as of a sad and deeply reflective soliloquy, an argument of the mind with its inmost self), the musically pensive essence of the Brownian formula.

Before leaving the subject of Huxley's philosophical writings, I must say something about his use of images and his choice of words. Since accuracy and veracity were the qualities at which he consistently aimed, Huxley was sparing in the use of images. Ideas can be very vividly expressed in terms of metaphor and simile; but, since analogies are rarely complete, this vividness is too often achieved at the cost of precision. Seldom, and only with the greatest caution, does Huxley attempt anything like a full-blown simile. The most striking one I can remember is that in which he compares living beings to the whirlpool below Niagara:

However changeful is the contour of its crest, this wave has been visible, approximately in the same place, and with the same general form, for centuries past. Seen from a mile off, it would seem to be a stationary hillock of water. Viewed closely, it is a typical expression of the conflicting impulses generated by a swift rush of material particles. Now, with all our appliances, we cannot get within a good many miles, so to speak, of the crayfish. If we could, we should see that it was nothing but the constant form of a similar turmoil of material molecules, which are constantly flowing into the animal on one side, and streaming out on the other.

Only where analogies were as close as this one between the living body and the vortex would Huxley venture to make use of similes. He was never prepared to enliven the manner of his books at the expense of their matter.

Huxley's vocabulary is probably the weakest point in all his literary equipment. True, it was perfectly adequate to the clear and forceful statement of his ideas. But the sensitive reader cannot help feeling that the choice of words might, without any impairment of scientific efficiency, have been more exquisite. For example, we miss in his writings that studied alternation of words of Greek and Latin with words of Teutonic origin—an alternation so rich, when skilfully handled, as by Milton, in powerful and startling literary effects. To illustrate the defects in Huxley's vocabulary would be a lengthy

and laborious process, which I cannot undertake in the time at my disposal. It must be enough to say that, good as his choice of words generally is, it might unquestionably have been better.

Let us turn now to the third division of Huxley's writings, the controversial and emotive. As a controversialist, Huxley was severe, but always courteous. We must not expect to find in his polemical writings those thunderous comminations, that jeering and abuse which make Milton's prose such lively reading. Still, he could be sarcastic enough when he wanted, and his wit was pointed and barbed by the elegance with which he expressed himself. Here is a passage from a brief biography of Descartes, which shows what was the nature of his talents in this direction:

Trained by the best educators of the seventeenth century, the Jesuits, naturally endowed with a dialectic grasp and subtlety which even they could hardly improve; and with a passion for getting at the truth which even they could hardly impair, Descartes possessed in addition a rare mastery of literary expression.

One could quote many similar passages. From the neat antithesis to the odd and laughter-provoking word—Huxley used every device for the expression of sarcasm and irony.

In the passages in which his aim was to convey, along with ideas, a certain quality of passion, Huxley resorted very often to literary allusion—particularly to biblical allusion. Here is a characteristic example:

The politician tells us, "You must educate the masses because they are going to be masters." The clergy join in the cry for education, for they affirm that the people are drifting away from church and chapel into the broadest infidelity. The manufacturers and the capitalists swell the chorus lustily. They declare that ignorance makes bad workmen, that England will soon be unable to turn out cotton goods, or steam engines, cheaper than other people, and then, Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory will be departed from us. And a few voices are lifted up in favour of the doctrine that the masses should be educated because they are men and women with unlimited capacities of being, doing and suffering, and that it is as true now as ever it was, that the people perish for lack of knowledge.

Here the two, or rather the three, biblical references produce a variety of powerful emotional effects—produce them, let us note in passing, only upon those who know their Bible. Those who do not know their Bible will fail to appreciate the chief beauties of this passage almost as completely as those who do not know their Functions of Complex Variables must fail to appreciate the beauties of Niels Abel's mathematical literature. Every writer assumes in his readers a knowledge of the work of certain other writers. His assumptions, I may add, are frequently quite unjustified.

Let us now consider the emotional effects which Huxley aimed at producing and which, upon those who know the sacred writings as well as he, he did and still does produce. Ichabod, it will be remembered, was so named, "because the glory is departed from Israel, for the ark of God is taken." To mention Ichabod in this context is to imply a richly sarcastic disquisition on the nature of the capitalists' god. The tone changes, in the last sentence,

from ironical to earnest and pathetic; and those final words, "the people perish for lack of knowledge," put us in mind of two noble biblical passages: one from the book of the prophet Hosea, who affirms that "the Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land" and that "the people are destroyed for lack of knowledge"; the other from the book of Proverbs, to the effect that "where there is no vision, the people perish." The double reference produces the effect Huxley desired. The true reason for universal education could not be stated more concisely or more movingly.

Occasionally, Huxley's biblical references take the form, not of direct citation, but of the use of little tags of obsolescent language borrowed from the Authorized Version. After a long passage of lucid and essentially modern exposition, he will sometimes announce the oncoming of his peroration by a phrase or two of sixteenth-century prayer-book or Bible English. Our modern taste has veered away from this practice; but among writers of the early and middle nineteenth century it was very common. Lamb and his contemporaries were constantly dropping into Wardour Street Elizabethan; Carlyle's writings are a warehouse of every kind of fancy-dress language; Herman Melville made a habit of breaking out, whenever he was excited, into bogus Shakespeare; the very love-letters of the Brownings are peppered with learned archaisms. Indeed, one of the major defects of nineteenth-century literature, at any rate in our eyes, was its inordinate literariness, its habit of verbal dressing up and playing stylistic charades. That Huxley should have made brief and occasional use of the literary devices so freely exploited by his contemporaries is not surprising. Fortunately, his passion for veracity prevented him from overdoing the literariness.

I have constantly spoken, in the course of these analyses, of "literary devices." The phrase is a rather unfortunate one; for it is liable to call up in the hearer's mind a picture of someone laboriously practising a mixture of card-sharping and cookery. The words make us visualize the man of letters turning over the pages of some literary Mrs. Beeton in quest of the best recipe for an epigram or a dirge; or else as a trickster preparing for his game with the reader by carefully marking the cards. But in point of fact the man of letters does most of his work not by calculation, not by the application of formulas, but by aesthetic intuition. He has something to say, and he sets it down in the words which he finds most satisfying aesthetically. After the event comes the critic, who discovers that he was using a certain kind of literary device, which can be classified in its proper chapter of the cookery-book. The process is largely irreversible. Lacking talent, you cannot, out of the cookery-book, concoct a good work of art. The best you can hope to do is to produce an imitation, which may, for a short time, deceive the unwary into thinking it the genuine article.

Huxley's was unquestionably the genuine article. In this necessarily perfunctory discussion of a few characteristic examples of his writing, I have tried to show why he was a great man of letters, and how he produced those artistic effects, which cause us to make this critical judgment. The analysis

might be carried much further, but not by a lecturer and not within the lecturer's allotted hour. "Had we but world enough and time . . ." Alas! we never have.

THE NOVELS OF THOMAS HARDY¹

by Virginia Woolf

WHEN we say that the death of Thomas Hardy leaves English fiction without a leader, we mean that there is no other writer whose supremacy would be generally accepted, none to whom it seems so fitting and natural to pay homage. Nobody of course claimed it less. The unworldly and simple old man would have been painfully embarrassed by the rhetoric that flourishes on such occasions as this. Yet it is no less than the truth to say that while he lived there was one novelist at all events who made the art of fiction seem an honourable calling; while Hardy lived there was no excuse for thinking meanly of the art he practised. Nor was this solely the result of his peculiar genius. Something of it sprang from his character in its modesty and integrity, from his life, lived simply down in Dorsetshire without self-seeking or self-advertisement. For both reasons, because of his genius and because of the dignity with which his gift was used, it was impossible not to honour him as an artist and to feel respect and affection for the man. But it is of the work that we must speak, of the novels that were written so long ago that they seem as detached from the fiction of the moment as Hardy himself was remote from the stir of the present and its littleness.

We have to go back more than a generation if we are to trace the career of Hardy as a novelist. In the year 1871 he was a man of thirty-one; he had written a novel, *Desperate Remedies*, but he was by no means an assured craftsman. He "was feeling his way to a method," he said himself; as if he were conscious that he possessed all sorts of gifts, yet did not know their nature, or how to use them to advantage. To read that first novel is to share in the perplexity of its author. The imagination of the writer is powerful and sardonic; he is book-learned in a home-made way; he can create characters but he cannot control them; he is obviously hampered by the difficulties of his technique and, what is more singular, he is driven by some sense that human beings are the sport of forces outside themselves, to make use of an extreme and even melodramatic use of coincidence. He is already possessed of the conviction that a novel is not a toy, nor an argument; it is a means of giving truthful if harsh and violent impressions of the lives of men

¹ From Virginia Woolf, *The Common Reader, Second Series*. By permission of Harcourt Brace and Co.

and women. But perhaps the most remarkable quality in the book is the sound that echoes and booms through its pages of a waterfall. It is the first manifestation of the power that was to assume such vast proportions in the later books. He already proves himself a minute and skilled observer of nature; the rain, he knows, falls differently as it falls upon roots or arable; he knows that the wind sounds differently as it passes through the branches of different trees. But he is aware in a larger sense of Nature as a force; he feels in it a spirit that can sympathise or mock or remain the indifferent spectator of human fortunes. Already that sense was his; and the crude story of Miss Aldclyffe and Cytherea is memorable because it is watched by the eyes of the gods, and worked out in the presence of Nature.

That he was a poet should have been obvious; that he was a novelist might still have been held uncertain. But the year after, when *Under the Greenwood Tree* appeared, it was clear that much of the effort of "feeling for a method" had been overcome. Something of the stubborn originality of the earlier book was lost. The second is accomplished, charming, idyllic compared with the first. The writer, it seems, may well develop into one of our English landscape painters, whose pictures are all of cottage gardens and old peasant women, who lingers to collect and preserve from oblivion the old-fashioned ways and words which are rapidly falling into disuse. And yet what kindly lover of antiquity, what naturalist with a microscope in his pocket, what scholar solicitous for the changing shapes of language, ever heard the cry of a small bird killed in the next wood by an owl with such intensity? The cry "passed into the silence without mingling with it." Again we hear, very far away, like the sound of a gun out at sea on a calm summer's morning, a strange and ominous echo. But as we read these early books there is a sense of waste. There is a feeling that Hardy's genius was obstinate and perverse; first one gift would have its way with him and then another. They would not consent to run together easily in harness. Such indeed was likely to be the fate of a writer who was at once poet and realist, a faithful son of field and down, yet tormented by the doubts and despondencies bred of book-learning; a lover of old ways and plain countrymen, yet doomed to see the faith and flesh of his forefathers turn into thin and spectral transparencies before his eyes.

To this contradiction Nature had added another element likely to disorder a symmetrical development. Some writers are born conscious of everything; others are unconscious of many things. Some, like Henry James and Flaubert, are able not merely to make the best use of the spoil their gifts bring in, but control their genius in the act of creation; they are aware of all the possibilities of every situation, and are never taken by surprise. The unconscious writers, on the other hand, like Dickens and Scott, seem suddenly and without their own consent to be lifted up and swept onwards. The wave sinks and they cannot say what has happened or why. Among them—it is the source of his strength and of his weakness—we must place Hardy. His own word, "moments of vision," exactly describes those passages of astonishing

beauty and force which are to be found in every book that he wrote. With a sudden quickening of power which we cannot foretell, nor he, it seems, control, a single scene breaks off from the rest. We see, as if it existed alone and for all time, the wagon with Fanny's dead body inside travelling along the road under the dripping trees; we see the bloated sheep struggling among the clover; we see Troy flashing his sword round Bathsheba where she stands motionless, cutting the lock off her head and spitting the caterpillar on her breast. Vivid to the eye, but not to the eye alone, for every sense participates, such scenes dawn upon us and their splendour remains. But the power goes as it comes. The moment of vision is succeeded by long stretches of plain daylight, nor can we believe that any craft or skill could have caught the wild power and turned it to a better use. The novels therefore are full of inequalities; they are lumpish and dull and inexpressive; but they are never arid; there is always about them a little blur of unconsciousness, that halo of freshness and margin of the unexpressed which often produce the most profound sense of satisfaction. It is as if Hardy himself were not quite aware of what he did, as if his consciousness held more than he could produce, and he left it for his readers to make out his full meaning and to supplement it from their own experience.

For these reasons Hardy's genius was uncertain in development, uneven in accomplishment, but, when the moment came, magnificent in achievement. The moment came, completely and fully, in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. The subject was right; the method was right; the poet and the countryman, the sensual man, the sombre reflective man, the man of learning, all enlisted to produce a book which, however fashions may chop and change, must hold its place among the great English novels. There is, in the first place, that sense of the physical world which Hardy more than any novelist can bring before us; the sense that the little prospect of man's existence is ringed by a landscape which, while it exists apart, yet confers a deep and solemn beauty upon his drama. The dark downland, marked by the barrows of the dead and the huts of shepherds, rises against the sky, smooth as a wave of the sea, but solid and eternal; rolling away to the infinite distance, but sheltering in its folds quiet villages whose smoke rises in frail columns by day, whose lamps burn in the immense darkness by night. Gabriel Oak tending his sheep up there on the back of the world is the eternal shepherd; the stars are ancient beacons; and for ages he has watched beside his sheep.

But down in the valley the earth is full of warmth and life; the farms are busy, the barns stored, the fields loud with the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep. Nature is prolific, splendid, and lustful; not yet malignant and still the Great Mother of labouring men. And now for the first time Hardy gives full play to his humour, where it is freest and most rich, upon the lips of country men. Jan Coggan and Henry Fray and Joseph Poorgrass gather in the malthouse when the day's work is over and give vent to that half-shrewd, half-poetic humour which has been brewing in their brains and finding expression over their beer since the pilgrims tramped the Pilgrims'

Way; which Shakespeare and Scott and George Eliot all loved to overhear, but none loved better or heard with greater understanding than Hardy. But it is not the part of the peasants in the Wessex novels to stand out as individuals. They compose a pool of common wisdom, of common humour, a fund of perpetual life. They comment upon the actions of the hero and heroine, but while Troy or Oak or Fanny or Bathsheba come in and out and pass away, Jan Coggan and Henry Fray and Joseph Poorgrass remain. They drink by night and they plough the fields by day. They are eternal. We meet them over and over again in the novels, and they always have something typical about them, more of the character that marks a race than of the features which belong to an individual. The peasants are the great sanctuary of sanity, the country the last stronghold of happiness. When they disappear, there is no hope for the race.

With Oak and Troy and Bathsheba and Fanny Robin we come to the men and women of the novels at their full stature. In every book three or four figures predominate, and stand up like lightning conductors to attract the force of the elements. Oak and Troy and Bathsheba; Eustacia, Wildeve, and Venn; Henchard, Lucetta, and Farfrae; Jude, Sue Bridehead, and Phillotson. There is even a certain likeness between the different groups. They live as individuals and they differ as individuals; but they also live as types and have a likeness as types. Bathsheba is Bathsheba, but she is a woman and sister to Eustacia and Lucetta and Sue; Gabriel Oak is Gabriel Oak, but he is man and brother to Henchard, Venn, and Jude. However lovable and charming Bathsheba may be, she is still weak; however stubborn and ill-guided Henchard may be, still he is strong. This is a fundamental part of Hardy's vision; the staple of many of his books. The woman is the weaker and the fleshier, and she clings to the stronger and obscures his vision. How freely, nevertheless, in his greater books life is poured over the unalterable frame-work! When Bathsheba sits in the wagon among her plants, smiling at her own loveliness in the little looking-glass, we may know, and it is proof of Hardy's power that we do know, how severely she will suffer and cause others to suffer before the end. But the moment has all the bloom and beauty of life. And so it is, time and time again. His characters, both men and women, were creatures to him of an infinite attraction. For the women he shows a more tender solicitude than for the men, and in them, perhaps, he takes a keener interest. Vain might their beauty be and terrible their fate, but while the glow of life is in them their step is free, their laughter sweet, and theirs is the power to sink into the breast of Nature and become part of her silence and solemnity, or to rise and put on them the movement of the clouds and the wildness of the flowering woodlands. The men who suffer, not like the women through dependence upon other human beings, but through conflict with fate, enlist our sterner sympathies. For such a man as Gabriel Oak we need have no passing fears. Honour him we must, though it is not granted us to love him quite so freely. He is firmly set upon his feet and can give as shrewd a blow, to men at least, as any he is likely to

receive. He has a prevision of what is to be expected that springs from character rather than from education. He is stable in his temperament, steadfast in his affections, and capable of open-eyed endurance without flinching. But he, too, is no puppet. He is a homely, humdrum fellow on ordinary occasions. He can walk the street without making people turn to stare at him. In short, nobody can deny Hardy's power—the true novelist's power—to make us believe that his characters are fellow-beings driven by their own passions and idiosyncrasies, while they have—and this is the poet's gift—something symbolical about them which is common to us all.

And it is when we are considering Hardy's power of creating men and women that we become most conscious of the profound differences that distinguish him from his peers. We look back at a number of these characters and ask ourselves what it is that we remember them for. We recall their passions. We remember how deeply they have loved each other and often with what tragic results. We remember the faithful love of Oak for Bathsheba; the tumultuous but fleeting passions of men like Wildeve, Troy, and Fitzpiers; we remember the filial love of Clym for his mother, the jealous paternal passion of Henchard for Elizabeth Jane. But we do not remember how they have loved. We do not remember how they talked and changed and got to know each other, finely, gradually, from step to step and from stage to stage. Their relationship is not composed of those intellectual apprehensions and subtleties of perception which seem so slight yet are so profound. In all the books love is one of the great facts that mould human life. But it is a catastrophe; it happens suddenly and overwhelmingly, and there is little to be said about it. The talk between the lovers when it is not passionate is practical or philosophic, as though the discharge of their daily duties left them with more desire to question life and its purpose than to investigate each other's sensibilities. Even if it were in their power to analyse their emotions, life is too stirring to give them time. They need all their strength to deal with the downright blows, the freakish ingenuity, the gradually increasing malignity of fate. They have none to spend upon the subtleties and delicacies of the human comedy.

Thus there comes a time when we can say with certainty that we shall not find in Hardy some of the qualities that have given us most delight in the works of other novelists. He has not the perfection of Jane Austen, or the wit of Meredith, or the range of Thackeray, or Tolstoy's amazing intellectual power. There is in the work of the great classical writers a finality of effect which places certain of their scenes, apart from the story, beyond the reach of change. We do not ask what bearing they have upon the narrative, nor do we make use of them to interpret problems which lie on the outskirts of the scene. A laugh, a blush, half a dozen words of dialogue, and it is enough; the source of our delight is perennial. But Hardy has none of this concentration and completeness. His light does not fall directly upon the human heart. It passes over it and out on to the darkness of the heath and upon the trees swaying in the storm. When we look back into the room the

group by the fireside is dispersed. Each man or woman is battling with the storm, alone, revealing himself most when he is least under the observation of other human beings. We do not know them as we know Pierre or Natasha or Becky Sharp. We do not know them in and out and all round as they are revealed to the casual caller, to the Government official, to the great lady, to the general on the battlefield. We do not know the complication and involvement and turmoil of their thoughts. Geographically too, they remain fixed to the same stretch of the English countryside. It is seldom, and always with unhappy results, that Hardy leaves the yeoman or farmer to describe the class above theirs in the social scale. In the drawing-room and clubroom and ballroom, where people of leisure and education come together, where comedy is bred and shades of character revealed, he is awkward and ill at ease. But the opposite is equally true. If we do not know his men and women in their relations to each other, we know them in their relations to time, death, and fate. If we do not see them in quick agitation against the lights and crowds of cities, we see them against the earth, the storm, and the seasons. We know their attitude towards some of the most tremendous problems that can confront mankind. They take on a more than mortal size in memory. We see them, not in detail but enlarged and dignified. We see Tess reading the baptismal service in her nightgown "with an impress of dignity that was almost regal." We see Marty South, "like a being who had rejected with indifference the attribute of sex for the loftier quality of abstract humanism," laying the flowers on Winterbourne's grave. Their speech has a Biblical dignity and poetry. They have a force in them which cannot be defined, a force of love or of hate, a force which in the men is the cause of rebellion against life, and in the women implies an illimitable capacity for suffering, and it is this which dominates the character and makes it unnecessary that we should see the finer features that lie hid. This is the tragic power; and, if we are to place Hardy among his fellows, we must call him the greatest tragic writer among English novelists.

But let us, as we approach the danger-zone of Hardy's philosophy, be on our guard. Nothing is more necessary, in reading an imaginative writer, than to keep at the right distance above his page. Nothing is easier, especially with a writer of marked idiosyncrasy, than to fasten on opinions, convict him of a creed, tether him to a consistent point of view. Nor was Hardy any exception to the rule that the mind which is most capable of receiving impressions is very often the least capable of drawing conclusions. It is for the reader, steeped in the impression, to supply the comment. It is his part to know when to put aside the writer's conscious intention in favour of some deeper intention of which perhaps he may be unconscious. Hardy himself was aware of this. A novel "is an impression, not an argument," he has warned us, and again:

Unadjusted impressions have their value, and the road to a true philosophy of life seems to lie in humbly recording diverse readings of its phenomena as they are forced upon us by chance and change.

Certainly it is true to say of him that, at his greatest, he gives us impressions; at his weakest, arguments. In *the Woodlanders*, *The Return of The Native*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and above all, in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, we have Hardy's impression of life as it came to him without conscious ordering. Let him once begin to tamper with his direct intuitions and his power is gone. "Did you say the stars were worlds, Tess?" asks little Abraham as they drive to market with their beehives. Tess replies that they are like "the apples on our stubborn-tree, most of them splendid and sound—a few blighted." "Which do we live on—a splendid or a blighted one?" "A blighted one," she replies, or rather the mournful thinker who has assumed her mask speaks for her. The words protrude, cold and raw, like the springs of a machine where we had seen only flesh and blood. We are crudely jolted out of that mood of sympathy which is renewed a moment later when the little cart is run down and we have a concrete instance of the ironical methods which rule our planet.

That is the reason why *Jude the Obscure* is the most painful of all Hardy's books, and the only one against which we can fairly bring the charge of pessimism. In *Jude the Obscure* argument is allowed to dominate impression, with the result that though the misery of the book is overwhelming it is not tragic. As calamity succeeds calamity we feel that the case against society is not being argued fairly or with profound understanding of the facts. Here is nothing of that width and force and knowledge of mankind which, when Tolstoy criticises society, makes his indictment formidable. Here we have revealed to us the petty cruelty of men, not the large injustice of the gods. It is only necessary to compare *Jude the Obscure* with *The Mayor of Casterbridge* to see where Hardy's true power lay. Jude carries on his miserable contest against the deans of colleges and the conventions of sophisticated society. Henchard is pitted, not against another man, but against something outside himself which is opposed to men of his ambition and power. No human being wishes him ill. Even Farfrae and Newson and Elizabeth Jane, whom he has wronged, all come to pity him, and even to admire his strength of character. He is standing up to fate, and in backing the old Mayor whose ruin has been largely his own fault, Hardy makes us feel that we are backing human nature in an unequal contest. There is no pessimism here. Throughout the book we are aware of the sublimity of the issue, and yet it is presented to us in the most concrete form. From the opening scene in which Henchard sells his wife to the sailor at the fair to his death on Egdon Heath the vigour of the story is superb, its humour rich and racy, its movement large-limbed and free. The skimmity ride, the fight between Farfrae and Henchard in the loft, Mrs. Cuxsom's speech upon the death of Mrs. Henchard, the talk of the ruffians at Peter's Finger with Nature present in the background or mysteriously dominating the foreground, are among the glories of English fiction. Brief and scanty, it may be, is the measure of happiness allowed to each, but so long as the struggle is, as Henchard's was, with the decrees of fate and not with the laws of man, so long as it is in the open air and calls

for activity of the body rather than of the brain, there is greatness in the contest, there is pride and pleasure in it, and the death of the broken corn merchant in his cottage on Egdon Heath is comparable to the death of Ajax lord of Salamis. The true tragic emotion is ours.

Before such power as this we are made to feel that the ordinary tests which we apply to fiction are futile enough. Do we insist that a great novelist shall be a master of melodious prose? Hardy was no such thing. He feels his way by dint of sagacity and uncompromising sincerity to the phrase he wants, and it is often of unforgettable pungency. Failing it, he will make do with any homely or clumsy or old-fashioned turn of speech, now of the utmost angularity, now of a bookish elaboration. No style in literature, save Scott's, is so difficult to analyse; it is on the face of it so bad, yet it achieves its aim so unmistakably. As well might one attempt to rationalise the charm of a muddy country road, or of a plain field of roots in winter. And then, like Dorsetshire itself, out of these very elements of stiffness and angularity his prose will put on greatness; will roll with a Latin sonority; will shape itself in a massive and monumental symmetry like that of his own bare downs. Then again, do we require that a novelist shall observe the probabilities, and keep close to reality? To find anything approaching the violence and convolution of Hardy's plots one must go back to the Elizabethan drama. Yet we accept his story completely as we read it; more than that, it becomes obvious that his violence and his melodrama, when they are not due to a curious peasant-like love of the monstrous for its own sake, are part of that wild spirit of poetry which saw with intense irony and grimness that no reading of life can possibly outdo the strangeness of life itself, no symbol of caprice and unreason be too extreme to represent the astonishing circumstances of our existence.

But as we consider the great structure of the Wessex novels it seems irrelevant to fasten on little points—this character, that scene, this phrase of deep and poetic beauty. It is something larger that Hardy has bequeathed to us. The Wessex novels are not one book, but many. They cover an immense stretch; inevitably they are full of imperfections—some are failures, and others exhibit only the wrong side of their maker's genius. But undoubtedly, when we have submitted ourselves fully to them, when we come to take stock of our impressions of the whole, the effect is commanding and satisfactory. We have been freed from the cramp and pettiness imposed by life. Our imaginations have been stretched and heightened; our humour has been made to laugh out; we have drunk deep of the beauty of the earth. Also we have been made to enter the shade of a sorrowful and brooding spirit which, even in its saddest mood, bore itself with a grave uprightness and never, even when most moved to anger, lost its deep compassion for the sufferings of men and women. Thus it is no mere transcript of life at a certain time and place that Hardy has given us. It is a vision of the world and of man's lot as they revealed themselves to a powerful imagination, a profound and poetic genius, a gentle and humane soul.

THE PURSUIT OF VALUES IN FICTION¹

by Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell

I

ANATOLE FRANCE, speaking once of the books he had written for children, said he was always afraid of not succeeding: "It is much easier to write for men than for the little monkeys. One persuades men that it is the proper thing to read such and such a book. And they read it and praise it. When a child is bored, he tears the page and makes a paper doll or a boat."

The child's attitude is an honest one. Some adults retain this attitude, reading what pleases them, flinging aside what doesn't, and not concerning themselves with the tastes of others or the reasons for their own likes and dislikes. But most of us by the time we are grown up have had a little training in ethics and esthetics. We feel an obligation to appreciate what is considered good, morally or artistically, and to give our reasons. So we talk of plot and characterization, of what is "convincing" and what is "unreal," of "significance" and "sound psychology," of "message" and "local color" and "truth to life." One praises a book, another damns the same book; to the first the characters are convincing and the plot beautifully proportioned, to the second the same characters are unreal and the same plot badly constructed. These sharply contradictory judgments are expressed in the same technical phrases of criticism that we have been taught to use by teachers, critics, and reviewers. But under the shop-worn formulas lurk intimate personal responses to the book of which we are often unaware. The circumstances under which we read it may predispose us to approval or disapproval; a half forgotten experience may be at work, unlocking our imagination or bolting the door; some unacknowledged prejudice is obscurely active; or some psychological need, proceeding from the unsatisfied impulses that every human being has or the deep-seated inner conflicts that few escape, makes us love or hate the book with a fervor difficult for us to understand. It is no easy matter to trace these intimate personal relations with a book. We need a Socrates to conduct the inquiry, with our favorite psychologist at his elbow to prompt him. Instead we have a few teachers and critics and a few hundred student readers of varying ages, willing but not always able to explore their preferences in fiction.

There was an intelligent young man in a University Extension course whose academic training had been interrupted by the War, but it had left in his mind a débris of critical phrases which he automatically used when asked

¹ Adapted from *Adventure or Experience*, Columbia University Press, 1930. By permission of the authors.

his opinion of a novel. He picked out Jack London's *Valley of the Moon* as the best novel he had ever read. It took a couple of weeks to discover why he really liked that book: "Last summer," he ultimately wrote, "when recovering from an accident, I sat out in the park while a young lady read the story aloud. A cool breeze ruffled the leaves of the tree under which we sat, the birds sang, the flowers were in bloom, and the lady had a voice that was pleasant to hear. Row-boats floated on the lagoon near-by, and further off I could see tennis players hopping about after a little ball, while I sat next to the charming young lady. I liked the book for the struggles of the hero. I am very fond of struggles, provided they are someone else's. The tennis players, the boaters, the children playing tag, the motorists, and the hero of the book—all were struggling. So you see I was very happy. It really is a good book, though."

A reader who deeply enjoyed Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*, because it revived for her the delightful memory of her childhood summers on a Vermont farm, was repelled by Nexø's labor-epic, *Pelle the Conqueror*. "The word strike recalls to my mind my mother's face as the riot call sounded in Lawrence one Friday in 1912." Her father was a mill official, sympathetic with the strike, but bound to protect the mill property at the risk of his life. "I remember the militia camped in the basement of the mill, the soldiers forcing us to move on in the streets, the broken street car windows, the soup kitchens, my hungry schoolmates, many of them fed in our home, and over and over again my father's haggard face. Nexø's picture of economic complexities is too well-drawn. Unless I can act, I had rather not consider it."

Psycho-analysts assure us that we cannot discover our own complexes. They tell us that if we are fascinated by a writer who has a certain psychosis, we ourselves probably share that psychosis, and that is why the "release" he has achieved for himself in art gives us also satisfaction. But some romantically-minded readers, so illumined, begin to detect in themselves all sorts of delightful perversities. A young woman read *Crime and Punishment* and in its murky light inspected her own past; for she was disturbed at her own enthusiasm over the murder and surprised at the profound sense of relief at the close of the reading. Had she always longed to see a murder—or was it possible she had craved to commit one? There had been a time some years before when she had been "very morbid"; she had wanted to be alone all the time, when not wandering about the streets; "I remembered that when I saw a dog or a cat, I would kick it, throw stones at it, torture it." Convinced that she must have been a budding Raskolnikov, she expressed her gratitude to Dostoevsky for relieving her of the heavy burden resting on what she brilliantly called her "subconscious" mind.

The repression that counts, in these hidden dramas of personality, is of course the one of which we are truly unconscious. But there are many aspects of our relation to a novel that we can detect after some reflection. One reader enjoyed *If Winter Comes* and declared the author a master of character portrayal; later she realized that she read it when she was feeling

"a total failure," it made her "quite fond of herself." Her self-satisfaction was disguised as praise of the author.

In a discussion about Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, one disputant argued effectively enough that it was in this, that, and the other respect a poor novel; to every point made in its favor, she had a good answer. But presently the real reason for her attitude to the book flashed upon her; her name was Mildred; the odiously genteel, anæmic waitress who holds the hero in degrading bondage is named Mildred. Somewhere below the threshold of her grown-up mind she resented the identification of these Mildreds. But no grown-up mind would acknowledge so childish a reason for taking a dislike to a book, until its rational defenses had been captured one after the other in the argument. Tracking down these personal secrets may open the way to a more impersonal contemplation of values.

It is worth while to set down some of the simpler conclusions to be drawn from these reading experiences of people of diverse temperaments, varying ages, different backgrounds; people who exhibit every kind of psychological need; yet who all desire to be discriminating in their reading and critical in at least a rudimentary fashion. A few complain that the effort at analysis destroys their naïve pleasure in reading; not a few find it destroying their equally naïve pleasure in themselves; some discover in it a new and delightful way of talking about themselves—they love the confessional and their confessions have to be scrutinized carefully before one erects theories of criticism upon them. Others find it interesting and often illuminating.

The experience of the young man with Jack London shows that the circumstances under which one happens to read a book may account for the impression it makes. That sounds utterly obvious. But it is often ignored or forgotten when the reader turns critic. A woman who prefers sophisticated books responded warmly to *The Growth of the Soil* because she happened to read it on her return to New York from wide-open spaces somewhere; and the rush of the city made life seem a meaningless jumble; so that the simple strength, order and purpose in Isak's life satisfied a need. A nurse, taking a correspondence course in fiction, found herself having to read *The Ambassadors* "to the tune of the psychopathic ward" in the hospital. "Strether's complicated brain-storms over Chad Newsome's morals were frequently interrupted by the would-be suicide who tried to tear the bandages from the throat he had failed to cut efficiently; and there was a slender-pale-faced woman of forty who washed her hands and washed her hands ceaselessly." All this variety of the "real" made what the nurse called James's delicate flicking of butterflies from petals seem artificial and absurd. She criticized him for writing about unimportant experiences and not about the "roots of things." But to another woman who had just suffered a pronounced change of attitude towards life, James in *The Ambassadors* was a profoundly satisfying novelist because he pictured men and women in the throes of facing about: "I emerged refreshed and happy. It is just as when one has been trying to spell out a book in the twilight, and suddenly the lamp comes in."

We have been led on into more complicated aspects of the reader's relation to the novel, where interpretation becomes more hazardous. Whenever a comment reveals intense dislike of a book or character, some obsession or complex may be at work, unsuspected by its owner; and we have to read between the lines and risk a guess that by a lucky chance may receive confirmation later. A young man criticized Sudermann's *Dame Care* as a third-rate novel, but he could muster few reasons for the opinion that stood their ground under questioning. It turned out that he hated Sudermann's portrait of Paul's father—as fool, or villain, or both. He realized that his attitude to the book was determined by the similarity between Paul's father and his own; he went on talking about his father, gradually warming to a kind of resentful defence. The father had become very like Paul's father in the end—vindictive and suffering from a sense of inferiority. Why did he hate Sudermann's portrayal so much? Because he loved his father? Or because he had subconsciously passed the same judgment on him that Sudermann passes on Paul's father and resented being made aware of it? Or possibly because he was conscious of his own resemblance to his father? At any rate, a detached judgment on the book's merits could scarcely be expected from him. He was studying to be a librarian and would, no doubt, often be asked to give advice to readers. Yet he disliked having the personal and psychological factors in criticism insisted upon; he wanted a few firmly fixed standards. His confusion about himself and *Dame Care* is in interesting contrast with the clarity of a Chinese student, who preferred it above all others in a reading-list, chiefly because it supported his own inherited conception of life: "It has a theme, and that theme is that extreme sacrifice is necessary in order to attain any great object. It has much the same theme that most of our Chinese novels have. The Chinese novel is predominantly ethical in tone. The hero is always made to undergo all kinds of hardships and sometimes death to attain his object. That object might be the salvation of other persons, the betterment of society, the rescuing of one's family, or the elevation of one's nation. *Dame Care* develops its theme adequately, since every scene contains some misfortune for the hero."

II

The discussion so far has suggested some of the very personal considerations that must be recognized and dealt with, before the neat categories of criticism can be used—or discarded—with intelligence. But there are questions concerning the effects of fiction on the reader that are still more important for the growth of any sound theories of criticism. Is fiction escape or solution, adventure or experience, for the reader?

The escapes furnished by fiction from certain moods and situations are often obvious enough. The young woman of cheerful temperament adores the more melancholy of Chekhov's stories, because it is so "refreshing" to experience a gloomy mood. The only daughter of elderly parents, in her longing for a brother or sister and "intimate family incidents" almost wore

the covers off the Alcott books, and later delighted in *Pride and Prejudice*, becoming "absorbed in the family problems of Mrs. Bennett." But it won't do to offer family chronicles to all only children. For here is another only child—and only grandchild, with "five maiden aunts and uncles"—who always felt the Alcott families too prolific: "their sharing of experiences didn't appeal to me, who knew at all times the joy of the limelight. All large families in my childhood's list of fiction excited the sympathy that made me grateful I was not like one of these." The feeling has persisted in her adult life and she is bored with family histories, like Mann's *Buddenbrooks*. Another reader recognized, as she looked back, that she had always read to escape the thing at hand, whatever it was; that she had been an adept at camouflaging her own dreary feelings with the local color of another's painting, and had thus avoided an analysis that might have led to a less boring environment. Years of illness had made her feel neglected and misunderstood, and she liked to read of characters who suffered and were not appreciated, but through keen intelligence finally won out. The fairy-tale of the Ugly Duckling—only slightly disguised in much grown-up fiction—is the archetype of innumerable novels that solace the ugly ducklings of life.

A college boy reads and re-reads *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Peter Pan*, and tales by Lord Dunsany; he thinks the ideal world would be peopled with children, that the greatest tragedy is that children grow up, and the next greatest that they want to grow up. "As for me, I shall never grow up." His favorite fiction either idealizes the child or creates a fairy-tale world, of beauty or horror; for he likes horrible tales, too, like *The Seven Who Were Hanged*, tales so far beyond the limits of his own life that he doesn't have to believe in them, not really, any more than a child believes in witches.

To one young man *The Return of the Native* afforded the most complete escape. It revived the impressions of fairy stories read in childhood: "Those in particular which were brought back to me were of the giant who locked all the men he caught in the tower of the castle, or of Jack who had just time enough to get to the bottom of the beanstalk and chop it down before his colossal pursuer arrived. In many places in Hardy's book I felt in the same position as in those nightmares where, try as one may, one is neither able to move forward or to call to one's friends, who are disappearing over the crest of the hill. In the stories and dreams just mentioned one was convinced of the inevitability of certain forces more powerful than one's self; and it was in the return to that sort of fatalism which was so terrifying in one's youth that I found satisfaction and inspiration. It was an escape from the theories of self-sufficient adulthood to the superstitious religions and fears of the old world. His use of coincidences is to some readers a fault, but for me, they make the tragedy more poignant and make me live all the more vitally in the land of dreams and illusions."

A slightly different form of escape is noted in another student's comment on Hardy. She found in his fatalism the beginning of her release from the Catholic fatalism in which she had been taught to believe and which she had

come increasingly to dread. "Disaster overtakes Hardy's characters as a matter of course; the world of itself is unfriendly to them. But the machinery that dooms them is impersonal. In Catholic fatalism, a personal God punishes His subjects through His magic. Hardy's kind of fatalism seems as relentless in its movements as the Catholic sort, but far broader and more comfortable to accept."

The fiction of failure may be as satisfying an escape as that of success. Successful people take pleasure in vicariously living through a few failures. Or people who have felt the sting of defeat but in some drab, dish-washing, adding-machine atmosphere, can derive delight from really splendid failures—spectacular ones like Ivan Karamazov's, exquisite ones like Strether's in *The Ambassadors*, romantic ones like Decoud's in *Nostramo*. The dream of a splendid failure might be consoling and congenial in moods when one of blatant success would only disgust.

III

To justify oneself is more permanently satisfactory than merely to escape into an imaginary self and more congenial surroundings. Intentionally or not, readers reveal how this or that novel has made their own actions seem reasonable or inevitable, their own temperaments interesting or excusable; it has made it more possible or more delightful for them to live with themselves. Perhaps it has justified vicious attitudes as well as fine ones and confirmed unpleasant traits as well as admirable ones, though naturally the material readers offer for inspection only inadvertently discloses this reverse side.

A young man who was forced to study medicine, hated it, and abandoned it, read *The Way of All Flesh* and saw his problem in Ernest's, and his justification in Ernest's behavior. Ernest found the Church full of hypocrites—he found the medical world the same. Philip, in *Of Human Bondage*, is one of the most consoling of heroes; he makes so many false starts, suffers so frequently what the world calls failure. Yet his failures all appear to the intimate view justified and valuable. What, asks Philip's uncle, had he got from the years devoted to that art of painting he was now abandoning for medicine? And Philip, with his ironically superior air, makes precisely the response we wish we could always summon when similarly challenged. "Philip," writes a young man, "lives for me because our experiences and thoughts parallel in many instances. His ceaseless and fruitless groping for his niche in life and a satisfactory career leads him into several experiments I have already attempted. I have left college because I believed it would not lead me to any adequate occupation in after life; I have studied art in Paris and discovered my mistake; I have played with the idea of an infinite number of careers and found that my enthusiasm did not survive the realization stage, but exhausted itself in planning and expectation; just as Philip's did about going into the Church. The fact that Philip survived so many failures and finally discovered a path of comparative contentment makes me a little less hopeless on my own account."

Proportionate to our satisfaction in the book that vindicates us is our violent and often obscure resentment of the book that topples over some carefully built-up structure in which we are living comfortably. *Of Human Bondage*—which provides so many readers with satisfying emotional escapes and justifications—made one reader suffer “mentally and physically.” “It sickened and angered and ate into me with its red petticoat, dirty smock, crooked teeth, corn-y toes and what-not. The Philips and Miss Prices became unending nightmares. I hate ugliness. It is possible for me to accept it Without at all understanding it, I am able to sympathize with it. But I refuse to take it to me, to make it part of my life. I have the grained-in English respect for wholesomeness and human dignity. Maugham not only destroyed my illusions regarding the world but gnawed at some of the illusions I had regarding myself. I found myself revaluing almost everything I had previously read. I have never reached a final decision. I am able to see the nobility which grows out of bondage, of human suffering. In that light, I cannot be noble; I have been so utterly free, I can hardly say I have suffered --at least not sufficiently. But must I go looking for suffering? There is so much joy in the world. And I do not believe that a knowledge of the meagreness of life heightens one's appreciation of its goodness. For my own part, I cannot say that I have known a fuller ecstasy of being since I became aware of life's sordidness, than I knew when I raced with my dogs.” There was a Social Service worker who had great enthusiasm for her vocation. She was about to marry an engineer whose work was in a coal-mining town where there were plenty of poor people on whom she could try out, as she put it, all the pet theories she had paid for at college. She traced some of her social-service enthusiasm to her early reading of *Pollyanna* books and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and *The Recreation of Brian Kent* (by Harold Bell Wright), and other books that dealt with broken-down lives, prostitution, desertion, and poor orphans. Now she herself was going to work with Cabbage Patch people. Her favorite fiction in the course she was taking dealt with situations and people that needed the services of a social-service diagnostician: novels by Galsworthy, Hardy, George Eliot. “I love to diagnose in fiction, from any chapter 3 on.” But when the Russian novelists came on the scene, she had a severe shock. She felt hatred and contempt for all the characters in *The Brothers Karamazov*; she loathed Gorky; she shuddered at the very mention of murder, insanity, radical, gendarme. She was able to endure *War and Peace* by regarding it as a sociological treatise against war. Now one would have thought that some of the people in these Russian novels so needed the help of a social service expert that she would have responded with alacrity. Probably the trouble was this: she felt equal to a Galsworthy or a Hardy problem, with the equipment of her theories; but Dostoevsky was so much more searching and profound that she felt unable to cope with his situations and his characters, and sought to defend herself by hating them.

IV

There are some glimpses of the interaction between fiction and living in the experiences we have been dealing with. But they have not been those of the actively experimental readers who are likely to try out a suggestion furnished by a novel just as they would other suggestions that come to them. Such readers were not content as children to lose themselves in the delightful dream. If they have been reading *The Arabian Nights*, they prowl about the neighborhood looking for a magic door; and finding a large round stone in the ground, with an iron ring, they lift it up, thrill at the glimpse of a mysterious cave, start to explore it, and have to be rescued from a fall into a disused well. A young man remembers vividly how Edward Stratemeyer's Dave Porter books inspired him to imitation. "When Dave's eyes flashed fire, I used to stand in front of the mirror to see whether I could discover any scintillations. In one of Dave's fights with the school bully, our hero banged the bully's head against the boat-house and made him see stars. I tried this at school one day, banging a fellow's head against the blackboard, but neither the victim, the teacher, nor my parents seemed to approve." He became an ardent Yale rooter, because of Frank Merriwell and Dink Stover; but never risked any money on football games—"not that I had the slightest fear of losing, for I had read so often of what a glorious thing it was to be a good loser; but because neither Stover nor Merriwell nor Dave ever gambled or smoked or drank. Nor did I—then." Inspired to swimming feats by one hero, he built himself up from a delicate boy into a record-breaker. *Black Beauty* made him a lover of horses and Uncle Tom a liker of negroes.

Another young man gave an account of the effect upon him of boys' stories and college tales that is very similar, but the ending is strikingly different. Realizing how suggestible he was, he refrained from exposing himself to "suggestive" novels, fearing they might make him do "something wild," and that would be regrettable, since he was most satisfactorily engaged to a fine girl. Probably the thought of his potential wildness was as satisfying an imaginative experience as any novel would be. Few readers can recall as definite a history of imitation as these young men. The more usual experience is one of perpetual interaction between literature and life; literature now giving some impulse to living, again an actual experience leading us to literature for interpretation or justification. The interplay appears in all possible combinations and the whole process is obscure and difficult to trace as we look back upon it. Yet the moralist and the censor would like to sum it all up in the simple question: will people act upon the suggestions of fiction? And they often risk an affirmative answer, relying on a few instances that furnish no basis for generalization, and on some convenient rough-and-ready psychological theory.

Most of the purposes served by novels in the lives of readers are suggested in these personal analyses: their value as a statement of our own confusedly realized experience; as a dream of what we should like to be—and may

possibly be encouraged to become; as an outlet for moods; as an excuse for self-pity, a device for evasion, an instrument for the clarification of conflicts and problems.



And the conclusion of this search for values? No dogmatic conclusion about critical standards has been reached. The purpose of this chapter is to encourage a distrust of arbitrary dogmas in criticism. It is only when a reader—and the reader may be even a “classicist” or an “impressionist” critic—has discovered his own intimate and personal responses to a book, has seen how his hitherto hidden prejudices have been treacherously at work, and has stripped himself of self-deceptions, that he is in a position to make intelligent, rather than emotionally twisted, evaluations of his reading experiences.

REVIEWS

A REVIEW OF MADAME CURIE

(EVE CURIE)¹

by Clifton Fadiman

DESCARTES was unheroic, Leibnitz a fawning courtier, Willard Gibbs a recluse, Gauss cold and secretive. For all his nobility, Pasteur was tainted with chauvinism and race hatred. An infantile religiosity clouded to the end the magnificent minds of Newton and Pascal. Indeed, it is hard to think of many first-rate scientific careers in which some major flaw of character does not show itself, confounding our natural desire for whole-hearted hero worship. But the lives of Marie and Pierre Curie, two of the most beautiful lives, I suppose, that have ever been lived, provide an exception. It was almost theatrically apt that this man and woman, with characters of shining purity, should have built their careers around a physical element recognizable by its indestructible and essential radiance.

The life of Madame Curie, who died in 1934, has now been written by Eve, her younger daughter, and sensitively translated by Vincent Sheean. One can give "Madame Curie" no higher praise than to say it is almost worthy of its subject. It is not, I think, as solid a biography as it might be. It does not have that wonderful density of technical information, for example, which made Vallery-Radot's "Pasteur" a classic. It tells you just enough about radium to make you understand the great achievement of the Curies. But the biography of a scientist should do more. One can only regret that Irène Joliot-Curie (the elder daughter, co-winner of the Nobel Prize) did not collaborate with her sister on the scientific chapters. But aside from this defect, here is a noble and moving biography, which takes due advantage of the fact that the life of Marie Curie might have been conceived not by the accidents of nature but by the patterning brain of a tragic dramatist of genius.

One looks at the frontispiece, a photograph of Marie taken in 1929, when she was sixty-two. The face is lined. From underneath the white and casually arranged hair arcs an abnormally spacious brow. She is dressed in a simple black dress that looks like a laboratory smock. The face is that of a truly beautiful woman, the beauty lying in the bones and in the brain that sends

¹ A review from *The New Yorker*, November 27, 1937, entitled "She Did Not Know How To Be Famous." By permission of the author and *The New Yorker*.

its clear signals through the deep, penetrating eyes. What can Hollywood, when it films this book, do with such a face?

The story of Marie Curie is not merely that of a poor Polish governess who struggled against adversity and became a triumphant success. The story of Marie Curie lies precisely in the fact that she was happiest during her struggles and least happy when a vulgar world acclaimed her. Hers is a success story with an ironic twist. Einstein has said, "Marie Curie is, of all celebrated beings, the only one whom fame has not corrupted." "She did not know how to be famous," says Eve Curie. In one deliberate sentence of her perfectly composed introduction, she strikes to the heart of the secret: "I hope that the reader may constantly feel, across the ephemeral movement of one existence, what in Marie Curie was even more rare than her work or her life: the immovable structure of a character; the stubborn effort of an intelligence; the free immolation of a human being that could give all and take nothing, could even receive nothing; and above all the quality of a soul in which neither fame nor adversity could change the exceptional purity."

Recall that unbelievably dramatic life. She is born Manya Skłodowska, youngest child of a Warsaw physicist and a sensitive, tubercular mother. The childhood is unhappy, torn by the death of mother and eldest sister, rendered over-serious by poverty, given a certain tenseness by the fact that she is a member of a subject race, the Poles. She grows up, becomes the conventional intellectual rebel of her time, like "all the little Polish girls who had gone mad for culture." She is intelligent, but nothing yet reveals that "immovable structure" of which her daughter speaks. She becomes a governess, a bit of a bluestocking touched with Tolstoyan sentimentality. Now "the eternal student" begins to rise up in her. The little child who at five stood in rapt awe before her father's case containing the "phys-ics ap-pa-ra-tus" reawakens in the girl of eighteen. Her duties as a governess do not prevent her from studying. She has no money, not even for stamps so that she may write to her brother. But "I am learning chemistry from a book." Back in Warsaw, she is allowed to perform elementary chemical experiments in a real laboratory, and at last, after inconceivable setbacks and economies, after years of weary waiting, she goes to Paris to study at the Sorbonne.

On forty rubles a month Manya (now Marie) Skłodowska lives, studies, learns. Solitude, near-starvation, an unheated garret—none of these things matters, as long as at least a part of her day is spent in the laboratory. Now even the miserable forty rubles cease. She is about to return in despair to Warsaw when she is given a six-hundred-ruble scholarship. A few years afterward, with the first money she earns as a scientist, she returns the amount of the scholarship so that some other poor student may be assisted by it.

In 1894 she meets Pierre Curie, already a physicist of note, a mind "both powerful and noble." In an atmosphere of garrets and laboratories, these two, very grave and serious, conduct their love affair. They marry. On her wedding day, to the generous friend who wishes to give her a bridal dress, she writes, "I have no dress except the one I wear every day. If you are going to

be kind enough to give me one, please let it be practical and dark so that I can put it on afterwards to go to the laboratory."

It is a perfect marriage, the marriage not merely of two people who love each other but, what is incomparably more interesting and important, of two great physicists who can help each other. It is Marie, attracted by the uranium researches of Becquerel, who starts herself and her husband on the long, tedious, glorious path at the end of which lies radium. They know that radium and polonium (named by Marie to commemorate her beloved native land) exist, but they must prove it. From 1898 to 1902, in a dilapidated, leaking, freezing shed, with primitive apparatus, with little or no help, unaided by the scientific bureaucracy or by the State, these two gentle fanatics work in an absorption that is like a dream. The government is too busy spending money on armament to buy them the few tons of pitchblende they need. Somehow they get their pitchblende, paying for its transportation themselves out of their insufficient salaries. With "her terrible patience," Marie, doing the work of four strong men, pounds away at her chemical masses, boils, separates, refines, stirs, strains. Somewhere in this inert brown stuff lies radium. Marie loses fifteen pounds during these five years. At last they isolate the element.

All this time they have been bringing up a family. They have had sorrows, family illnesses. Pierre's mother has died of the very disease against which radium is soon to prove a beneficent weapon. All this time no provision is made for these selfless geniuses. The State, as always, cares nothing. Recognition comes first from other countries, from Switzerland, England. "With great merit and even greater modesty," says Montaigne, "one can remain unknown for a long time."

Now the full implications of their work begin to appear. The immovable atom moves; matter is touched with a mysterious life; physics revises its nineteenth-century conceptions of the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy. The Curies are triumphant; and their first major decision is to refrain from patenting their radium-extraction process. They give it freely to the world. This gesture alone—or rather the inevitable expression of their characters—is enough to lend their lives a depth that can never attach to a commercial career like that of Edison. The difference between a Curie and an Edison is not merely one of scientific genius, it is a difference of order. The Curies are one kind of human being, Edison was another.

In 1903 the Curies, with Becquerel, receive the Nobel Prize for Physics. The world pursues them. Now they must flee the world. "In science we must be interested in things, not in persons," says Marie, who was never to be interested in herself. One evening, at the height of their fame, as they are about to leave for a banquet, Pierre looks at his wife, with her ash-gray eyes, her ash-blond hair, her exquisite wrists and ankles, and he murmurs, "It's a pity. Evening dress becomes you." Then, with a sigh, he adds, "But there it is, we haven't got time."

They are offered the slimy vulgarity of decorations, ribbons, rosettes. But

no laboratory. (Pierre eventually died without getting his laboratory, without being allowed to work properly.) The life of the Curies will remain, forever terrible, as a sombre reminder of the stupidity, the greed, even the sadism of the French ruling class of the period.

Then on April 19, 1906, Aeschylean tragedy, cutting Marie's life in two, giving it at the same time a new emotional dimension. Pierre's head is crushed by a van in a street accident, and Marie becomes "a pitiful and incurably lonely woman." She refuses a pension (always the States makes its generous offers too late); she proceeds with the education of her daughter; she takes over Pierre's teaching post and, in a dry, monotonous voice, without making any reference to her predecessor, resumes the lectures at the exact point at which Pierre had left off.

The rest of her life is the story of her marriage with radium. For her laboratory, for science, she will do anything, even try to be "famous." In 1911 she receives the Nobel Prize for Chemistry. During the war she equips, with superhuman energy, a fleet of radiological cars so that the wounded may be helped by X-rays. She is no rotogravure ministering angel, no Queen Marie of Rumania. She actually works—works for the State which had done its best in those dark years to prevent her from working. Later, again for the sake of science, she comes to America to receive a gram of radium from the hand of an amiable poker player who could not possibly have understood even the most trivial of the thoughts in Marie Curie's mind. Then, applauded by all America, she goes back to France, and all America turns to the next celebrity, Carpentier, to lavish an identical adulation upon him. Almost blind, her hands and arms scarred, pitted, and burned by thirty years of radium emanations, she continues her work almost to the day of her death, caused in part by that very element which she had released for the use of mankind.

Rarely—increasingly rarely—a book appears which reconciles us to belonging to the human race. Here is one.

A REVIEW OF GOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS

(STUART CHASE ¹)

by Thurman W. Arnold

RECENTLY there appeared on the front page of our metropolitan dailies a story about the extraordinary plight of some ten thousand wild geese, caught in a fog on the river just above Niagara Falls. They had settled down on the water, as was their custom, only to find that the current carried them rapidly to the edge of the falls. Down they would come, in groups

¹ Reprinted from the Winter 1936 *Yale Review*. Copyright Yale University Press.

about thirty abreast. At the last possible moment they would rise in desperation, only to fly back up the river and settle on the same spot. The repetition of this performance, hour after hour, for almost two days was reducing them to a state of complete exhaustion. Each time they approached the falls, more and more of them went over.

A brain trust composed of eminent naturalists was rapidly organized on the bank in an attempt to save them. These reformers argued with the geese, using searchlights, guns, and all sorts of different oratorical noises. The geese quite naturally resented this attempt to make them abandon those ancient and sound principles which had been taught them by their leaders for generations. It seemed to create a lack of business confidence in the leading geese, which added to the confusion of the entire flock.

Suddenly the fog cleared; the geese flew away, much weakened and with their numbers depleted. Interviews with prominent members of the flock brought out the fact that they were convinced that the fog would have cleared away much more quickly had it not been for the theorists on the bank. The whole incident proved the ancient truth that by sticking to the river until the fog cleared, the leaders had saved the flock. The geese who were interviewed, were naturally opposed to rivers which had waterfalls connected with them, but they wisely pointed out that no goose should abandon the great principle of sticking to rivers in fogs, simply because a few dishonest rivers maintained falls like Niagara. They considered it as foolish in principle as the attempt of a recent Congress to abolish holding companies just because of a few instances like Insull and Hopson. They were bitter because the naturalists who had been brought in to save them had tried to chivy them away instead of going to the root of the problem and removing the falls. The more conservative geese were bitter because they had left the Niagara river so soon. They attributed the undeniably weakened condition of the flock and the various misfortunes which they were undergoing to that fact. This was considered a very forceful argumentative position, and no satisfactory answer has been found.

In the meantime another, and much more numerous flock of creatures has been undergoing untold hardships in order to save itself from the perils of government control, interference with and ownership of business. We recognize that a great productive plant is stalled. We do not question the report of the National Resources Board that in terms of resources and productive capacity, it is possible for this country to afford more houses, and better food and clothing for everyone. We also recognize that the only organization which is able at the present time to fill the gaps left by an industrial feudalism, and to distribute goods, at least for the moment, to those without purchasing power is the government. But it does not make us happy to realize that this organization exists, and may be used as a day to day solution. Indeed, this fact is a source of danger because shallow-minded people will use this method of solving a present need, and thus commit us to untold misery in the future. Adam Smith proved that great organizations like the modern corpora-

tion could not survive because great organizations are inefficient. By the same process economists prove that if great organizations accept the responsibility which goes with that part of social control which we are accustomed to call government, they will become inefficient, wasteful, and tyrannical, and blow up for complicated reasons. Russia stands before us as an ominous warning of what happens when state control sets in. Sweden, which seems to have made an astonishing success of government enterprise, does not cheer these conservatives to any extent, because they are convinced that we would become more like the Russians than like the Swedes. They avoid discussion of the internal economy of Sweden, because it spoils their argument. Therefore the proper conduct for the flock is to drift as closely as possible to the falls. This creates an emergency, and under such a doctrine it is justifiable to fly upstream. However, when the emergency is over there is no excuse whatever for those with a proper respect for the Constitution not to drift down again.

In such a situation Stuart Chase is standing on the bank, trying to induce a different point of view in our minds. He is not a doctrinaire. He is bound to no particular theory. He points out that government in business offers the only possible type of control in many areas of production and distribution. This is not because he believes in socialism as a matter of principle, but because he observes that centralized power will work better in some places than industrial anarchy. Indeed, his philosophy is that of an individualist. He prefers a government which keeps out of all moral problems, and even out of industrial areas where it is not necessary to secure a minimum of comfort, food, and lodging.

He emphasizes the government corporation as a way out, simply because it appears to be working better than other types of organization in the matter of credit, housing, and so on. He is not, however, advancing a new economic science called government corporationism. He has no illusions about men in groups, and yet he does not have that futility of disillusionment which paralyzes so many idealists who are constantly blaming society for not living up to any set of ideals whatever. He recognizes that it is only natural that we should sabotage and throw obstacles in the way of any sensible practical solution of present difficulties which jars our cherished symbols. Nevertheless, he thinks that the fog is clearing, and that there is a chance of getting at least some of us started away from the river. He points out what has been done in the way of orderly governmental control in other countries. He catalogues the enormous changes in the United States. His book is well documented. It is hard to imagine a better one on this particular subject, which is adapted for general popular reading.

There is, however, one conclusive answer to everything that Stuart Chase says and advocates. All you need to do is to call him a superficial and popular writer who does not understand the real essence and intricacy of sound economic theory. No satisfactory reply to this type of argument has been evolved.

A REVIEW OF *LISTEN! THE WIND*(ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH)¹*by Amy Loveman*

I do not know how better to describe this book than to say that it has an exquisite bouquet. Its qualities are intangible but very real, and even more than "North to the Orient" prove Mrs. Lindbergh a writer whose work sheds distinction on rather than wins importance from her experience. One feels, in reading it, in contact with a withdrawn and self-contained soul, which dwells much in fancy, distilling from life a radiance and poignance both at times well nigh unbearable, and rendering up in turn a deep and tender sympathy. There is a beauty of sentiment and quickness of insight in the book that invest the smallest incident with importance and the least likely personality with dignity. Its writing has that higher grace which is not mere felicity of expression but is the fragrance of a contemplative mind and a sensitive spirit.

"Listen! the Wind" is the record of a flight made by Charles A. Lindbergh and his wife from Africa to Brazil in 1933, one of the closing laps in their survey of the North Atlantic airways. It is a circumstantial account of ten days of waiting and vain effort to take off, and of a moonlight flight across the ocean; and at the same time it is a chronicle of spiritual adventure. For to Mrs. Lindbergh's percipient nature everything that intervened between their landing at Santiago, on one of the Cape Verde Islands, and their final arrival in Natal, Brazil, was fraught with emotional import. What she felt keenly she transcribes vividly, and her pages contain a succession of brilliantly etched scenes, given depth and poetry by her reflections upon them. Santiago, and the plane rocking violently across the bay, "headed across the waves, first one wing down and then the other, almost touching the crests on either side." The plane anchored, and a rowboat approaching, with its Negro boys vacuously staring while the staggering Frenchman in the prow apologizes for his appearance by stating that he has risen from his bed still suffering from a high fever. Shore and domicile in the home of the chief of the French air company, and a novel in a nutshell in the picture of the dogged despair of this man and the uncomplaining devotion of his wife. The wind, the wind, the wind blowing ceaselessly. Bathurst and English colonial society at its most amiable. And again the wind, but this time instead of blowing, failing even so much as to rise to a puff. Days of waiting, unsuccessful efforts at a take-off, and at last success, and a moonlit journey across the night sky above the sea, with radio signals coming in from distant Chatham, Massa-

¹ From *The Saturday Review of Literature*, October 15, 1938. By permission of the author.

chusetts. Natal, and the plane "settling down gently, like a gull coming to rest." And a last glimpse of Natal with a hot sun blazing down, and the wind blowing again, now when it was needed no more. It is amazing how Mrs. Lindbergh can make the most trifling incident luminous, how dramatic under her handling the attempt of a heavily laden plane to rise can become, how intensely pathetic two figures fading into the distance can seem. Even technical detail has a lively interest.

Mrs. Lindbergh's style fits perfectly the color of her thought—supple, charming, poetic like it. I have space for but one quotation, though almost every page will yield another as good, this one descriptive of the wind:

We were suspended, I felt, swinging gently in a hammock in the wind. For, lying there quietly in the dark, we were acutely conscious of the wind; a many-stranded stream of sound, a river that had its deep current and small eddies. Sometimes I was conscious only of the near sounds, the small surface eddies, the tapping, the whistlings around the plane. And sometimes I heard nothing but that distant roaring, leagues up, in the sky.

Now, to me half-asleep, it was not a river, but a wave, sucking strength from the ebbing waters, drawing in small stones and sand, rising menacing and dark before me. And I, a small child caught in front of it, too near to run back over the slipping sand, too far away to dive boldly under the green curl—I stood, watching it tower, watching it gather strength each second, ready to break in pouting turbulence upon me. A wave that climbed and climbed and trembled in its height—and never broke.

Colonel Lindbergh has supplied an Introduction for his wife's book which characterizes it as "about a period in aviation which is now gone." In the future, he says, "Only the vibration from the engines will impress the sense of the traveler with his movement through the air. Wind and heat and moonlight take-offs will be of no concern to the transatlantic passenger. His only contact with these elements will lie in accounts such as this book contains."

Surely there will be few to rival this in charm and interest. It is even better than "North to the Orient."

DISCUSSIONS OF MODERN PROBLEMS

WHAT IS THE COLLEGE FOR?¹

by Max McConn

IN college catalogs the names of the students usually come last; and in many of the older books on college problems the chapter or section dealing specifically with the *student body* was similarly placed.

In the newer books, however—Mr. John Palmer Gavit's *College*, for example, and Mr. Percy Marks's *Which Way Parnassus?*—this situation is emphatically reversed. In answer to the question which stands at the head of this chapter these writers very nearly shout:

For the students!

This seems at first like a notable discovery; and in one sense it is obviously—even platitudinously—true; that is to say, the college certainly exists for the students rather than for the trustees, the president and deans, the faculty, or even the alumni. But to Mr. Gavit, Mr. Marks, and others who join in the same chorus, *the students* evidently mean the whole of the typical student body as commonly constituted at present, including, and apparently including especially, that large contingent whose ideals are so joyously—and accurately—expressed in the excellent song which runs:

We all came to college,
But we didn't come for knowledge,
So we'll raise hell while we're here.

From my old-fogy, academic point of view that answer does not get us very far. In seeking to determine the primary and fundamental purpose of the college, we must, it seems to me, go beyond even the students—whether that term be used in its present inclusive sense or with the older, narrower meaning which implied some connection with studies.

The college is an institution, and like every other institution has been established and is maintained by society to accomplish some result which in the view of the social group, or some considerable part of the group, is held to be necessary or advantageous. We must inquire what this result is which the community seeks from the college.

Perhaps I shall put my meaning across most quickly by taking some

¹ From M. McConn, *College or Kindergarten?* By permission of the *New Republic*.

analogous institution as an example. Let us choose the medical school. Does the medical school exist fundamentally for the medical students? Obviously not. The purpose of society in supporting medical schools is only incidentally to train a few favored individuals for a highly lucrative profession. The broader, primary purpose is to provide the community with an adequate, continuing supply of learned and skillful physicians. The buildings, the laboratories, the professors, *and the students* are only instrumentalities from the standpoint of this primary social objective.

In the case of the medical school this fact is patent to all; and the common sense of the community accordingly approves the extremely rigorous policy which medical faculties adopt towards their students—approves the point-blank rejection of any candidate for admission who has not demonstrated his aptitude for medical studies by marked proficiency in his pre-medical biology and chemistry; approves the prompt exclusion later of any student who exhibits either dullness or laziness; and approves putting the whole group through an extremely arduous course of training, whether they like it or not. Let me repeat: in the case of the medical school the community perceives the social purpose, and therefore recognizes that the student, no less than the professor, is only a means to the social end, and has no rights and is entitled to no privileges except those which his fitness to that end may give him.

Parallel social purposes are apparent for the other professional schools—law, theology, engineering, dentistry, pharmacy.

How is it for the college of liberal arts? Surely there must be some recognized communal need underlying an institution for which whole states tax themselves so heavily, to which men of wealth and also of approved judgment and public spirit donate so many millions. It is curious—is it not?—that it is somewhat difficult to say offhand, in the case of the arts college, just what the social purpose is. But we must find it, first of all. Until this point is clarified there is little use in talking about the students or the faculty or the alumni or athletics or fraternities or entrance requirements or curricula or anything else. On the other hand, once we have correctly defined the social purpose, everything else should follow from that as clearly as it does in the case of the professional schools.

When the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, only six years after their landing in Boston Harbor, moved to establish at "Newtown" an institution which at first they called simply *the College*, they had a very definite community purpose, which they were able to express with sufficient clearness:

"After God had carried us safe to *New-England*, and wee had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our liveli-hood, rear'd convenient places for Gods worship, and settled the Civill Government; One of the next things we longed for, and looked after was to advance *Learning* and perpetuate it to Posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate Ministry to the Churches, when our present Ministers shall lie in the Dust." (*New England's First Fruits*, 1643.)

The maintenance of a learned "Ministry" for the Churches—if we could attain a similar singleness of purpose for the college of to-day, how quickly our problems would unravel!

The simple, concrete objective expressed in this quotation remained valid for Harvard College for perhaps two hundred years; and a similar conception and purpose motivated the establishment of the other Colonial colleges and of many less famous institutions which came to be set up later in the New West developing in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi. The trustees and faculties—if not the students—of some of these obscure Middle Western Harvards could probably subscribe even now to the above formulation.

But as time went on and wealth increased and religion decayed, as American life was progressively secularized, this original purpose of the colleges has naturally faded for the most part out of view. It has become incidental everywhere and in most institutions obsolete, and other purposes have taken its place.

Unfortunately these newer purposes have never been formulated with any such definiteness and clarity as the original conception attained. We have had many formulations from individual educators, and several collective and official pronouncements from faculties, as to what the purpose, or purposes, of the present arts college *ought* to be, but very little analysis of what the objects actually are in the unexpressive mind of the community which maintains the colleges by supplying them with funds and students.

Such an analysis I am about to attempt. And since the reader may ask, very pertinently, how I am qualified to speak on this difficult point, let me say that for something over fifteen years I have held administrative positions in which it has been a part of my official duty to spend many hours each week talking with candidates for admission to college and their parents. The parents are frequently quite expansive as to their motives and desires, and some of the students scarcely less so. The following summary of the reasons which bring the young men and women of to-day to college, and the reasons (not always the same) which induce their parents to send them, is based therefore on some tens of thousands of interviews, often extended and intimate, with actual youngsters and actual parents.

Of course the motives vary greatly in detail and emphasis, and are frequently mixed; but there are three leading purposes which are clearly distinguishable and under which practically all the minor motives can be subsumed. I shall call them:

- (1) The bread-and-butter purpose;
- (2) The superkindergarten purpose; and—
- (3) The culture purpose.

(1) *The Bread-and-Butter Purpose.* I put this purpose first because it is the one of most frequent occurrence, especially in the minds of parents; perhaps also in the minds of the students themselves, though of this I am not so sure.

The vast majority of those fathers who put up anywhere from \$800 to \$2,000 a year to keep a boy or a girl at college "make this sacrifice"—I quote a phrase which I often hear from their own lips—with one definite object consciously in view; namely, that the boy shall thereby be enabled to make in the future a better livelihood, a larger salary, bigger money, than he would otherwise be likely to earn—and, it is frequently added, a better livelihood than Dad himself has been able to make; and that the girl shall become economically self-sufficient until marriage, and, if necessary, afterwards.

In other words, the social purpose of the college of to-day, as conceived by the majority of the clientele which sends students to its campus and pays fees into its treasury, is no longer to provide a ministry of any kind for the community, but rather to afford special privilege and a differential advantage in the economic struggle to those few, including themselves, who may be shrewd and thrifty and enterprising enough to seize the opportunity presented.

(2) *The Superkindergarten Purpose.* The second purpose is more difficult to designate satisfactorily and more difficult to explain. It is seldom formulated, in the parent's mind or in the student's, with anything like the clearness with which, in the former case, the bread-and-butter motive is held. It is easily distinguishable, however, in certain instances; the number of which is smaller than for the bread-and-butter motive, but nevertheless considerable, especially in the East, and at present rapidly increasing both East and West.

The parties concerned, where this purpose operates, are economically superior to the bread-and-butter motive. The boy does not have to learn a trade or profession; he will be taken, in due course, into Dad's business, or, if he does not care for that particular line, Dad will set him up in almost any other business he may eventually select. As for the girl, she will marry, and marry well. But in the meantime there they are, the boy and girl. The lower schools have graduated them and turned them out. The boy is too young as yet to be of any real use in business, and the girl too young to marry—or at least Mother thinks so. What to do with the next lap of their young lives? Why, obviously—send them to college.

Not that either the boy or the girl—in the typical case—has any strong inclination toward further studies; nor do Dad and Mother for a moment suspect them of any such idiosyncrasy. But college is such a safe and reputable place to take care of them for the next four years. They will be looked after somewhat. Not nearly as well as they should be—not as in a good preparatory school. Still there are deans and advisers and professors and sometimes preceptors or tutors, to take the place in part of the preparatory school masters. And there is athletics, to develop their bodies, and, it is asserted, their moral character. And the fraternities, which add somewhat to any one's social prestige, and lead to friendships with other eligible young people, which may be worth while in the future both socially and financially. And, of course, it will not hurt the children to have some further work in English and history and languages and the like; a little more French or German would

come in handy on the next trip abroad; they may even take courses in Investments or Corporation Finance which might conceivably be really useful. Besides, it is quite economical. Of course their allowances will have to be large; but at that they will spend less than they would playing around in New York or Philadelphia or Chicago or San Francisco—and have better associates, and be less likely to get into serious scrapes. And, finally, everybody's doing it; Jones at the Country Club is always bragging about his boy at Princeton, and Mrs. Smith disturbs every game of bridge she plays with lugged-in references to her daughter at Bryn Mawr. And it will be so nice to have the boy eligible for the University Club. College it is!

In short, the social purpose of the college, from the standpoint of this considerable and influential section of its constituency, is that of a super-kindergarten, to take care of a group of older babies, who have progressed, in their amusements, from rattles to rah-rahs.

I believe the analogy with the kindergarten to be quite accurate and complete. The kindergarten—I do not, of course, refer to any public institution, but to the reputable private kindergarten—is a place where a selected group of nice children are: (1) carefully tended, amid cheerful and esthetic surroundings; (2) kept constantly amused with healthful games of alleged educational value; and (3) given some modicum (but not too much) of actual instruction. This is exactly what the parents of these older children here in question, and the children themselves, desire to get and do get from the colleges.

(3) *The Culture Purpose.* There is, finally, a small group of parents—in my fifteen years I have not met many of them, but occasionally one encounters a specimen—who have carried over from some earlier tradition a notion which they are quite likely to call “culture.” Probably they were young about the time when Matthew Arnold was lecturing in the United States or at least when the reverberations of his lectures were still loud. They often have his phrases at the back of their minds: “sweetness and light”; “an acquaintance with the best that has been known and thought in the world”; “a liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind”; “the study of perfection”; and “making reason and the will of God prevail.” And with these things in their heads they send their sons and daughters to the college of the stadium and the fraternity!

But there is one curious—almost startling—fact to be noted at this point: that, whereas the American parents who have any such object are few, the number of their sons and daughters who are seeking just this is large. The youngsters do not know the phrases, Arnold's or anybody else's, but they have the impulse, a nebulous, unformulated ideal, a questing.

And so we have the third social purpose of the college, existing in the communal mind to-day, surviving only occasionally in the parental portion of society, but quite frequently felt, and I believe spreading, among the much-discussed Younger Generation; namely, the transmission of culture—

of knowledge and beauty and understanding, and of a delight in these things and in their uses in the world.

Well, given these three assorted social purposes, what are we going to make of them?

"Oh, yes," the reader may say, "I know what comes next. He will dismiss the first two with a few elaborate academic sarcasms and maintain that only the culture purpose is worthy of consideration."

A quite natural suspicion! But the reader will be mistaken in this case. I hold no such narrow view. I am prepared to assert vigorously that all three of the objectives I have described are valid, worthy, and creditable—that every one of them represents a real and serious social need, which ought to be fully met.

Certainly I never disparage the bread and butter motive—not after the long procession I have faced of earnest fathers and mothers, ready to do "any thing," to scant themselves, not luxuries, but food and clothes, to give up savings, insurance, and needed medical attention, in order to afford their boys and girls a better start in this world than they themselves had. It is tremendous, heroic, this well nigh universal aspiration of the lower economic classes in this country to set their children's feet on the road to that success which they in their own lives have missed; *success* meaning, concretely, money, and the pleasures, security, and prestige which money brings. To this end they are willing to deprive themselves of the few pleasures and the little security they might otherwise enjoy in their own persons.

A base materialistic aspiration? Materialistic, perhaps, but I will not agree to *base*. No altruism is base, and this ambition is for their children—a narrow, primitive altruism, no doubt; but the foundation, probably, of all other unselfishness. Moreover, their desire is not in the end wholly materialistic. It is the comfortably well to do who speak scornfully of materialism in connection with money. In this matter I go wholly with Dr. Johnson and Samuel Butler and George Gissing.

"You tell me," says Gissing (in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*), "that money cannot buy the things most precious. Your commonplace proves that you have never known the lack of it. When I think of all the sorrow and the barrenness that has been wrought in my life by want of a few more pounds per annum than I was able to earn, I stand aghast at money's significance. What kindly joys have I lost—those simple forms of happiness to which every heart has claim—because of poverty! Meetings with those I loved made impossible year after year, sadness, misunderstanding, nay, cruel alienation, arising from inability to do the things I wished, and which I might have done had a little money helped me, endless instances of homely pleasure and contentment curtailed or forbidden by narrow means."

The parents with whom I talk could not have said that. But they have had experience not unlike Gissing's and have learned with him that, not physical comforts only, but the mental and spiritual graces, have a price; that he who would possess virtue and intelligence—"sweetness and light," if you like—

must pay for them with cash and a good deal of it. It is at bottom some sense of this which makes these parents so keen that John shall become an engineer and Helen a high school teacher.

It may, indeed, be argued that the bread-and-butter purpose does not deserve public financial support through taxes and philanthropy. This vocational ambition on the part of certain parents and their children, however laudable, is after all individualistic and selfish. We may applaud a family eagerness to get ahead in the second generation; let them succeed, by all means, if they can! But why should funds be contributed from the general stock to further the private success of particular individuals?

But I should not agree even to this. The young people in question are, of course, working for their own hand when they take vocational courses in college or in professional schools; but incidentally they are preparing themselves for much more useful service to society than they could otherwise be expected to render. This increment of serviceability is, it seems to me, a sufficient reason why society should encourage them to the extent of contributing free or partially free instruction; the young people and their parents do their full part, and pay for whatever differential advantage they obtain, by standing the much greater expense of maintenance during the training period.

But how about the superkindergarten purpose? Do I seriously maintain that that object is valid and worthy? If a rich man's son has no particular brains, no real intellectual interests, why should he go to college, just because he can afford it and does not know what else to do? And why should the alternative be that he must knock about some big city with his pocket full of money? His father should cut off his allowance and put him to work like anybody else.

Well, that is easy to say; but in practice it simply is not—practicable. And if you were a father with plenty of money, you would know it is not. I am not myself such a father, but I have talked with enough of those who are to appreciate the reality and seriousness of their problem.

Moreover, I am even better acquainted with a considerable number of the young people in question. Very charming boys and girls—well-nourished, of course; well-dressed; usually well-mannered (in spite of loud rumors to the contrary); with a presence, bearing, and address, and often with a gift of persuasive speech, which are admirable. It may be they are expensive social parasites; from the stern standpoint of economics I suppose they are; but after all they are human youngsters too. It is not their fault that they have more money than is good for them, and no more brains than most other people—in other words, not enough for high scholarship. We cannot expect that all of them will be intellectually gifted, just because Dad has cleaned up in Wall Street; Nature does not manage things so well as that.

I am not, of course, suggesting the opposite; that all or most of the children of the well-to-do are brainless. On the contrary, it has been pretty definitely established that the higher, and the very high, economic classes produce a number of gifted children which is proportionately very large.

But with the gifted, from whatever economic level, we are not concerned in connection with the superkindergarten purpose.

What are we to do with the inevitably numerous exceptions—the young men with sleek hair, wide trousers, coonskin coats, hip flasks, and Pierce-Arrows, in short, with all the qualifications for college except brains—and their sisters? They are all dressed up and have no place else to go to. I defy you to name any other institution or kind of place which is prepared to receive them and take care of them. In short, there *is* a real social need here, and a need with practically unlimited funds and influence behind it to demand and secure its satisfaction.

The practical upshot of the matter is that these young gentlemen (and their sisters) *are coming to college*, to be taken care of for four years more or less; and furthermore that they ought to be much better taken care of than they are at present. For under the system of private ownership and practically unrestricted inheritance these young people, in spite of their personal (intellectual) mediocrity, will in a few years succeed to places of large social and financial power in our American life. It is important, therefore, for the welfare of the general community, no less than for the sake of the boys and girls themselves and their parents, that the very best that can be done for them should be done.

If, however, we should be called upon to consider here a question parallel to that which I raised in connection with the bread-and-butter purpose, namely, as to whether these superkindergarten facilities should be provided at public expense, the answer, it seems to me, must be flatly in the negative. It is little better than absurd that our citizens in general should tax themselves to set up the expensive *milieu*, and operate the expensive system of games and other diversions, needed to carry these scions of the wealthy safely and reputably through the pleasant days of their post-adolescence; and to devote to this end funds bequeathed by pious donors "for the advancement of learning" comes perilously near to being a breach of trust. The college must take care of these "students," but there is no reason why it should be supported, in this part of its work, either by taxes or by gifts. These young men and women are well able to pay fees which should not only cover all the expenses of their tutelage but should also yield a profit to the corporation—as actually happens at present in the case of the private secondary schools which shelter the earlier years of the same group.

Please compare the opinion to this same effect expressed by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in an address reported in the *New York Times* of June 16, 1927. In the course of his address Mr. Rockefeller said:

"To-day the majority of the students go to college for a good time, for social considerations, or to fit themselves to earn money. The idea of service to the community is no longer the chief consideration. It would **seem, therefore, that under these changed conditions the student might properly be expected to pay for the benefits he receives.**"

As for the culture purpose: if it were only for the parents of my acquaintance, I should be tempted to say that this purpose is rapidly becoming obsolete, and might well be disregarded in any broad and dispassionate study of the modern college. But it is my privilege, in my present work, to have daily conversations with young men which convince me that this purpose is recrudescent in the newer generation, and is still, therefore, a thing to be reckoned with.

And so we come again to the question, "What are we to do about it? Let me assume for the moment that the reader is prepared to grant the correctness of my analysis—to concede that the community does hold these three differing social purposes in connection with the college; that all three purposes are, in varying degrees perhaps, valid and worthy; and that all three must be taken care of by the college. What of it? This conclusion seems to leave us precisely in the *status quo*.

On the contrary, I should answer, this discrimination of the three widely divergent purposes which the college is now trying to serve lays bare, for the first time, the root of practically all the difficulties and errors from which the college of to-day is suffering. Nearly all our troubles go back to the fact that we are attempting with one and the same faculty, with one and the same set of requirements, standards, and methods, with the same kind of discipline, to serve three groups of students *whose objects and needs are so different as to be incompatible*.

We press toward three goals set in different directions. If we progress a little towards one of them, we are by so much more distant from the other two, and are presently forced to run (or creep) back. Hence the pitiable hesitations and shilly-shallyings which our faculties constantly exhibit; and hence the justifiable dissatisfaction of all three groups of students, and their parents, with what they are getting.

I said that *the three objects are so different as to be incompatible*.

This fact is most strikingly exhibited, perhaps, in connection with the superkindergarten group. These charming young men and women are by definition not highbrows. They are merely nice normal persons—quite as able in every way as "the man in the street"; in fact, distinctly more able than that, on the average. But they lack the really superior mentality needed for the adequate mastery of any of the learned or technical professions; and certainly they have no such enthusiastic devotion to the things of the mind for their own sake as is fundamental to the culture purpose (if culture be assumed to mean, really, something more than merely ornamental accomplishments). Accordingly, their presence in the college tends to drag down the standards.

It may be said that this should not happen, that all those who cannot meet an ideally rigorous requirement should simply be "flunked out." But that would be too inhumane; and if we are to have this group with us at all, it is unjust. As a matter of fact, a good deal of "flunking out" is done, but not consistently; and it is not going to be done consistently anywhere. On the contrary, the requirements are insensibly lowered, the intellectual pace is

slackened, the methods are adapted, in part, to the needs of this element. And at the same time the general discipline of the institution is made more strict and paternalistic than is helpful for the other groups; because this super kindergarten crowd must have a considerable measure of compulsion and surveillance if they are to do any intellectual work at all.

But that is not the worst of it. The worst is that this group, with their fine clothes, their motor cars, their luxurious fraternity houses, their expensive scale of living in general, come to dominate the entire student body; just as the corresponding group outside the college, by similar methods of pecuniary display, dominate mature society. In other words, the superkindergarten group set the social tone, *and presently the intellectual tone*, of the whole college.

Inevitably this group develop a defensive contempt for that severe intellectual labor of which they themselves are incapable. This defensive contempt finds expression in the idea that the proper attitude of really eligible persons towards books and learning is an insouciant neglect. It gives birth to such phrases as *greasy grind*, to brand any one who betrays genuine zeal for knowledge; to such slogans as *the gentleman's grade*, implying clearly enough that it is socially incorrect to do more work in any course than is necessary to get by—to meet the minimum requirements.

All this does not matter in itself or for the superkindergarten groups; but it is exceedingly bad for the other two groups. Many young men and women with plenty of ability, with a natural aptitude for intellectual endeavor, fully capable of being fired with a genuine professional enthusiasm or with a genuine cultural enthusiasm, have all such sentiments dampened and quenched by the prevailing social disapprobation. And most of those few who are stiff-necked enough, mentally and morally, to defy the general scorn and cling to their intellectual interests are forced into an unhealthy apologetic, defensive attitude, on behalf of the very thing which is most to their credit and most useful to their purposes.

It is inevitable that in our general society outside the college a similar attitude of contempt for intellectual pursuits and enthusiasms should prevail—the attitude which has made the terms *highbrow* and *intelligentsia* into epithets of scorn. Such an attitude is natural and probably healthy on the part of the great majority, being necessary to the preservation of their self-respect. But there ought to be, even in America, one place, namely, the college—or some colleges—where the things of the mind can come into their own, can be cherished and applauded, can escape, for a little while, from the necessity of concealment or apology. The presence of the superkindergarten group has destroyed this last refuge.

But it must be noted, also—if we are to be fair all around,—that the superkindergartners, while they do immeasurable harm to the other two groups, receive considerable damage in return. I said above that the standards, methods, and discipline are adapted *in part* to the capacity of the superkindergarten group. But only in part. The faculty feel not only the downward drag of the superkindergartners, but also the upward pull of the gifted students, of

whom they still have an appreciable number in their classes. The faculty themselves, moreover, are drawn chiefly—many slurs to the contrary notwithstanding—from this gifted element, so that their sympathies are all with the professional and cultural purposes. Few professors, in fact, can be brought to understand the real purpose and needs of the superkindergarten group. Consequently, they are forever nagging them; interfering with their healthful games and other normal occupations; harassing them with requirements and checking them up by standards which, for this group, are not merely irrelevant but positively misjudged and harmful. They even, in many instances, “flunk them out”—which is obviously no way to discharge the responsibility of taking care of them.

The other two purposes—professional and cultural—are not so profoundly inimical to each other as the superkindergarten purpose is to them and they to it; but they too clash to a considerable extent.

The professional group have a very definite utilitarian motive, from which they ought not to be distracted; they must follow a rigidly prescribed course of study, dictated by the requirements of their profession; and they must be put through this curriculum at a fairly intensive pace. The cultural group, on the other hand, have more indefinitely and mainly non-utilitarian objects, from which they in turn ought not to be distracted; they must have large freedom of election; and they need above everything a considerable margin for discursive leisure. When you have two groups together, it is nearly impossible to keep these vital differences clear in the minds of students or even of the faculty. In certain subjects the two groups are sure to be put into the same classes—from practical considerations of economy—and in these classes the needed differentiation of objectives and methods becomes impossible.

Moreover, the faculty is almost certain to be divided between professors who feel principally the cultural purpose and others who lean strongly towards the professional purpose of the college, and these two clans are forever at cross purposes.

The culturally minded professors are always trying to “liberalize” the professional courses. They are earnest, for example, to offer some morsels of culture to the chemists, by requiring the latter to take Nineteenth Century Poetry in the sophomore year and Appreciation of Art as seniors. Such efforts, in their present form, are merely annoying and wasteful. If a chemistry student has not acquired general culture before he enters upon his chemistry course, he must either do without it, or get it afterwards, through his private reading and other contacts, as many professional men do. But while he is a chemistry student he should study—chemistry; should live chemistry, eat and drink and sleep chemistry, so as to become supersaturated with the subject matter, methods, and spirit of that profession—just as the medics do in a medical school, or the law students in a law school. (You do not offer *them* any Shelley and Keats or any Renaissance madonnas!) The majority of the professional students react properly enough to such courses by scorning them

and giving them as little attention as possible; but even so there is some distraction and loss of time.

On the other hand, those professors who have the professional purpose at heart interfere somewhat with the cultural group. They tend to adopt a supercilious attitude towards what seems to them the dilettantism of subject matter and method in the cultural curriculum, and constantly throw their weight in favor of "stiffer courses," more science and mathematics for all, more numerous and stricter prescriptions, and more mechanical methods—all with the best intentions in the world.

The conclusion is obvious. We should have, not one college, in which we distractedly attempt to serve three incompatible purposes, but three colleges. Or rather the professional curricula—in chemistry, journalism, education, home economics, and the like,—which clutter up many colleges of liberal arts, especially in the large universities, should be gently-but-firmly removed from the college, and taken care of—to their own great advantage—in separate professional schools, like those of medicine and law. And then the college proper, i.e., the nonprofessional school, should be divided into two colleges, one for the superkindergartners and one for the cultural group.

Let no one suppose that this suggestion of a new type of college, to be devoted explicitly and single-mindedly to the superkindergartners, is intended to be humorous. I am absolutely in earnest. I have shown, I trust, how serious the need for such an institution is. And there are a number of colleges in this country which have, in fact, been evolving rapidly in this direction, and could make a stupendous success if they would only recognize their manifest destiny, clarify their purposes, and adapt their standards, curricula, methods, and discipline accordingly.

Since the term superkindergarten may seem to be invidious—though intended to be only accurately descriptive,—let me call this type of institution the Gentleman's College; the word gentleman being used, of course, in its pecuniary implications—which after all have always constituted, and probably always will constitute, the fundamental significance of the term.

The ideal Gentleman's College should be situated in a rural community at some distance from the large cities. Its campus should be attractively landscaped, and its buildings Collegiate Gothic, tastefully draped with ivy, and displaying plenty of marble and bronze, and carved wood and leaded glass. It should, of course, have ample stadia and gymnasiums and a lavish equipment of playing fields for every kind of sport; together with handsome dormitories and a series of club buildings to furnish numerous social centers, with facilities for all imaginable kinds of "activities." For it is my mature, considered conviction that athletic sports and other "activities" should constitute the essential core of the curriculum and discipline of such a college.

The faculty and administrative officers of a Gentleman's College should be selected with great care; the primary qualification being real sympathy with the type of young men to be taken charge of, and a genuine interest in their sports and other recreations. In other words, the professors, deans, and other

officers should themselves be, first of all, gentlemen, in the same sense as their students; thoroughly educated and accomplished gentlemen; but not persons warped from normality by the excessive intellectualism which characterizes so many college teachers. Some of these gentlemanly professors and deans would doubtless be scholars as well, particularly in the more ornamental branches of learning; but the mere scholar should be rigidly excluded. The type needed is the same type that renders such splendid service in the more expensive private secondary schools. Such men could do this job infinitely better than the average faculty of the existing colleges.

The curriculum should include a somewhat rigid course in the mechanical essentials of English composition; for the young people in question must become reputably literate. It should include also the modern foreign languages, and lecture courses in English literature and foreign literatures, in the social sciences, in philosophy, and in the fine arts; since all these subjects make their contributions to the social amenities. There would be little need for mathematics or the sciences; but doubtless such a college would offer, as electives, the full complement of subjects offered in our existing institutions.

Admission might well be based upon certification from approved private secondary schools. The essential point in this connection is that a high matriculation fee—say, one hundred to two hundred dollars—should be charged; and the annual tuition might well be around a thousand. It is this matter of fees which would take care of the proper selection. The Gentleman's College would not exist for the poor boy. The lower economic levels should send many students into the professional schools, and also into colleges, if there were such, devoted to the culture purpose. But those who are both intellectually mediocre and poor should obviously go to work. The super-kindergarten is, by the nature of the case, a luxury of the well-to-do.

Each student in the Gentleman's College should receive a large amount of personal attention from the faculty and administration—should be zealously supervised and tended, as to health, habits, manners, sports, studies, and accomplishments. And once a student has been admitted to a Gentleman's College, he should not be liable to dismissal, within four years at least, except for dangerous moral delinquency. He should be regarded as a member of the family or fraternity of the college, not to be thrust out for minor deficiencies, but rather given extra and special care in proportion to his needs.

Such a college should, of course, announce its special purpose to the world with entire honesty. It should proclaim, in its catalogues and other literature, that it is not the purpose of this college to turn out musty pedants or visionary (and potentially dangerous) intellectuals, but to prepare normal young men for positions of leadership in the American social and business world.

I feel sure that judicious advertisement along these lines, together with the attraction of high fees, would speedily draw a splendid clientele. This clientele would be abundantly satisfied. They would be getting what they want and need, and are willing to pay for, and what they cannot at present get satisfactorily in any college in America; although, as noted above, there are certain

institutions which are already making progress in this direction. Any college, reasonably well-situated and well-equipped, which would consciously adopt this program, and carry it out consistently, could within ten years attain an enviable primacy of social repute among all our institutions, and realize its wildest dreams as to students and funds. And its success would be deserved, for it would be, for the first time, doing superbly one of the three jobs which the American community demands of the college.

Meanwhile a few other colleges should devote themselves with equal explicitness and single-mindedness to the care of the culture purpose.

Since the word culture is a little old-fashioned, let us call this type of institution the Scholar's College. (I picked this phrase the other day from the lips of a prominent senior, who used it in derision.) It is not intended to imply that the scholar may not be also a gentleman in the less materialistic meaning of the term, or even in the materialistic or pecuniary sense; frequently he will be a gentleman in both senses; but it will be *qua* scholar rather than *qua* gentleman that he will be welcome in the Scholar's College. And that college will have a place for some who, at the beginning at any rate, are not gentlemen in any sense.

Any existing institution which should aspire to become an ideal Scholar's College will need to make changes much more drastic than those sketched above for the establishment of a Gentleman's College. The nature of these changes and the reasons for them will form the subject matter of the chapters to follow; for, of course, the Scholar's College is the Real College which I propose to picture.

So far I have tried to make it clear—as the first vital necessity—that the *exclusive* purpose of the Real College, the Scholar's College, must be—to use the old-fashioned word again—culture. The bread-and-butter purpose must there be held in abeyance for the time being, and the superkindergarten purpose must be flatly denied and excluded.

As to what this culture is—we shall never be able to define it satisfactorily, but we know what we mean. We mean knowledge—quite a good deal of knowledge; some of it superficial, some intensive and exact; including both facts and the interpretation of facts, with a critical discrimination between the two. We mean enjoyment—appreciation, of books, art, nature, and human beings (“the world is so full of a number of things”). We mean freedom—self-emancipation (*Selbstentfremdung*); getting loose, so far as may be possible, from all the crowding pre-judgments of family, class, party, creed, nation, and century, into the cool isolation of disinterested thought. We mean understanding—in some measure—of the laws of nature and the heart of man, and of the human situation on this tiny, short-lived planet. And we mean ideals—of truth, beauty, and duty (or service or *noblesse oblige*), which we believe can be most truly and nobly conceived only in the light of such knowledge, enjoyment, freedom, and understanding.

And if there be, or can be, any institution which can transmit such possessions year after year to some considerable body of selected youth, we hold that

that institution will deserve well of the Republic—no matter what other things it may of necessity refuse to do. It will be, in fact, continuing—or rather resuming—the original purpose of the first American college: that of providing, in a figurative sense at least, “a ministry to the churches.”

We are living—it is a platitude to say so—in the midst of swifter changes than have ever happened before within historic times; revolutionary changes in our physical modes of life, which must induce, and are already inducing, great slippings and shiftings in all our economic, political, and ethical concepts. We are warned almost daily that the survival of civilization, and possibly of mankind, depends upon the wisdom and the speed with which we can reformulate these concepts; that, in the words of Mr. Wells, we are entered in a race between education and catastrophe. It would be the purpose of a Real College to train men and women capable of such training for the ministry of this reformulation, to be among its prophets, disciples, and missionaries—the ministry of a new civilization.

GATE RECEIPTS AND GLORY¹

by Robert M. Hutchins

THE football season is about to release the nation's colleges to the pursuit of education, more or less. Soon the last nickel will be rung up at the gate, the last halfback will receive his check, and the last alumnus will try to pay off those bets he can recall. Most of the students have cheered themselves into insensibility long ago.

This has been going on for almost fifty years. It is called “overemphasis on athletics,” and everybody deplores it. It has been the subject of scores of reports, all of them shocking. It has been held to be crass professionalism, all the more shameful because it masquerades as higher education. But nobody has done anything about it. Why? I think it is because nobody wants to. Nobody wants, or dares, to defy the public, dishearten the students, or deprive alma mater of the loyalty of the alumni. Most emphatically of all, nobody wants to give up the gate receipts. The trouble with football is the money that is in it, and every code of amateurism ever written has failed for this reason.

Money is the cause of athleticism in the American colleges. Athleticism is not athletics. Athletics is physical education, a proper function of the college if carried on for the welfare of the students. Athleticism is not physical education but sports promotion, and it is carried on for the monetary profit of the colleges through the entertainment of the public. This article deals with athleticism, its cause, its symptoms and its cure.

¹ From *The Saturday Evening Post*, Dec. 3, 1938. By permission of the editor and the author.

Of all the crimes committed by athleticism under the guise of athletics, the most heinous is the confusion of the country about the primary purpose of higher education. The primary purpose of higher education is the development of the mind. This does not mean that colleges and universities should neglect the health of their students or should fail to provide them with every opportunity for physical development. The question is a question of emphasis. Colleges and universities are the only institutions which are dedicated to the training of the mind. In these institutions, the development of the body is important, but secondary.

The apologists of athleticism have created a collection of myths to convince the public that biceps is a substitute for brains. Athletics, we are told, produces well-rounded men, filled with the spirit of fair play. Athletics is good for the health of the players; it is also good for the morals of the spectators. Leadership on the playing fields means leadership in life. The Duke of Wellington said so. Athletes are red-blooded Americans, and athletic colleges are bulwarks against Communism. Gate receipts are used to build laboratories and to pay for those sports that can't pay for themselves. Football is purely a supplement to study. And without a winning team a college cannot hope to attract the students or the gifts which its work requires.

These myths have about them a certain air of plausibility. They are widely accepted. But they are myths. As the Carnegie Foundation has said, "The fact that all these supposed advantages are tinged at one point or another with the color of money casts over every relaxation of standards a mercenary shadow." The myths are designed, consciously or unconsciously, to conceal the color of money and to surround a financial enterprise with the rosy glow of Health, Manhood, Public Spirit and Education.

Since the primary task of colleges and universities is the development of the mind, young people who are more interested in their bodies than in their minds should not go to college. Institutions devoted to the development of the body are numerous and inexpensive. They do not pretend to be institutions of learning, and there is no faculty of learned men to consume their assets or interfere with their objectives.

Athleticism attracts boys and girls to college who do not want and cannot use a college education. They come to college for "fun." They would be just as happy in the grandstand at the Yankee Stadium, and at less expense to their parents. They drop out of college after a while, but they are a sizable fraction of many freshman classes, and, while they last, they make it harder for the college to educate the rest. Even the earnest boys and girls who come to college for an education find it difficult, around the middle of November, to concentrate on the physiology of the frog or the mechanics of the price structure.

Worse yet, athleticism gives the student a mistaken notion of the qualities that make for leadership in later life. The ambition of the average student who grew up reading Stover at Yale is to imitate as closely as possible the attitude and manners of the current football hero. Since this country, like all others, needs brains more than brawn at the moment, proposing football heroes

as models for the rising generation can hardly have a beneficial effect on the national future.

The exponents of athleticism tell us that athletics is good for a boy. They are right. But athleticism focuses its attention on doing good for the boys who least need it. Less than half of the undergraduate males—800 out of 1900 at the University of Chicago, for instance—are eligible for intercollegiate competition. But where athleticism reigns, as happily it does not at Chicago, 75 per cent of the attention of the physical-education staff must be lavished on that fraction of the student body who make varsity squads. The Carnegie Foundation found that 37 per cent of all undergraduates engage in no athletic activity, not even in intramural games. Since graduate and professional students are also eliminated from competition, we have more than half the college and university population of the country neglected because we devote ourselves, on the pretext that athletics is good for a boy, to overdeveloping a handful of stars.

And athletics, as it is conducted in many colleges today, is not even good for the handful. Since the fate of the coach sometimes depends on victory, players have sometimes been filled with college spirit through caffeine tablets and strychnine. At least one case reached the public in which a coach removed a plaster cast from a star's ankle and sent him in "to win." The Carnegie Foundation found that 17.6 per cent of all football players in twenty-two colleges suffered serious injuries. The same report asserts that college athletes have about the same life expectancy as the average college man and not so good an expectancy as men of high scholarship rank.

Most athletes will admit that the combination of weariness and nervousness after a hard practice is not conducive to study. We can thus understand why athleticism does not contribute to the production of well-rounded men destined for leadership after graduation. In many American colleges it is possible for a boy to win twelve letters without learning how to write one. I need only suggest that you conjure up the name of the greatest college football star of fifteen years ago and ask yourself, "Where is he now?" Many of his contemporaries who made no ninety-yard runs enjoy at least as good health as our hero and considerably more esteem. The cheers that rock the stadium have a rapid depreciation rate.

The alleged connection between athletic experience and moral principles is highly dubious. At worst, the college athlete is led to believe that whatever he does, including slugging, is done for the sake of alma mater. He does not learn that it is sometimes better, both on and off the playing field, to lose than to win. At best, the college athlete acquires habits of fair play, but there is no evidence that he needs to join the football squad to acquire them; he can get them from the studies he pursues and from living in a college community which, since it is a community of comparatively idealistic people, is less tolerant of meanness than most. The football players who threw the campus "radicals" into the lake at the University of Wisconsin knew little of fair play, and incidents in which free speech in the colleges is suppressed have frequently shown the athletic group lined up on the side of suppression.

Even if it were true that athletics developed courage, prudence, tolerance and justice, the commercialism that characterizes amateur sport today would be sufficient to harden the purest young man. He is made to feel that his primary function in college is to win football games. The coach demands it, because the coach wants to hold his job. The college demands it, because the college wants the gate receipts. And the alumni demand it, because the test of a college is the success of its teams and they want to be alumni of a good college.

The university with which I am connected has a different kind of college and a different kind of alumni. I can make this statement because I am in no way responsible for its happy condition. When John D. Rockefeller founded the University of Chicago forty-five years ago, he told William Rainey Harper to run it as he pleased. It pleased Mr. Harper to appoint men of character and distinction. One of the men he appointed was Amos Alonzo Stagg. To the amazement of the country, Mr. Harper made Mr. Stagg a professor on life appointment. It was the first time such a thing had happened.

Secure in his position, whether he produced winning teams or not, Mr. Stagg for forty years kept Chicago an amateur university. Some of his teams were champions. Chicago still has the second best won-and-lost record in the Big Ten, although we are using it up pretty fast. But through all those years Chicago students learned that athletics is only one aspect, and a secondary one, of college education. The result is that today Chicago's alumni are loyal to their university and generous with their moral and financial support.

The prestige that winning teams confer upon a university, and the profits that are alleged to accompany prestige, are the most serious obstacles to reform. Alumni whose sole interest in their alma mater is its athletic standing lose their interest when its teams run on bad years. The result, which horrifies college presidents, is that the alumni do not encourage their children or their neighbors' children to attend the old college. The American public believes that there is a correlation between muscle and manliness. Poor teams at any college are supposed to mean that the character of its student body is in decay.

The myth that donors, like alumni and the public, are impressed by football victories collapses on examination of the report recently issued by the John Price Jones Corporation, showing gifts and bequests to colleges and universities between 1920 and 1937. Among the universities, Harvard, Yale and Chicago led the list, each having received more than \$50,000,000. The records of these universities on the gridiron were highly irregular, to say the least; that of one of them was positively bad. Among the colleges, Williams, Wesleyan and Bowdoin led the list, each having received more than \$5,000,000. Men of wealth were undeterred by the inconsequential athletic status of these colleges; it does not appear that philanthropists were attracted to their rivals by the glorious victories they scored over them.

If athleticism is bad for students, players, alumni and the public, it is even worse for the colleges and universities themselves. They want to be educational institutions, but they can't. The story of the famous halfback whose

only regret, when he bade his coach farewell, was that he hadn't learned to read and write is probably exaggerated. But we must admit that pressure from trustees, graduates, "friends," presidents, and even professors has tended to relax academic standards. These gentry often overlook the fact that a college should not be interested in a fullback who is a half-wit. Recruiting, subsidizing and the double educational standard cannot exist without the knowledge and the tacit approval, at least, of the colleges and universities themselves. Certain institutions encourage susceptible professors to be nice to athletes now admitted by paying them for serving as "faculty representatives" on the college athletic board.

We have the word of the famous Carnegie Report that the maxim "every athlete is a needy athlete" is applied up and down the land. Hard times have reduced the price of football players in conformity with the stock-market index. But when we get back to prosperity we may hope to see the resurrection of that phenomenon of the Golden Era, a corporation which tried to corner the market by signing up high-school athletes and auctioning them off to the highest bidder. The promoter of this interesting venture came to a bad end, and I regretted his fate, for he was a man of imagination and a friend of the football tramp, who has always been a victim of cutthroat competition.

Enthusiastic alumni find it hard to understand why a fine young man who can play football should be deprived of a college education just because he is poor. No young man should be deprived of an education just because he is poor. We need more scholarships, but athletic ability should have nothing to do with their award. Frequently the fine young man the alumnus has in mind can do nothing but play football. The alumnus should try hiring the young man and turning him loose in his factory. From the damage that would result he could gain some insight into the damage done his alma mater through admitting students without intellectual interests or capacity.

If the colleges and universities are to commend themselves to the public chiefly through their athletic accomplishments, it seems to me that they ought to be reorganized with that aim in view. Instead of looking for college presidents among educators, we should find them among those gentlemen who have a solid record of sports promotion behind them. Consider what Tex Rickard could have done for Harvard. I am rapidly approaching the retirement age, and I can think of no worthier successor, from the standpoint of athleticism, than Mr. Mike Jacobs, the sage of the prize ring. Mr. Jacobs has demonstrated his genius at selecting young men and developing them in such a way as to gather both gold and glory for the profession of which he is the principal ornament.

Another suggestion for elevating Chicago to the level of some of its sister institutions was advanced last year by Mr. William McNeill, editor of the student paper. Mr. McNeill proposed that instead of buying football players, the colleges should buy race horses. Alumni could show their devotion to alma mater by giving their stables to alma mater. For the time being, Yale would be way out in front, for both Mr. Jock Whitney and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney graduated there. But by a judicious distribution of

honorary degrees horse fanciers who never went to college might be induced to come to the assistance of institutions which had not attracted students who had become prosperous enough to indulge in the sport of kings. Chicago could, for instance, confer the doctorate of letters upon that prominent turfman, Alderman Bathhouse John Coughlin, and persuade The Bath to change the color of his silks from green to maroon. The alumni could place their money on Chicago across the board. The students could cheer. Most important of all, the horses would not have to pass examinations.

The center of football strength has been moving, since the turn of the century, from the East to the Middle West, from the Middle West to the Pacific Coast, and from the Pacific Coast to the South and Southwest. According to a recent analysis by Professor Eells, of Stanford, the leading educational institutions of the country are, in order of their eminence, Harvard, Chicago, Columbia, Yale, California, Johns Hopkins, Princeton, Michigan and Wisconsin. None of these universities, except California, is close to the top of Professor Dickinson's annual athletic ranking, and California's success has something to do with the fact that it has a male undergraduate enrollment of 7500 compared with Harvard's 3700 and Chicago's 1900. We used to say that Harvard enjoyed its greatest years as an educational institution when Ted Coy was playing at Yale. If football continues to move to the poorer colleges, the good ones may be saved. Meanwhile it is only fair to say that some inferior colleges are going broke attempting to get rich—and famous—at football.

Athleticism, like crime, does not pay. Last summer St. Mary's College, home of the Galloping Gaels, was sold at auction and bought in by a bondholders' committee. This was the country's most sensational football college. Since 1924 it has won eighty-six and tied seven of its 114 games. Its academic efforts were inexpensive and its gate receipts immense. The bondholders were surprised to learn that it was running \$72,000 a year behind in its budget. They were even more surprised to find that football expenses were almost equal to football income.

To make big money in athletics you have to spend big money. Winning coaches come high. The head coaches in our larger colleges and universities receive, on the average, \$611 a year more than the highest-ranking professors in the same institutions. One famous coach of a small college was found, not long ago, receiving \$25,000 in a year, between his salary and his percentage of the receipts. This situation is not without its advantages to the members of my hard-pressed profession. The president of one celebrated university was paid \$8000 a year. A coach qualified to direct the football destinies of the institution could not be found for less than \$15,000. Since the trustees had to have the coach, and since they couldn't pay the president less than the coach, they raised the president's salary to \$15,000 too.

Subsidizing is expensive. Equipment, travel, advertising and publicity are expensive. These things have been known to run to \$10,000 or \$15,000, even in the smaller colleges, for football alone. Some of the more glorious teams carry a Pullman full of newspapermen across the country with them, paying the reporters' expenses.

The myth that football receipts support research, education, or even other sports has just been exploded by President Wilkins, of Oberlin. His analysis of football costs in twenty-two typical colleges shows that only two have a surplus of football income over football expense. The twenty others spend on football all they get from football and \$1743 apiece a year additional. This is the income on \$45,000 of their endowment.

President Wilkins' investigation of the colleges raises an interesting question. If most of the colleges lose money at football, is it not likely that most of the universities, with their proportionately heavy expense, are also playing a losing game? I know of only one university that ever claimed to have built a laboratory out of excess gate receipts, but many of our larger institutions claim that football finances their so-called minor sports. Perhaps it does in a few universities and in the years of their great teams. But I should like to see a study made of the universities along the lines of President Wilkins' investigation of the colleges; and I might suggest to those who make the study that they scrutinize the accounting methods of some of our educators to see if they are charging up coaches and even trainers as "professors," the purchase of players to "contingent expense," and the debt on the stadium to "real estate."

In 1925 the American Association of University Professors expressed the hope that colleges would in time publish the cost of their stadiums. This hope has not been fulfilled, and for the most part the cost of stadiums remains one of the dark secrets of the athletic underworld. I understand that there are only two stadiums in the Big Ten which were not built with borrowed money, and that two have not yet been paid for. One cost \$1,700,000.

Last fall I met a university president the day before his team was to play its opening game. All he could say was, "We've got to win tomorrow. We've got to pay off that \$35,000 on the stadium this year." The necessity of packing these arenas has led colleges to schedule as many big games as possible. In order to establish the team's value as a spectacle as soon as possible, a big game must be played to open the season. The old scheme of playing easy games until the team is in shape has had to be abandoned. Consequently, practice must begin earlier to get the team in shape earlier. Harvard and Princeton have just extended pre-season practice and have given a bad example to the country.

The reason that college stadiums can't be paid off is plain. They are built for one sport, football. A great team year after year might, in fifteen or twenty years, pay off the bond issue. But there are no great teams year after year. Athletic eminence is cyclical. College A has a great team and decides to build a great stadium, so that the entire population can watch it. But the alumni of College B, which is the traditional rival of College A, are irritated because their alma mater is being beaten by those thugs across the river.

So the alumni go out and buy a great team for College B. Colleges C and D also have alumni who also like to win.

In a few years College A is being beaten regularly and the stadium, except for those local citizens who can't afford to get away to watch B, C, and D.

is empty. Then College B builds a great new stadium to cash in on its great new record, and goes through the same routine.

There are several factors already operating to reduce athleticism, whether or not we decide to do anything about it. The rise of the junior colleges, which educate freshmen and sophomores only, is reducing the supply of athletic material for the four-year colleges and universities.

Professional football, which is attracting larger and larger crowds, may ultimately do for college football what professional baseball has done for college baseball. And the United States Supreme Court, in a case involving the taxation of gate receipts, has clarified the national mind to some extent by indicating that intercollegiate football is business.

But neither the Supreme Court, nor professional football, nor the junior colleges can be depended upon to reform us. We must reform ourselves. How?

The committees which have studied the subject—and their name is legion—have suggested stricter eligibility rules, reduction of training periods, elimination of recruiting and subsidizing, easier schedules, limitation of each student's participation to one sport, and abandonment of the double scholastic standard for athletes. President-Emeritus Lowell, of Harvard, once proposed the Oxford and Cambridge system of limiting each sport to one game a season, and that one with the college's natural rival. Mr. Lowell's scheme might have the merit of enabling students and the public to work off their seasonal frenzy in one big saturnalia.

These reforms will never achieve reform. They may serve to offset athleticism at those few institutions which are already trying to be colleges instead of football teams. But it is too much to hope that they will affect the colleges and universities at large.

Since money is the cause of athleticism, the cure is to take the money out of athletics. This can be done only in defiance of the students, the alumni, the public, and, in many cases, the colleges themselves. The majority of the colleges and universities will not do it, because in the aggregate they dare not. Johns Hopkins, in Maryland, and Reed College, in Oregon, have dared, but nobody cares, athletically speaking, what Johns Hopkins or Reed does.

The task of taking the money out of athletics must be undertaken by those institutions which are leaders, institutions which can afford the loss of prestige and popularity involved. I suggest that a group of colleges and of universities composed, say, of Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale, Chicago, Michigan, Stanford and California agree to take the following steps, to take them in unison and to take them at once:

1. Reduce admission to ten cents. This will cover the handling costs. For years prominent educators, all the way from Harper, of Chicago, to Butler, of Columbia, have insisted that college athletics should be supported from endowment like any other educational activity. Colleges should support athletics out of their budgets, or get out of athletics, or get out of education.

2. Give the director of athletics and the major coaches some kind of academic tenure, so that their jobs depend on their ability as instructors and their character as men and not on the gates they draw.

While these two steps are being taken, it might be well, for the sake of once more putting students instead of athletes on the college playing fields, to try to stimulate the urge to play for fun and health, instead of the urge to win at any cost. There are two ways to do this, and many colleges and universities are trying both with considerable satisfaction to their students:

1. Broaden the base of athletic participation, so that all students, graduate and undergraduate, big fellows and little fellows, can play. The development of intramural athletics, which costs less than the maintenance of present programs, is a step in this direction. The English system of selecting a varsity from the intramural teams toward the end of the season and then playing a limited number of intercollegiate games suggests itself at this point.

2. Emphasize games which students will play in later life, when they need recreation and physical fitness as much as in college. Such sports are tennis, handball, skating, swimming, softball, bowling, rackets, golf and touch football. Few college graduates are able to use football, baseball or basketball, except as topics of conversation.

In a word: More athletics, less athleticism.

I think that after the steps I have suggested have been taken by the colleges and universities I have named, the rest of the country's educational institutions will not long be able to ignore their example.

Nor will the public, once the break has been made, attempt for long to prevent reform. The public, in the last analysis, pays for the colleges and the universities. It wants something for its money. It has been taught to accept football. It can, I am confident, be taught to accept education.

The public will not like ten-cent football, because ten-cent football will not be great football. The task of the colleges and the universities, then, is to show the country a substitute for athleticism.

That substitute is light and learning. The colleges and universities, which taught the country football, can teach the country that the effort to discover truth, to transmit the wisdom of the race, and to preserve civilization is exciting and perhaps important too.

FOUR KINDS OF THINKING¹

by James Harvey Robinson

WE do not think enough about thinking, and much of our confusion is the result of current illusions in regard to it. Let us forget for the moment any impressions we may have derived from the philosophers, and see what seems to happen in ourselves. The first thing that we notice is that our thought moves with such incredible rapidity that it

¹ From *The Mind in the Making*. Copyright, by Harper and Brothers, publishers,

is almost impossible to arrest any specimen of it long enough to have a look at it. When we are offered a penny for our thoughts we always find that we have recently had so many things in mind that we can easily make a selection which will not compromise us too nakedly. On inspection we shall find that even if we are not downright ashamed of a great part of our spontaneous thinking it is far too intimate, personal, ignoble or trivial to permit us to reveal more than a small part of it. I believe this must be true of everyone. We do not, of course, know what goes on in other people's heads. They tell us very little and we tell them very little. The spigot of speech, rarely fully opened, could never emit more than dribblets of the ever renewed hogshead of thought—*noch grösser wie's Heidelberger Fass*. We find it hard to believe that other people's thoughts are as silly as our own, but they probably are.

We all appear to ourselves to be thinking all the time during our waking hours, and most of us are aware that we go on thinking while we are asleep, even more foolishly than when awake. When uninterrupted by some practical issue we are engaged in what is now known as a *reverie*. This is our spontaneous and favorite kind of thinking. We allow our ideas to take their own course and this course is determined by our hopes and fears, our spontaneous desires, their fulfillment or frustration; by our likes and dislikes, our loves and hates and resentments. There is nothing else anything like so interesting to ourselves as ourselves. All thought that is not more or less laboriously controlled and directed will inevitably circle about the beloved Ego. It is amusing and pathetic to observe this tendency in ourselves and in others. We learn politely and generously to overlook this truth, but if we dare to think of it, it blazes forth like the noontide sun.

The reverie or "free association of ideas" has of late become the subject of scientific research. While investigators are not yet agreed on the results, or at least on the proper interpretation to be given to them, there can be no doubt that our reveries form the chief index to our fundamental character. They are a reflection of our nature as modified by often hidden and forgotten experiences. We need not go into the matter further here, for it is only necessary to observe that the reverie is at all times a potent and in many cases an omnipotent rival to every other kind of thinking. It doubtless influences all our speculations in its persistent tendency to self-magnification and self-justification, which are its chief preoccupations, but it is the last thing to make directly or indirectly for honest increase of knowledge. Philosophers usually talk as if such thinking did not exist or were in some way negligible. This is what makes their speculations so unreal and often worthless.

The reverie, as any of us can see for himself, is frequently broken and interrupted by the necessity of a second kind of thinking. We have to make practical decisions. Shall we write a letter or no? Shall we take the subway or a bus? Shall we have dinner at seven or half past? Shall we buy U. S. Rubber or a Liberty Bond? Decisions are easily distinguishable from the free flow of the reverie. Sometimes they demand a good deal of careful

pondering and the recollection of pertinent facts; often, however, they are made impulsively. They are a more difficult and laborious thing than the reverie, and we resent having to "make up our mind" when we are tired, or absorbed in a congenial reverie. Weighing a decision, it should be noted, does not necessarily add anything to our knowledge, although we may, of course, seek further information before making it.

A third kind of thinking is stimulated when anyone questions our beliefs and opinions. We sometimes find ourselves changing our minds without any resistance or heavy emotion, but if we are told that we are wrong we resent the imputation and harden our hearts. We are incredibly heedless in the formation of our beliefs, but find ourselves filled with an illicit passion for them when anyone proposes to rob us of their companionship. It is obviously not the ideas themselves that are dear to us, but our self-esteem, which is threatened. We are by nature stubbornly pledged to defend our own from attack, whether it be our person, our family, our property, or our opinion. A United States Senator once remarked to a friend of mine that God Almighty could not make him change his mind on our Latin-American policy. We may surrender, but rarely confess ourselves vanquished. In the intellectual world at least peace is without victory.

Few of us take the pains to study the origin of our cherished convictions; indeed, we have a natural repugnance to so doing. We like to continue to believe what we have been accustomed to accept as true, and the resentment aroused when doubt is cast upon any of our assumptions leads us to seek every manner of excuse for clinging to them. *The result is that most of our so-called reasoning consists in finding arguments for going on believing as we already do.*

I remember years ago attending a public dinner to which the Governor of the state was bidden. The chairman explained that His Excellency could not be present for certain "good" reasons; what the "real" reasons were the presiding officer said he would leave us to conjecture. This distinction between "good" and "real" reasons is one of the most clarifying and essential in the whole realm of thought. We can readily give what seem to us "good" reasons for being a Catholic or a Mason, a Republican or a Democrat, an adherent or opponent of the League of Nations. But the "real" reasons are usually on quite a different plane. Of course the importance of this distinction is popularly, if somewhat obscurely, recognized. The Baptist missionary is ready enough to see that the Buddhist is not such because his doctrines would bear careful inspection, but because he happened to be born in a Buddhist family in Tokio. But it would be treason to his faith to acknowledge that his own partiality for certain doctrines is due to the fact that his mother was a member of the First Baptist church of Oak Ridge. A savage can give all sorts of reasons for his belief that it is dangerous to step on a man's shadow, and a newspaper editor can advance plenty of arguments against the Bolsheviks.

But neither of them may realize why he happens to be defending his particular opinion.

The "real" reasons for our beliefs are concealed from ourselves as well as from others. As we grow up we simply adopt the ideas presented to us in regard to such matters as religion, family relations, property, business, our country, and the state. We unconsciously absorb them from our environment. They are persistently whispered in our ear by the group in which we happen to live. Moreover, as Mr. Trotter has pointed out, these judgments, being the product of suggestion and not of reasoning, have the quality of perfect obviousness, so that to question them

. . . is to the believer to carry skepticism to an insane degree, and will be met by contempt, disapproval, or condemnation, according to the nature of the belief in question. When, therefore, we find ourselves entertaining an opinion about the basis of which there is a quality of feeling which tells us that to inquire into it would be absurd, obviously unnecessary, unprofitable, undesirable, bad form, or wicked, we may know that that opinion is a nonrational one, and probably, therefore, founded upon inadequate evidence.

Opinions, on the other hand, which are the result of experience or of honest reasoning do not have this quality of "primary certitude." I remember when as a youth I heard a group of business men discussing the question of the immortality of the soul, I was outraged by the sentiment of doubt expressed by one of the party. As I look back now I see that I had at the time no interest in the matter, and certainly no least argument to urge in favor of the belief in which I had been reared. But neither my personal indifference to the issue, nor the fact that I had previously given it no attention, served to prevent an angry resentment when I heard *my* ideas questioned.

This spontaneous and loyal support of our preconceptions—this process of finding "good" reasons to justify our routine beliefs—is known to modern psychologists as "rationalizing"—clearly only a new name for a very ancient thing. Our "good" reasons ordinarily have no value in promoting honest enlightenment, because, no matter how solemnly they may be marshaled, they are at bottom the result of personal preference or prejudice, and not of an honest desire to seek or accept new knowledge.

In our reveries we are frequently engaged in self-justification, for we cannot bear to think ourselves wrong, and yet have constant illustrations of our weaknesses and mistakes. So we spend much time finding fault with circumstances and the conduct of others, and shifting on to them with great ingenuity the onus of our own failures and disappointments. *Rationalizing is the self-exculpation which occurs when we feel ourselves, or our group, accused of misapprehension or error.*

The little word *my* is the most important one in all human affairs, and properly to reckon with it is the beginning of wisdom. It has the same force whether it is *my* dinner, *my* dog, and *my* house, or *my* faith, *my* country, and *my* God. We not only resent the imputation that our watch is wrong, or our car shabby, but that our conception of the canals of Mars, of the pronunciation

of "Epictetus," of the medicinal value of salicine, or the date of Sargon I, are subject to revision.

Philosophers, scholars, and men of science exhibit a common sensitiveness in all decisions in which their *amour propre* is involved. Thousands of argumentative works have been written to vent a grudge. However stately their reasoning, it may be nothing but rationalizing, stimulated by the most commonplace of all motives. A history of philosophy and theology **could be** written in terms of grouches, wounded pride, and aversions, and it would be far more instructive than the usual treatments of these themes. Sometimes, under Providence, the lowly impulse of resentment leads to great achievements. Milton wrote his treatise on divorce as a result of his troubles with his seventeen-year-old wife, and when he was accused of being the leading spirit in a new sect, the Divorcers, he wrote his noble *Areopagitica* to prove his right to say what he thought fit, and incidentally to establish the advantage of a free press in the promotion of Truth.

All mankind, high and low, thinks in all the ways which have been described. The reverie goes on all the time not only in the mind of the mill hand and the Broadway flapper, but equally in weighty judges and godly bishops. It has gone on in all the philosophers, scientists, poets, and theologians that have ever lived. Aristotle's most abstruse speculations were doubtless tempered by highly irrelevant reflections. He is reported to have had very thin legs and small eyes, for which he doubtless had to find excuses. and he was wont to indulge in very conspicuous dress and rings and was accustomed to arrange his hair carefully. Diogenes the Cynic exhibited the impudence of a touchy soul. His tub was his distinction. Tennyson in beginning his *Maud* could not forget his chagrin over losing his patrimony years before as the result of an unhappy investment in the Patent Decorative Carving Company. These facts are not recalled here as a gratuitous disparagement of the truly great, but to insure a full realization of the tremendous competition which all really exacting thought has to face, even in the minds of the most highly endowed mortals.

And now the astonishing and perturbing suspicion emerges that perhaps almost all that has passed for social science, political economy, politics, and ethics in the past may be brushed aside by future generations as mainly rationalizing. John Dewey has already reached this conclusion in regard to philosophy. Veblen and other writers have revealed the various unperceived presuppositions of the traditional political economy, and now comes an Italian sociologist, Vilfredo Pareto, who, in his huge treatise on general sociology, devotes hundreds of pages to substantiating a similar thesis affecting all the social sciences. This conclusion may be ranked by students of a hundred years hence as one of the several great discoveries of our age. It is by no means fully worked out, and it is so opposed to nature that it will be very slowly accepted by the great mass of those who consider themselves thoughtful. As a historical student I am personally fully reconciled to this

newer view. Indeed, it seems to me inevitable that just as the various sciences of nature were, before the opening of the seventeenth century, largely masses of rationalizations to suit the religious sentiments of the period, so the social sciences have continued even to our own day to be rationalizations of uncritically accepted beliefs and customs.

It will become apparent as we proceed that the fact that an idea is ancient and that it has been widely received is no argument in its favor, but should immediately suggest the necessity of carefully testing it as a probable instance of rationalization.

This brings us to another kind of thought which can fairly easily be distinguished from the three kinds described above. It has not the usual qualities of the reverie, for it does not hover about our personal complacencies and humiliations. It is not made up of the homely decisions forced upon us by everyday needs, when we review our little stock of existing information, consult our conventional preferences and obligations, and make a choice of action. It is not the defense of our own cherished beliefs and prejudices just because they are our own—mere plausible excuses for remaining of the same mind. On the contrary, it is that peculiar species of thought which leads us to *change* our mind.

It is this kind of thought that has raised man from his pristine, subsavage ignorance and squalor to the degree of knowledge and comfort which he now possesses. On his capacity to continue and greatly extend this kind of thinking depends his chance of groping his way out of the plight in which the most highly civilized peoples of the world now find themselves. In the past this type of thinking has been called Reason. But so many misapprehensions have grown up around the word that some of us have become very suspicious of it. I suggest, therefore, that we substitute a recent name and speak of "creative thought" rather than of Reason. *For this kind of meditation begets knowledge, and knowledge is really creative inasmuch as it makes things look different from what they seemed before and may indeed work for their reconstruction.*

In certain moods some of us realize that we are observing things or making reflections with a seeming disregard of our personal preoccupations. We are not preening or defending ourselves; we are not faced by the necessity of any practical decision, nor are we apologizing for believing this or that. We are just wondering and looking and mayhap seeing what we never perceived before.

Curiosity is as clear and definite as any of our urges. We wonder what is in a sealed telegram or in a letter in which some one else is absorbed, or what is being said in the telephone booth or in low conversation. This inquisitiveness is vastly stimulated by jealousy, suspicion, or any hint that we ourselves are directly or indirectly involved. But there appears to be a fair amount of personal interest in other people's affairs even when they do not concern us except as a mystery to be unraveled or a tale to be told. The reports of a

divorce suit will have "news value" for many weeks. They constitute a story, like a novel or play or moving picture. This is not an example of pure curiosity, however, since we readily identify ourselves with others, and their joys and despair then become our own.

We also take note of, or "observe," as Sherlock Holmes says, things which have nothing to do with our personal interests and make no personal appeal either direct or by way of sympathy. This is what Veblen so well calls "idle curiosity." And it is usually idle enough. Some of us when we face the line of people opposite us in a subway train impulsively consider them in detail and engage in rapid inferences and form theories in regard to them. On entering a room there are those who will perceive at a glance the degree of preciousness of the rugs, the character of the pictures, and the personality revealed by the books. But there are many, it would seem, who are so absorbed in their personal reverie or in some definite purpose that they have no bright-eyed energy for idle curiosity. The tendency to miscellaneous observation we come by honestly enough, for we note it in many of our animal relatives.

Veblen, however, uses the term "idle curiosity" somewhat ironically, as is his wont. It is idle only to those who fail to realize that it may be a very rare and indispensable thing from which almost all distinguished human achievement proceeds. Since it may lead to systematic examination and seeking for things hitherto undiscovered. For research is but diligent search which enjoys the high flavor of primitive hunting. Occasionally and fitfully idle curiosity thus leads to creative thought, which alters and broadens our own views and aspirations and may in turn, under highly favorable circumstances, affect the views and lives of others, even for generations to follow. An example or two will make this unique human process clear.

Galileo was a thoughtful youth and doubtless carried on a rich and varied reverie. He had artistic ability and might have turned out to be a musician or painter. When he had dwelt among the monks at Vallombrosa he had been tempted to lead the life of a religious. As a boy he busied himself with toy machines and he inherited a fondness for mathematics. All these facts are of record. We may safely assume also that, along with many other subjects of contemplation, the Pisan maidens found a vivid place in his thoughts.

One day when seventeen years old he wandered into the cathedral of his native town. In the midst of his reverie he looked up at the lamps hanging by long chains from the high ceiling of the church. Then something very difficult to explain occurred. He found himself no longer thinking of the building, worshipers, or the services; of his artistic or religious interests; of his reluctance to become a physician as his father wished. He forgot the question of a career and even the *graziosissime donne*. As he watched the swinging lamps he was suddenly wondering if mayhap their oscillations, whether long or short, did not occupy the same time. Then he tested this hypothesis by counting his pulse, for that was the only timepiece he had with him.

This observation, however remarkable in itself, was not enough to produce a really creative thought. Others may have noticed the same thing and yet nothing came of it. Most of our observations have no assignable results. Galileo may have seen that the warts on a peasant's face formed a perfect isosceles triangle, or he may have noticed with boyish glee that just as the officiating priest was uttering the solemn words, *ecce agnus Dei*, a fly lit on the end of his nose. To be really creative, ideas have to be worked up and then "put over," so that they become a part of man's social heritage. The highly accurate pendulum clock was one of the later results of Galileo's discovery. He himself was led to reconsider and successfully to refute the old notions of falling bodies. It remained for Newton to prove that the moon was falling, and presumably all the heavenly bodies. This quite upset all the consecrated views of the heavens as managed by angelic engineers. The universality of the laws of gravitation stimulated the attempt to seek other and equally important natural laws and cast grave doubts on the miracles in which mankind had hitherto believed. In short, those who dared to include in their thoughts the discoveries of Galileo and his successors found themselves in a new earth surrounded by new heavens.

On the 28th of October, 1831, three hundred and fifty years after Galileo had noticed the isochronous vibrations of the lamps, creative thought and its currency had so far increased that Faraday was wondering what would happen if he mounted a disk of copper between the poles of a horseshoe magnet. As the disk revolved an electric current was produced. This would doubtless have seemed the idlest kind of an experiment to the stanch business men of the time, who, it happened, were just then denouncing the child-labor bills in their anxiety to avail themselves to the full of the results of earlier idle curiosity. But should the dynamos and motors which have come into being as the outcome of Faraday's experiment be stopped this evening, the business man of to-day, agitated over labor troubles, might, as he trudged home past lines of "dead" cars, through dark streets to an unlighted house, engage in a little creative thought of his own and perceive that he and his laborers would have no modern factories and mines to quarrel about had it not been for the strange practical effects of the idle curiosity of scientists, inventors, and engineers.

The examples of creative intelligence given above belong to the realm of modern scientific achievement, which furnishes the most striking instances of the effects of scrupulous, objective thinking. But there are, of course, other great realms in which the recording and embodiment of acute observation and insight have wrought themselves into the higher life of man. The great poets and dramatists and our modern story-tellers have found themselves engaged in productive reveries, noting and artistically presenting their discoveries for the delight and instruction of those who have the ability to appreciate them.

The process by which a fresh and original poem or drama comes into being is doubtless analogous to that which originates and elaborates so-called

scientific discoveries; but there is clearly a temperamental difference. The genesis and advance of painting, sculpture, and music offer still other problems. We really as yet know shockingly little about these matters, and indeed very few people have the least curiosity about them. Nevertheless, creative intelligence in its various forms and activities is what makes man. Were it not for its slow, painful, and constantly discouraged operations through the ages man would be no more than a species of primate living on seeds, fruit, roots, and uncooked flesh, and wandering naked through the woods and over the plains like a chimpanzee.

The origin and progress and future promotion of civilization are ill understood and misconceived. These should be made the chief theme of education, but much hard work is necessary before we can reconstruct our ideas of man and his capacities and free ourselves from innumerable persistent misapprehensions. There have been obstructionists in all times, not merely the lethargic masses, but the moralists, the rationalizing theologians, and most of the philosophers, all busily if unconsciously engaged in ratifying existing ignorance and mistakes and discouraging creative thought. Naturally, those who reassure us seem worthy of honor and respect. Equally naturally those who puzzle us with disturbing criticisms and invite us to change our ways are objects of suspicion and readily discredited. Our personal discontent does not ordinarily extend to any critical questioning of the general situation in which we find ourselves. In every age the prevailing conditions of civilization have appeared quite natural and inevitable to those who grew up in them. The cow asks no questions as to how it happens to have a dry stall and a supply of hay. The kitten laps its warm milk from a china saucer, without knowing anything about porcelain; the dog nestles in the corner of a divan with no sense of obligation to the inventors of upholstery and the manufacturers of down pillows. So we humans accept our breakfasts, our trains and telephones and orchestras and movies, our national Constitution, our moral code and standards of manners, with the simplicity and innocence of a pet rabbit. We have absolutely inexhaustible capacities for appropriating what others do for us with no thought of a "thank you." We do not feel called upon to make any least contribution to the merry game ourselves. Indeed, we are usually quite unaware that a game is being played at all.

YOUTH SPEAKS ITS MIND ON JOBS AND CAREERS¹

by Raymond Gram Swing

FOUR million young men and women are unemployed in the United States today—but this is not their story. This is, instead, a picture of twenty-seven young Americans with whom their country has kept its contract. It has given them training of a sort, and work of a sort. It has not helped them to their feet only to throw them down.

What these young men and women think and feel is the best view of America. True. But it is well to have a look at the best in plotting the probable future of the country, and the future of the workers in it.

Tall pines darkened the all-glass walls of the room in which we met. The smooth expanse of Lake Champlain reached for miles above and below us. Across the lake the massive Adirondacks rose blue above the water. While the rest of America was sweltering last August we were inhaling the breeze-cooled pine-woods air, as we examined the new ground of a changing world under these young feet. From twenty-seven minds we pieced together a revealing picture of their America.

Of course, twenty-seven young people cannot speak for American youth, for youth is too diverse to fall into twenty-seven divisions in a catalogue. But, insofar as it was possible to choose them that way, the members of the conference were *like* the rest of American youth. They ranged in age from approximately twenty to twenty-six years. Seventeen were men, ten women. More than two-thirds came from low-income families without social standing. Some were in industry, some in white-collar jobs, some in professions. Many were unused to talking in a group, but their earnestness and interest made them articulate.

Regionally the conference was predominantly eastern. A half dozen came from New England, another group from industrial cities in central New York, another from New York City. Three members were identified with agriculture, either working on farms or with farmers. One comely young artist was from the far South. But since regional problems were not being discussed, geographical distinctions are unimportant. A New England boy had worked in an airplane factory in California. For an up-state New York truck driver, the continent was his oyster. City, village and farm were there. So, although several broad generalizations may be drawn from the day's discussion, our principal findings are offered not as final and incontrovertible, but rather as authentic, informative and suggestive.

¹ Report of a Youth Conference held in Burlington, Vermont, in August, 1938. From *McCall's Magazine*, Nov. 1938. By permission of the editor.

The talk had hardly begun when we made a great discovery. *These Young People Were Not Afraid*. They did not fear for themselves, and only one or two feared for the nation. Call them lucky or call them blind, but they were not frightened by mass unemployment, nor were they afraid of losing their jobs.

Contrast their attitude with that of middle-aged America, debating whether to go back to the economics of rugged individualism. Middle-aged America dreads transition. It fears government control. It is afraid that democracy is being undermined. For middle-aged America was young in a different world, and it is bound to be disturbed when familiar forms and values change. But young America today has its feet on the ground of a world in flux—*And It Is Not Afraid!* This feeling is not a reflection of financial indifference, for fourteen of the group of twenty-seven help to support dependents. Yet they were no more timid than the others. "A man who will give up his job when he has no dependents will also give it up if he has. A man is a gambler or not a gambler. Having dependents won't change his nature," one boy observed.

Not being afraid, the group accepted changes in our economic and political order simply as a matter of fact—differing only on the degree of change that was most desirable. For instance they accept labor unions as already a part of American life. Not blindly, however; they spoke out against "bad" unions and "bad" union practices. But they spoke out against bad management just as forcefully.

Indeed, the best presentation of the case for unions came from the young industrial scientist who was to stand out as the distinct conservative of the group. As I watched him during the conference, I kept seeing him as already nominated to the ruling class of tomorrow (if conservatives are to rule). He has no question about America. It has given him *his* chance. As he put it, "I think my job offers me every possibility." He is anything but soft and privileged. He works hard, thinks hard, and hardness is in his ideas. For instance he believes that if a worker makes one serious mistake he has to lose his job. *He* would not weigh any mitigating circumstances, take into consideration previous services, fatigue, a sick wife, the humane excuses. "You cannot temper justice. You have to have a rule and stick by it, otherwise all will depart from it," he said.

This young man was the most ambitious member of the conference in terms of his demands on life. He looks forward to his own home, *two* cars, a place in the country, a laboratory of his own, a boat, and \$10,000 a year. Nobody else drew against the future half as large a draft. Yet, as I said, he put the case for the unions as well as the less conservative:

"Suppose we are conducting a series of experiments. If we have four failures and one success, then we have reason to believe that the experiment is worth trying again. If we have nothing but failures we would say, well, we had better abandon it. But if we have one outstanding success we must study that success to find out why it was successful, and pattern the rest of our work along that line."

If he typified the ruling-class of the future, he had his opposite at the con-

ference. The industrial scientist was small, well-groomed, urban. His opposite was inches over six feet and commensurately broad, a surly Samson who could smash any obstruction with his fist. He drives a transcontinental truck, and the grinding monotony and danger of the work have seared his face. Danger? Yes, and not only from fatigue and accident. He explained that he drove a good many "hot" cargoes, silk and liquor. He had been hi-jacked, and he had had "a hard time" convincing his employers that he was not "in on it."

The scientist saw labor unions as a workable social experiment. The gigantic young driver saw them as a need. "I belong to a union to protect myself," he said. He is up against bitter facts. He may have to drive seventeen hours at a stretch, which is against state laws. But the driver must get around that himself. "If I cannot do it, they will get someone else," he said tonelessly. This man had helped organize his union and conditions were now better. But he had seen things, such as the president of his union being offered a \$20,000 bribe, and on another occasion \$5,000 to "lay off" a certain company. He hadn't taken it.

But he was not a fanatic. If his own union goes too far, it is a racket. "They can make practically impossible demands of the owners." He was against that. The case for unions, as he summed it up, was that: "If it was not for the unions, the semi-skilled worker would not be getting the money he is today."

A young man in farm coöperatives underscored the objection to racketeers. "Our only objection to labor unions is that there are a few unscrupulous leaders. We believe in organized labor but at the same time we feel that if we do our jobs there is no need for organized labor. But industry should be penalized too, for its short-sighted management."

"There ought to be good management in unions," remarked a young woman who had been made idle as a cashier in a textile factory because of a short-sighted strike. A radio announcer raised the question of violence and waste in labor disputes. But the office boy in a shoe-factory (a college graduate) retorted: "Think of the waste of humanity, of all the people working in sweatshops and on machines, and going without medical care. That is much greater than the waste from men fighting to better their positions."

It was no one-way judgment, oblivious to realities. But completely absent was the debate going on in America *whether* unions.

In the matter of employer-employee relationships the conference developed one familiar complaint, and one that was new to me. The familiar one was that it takes pull as well as push to get a job, which would be natural when there are so many more applicants than vacancies.

But I was surprised at the length of the discussion about a problem which can best be called "Sticking out your neck." How safe is it for a worker to make suggestions? If he is to rise he has to produce ideas, but isn't it dangerous? Apparently it is.

It is dangerous to the men working with you. If your ideas are going

to save time and work, they will throw men out of jobs, and a fellow will think twice before doing that. Some of the men are married. Some of them won't find another job easily.

It is dangerous to the man above you, and he isn't going to like you for it. If you are going to advance it may be at his cost. "In suggesting new ideas you're apt to be stepping on somebody's toes," said the young man in a bank.

Out in the California airplane factory, where the New England boy worked, there were suggestion boxes, but nobody paid attention to them. In another large industry, suggestions always led to a personal conference, and were appreciated. In a New York state restaurant, part of a national chain, suggestions were ignored. In a New York bank, suggestions, because they would affect so many workers, were "inadvisable."

If young people can't rise on the escalator of their ideas, how are they to get ahead? In the airplane factory college men begin enthusiastically; they are engineers by training, and are going to forge ahead by practical experience. But they don't. In a few weeks they are punching rivets or drawing bars, and there they settle down, their morale broken. "One exception," said the boy, "was a fellow who used to eat lunch with us. All of a sudden he found out that he belonged to the same college fraternity as one of the vice-presidents. He was immediately raised to a sheet-metal job; not much, 8 cents an hour more. But they shot him into the engine department pretty soon, and his way was cleared."

The industrial scientist scoffed at college men settling down in such jobs. "The fellow who spends money for a college education and goes into a mediocre job in industry, unless he is sure that pull will eventually get him a good job, is foolish."

It was not agreed that a pull was always necessary to get a job and hold it, but it was grinningly admitted that pull was pretty useful, particularly at the start. "I got both my first and second jobs through someone I knew," said the small town young woman who later, on her proven merits, moved into the Sales Department of an exclusive New York store.

In an upstate New York factory the men on the floor are divided, sheep and goats, ordinary men and key men. The key men get ahead. They are chosen for advancement, and it takes pull to be so chosen. But thereafter it also takes hard work. The key man has to make good. He mustn't let down the man who got him his chance.

These problems of pull and "sticking out the neck" are no minor ones. They are phases of the whole question of success. The conference agreed that young people in America *can* succeed and that it is up to the individual. They cited their difficulties with one breath and announced their faith with the next. They believe in the continuing growth of bigness and social control, but also in personal progress. The ladder of opportunity still leads upward. Because of the ladder, rugged individualism remains a personal American credo, even if it has been criticized as an economic system.

The question had been put to the conference: "Do you believe there is a ladder of opportunity in America?" It was going around the room, each member answering in turn. Before the question had been answered more than a few times the replies began to change character. I wanted testimony about opportunities in America. I began getting dissertations about what constituted the most satisfying success. It was a correct way to answer, for who could say what opportunity without saying first, opportunity *for what*?

Ambition is often the expression of want. The more a person has had to do without in childhood, the more he may aspire to. Let me cite the young man I thought had had the unhappiest time of anyone present. "Ever since I was fourteen," he said, "I have been working at some kind of job. My parents weren't with me, and no one really knew who I was—and nobody cared." His life has been an unrelenting pattern of work-school-work-school. His present job is in a plow factory. In five years more, when he will be nearing thirty, he will, by studying at night, have finished college. "Thus combining theory and practice," as he put it. What does a man for whom as a boy "nobody cared," ask from life? He believes in a ladder—"not a specific ladder, but I feel there is a way up." And climbing it is a highly personal matter. "Everything I ever got, I got on my own." This is his view of heaven:

"Success to me will be to have a home for myself, and my family, and to be a *good* business man. I don't want a million dollars. I don't want to be a tycoon. I just want to be a man who can enjoy life."

The young man who had worked his way through medical school as a night watchman announced: "I believe there is a ladder to success." He wants to become a good physician.

The young man, already mentioned as office boy in a shoe factory, will end up a biologist. "My ideas may seem soap-bubbles to you, but success for me will be contributing to the advance of science." At what income? "Three thousand a year at present purchasing power." This young man had worked his way through a university as night waiter in a city restaurant. Opportunities for men with his drive have not lessened. He has his choice of a future.

Another budding scientist was a young man who works in a pottery. He hopes to be an entomologist. Unable to go to college, he is making a name for himself locally by exhibits and lectures, and his dream is to find his way into the United States Biological Survey. "I do not aspire to be a millionaire," he said. "I interpret success as security. I don't expect to get much money, but as long as I am doing what I like, and have a roof over my head, that is all I want."

What does a printer's apprentice ask? "I hope to be able to make enough money to support a family. I don't seek to make a lot of money."

For the young woman 'cellist, success would mean ending up in America's best string quartet, but she has her doubts about the ladder of opportunity. "Success is not the result of ability alone," she said. "I know plenty of good musicians who are unable to find work."

Another young woman, a private secretary, also was skeptical about the

ladder. "The first rungs are easy," she said, "but after that the struggle is harder. It will be a long time before I can get any further in my job."

The young man who now manages a small town grocery store was sure of the ladder's existence, and that one can get clear to the top "if he has got what it takes." The ladder, he thought, was accessible whether a man has training or not. "Practical experience counts more than a college education." But his own demand-note on life was no higher than \$5,000 a year, enough so that he could enjoy the "human things in life, and give my children what they like."

The young man in the operations department of a transcontinental air service, might be expected to believe in the future, since aviation is a new industry. And he does. "If you know what you want," he said, "you can get it." The young man now working at a filling station and planning to enter the ministry would naturally not be a materialist. He defined success as "just living happily for yourself and family without trying to push anybody off the top of the ladder." The radio announcer was sure "you have to *see* the top before you can reach it," but he also had the perspicacity to say that after it was reached it might turn out to be something quite unrecognizable.

"I don't want money, I want a good life," said the young man who had worked in the airplane factory. "I want an opportunity for a decent living, not having to scrimp too much, and being able to provide for my family."

The young woman from the farm had not been able to attend college. She had stayed home working like a man, and now owns her own herd of thirty registered cattle. Naturally she believes "there's plenty of opportunity for work on a farm," but she added wistfully: "I have already attained as much success as I can possibly hope for."

The young man who had managed his own advertising business was sure "that only in ourselves lie our limitations."

These are varied views about the ladder of opportunity, but most of them glow with faith. America still is a personal world. The individual counts. It is up to him. But what these young people were asking from America is service, enjoyment, home life, the advancement of science. Not one, when asked, said he would change to a job he liked less but which paid more money. It is, of course, a familiar observation that the money-madness of the nineteen-twenties has gone, and that Americans have sobered. But they have more than sobered. They have deepened. Almost all these twenty-seven young people were alive with ambition, but for what? Something more enriching than wealth or power.

Opportunity (of the right kind) was there for women as well as man. The young woman in home economics extension work said that "a woman can go as far in work as she wants. If she has ability in a field where conditions are relatively good, if she does not undertake another career such as marriage, she has a very good opportunity to get what she wants." (The

woman 'cello player, however, cannot even be auditioned for any of the great symphony orchestras.)

Someone remarked that jobs are usually more easily obtained by women than by men. This was attributed to greater turn-over in the woman's field because of the number of young women leaving jobs each year to get married. "We start working when we're around twenty-one," said the private secretary, "and work till we're twenty-five and then we get married. That is, I hope we do."

But the well educated young woman who works in the promotion department of a labor organization denied that this was the experience of women in industry. "I think the era of girls hoping to escape from their work by marriage is disappearing. The majority of girls who go into industrial work want to marry and have children; increasingly often the only basis on which people can marry is for the wife to continue working. Many women work until they are forty or fifty, and can no longer work. Is a marriage of this sort a good one? Well, it is better than no marriage at all."

We talked at length about the line which allegedly separates the worker in overalls from the man who wears a white collar to work. Why does this line exist, and where? Two villages were cited in which there is no such line. A New England doctor's daughter said: "There is no class distinction in our town. The domestic servant eats at the family table." In a certain Ohio community, all workers are social equals. But these places were exceptions.

The pottery painter came from an Alabama village, where she said the doctor's and newspaper publisher's daughters went to the same school with farmers' children, but not to the same social functions. They did not consider the farmers' daughters as equals.

It was observed that wherever a city influences a smaller town the line is emphasized, and in the city itself it is a complete barrier. The line is social, not necessarily economic. A steel worker may be earning as much as \$80 a week, "but he won't be invited to the country club functions."

Our conservative young industrial scientist thought that was as it should be. The steel man, he assumed, would not want to mix with the country club people. He would have his own society. It must be said for the conference that it disagreed with him, but in quite good temper. It was not arguing against class lines but trying to understand why they existed.

The young college-graduate-office-boy thought he had a possible answer. Before the industrial revolution workers were craftsmen. They made things and they took pride in what they created. Robinson could say: "I made those shoes for Smith." But in factories the sense of creation is gone. Life is a matter of pushing buttons. There can be no pride. And that, he thought, was a force driving people into the white collar class.

The newspaper reporter, whom I might dub the intellectual of the conference, offered still another theory. Class feelings, he said, came from the days of slaves and serfs. The gentleman did no work with his hands. He bossed

men. So to do no work with the hands, to deal with men instead of tools, gives one a sense of belonging in a higher class.

But if the members of the conference, almost to a man, wanted to step over class lines, they were not in favor of restoring unrestricted competition of small units in American economic life, which would be one way to expedite it. They were for bigness. Not unanimously, for the night-club master of ceremonies was sure that "big business is the enemy of social progress." But they saw that bigness, if not too big to be inefficient, could serve the community better than small business. They acknowledged the growing concentration of economic power, and did not quarrel with it. Nineteen members of the conference expressed themselves as favoring bigness *as a concept*, by which they meant they did not approve all big business as it is run in America.

Having accepted the concept, they went on to accept increasing government control. "Big business," said the young man from the bank, "can control the market, and no matter how small the control may be, it implies price control. So long as the company controls the price, there must be some protection." All but two agreed that a necessary corollary to bigness is government supervision.

Having agreed that bigness and government control were both desirable, the conference then differed sharply about the extent of the control. Five wanted complete control, socialization. Five wanted less control than is exercised today. The other nineteen—a pretty large middle group—were for proceeding *with bigness and partial control*. Since politics were being avoided, President Roosevelt and the New Deal were not mentioned.

So far this account has not included one of the biggest words in the political and economic vocabulary of the day, *security*. This is because the conference went through the entire forenoon session, discussing the finding and holding of jobs, without once using the word. Its absence, I concluded, meant one of two things. Either these young people are willing to rely on their own efforts, or they take the right to security so much for granted that it does not occur to them to mention it.

So the question was pointedly raised in the afternoon. It led at once to a search for the right definition of security. Did it mean a right to a living? If so, the conference was not interested. Did it mean the right to work? On this they were unanimous, *youth has the right*. The country owes a job to every young man and woman who is willing to work.

Suppose the country fails to give young people a job? The conference again was unanimous, the country then owes the unwillingly unemployed support. It divided as to how the support should be financed. Private charity was discarded by all but three. A small majority was for federal as against local relief.

Unemployment insurance and old age pensions were specifically approved. The question of medical aid showed youth again having made up its mind about something the older generation is still debating. It insisted on medical care as part of the security program. The industrial scientist made one reserva-

tion: the recipient of medical care must pay something for it and know he is paying for it. The only strong negative against socialized medicine aid came, significantly, from the young man who has just completed his medical course.

"Can you imagine politics and medicine combined?" he asked. "Medicine is bad enough now to say nothing of what it would be with government officials controlling it." Cross-examined, the future physician granted there is politics in the American Medical Association and the American College of Surgeons. From his standpoint, too much. Why have more? But the conference was enthusiastically against him.

Not once during the day was a reproach raised against the older generation for having made the world what it is today. On the contrary, only two persons—one of them the young woman from the farm—believe that the America of their fathers would have been preferable.

Better than anything, that sums up the meaning which these young people have to reveal to one of my generation. They are not afraid, not half as afraid for themselves as we may wisely be for them. They believe in themselves, which is not surprising, for they have started on their careers in a country which strewed no roses on their path, and they have made creditable starts.

They had no patriotic blind-spots. They know the imperfections of America. They are ready for the mantle of responsibility to fall on them. They do not yearn for it, but they are willing to accept it.

FIVE MILLION JOBS¹

by Stuart Chase

EVERY year in America a million youngsters graduate from high school and college to enter the employment market. Since 1929 there has been no market worthy of the name. The Youth Administration estimates that there are in the country today upward of five million young people between sixteen and twenty-five who are not at school and who have no occupation. Despite a certain amount of business recovery since the depression low, there are still more than ten million unemployed. Despite learned studies which conclude that there is no such thing as technological unemployment, the fact remains that a man-hour of labor costs a manufacturer perhaps fifty cents; a kilowatt-hour of energy costs him perhaps one cent. The kilowatt will do ten times as much work as the man, never gets tired, never talks back and never joins a labor union. As America matures, industry will use kilo-

¹ From Stuart Chase, *Rich Land, Poor Land*. By permission of the McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.

watts increasingly and will not have the need for man power which it had in the past.

What are the unemployed to do? What are these million new candidates a year to do? What are your own children to do when they graduate? You have saved and skimmed to provide them with educational advantage. Where is the opportunity?

The National Resources Board finds plenty of opportunity for your children. Waiting to be done, at current prices, is 105 billion dollars worth of work in the division of public business—from three and a half to five billion dollars a year for the next twenty to thirty years. This means roughly three to four million jobs. The old gentleman with the gold watchchain in the front row appears to be having a heart attack. "Where's the money coming from?" he gasps. In the next chapter we will answer him. Meanwhile let the usher bring him a drink of water. We are operating at this point in the physical frame of reference and we propose to record tasks which need doing on behalf of the continent and of the community generally. If Wall Street can find no way to finance necessary labor, we should look for a new breed of financial wizards.

The budget of the Resources Board covers improvements to 1,750,000 miles of dirt roads, the elimination of 5,000 especially dangerous grade crossings (to eliminate all grade crossings would cost 12 billions), eight billion dollars for flood and drainage basin projects, housing for the lower income groups, water supply and sewage, rural electrification and so on.

Now I am about to say something that may cause the most forward looking of you to shake his head doubtfully and the old gentleman in the front row to swoon away. When there is a large reserve of unemployed, public works cost nothing. Zero. If we had been properly educated, we should say, "Of course! Tell us something not so trite and obvious." But having been brought up in a fantastic money economy, we cannot look at the world outside and see it straight. The prohibitions are in our heads, not in the nature of things. Cost in the last analysis always comes back to human labor. As an accountant I can prove this on any set of books you care to give me. Unemployed citizens in civilized communities must be kept alive. Putting these two propositions together, it follows that the unemployed might better be doing something useful in their spare time.

The National Resources Board runs down the list of those activities which used to create employment after a depression, when the country was still growing up.

Commercial and Factory Construction.—Now checkmated because of general excess capacity.

Home Building.—Checkmated for lower income groups because of low incomes. "The government must help if housing is to absorb many new workers."

Railroads.—A declining industry. There is some call for new equipment, but nothing like that which obtained in the old days of expansion.

Steel.—It is doubtful whether the steel industry will much exceed its 1929 output because of new metals and alloys. There is also a large increase in labor-saving devices.

Foreign Trade.—Economic nationalism is on the horizon for the indefinite future. No more new employment is to be expected here.

New Inventions.—There are some possibilities in this department. Prefabricated housing, however, the likeliest candidate, will create many new factory jobs, but will wreck the building trades.

Decentralization of Industry.—It may create a little additional building activity.

Subsistence Homesteads and Self-help Enterprises.—"An inefficient makeshift pending the restoration of normal activity."

"In general wholesale reduction of unemployment cannot be achieved in the next year or two—probably not in five years—by promotion of new products or new principles of industrial organization."

If we turn, however, from the activities of adolescence to the activities of maturity, we find jobs opening on every hand. In addition to the budget presented by the Resources Board, certain specialists at Washington were asked to present estimates of the man power required to bring soils and forests back to par under an "ideal program." Here is their reply:

	Number of men, full time	
	Restoration and development (ten year program)	Continuing work in protection and management
Soil conservation on farm lands	400,000	To be done by farmers
Nonfarm woodlands.....	94,000	330,000
Parks	—	19,000
Grasslands, etc. ..	23,000	22,000
Total	517,000	371,000

In other words, the experts saw useful work for 517,000 men in bringing lands back over the next ten years; then, when restoration was accomplished, permanent jobs for 371,000 men. For ten years, the total work required would be 888,000 man-years per year, or 1,776,000 half-time jobs. The latter is the better method, for much of the work is seasonal. We remember the project in Sublimity Forest in Kentucky where men worked in their gardens and around the home for part of the year, and in the woods earning cash income for the balance. Here are nearly two million cash jobs for those who have homes and gardens in rural areas. This is the type of part-time occupation peculiarly adapted to those living in marginal lands. The experts estimated that 75 per cent of the tasks would be unskilled, 15 per cent technical and skilled, 10 per cent administrative. Thus there are more than 200,000 jobs available for college and high-school graduates—25 per cent of 888,000.

Another group of specialists in water resources was asked for an ideal national program. They submitted estimates covering pollution control, stream improvements, flood control, irrigation and hydroelectric power.

Total cost	\$5,500,000,000
First-year cost	1,100,000,000
Total man-hours, first year	875,000,000
Approximate jobs, first year	440,000
Unskilled jobs (47 per cent)	207,000
Semiskilled jobs (22 per cent)	97,000
Skilled jobs (19 per cent)	83,000
Professional jobs (5 per cent)	22,000
Administrative jobs (7 per cent)	31,000

The National Resources Board has submitted a careful plan for the control of pollution in the Potomac River. The man-hours involved for capital outlay are as follows:

Sewage-treatment plants	7,199,000
Industrial-waste treatment	3,324,000
Conservancy dams	1,090,000
Sealing coal mines	170,000
Investigations	200,000
Administration	800,000
Total	12,783,000

The Mississippi Valley Committee after voluminous investigation finds that the federal government could profitably spend one billion dollars in the next twenty years on river works in the Mississippi Valley, half of them self-liquidating power installations. Another 100 million could be well spent for self-liquidating rural electrification lines, another 940 million for acquisition and improvement of forests, another 400 million for control of erosion over a twenty-year period.

Of three million square miles in America, only 810,000 or twenty-seven per cent is covered by adequate topographical maps. Here is a ten-year task, costing \$117,000,000, literally crying to be done. Adequate maps are the basis of adequate land planning. In addition—listen well, young technical graduates—the National Resources Board calls for aerial mosaic photographs of many areas, such as the TVA is now using to great advantage, for climatology surveys, for soil and surface surveys, for vegetation studies, for laboratory studies in natural regeneration after destructive exploitation, for studies in degenerative vegetational succession and in genetics of domesticated plants, for the mapping of population distribution.

We pointed out in an earlier chapter that 380 million dollars is required to give adequate protection to the urban population against water pollution. Present irrigation systems are woefully short of dependable water. They need an additional 86 million acre-feet of storage to keep them functioning in dry

years. The national loss due to pests has been assessed at two billion dollars a year. The CCC boys have begun the assault on vermin, but there is room for more regiments. As noted earlier, America is short of antimony, chromite, nickel, tin, manganese, mercury, tungsten and certain other minerals. The National Resources Board suggests that a thorough search be made for possible deposits, using the latest geophysical prospecting methods and instruments. The Russians are far ahead of us in scientific explorations of this character and have added greatly to their resource inventory in the past few years. It is fascinating work, much of it in the field, requiring the highest type of technical skill.

It is instructive to summarize the reports submitted by local communities when the WPA relief project was launched. A questionnaire was addressed to them asking what useful local work was in order. Replies were received from 21,200 states, counties, cities, towns and school districts, proposing 137,000 projects at an estimated cost of \$20,336,000,000. By percentage of total estimated cost, the replies fell in the order shown in the following table. Some boondoggling, undoubtedly, and much fine, useful work.

WPA Proposed Projects

	Per Cent
Roads and highway improvements	22.0
Reclamation, flood control, power	14.5
Water supply and sanitation	11.5
Buildings, other than schools	9.0
Bridges, tunnels, wharves, etc.	8.0
Transport facilities	7.7
School buildings and equipment	6.6
Grade crossings	5.0
Utilities	4.0
Recreation facilities	3.2
Miscellaneous (airports, navigation, pest control, surveys)	8.5
Total	100.00

The State of Wisconsin, under Governor La Follette, has developed a detailed plan for public works to be spread over ten years, from 1936 to 1946. The total runs to 392 millions, or about 40 millions a year—say upward of 30,000 jobs. The plan is worked out county by county, and includes not only man-hour costs but also the specific trades and professions which will be needed—common labor, bricklayers, carpenters, roofers, plasterers, painters, plumbers, electricians, engineers and so on. The largest single item is highway improvement, but others are watershed development, forest laboratories, control of forest fires, erosion work, parks, fish hatcheries, water-supply, sewage works and recreation facilities. The plan, it should be pointed out, is not “ideal,” but exceedingly practical. Detail has been developed to such a degree that work can be started to-morrow. Some of it has started. No other state, to my knowledge, has prepared such comprehensive plans based on exhaustive factual surveys.*

* Regional Plan Report, 1934, 501 pages.

The above are samples of the paper work already completed for the real work which lies ahead. In soil conservation alone one highly placed expert believes that the bulk of the unemployed could be put to work at tasks requiring every variety of skill. If we were really determined to bring the continent back to par in ten or twenty years' time, there is no question in my mind that all the present idle plus all future additions to their ranks from technological causes or otherwise could find constructive work.

As kilowatts supersede man-hours, human labor will be devoted increasingly to services rather than to physical production. Take the matter of recreation alone. It is primarily a service function, and its extent is already enormous. The sedentary occupations of modern civilization demand recreation to maintain the human balance. Shorter working hours demand recreation. The National Resources Board finds that forty per cent of the people now live on 0.002 per cent of the land. In the Rocky Mountain states, three per cent live on twenty-eight per cent of the land. An acre is required for every 100 city people for recreational purposes, but less than half of that is now available. In 1915 national parks had 335,000 visitors; in 1935, four million. This is due in part to the rise of the motorcar and in part to the rise in demand for recreation.

Scenery, like cotton, is a crop which cannot be enjoyed without the expenditure of labor. People come to the Rockies, the lake country of Michigan, the New England coast, Florida, California and the Great Smokies to buy scenery as they buy food from other areas. The customers must be served. Scenery is the resource base of these sections, as we pointed out earlier, and needs planning for its preservation just as Grainger County needs planning. Commercial interests will ruin the crop with the same expedition shown elsewhere. I can show you a dozen spots about New York which were once lovely with lake, hill and meadow, now turned into rural slums, foul with bungalows heaped together, with dancehalls, twenty-foot signboards, lunch wagons, gas stations, polluted water and roadhouses tastefully shaped like ice cream cones! Without regulation, scenery is often reduced to a shambles. game is killed off, streams are fished out, woods are burned by careless campers. Nothing of value remains.

Sir Francis Younghusband, the famous British explorer, once said that nature was at its best under two conditions: completely virginal and wild like the Himalayas or Alaska; completely controlled and tended as in an English country estate. We need many wilderness areas in America where men may refresh themselves after cranking the levers of adding machines. Recreation, like soil, if it is to be a permanent asset, can provide hundreds of thousands of useful jobs. Go to Bear Mountain Park on the Hudson, run by the state of New York, and see the type of work required and its enduring value. Then go to Lake Mahopac and see a horrible contrast.

The various proposals for future work set forth above simply carry forward tasks on which the rescue squad is already engaged. There is nothing new or theoretical about the idea. Today more than 700,000 men, 90 per cent of them

relief workers, are in the woods, according to the Forest Service. The TVA watershed controls, the erosion projects of the Soil Conservation Service, the National Park Service and hundreds of municipal drainage and water-supply projects are actually going on. In resource reconstruction alone, well over a million workers are now engaged. Walk around any town and somewhere you will see the dirt flying. Improved administrative techniques are being rapidly developed. Historians of the future may regard Mr. Harry Hopkins as one of the world's greatest administrators. We do not here propose an untried scheme, but only more of what is actually in operation, and a shift of emphasis from a temporary depression-lifting attack to a permanent continent-saving attack.

Public works, it must be remembered, are not all on the expenditure side. Many are self-liquidating, like housing, lumbering, rural electrification, power production. Many pay part of their own way, like highways, water and sewage systems and parks and playgrounds where small fees are charged. From the point of view of the financial system which is to come, self-liquidation will be no virtue. The cardinal questions will be whether the service rebuilds the capital assets of the country and whether it produces current wealth—as in housing.

Finally, let us examine a curious paradox. The National Resources Board reports that the most persistent suggestion of state planning commissions is to put city unemployed on the land. A patch of ground, a vine and fig tree, rosy-cheeked children gathering buttercups, the simple virtues—and no more queues in front of employment bureaus on State Street. One fears that the suggestion is persistent because planning commissions live in cities, and city folks generally want to get the unemployed out of sight and out of mind. So a pleasant bucolic fiction is invented.

Out in the country, with resource base shattered or with wheat being burned for fuel, the persistent suggestion is to secure a factory job. The Minnesota commission is frank to say that an influx of city unemployed would only give the farmer more competition and trouble. Under current financial arrangements there is a surplus of farmers. There may even be an actual surplus in terms of the capacity of the American stomach. So city authorities would throw surplus factory workers on the farm, and rural authorities would throw surplus farmers into the factory—an unimaginative run-around. The vicious circle is actually in vigorous rotation at the present time. It can be broken only by taking both surplus factory labor and surplus farmers and putting them to work reclaiming resources, producing tangible wealth in public works and services and so gradually building a demand which will stimulate the output of remaining farmers and factory workers. *There is no other solution for unemployment in a maturing economy.* Perhaps it would be better to say that there is no other *principle* upon which a solution may be founded. There are various methods—some known and some to be discovered—of putting the principle into practical effect. But no method, I am afraid, will satisfy the old gentleman in the front row. He was conditioned in a swiftly growing coun-

try, he believes in the concept of infinity, and the practical problems of maturity are too much for him altogether.

In Ducktown we saw the future of America in the event of a decision to let the trends of the past continue unaltered.

What will America look like if it is decided to reverse those trends? Go to Sweden today and look about you for a rough picture. Or look at our own national parks. In place of dying cut-over lands, great living wilderness areas will be preserved for those who would rather walk and paddle than drive a car. The Brook Trail on Chocorua will wind forever through primeval forest. Submarginal areas will be deserted save for their resource guardians. Communities will gradually become permanent and more compact. Restless migration will give way to settled areas, where homes may go on for generations. A good norm for rural communities is 10,000 people living within easy driving distance of a market center. This gives opportunity for adequate schools, roads, stores, entertainment and other community services.

There will be fewer heavily industrialized centers and more local industry. The West and South will manufacture a larger fraction of the goods they consume. No community will be self-sufficient, but all communities will become more nearly self-supporting than at present, less vulnerable to financial somersaults in Chicago and New York. One-industry towns, like one-crop farms, will tend to disappear. Cities will shrink in size. Slums will become as great an anachronism as human slavery. Automatic mills and factories will be the general rule, for the continent will be drenched with power—even as Steinmetz foresaw. There will be a tremendous decline in smoke, dirt and noise. In spite of autogiros, life will be more leisurely; and because of them, roads will be less dangerous and congested.

Buffalo grass will be waving again over most of the Great Plains, supporting a supportable load of cattle and sheep. Vegetation will lay the sands of the Dust Bowl. There will be water in the potholes and the flyways will be alive with birds. Trout will leap in a thousand streams. The north woods will be full of moose, deer, and bear. Destructive floods will be a rarity, droughts far less calamitous. Water will run clear and sweet to the sea. Old Man River will get off his artificial stilts and sink to his once-comfortable bed. A hundred great reservoirs will sparkle in the river basins, holding the floods, producing cheap power, providing boating, bathing, camping and fishing. Look again at the plans for Norris Forrest. Crop lands will probably decline, with some giant mechanized farms where technical and natural conditions warrant and many prosperous small holdings operated by their owners, well supplied with power, little reservoirs and supplementary irrigation. The Central Valley of California, artesian basins full, will be prepared to furnish apples, grapes and onions to perpetuity. Stewart County will have become a national park. American Indians, their broad forests and grazing lands protected to perpetuity, will at last find peace in the ways of their fathers.

Occupations will probably fall into five major classes:

Full-time work in industry or commerce.

Full-time farming.

Full-time work in resource maintenance or other public service.

Part-time work for money in forestry, soil building, conservation, local seasonal industries (like canning), combined with food growing in home gardens and some home craftsmanship.

Professional work as heretofore, with large increases in personnel, and far more demand for research, planning and expert public administration.

Service trades will expand, especially in the fields of education, recreation and culture. During the period of reconstruction, hours of work will remain much as they average today. After the resource base has been reestablished, hours will decline. Unemployment will become as rare as in colonial New England. The town dump will smoulder no longer, water fronts will be clean and welcoming, gas tanks will have been melted down for scrap, and from the Bay of Fundy to the mighty bridge at the Golden Gate no billboard will dare to raise its head.

Utopia? Wish fulfillment? The picture would fulfill perhaps my dearest personal wish, and that of thousands of others. Are the desires of citizens never to register in this democracy? They have registered in Sweden, as you can see by using your eyes rather than your prejudices.

But the picture is far more than personal desire. It is the logical end of work already begun. It is the only way to reconcile the two great realities which affect our lives. It is the pattern for working with nature while accepting the great gifts of the power age.

THE CONSUMER PAYS¹

by Norman Thomas

FOUR or five milk wagons break the stillness of the early morning hours rattling over the same streets. Four or five solicitors compete for business in the same block, and offer rival bribes to the apartment house superintendents. In this competition there is no benefit to the quality of milk; that is dependent on the honest enforcement of the law. There is not even an effort to reduce prices; they are fixed by open or tacit agreement by the two or three companies which dominate the situation. For this waste the consumer pays.

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Landlords, speculative builders, realtors, banks and mortgage companies have tumbled over one another in a wild scramble for the profits of housing America. The result is that we, a nation of builders, live in flimsy houses and shacks and slums. For the wastes and extortion inherent in the great game of real estate against housing the consumer pays.

The electric power industry builds on top of the operating companies a bewildering and unstable pyramid of holding companies, each seeking to enhance the profits of the insiders. The whole process, according to Stephen Raushenbush, costs the American public an unnecessary million dollars a day. The consumer pays. He pays not only in a price for electricity in his home at least three times what his neighbor pays in Canada; often he pays in his inability to get power at all.

The oil, the coal, and other natural resources of a great continent have been wasted as no drunken sailor ever squandered his wages. The devastation of forests has meant worse droughts, worse floods and greater soil erosion. The consumer pays. And what he pays will be less than what this waste of their heritage will cost his descendants.

Competitive advertising of everything from soap to cigarettes, often competitive advertising of rival brands owned by the same corporation, is supposedly the condition of business success. We deface our highways with billboards, fill our magazines with the pictures, poetry and bunk of the copy man, which give us no reliable and substantial facts about the quality of the product, such as the Federal Government gets through the specifications laid down by its Bureau of Standards. The consumer pays.

One hundred million guinea pigs cheerfully offer themselves, and pay for the pleasure—or pain—for experiments in profiteering by unscrupulous makers of drugs, foods and cosmetics. How great is the price the consumer pays we can only guess.

Graft in business takes a toll which politicians but feebly imitate. Extortionate salaries and bonuses are paid to the principal executives; expense accounts are padded by salesmen; buyers have to be wined, dined, and maybe bribed with cash; insurance agents, under pressure from their companies, cajole their victims into taking out policies on which they cannot keep up the premiums. Directors milk one corporation for the benefit of others in which they may own more stock. The consumer pays.

We go in for an era of reform, the New Deal in business; big companies under the ægis of the Blue Eagle get together to fix the prices. The consumer pays.

Who is this consumer? You and I—everybody, man, woman and child in the United States. The consumer is the end of the whole amazing process of production and distribution. We work to live, not live to work. All too few are they in the age of mass production who live in their work. To be sure, this consumer, if he is an adult, is also something else, an owner, big or little, or, in overwhelming mass, an ill rewarded worker. The primary exploitation of the worker is at the point of production, but the same process

of waste and exploitation which robs and oppresses the worker as producer, inflicts fresh losses on him as consumer. Competition under the profit system which the older economists regarded as sufficient protection for the economic man in respect to the quality of what he bought, and the price that he paid, has broken down fantastically. Competition in prices meant waste and adulteration. In a simpler time men might form their own judgments of the things they bought. There are no standards that the average consumer can successfully apply out of his own untutored experience for judging most of the products that he buys under the blandishments of advertisements and high pressure salesmen.

These statements require illustration by way of proof. It is unnecessary to repeat again facts that we have already given on housing, or the terrible wastes in forests, mines, the oil industry, and the price at which electric power is distributed. In the very complicated process under which finished goods are distributed to ultimate consumers there are two major categories of exploitation. The first is due to the nature of the system itself; the second, to that which, nominally at least, is recognized as an excrescence upon it—the thing we Americans call graft. There are border line cases where it is hard to say whether a questionable trade practice involves graft or not, but where unquestionably it involves a low standard of honesty. Much advertising is misleading by reason of what it tells or does not tell even though actual falsehood cannot be proved.

Graft in business is serious and expensive to the worker as producer and consumer. Even the stockholder often loses that to which, under capitalist theory, he is entitled. In boom times the poor boobs of stockholders are willing to let a Colonel Stewart rob them of what theoretically they might have had because they felt he had made so much for them. But of that more later.

It is amazing that in a country which has heard so much about graft in public life so little has been said or written about graft in business which is more ubiquitous, more costly, and more cynically condoned or ignored. We have one excellent book on the subject called *Graft in Business*, by John T. Flynn. It is a book which might have been multiplied in length indefinitely. It might be made to include some of the financial practices which we shall examine in the next chapter. Mr. Flynn gives some interesting illustrations of the amount and variety of commercial bribery. So great was its extent that in recent years some attempt has been made to control it by more stringent legislation. Since then has come the depression. Possibly therefore the estimate of *Commerce and Finance* that commercial bribery takes "a billion dollars a year out of the cash drawer of business" would need to be lowered. Nevertheless, the general statement of *Commerce and Finance* still stands:

"The secret giving of commissions or other things to employees of customers to induce them to buy or recommend the purchase of certain supplies has become a nation-wide system. It infests not only ordinary lines of business but also the professions, even the surgical profession." For all this the

consumer pays, not only in unnecessarily high prices, but also in the inferior quality of goods palmed off on him because somewhere along the line some one in a position of trust has been bribed to pass what he ought to have rejected, or to accept an inferior substitute.

It is not strange that employees of corporations big and little are so often guilty of accepting bribes or commissions when the way to wealth so generally practiced by their masters on the boards of directors is the use of their own position for their own profit. The very magnitude of the theft makes "captains of industry," much as wholesale murder in war when practiced by a successful conqueror, leads not to the gallows, but to glory.

Judge Gary, long president of the steel trust, was hero to no one unless it was to his biographer, Ida Tarbell, but he had some standards. He stopped the practice of directors of the steel trust of dividing among themselves the fees of absent directors, and, what is more important, he so zealously guarded periodic financial statements of the company that no director could get advance information on which to play the market in his own behalf. The things which he prevented made him a model of Roman virtue to his associates!

One of the larger competitors of the steel trust was, in the boom period, the single most conspicuous practitioner of the methods which turned the bonus paid to corporation officers into robbery. The board of directors of the Bethlehem Steel Company, under the leadership of Mr. Charles M. Schwab, voted to its officials, many of them themselves members of the board of directors, in the period between 1917 and 1930, bonuses equal to 80 per cent of the amount distributed in dividends to common stockholders. In the years 1925 to 1928 inclusive, not a dollar of dividends was paid to common stockholders but \$6,800,524 was paid in bonuses to a few favored directors and other executives wholly without the knowledge of the stockholders. In a single year Mr. Eugene Grace, president of the corporation, got a bonus of \$1,623,753.

Now in this particular instance it may be argued that the stockholder, not the consumer, paid, and that the stockholder had done even less than Mr. Grace to earn his money. Perhaps. Nevertheless these exorbitant and secret bonuses are contrary to capitalism's own ethics and the practice of paying them was not confined to one company, nor were the costs of these payments confined to stockholders. The ill paid worker in the corporation was a victim. And, of course, the graft of these extortionate bonuses in various companies entered into the price structure which the consumer had to support.

In discussing electric power we have already referred to the kind of robbery which the holding company makes possible. But even without the holding company to conceal profits and permit directors to milk the operating companies which they control, the general corporate structure and the general habits of directors have meant that men who held very severe views on the

crime of stealing a loaf of bread or even on the more ambitious crime of embezzlement, systematically milked companies which they directed for the sake of their own profit. The accepted method, at least in modern times, has been for directors to sell something to their companies at a fancy profit. Thus the Interborough Rapid Transit Company in New York at the very time when it was clamoring that it could not exist on the nickel fare was buying its coal from one of its directors at prices running twenty cents or more a ton above the market and placing insurance with others of its directors. The inquiry of the United States Interstate Commerce Commission into the failure of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad brought out some amazing examples of this practice. The whole process of electrifying the railroad was not conducted with a view to the interests of the railroad but to the immense profits made by at least two of the directors, Messrs. William Rockefeller, also owner of a large interest in the Anaconda Mining Company, and John D. Ryan, president of that company. They sold the company copper and electric power, the latter especially, on terms far less advantageous to the railroad than might have been arranged by any capable directors interested in it rather than their own profits. Kuhn, Loeb and Company, bankers for the railroad, first marketed certain bonds for the railroad in France, and then, some years later, bought back the same bonds for the road on terms of dubious value to the railroad but of immense profit to themselves. Kuhn, Loeb and Company split their profits with the National City Company. The only reason the Interstate Commerce Commission could think of was that Percy Rockefeller, a director of the railroad, came of a family largely interested in the City Bank, and Percy Rockefeller was the director who had pushed the whole transaction. Here again the principal losses were the stockholders', but undoubtedly the consuming public lost in the impairment of service which inevitably attended bankruptcy. Moreover, the story is significant because it illustrates a general corporate practice for which the consumer pays.

The famous case of the Indiana Standard Oil Company will long remain a classic illustration of the intellectual stupidity as well as the complete immorality of the capitalist system. In the course of the Senate's investigation of the Elk Hills and Teapot Dome Oil Scandals, it was discovered that Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior, had been paid certain bonds by Harry F. Sinclair. Fall had leased Teapot Dome to Sinclair. It was discovered that the bonds which had gone from Sinclair to Fall had once been the property of the Continental Trading Company. And what was the Continental Trading Company? It was a "corporate ghost" which had been set up by four oil men, Messrs. Blackmer, Sinclair, O'Neil, and Colonel Stewart. These gentlemen, acting as purchasing agents for their respective companies, "had the oil which they purchased nominally transferred to a dummy corporation, the Continental Trading Company, then resold it to the companies they represented at a profit of over \$3,000,000. This rake-off was divided among these four corporation heads, each of whom wound up with

\$750,000 worth of Liberty bonds in his possession." It was more than seven years before Sinclair's mistake in using these particular bonds in the Fall transaction brought to light the earlier scandal. It is precisely the sort of thing which has doubtless made innumerable American fortunes at the price not only of stockholders but of consumers. No accident has brought them to light.

When the deal was exposed, and before the Senate Committee could call on them for testimony, Blackmer and O'Neil had fled the country, Sinclair was under indictment and could not be forced to testify, and Stewart was abroad flitting from place to place doing business for the Indiana Standard Oil. Finally he came back at the insistence of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. As long as he could, Stewart denied everything. Finally after the net began to close around him, for the first time he told the whole story to his directors, took them to his bank vault and delivered the bonds to them, and then reported to the Senate Committee that he had done this, having from the beginning trusteeed these particular bonds for the Standard! I am abbreviating the story. I doubt that a child could have believed Colonel Stewart. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., demanded his resignation. Stewart refused it, and it took all the power and influence of the Rockefeller family to throw him out. His going was sweetened by the payment of more cash. Although Rockefeller got the majority of the stock, Stewart actually held till the end the majority of the stockholders. Why? Simply because, not very long before the election, he had been able to give them a \$116,000,000 dividend. What did truth, honor, fraud, extortion, or anything else matter after that? If it be objected that the Stewart case is certainly exceptional it must be remembered that Sinclair, his companion in one scandal and a principal actor in a second and worse fraud, was never convicted of anything worse than contempt of the Senate, and that although he was compelled by civil suit to give up the Teapot Dome lease he had got by fraud from the Government, he was kept in a position of honor in the Petroleum Institute, and to this day takes toll of the consumer at gas stations to be found at almost every crossroad. Advertisements tell the aforesaid consumer that a gallon of Sinclair's gas will lift the Statue of Liberty $3\frac{1}{4}$ feet. And in the light of that information, for which also the consumer pays, what is a little thing like an oil scandal or two?

We have been talking about graft beside which one marvels at Jimmy Walker's moderation or perhaps his lack of imagination. In the oil scandals in the end it was only the public official who took the bribe who went to jail—not the business men who paid it. But the mention of advertising, in which Mr. Sinclair is evidently a great believer, leads us to a price paid by the consumer which is not the result of graft.

It is no secret that the business of distributing commodities to ultimate consumers in America is almost wholly in the hands of private profit seekers. These profit seekers exercise high pressure salesmanship not through the medium of accurate and properly attested information about the quality of

their goods, but by advertising which depends upon catchy names or slogans—Unecda Biscuit; sex appeal, a beautiful girl on every billboard; the desire to buy something that is exclusive, or on the other hand to buy something because everybody is buying it. You may buy a tooth paste because you like the radio performers, who you are told with endless iteration are introduced to you through the makers of such-and-such a dentifrice. Two protections we American consumers have only in limited and rudimentary form. The consumers' coöperative movement has nothing like the strength it possesses in Great Britain and other great countries. Invaluable as it is, it is doubtful whether it can ever be established in face of the chain stores already on the ground. In this field, save in unusually favorable cases, it is probably too late to do much except to build up a consumers cooperative movement to run chain stores after they have already been socialized. Our main protection against impure food and other products is government inspection. It is still wholly inadequate. We have no positive help at all from government which might reasonably have been expected to share with the consumers the knowledge which its Bureau of Standards has accumulated concerning a whole variety of products from paint to carbon paper, of whose merits or demerits the consumer cannot accurately judge at all provided they are above the line of obvious and immediate self-exposure. Elsewhere I have told my experience in the presidential campaign of 1928. Frequently I suggested that one thing the President might do for the consumer was to lay down a plan by which the tests and specifications of the Bureau of Standards might be adapted to consumers' needs and shared with them. Always that suggestion was greeted by some one with the comment "but this is too radical, think what would happen to business."

At one point it might have been expected that merchants, advertisers, and advertising agents might have rallied to the help of the consumer. At least they should have desired that Mr. Average-man in his rôle as producer should have had spending power to buy their products. But the gospel of high wages and hence high spending power has found more lip-servants than practitioners. There have been strikes where more or less timidly local merchants have been on the side of the strikers, who, rather than the owners, traded with them. Here and there one finds an organ of the advertisers which points out the stagnation of unused wealth. Thus *Advertising and Selling* recently contained a striking comparison between the trade possibilities of a city like Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and one of our very wealthy families possessed of the same amount of wealth and income. Mr. James Calhoun points out that in 1929, 513 families in the United States had an aggregate wealth of 24,260 millions, or an average of \$47,000,000. The city of Poughkeepsie with a population of 40,300 had an assessed valuation of \$50,000,000. Mr. Calhoun estimated that the average family possessed of \$47,000,000 in wealth disposed of an income of more than two and a quarter million dollars in 1929. Its expenditures ran something like this: Food, \$60,000; domestic help, \$144,000; clothes, \$125,000; real estate upkeep, \$80,000:

cultural pursuits and gifts, \$100,000; insurance, \$50,000; travel, \$50,000; miscellaneous purchases, \$150,000; taxes, \$600,000; investments, \$1,000,000; or a total of \$2,359,000. With a valuation not very much greater than the wealth of one of these families, Mr. Calhoun reports that the city of Poughkeepsie maintains 741 retail stores, which in 1929 employed 2,500 people and transacted a business of \$31,227,000. He concludes that the distribution of wealth in Poughkeepsie has a beneficial effect: "the velocity added to the dollar, increases purchasing power to a point thirteen times as great as that of concentrated wealth." It is easy to pick flaws in this comparison. The assessed valuation of Poughkeepsie is not a sufficient basis for reckoning the income of its residents. What they spent was income, not assessed valuation. Moreover, one might question Mr. Calhoun's theoretical budget of a hypothetical family. Nevertheless, the illustration he uses, allowing for all possible errors, is a striking way of emphasizing the fact that purchasing power depends upon distributed wealth, not wealth in the hands of the few.

Yet in spite of some theoretical and less practical realization of this fact, your merchant is himself an employer. In a town dominated by one great industry, he, too, is at the mercy of the dominant corporation. His support of workers striking for higher wages, or of laws which might more equitably distribute income, does not go far. Usually he grabs all he can from the consumer without bothering his head how the consumer can replenish or increase his purchasing power.

This whole matter can be put another way. Although the merchant is primarily concerned in distribution and has a direct interest in the increase and equitable distribution of purchasing power, he operates under the capitalist system and is caught up in the economics and psychology of profit. In the irreconcilable conflict between production and consumption, under the capitalist system, he is on the side of production. That is, he lines up with those who must necessarily seek profit by driving down as far as they can the share which labor gets of wealth, all of which is produced by labor of hand and brain.

Without any adequate increase of consuming power among the masses, there were only two or three courses that manufacturers and distributors and their high-powered advertising agents could take. They tried them all. First of all they carried installment sales to extraordinary lengths. Installment sales amounted to \$6,000,000 in 1929 or 12 per cent of total sales. The amount of installment debts at any moment ran from \$2,225,000 to \$2,500,000. The finance companies during boom times made very great profits. Most installment plan selling was confined to durable consumption goods, such as automobiles, radios, washing machines and mechanical refrigerators. It had been a well established plan for selling sewing machines and furniture for some time. Professor E. R. A. Seligman piled up figures to reassure critics who held that even in good years workers were going way beyond their depth in installment plan purchases. When the crash came, thousands upon thousands lost articles on which they had already made large payments;

others struggled to pay for what they had bought at the price of reducing their present purchasing power. It was proved that while the installment plan scheme may help workers to buy articles like automobiles for which they cannot or will not save so as to pay in a lump, it is an expensive plan and there is no way under the sun by which distributing payment for a number of years can increase the total purchasing power of an underpaid people.

A second device of manufacturers and distributors was the use of the principle which Lewis Corey calls "progressive obsolescence." He quotes a "tormented" magnate of industry who could find hope for continuing large scale production only by "the more intensive spreading—among the people who now have buying surplus—of the belief in, and practice of, buying more goods on the basis of obsolescence in efficiency, economy, style, or taste. We must induce people who can afford it to buy a greater variety of goods on the same principle that they now buy automobiles, radios, clothes; namely, buying goods not to wear out, but to trade in or discard after a short time when new or more attractive goods or models will come out."

Acting on this principle manufacturers and large distributors entered on frantic advertising campaigns, not merely against one another in the same line but against related lines: mayonnaise against butter; cigarettes against candy, etc. Lewis Corey in his book, *The Decline of American Capitalism*, states the situation graphically:

"It was bedlam. . . . Forced to utilize its excess capacity the petroleum industry wastefully and unprofitably flooded the market with oil. . . . Excess capacity in refining led to the multiplication of gasoline outlets, which rose from 318,000 in 1929, one to every 83 registered automobiles; the situation was made worse by Shell Union Oil, waging war on all fronts, starting its own chain of gasoline stations. . . . Natural gas competed with manufactured gas; the competition of electric power made coal a 'sick' industry. . . . Bitter competition among manufacturers of tires led to the sale of tires through company distributing chains, mail order houses, and service stations. . . . Manufacturers of products competing with wood spent \$22,000,000 through their associations on promotion and selling campaigns against lumber, which retaliated with a campaign of its own. . . . To meet the competition of rayon the older textiles spent 'immense' sums on 'consumer advertising,' \$750,000 yearly by one company alone. . . . The National Retail Shoe Dealers Association in 1927 appropriated \$4,000,000 for an advertising campaign to sell more shoes on a basis of style and color appeal; the industry was capable of producing three times more shoes than the market was absorbing. . . . The fall in food consumption, accompanied by increasing productive capacity, led forty different food groups to mobilize and wage war on each other. . . . Mayonnaise invaded the butter market; at a convention of the Mayonnaise Manufacturers a 'butterless banquet' was served and a campaign was launched to 'popularize mayonnaise among consumers as a substitute for butter.' . . . The advertising of a cigarette company, warning against the bad effects of sweets, led to organization of a Sugar Institute, which spent millions advertising the merits of sugar. . . . Appropriations of \$300,000 were made by the United States Fisheries Congress, by the Ice Cream Manufacturers Association, and by the Allied Bakers' Industry to 'educate' consumers to buy more of *their* products in preference to other products. . . . The market was flooded with 402 brands of dentifrices, whose advertising involved millions of dollars and millions of lies. . . . The 'woman beautiful' had her choice

of 2,500 perfumes and nearly as many face powders: one manufacturer advertised: 'A face powder for every mood!' . . . Automobile and cigarette advertising reached new high levels in money and new low in tone. . . . Drug stores sold 100 more articles than a few years previously; candy was sold in clothing, dairy, dry goods, drug and grocery stores and in delicatessens, bakeries, auto accessory stores and gasoline stations. . . . As if there were not enough products on the markets, chain stores increased the number of their private 'brands,' sales of which rose to \$752,000,000 in 1929. . . . Chain stores, considered a 'rationalization' of distribution and a measurable solution of its problems, aggravated competition and excess capacity. Their pressure forced the independents to organize 'voluntary chains.' Chain competed with chain, forcing mergers and combinations. The larger chain-store systems demanded and secured price concessions from manufacturers; some chains simply informed manufacturers at what price their goods would be bought. At the same time, chain stores increased their manufacturing activities and plant capacity, competing directly with manufacturers, who met the challenge with mergers and combinations. . . . It was, and is, a bedlam."

The result of all this has been to add new wastes to old. For all of which the consumer has had to pay. He supports too many middlemen and middlemen's profits; too much and the wrong sort of advertising, and above all, a chaotic system of retailing. Lewis Corey estimates that the part of consumer price taken by the whole process of distribution was from 30 per cent in 1870 to 55 per cent in 1930. In spite of consolidations and mail order houses and chain stores, "traveling salesmen rose from 179,320 in 1920 to 223,732 in 1930, or 25 per cent."

Mr. John T. Flynn has vividly shown what a tremendous percentage of the price paid by the ultimate consumer goes to the retailer. He lists the department store mark-ups on various goods and states them in terms of percentage. They run from 60 per cent in men's shoes to 78 per cent in laces and jewelry. In the case of men's clothing, produced by an amazingly intricate process, involving the collection of raw materials from all sorts of places, on a suit sold to the retailer for \$17.50, it is usual for him to fix the price to the consumer at \$29. For his one service in the last act of distributing the suit to the consumer he charges \$11.50, or two-thirds as much as for all the processes and moves prior to its arrival in his shop." Very frequently he adds 100 per cent, as the price of his service. Before he has done that the wholesaler, the jobber, and in many lines, the manufacturer, have added their charges, not for production, but for distribution.

Mr. Flynn concludes: "There are merchants who have demonstrated that they can save 10 per cent on the cost of this process. Many of them are doing it. If this saving can become general in the whole field of retail distribution, and if Professor Nystrom's statement that the country spends \$35,000,000,000 a year retail is true it will mean a gain of \$3,500,000,000 to the American people." Mr. Flynn uses his examination of the costs of retailing to defend chain stores from reckless attacks. It is certain that they have reduced costs of retailing and that the campaigns against them have not stopped their selling goods out of proportion to the number of their branches.

The argument that chain stores take money out of a town has little or no merit. An inefficient independent retailer with his high prices still has to send most of the money out of town to wholesalers and manufacturers, and there is no reason why the consumers should support him by a very expensive process as an act of charity or of loyalty because he is a fellow resident of their neighborhood. The case against the chain stores is not a case against such efficiency as large scale distribution makes possible; it is a case against low wages, high profits, occasionally inferior goods, and unfair and wasteful competition of chain with chain which the capitalist system makes possible. The remedy for the undeniable wastes of competition from the consumers' standpoint is not to fly to the evils inherent in the system of private monopoly for profit.

Messrs. Berle and Means in a striking passage too long for quotation have shown how the 200 largest corporations which own 22 per cent of our wealth and control 50 per cent, touch the ultimate consumer. He pays them tribute in everything he buys from kitchen utensils to food and drugs. In their monopoly or semi-monopoly control in their various fields is no guarantee against adulteration; on the contrary, "adulteration, shoddy goods, and goods of lower quality than would be economically desirable, are frequent under the incentive for profit." When a monopoly owns a subsidiary, as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company owns the Western Electric Company, it is to its advantage to have that subsidiary "make the best possible vacuum tubes for the innumerable repeater sets in use on its long distance lines. On the other hand, it might be to the advantage of a corporation, making tubes for sale to the public to make second grade tubes which would wear out quickly and allow a second sale and a second profit to be made." To which it should be added that it is often an advantage to a corporation or a holding company to conceal profits by the excessive prices one subsidiary pays to the other. No one has ever properly ascertained to what extent the high cost of milk in the cities may be due to the way in which profits are concealed by the transactions between separately incorporated operating and realty companies, all belonging to the trust.

It is evident that there is no protection for the consumer by see-sawing between the wastes of competition and the wastes and other dangers of private monopoly. The well-nigh complete futility of the Consumers' Advisory Board of NRA demonstrates less the particular failure of NRA than the impossibility of making the consumers' interest dominant under capitalism. Messrs. Darrow and Thompson, in their much discussed report, found not only that the codes in operation favored big businesses against little ones, but also that they did not protect the consumers, yet they concluded that to go back to unrestrained competition is impossible. "The choice is between monopoly sustained by government, which is clearly the trend of the National Recovery Administration, and a planned economy, which demands socialized ownership and control, since only by collective ownership can the inevitable conflict of

separately owned units for the market be eliminated in favor of planned production."

We have spoken frequently of adulteration and shoddy goods as inflicting a serious cost on the consumer. Within the last twenty or thirty years, law and public opinion have imposed some restraints on the worst horrors of the Chicago packing houses and the most outrageous abuses of patent medicine advertising. That best seller, *One Hundred Million Guinea Pigs*, has made Americans aware how weak are the protections that have been set up against dangerous adulteration and vicious experimentation on the health of the people for the sake of profit. Even if one accepts the criticism of the book by a recognized authority such as Professor Raymond Pearl, of Johns Hopkins, there remains a most uncomfortable residuum of solid fact. Arthur Kallett, in *Foods and Drugs for the Consumer*, tells us that a survey by the Board of Health of Indiana of 415 typical dairies showed not one rated "excellent" and only ten rated "good." "Although insecticide residues can be removed with an inexpensive chemical wash, a dozen different fruits and vegetables reach the consumers' tables bearing residues of arsenic and lead, in amounts to constitute a serious hazard." Mr. Kallett continues: "It is fortunate for physicians' patients that their lives rarely depend on the precise composition of prescriptions. In one check of prescriptions made in the District of Columbia, 67 out of 100 were filled unsatisfactorily."

Mr. Walter G. Campbell, chief of the Food and Drug Administration of the United States, gave much interesting testimony concerning the weakness of the present law and its enforcement. In hearings on the Tugwell Bill he told a Senate Committee:

Here is another product known as Banbar. It is recommended as a treatment of diabetes. This product is essentially a brew of horsetail weeds to be found in some sections growing along the railroad tracks. It was produced not by a person with medical knowledge, but by a former salesman of shirts. It has been sold widely. Unfortunately, it has been used extensively by the victims of diabetes. Those sufferers did have available an effective agent for the prolonging of their lives in insulin, but they were persuaded to forego that, and become patrons of the manufacturer of this worthless nostrum. Some pitiful testimonials were submitted by the people who had been persuaded to buy and use this product. Subsequently some of these individuals died.

We tried the case. The government lost. It lost because of the limitation of the law as it exists now, making it necessary for us to show that the manufacturer knew that his treatment was not a treatment for diabetes. . .

The fate of the Tugwell bill is the most impressive single instance of the price that the consumer pays under the present system for his relative powerlessness. This bill, prepared originally by the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, was a thoughtful and effective bill for the proper grading of food stuffs, the prohibition of harmful materials in food, drugs and cosmetics, and the correct advertising of these goods when offered for sale. It was obviously

in the interest of the consumer. It was supported by such testimony as I have quoted and by a chamber of horrors which gave visible evidence of the results of the use of dangerous cosmetics and drugs. Yet the bill was badly weakened in committee and did not even come to a vote in a Congress completely dominated by the New Deal Administration! A combination of manufacturers and immensely powerful advertising interests, including most newspapers and magazines, was too much for it. Unquestionably Professor Tugwell's newspaper reputation as the archbolshevik of the Administration was largely the creation of the publicity makers whose interests were endangered by his bill. The bill itself was systematically misrepresented in the press and information about it and the nature of the opposition to it was deliberately withheld from the people. The nominal sponsor of the bill in the Senate was Royal Copeland of New York, who expressly disclaimed responsibility for the bill which he agreed to introduce. Now Senator Copeland is a physician and was formerly Health Commissioner in New York City, yet at the very time that his committee was holding hearings on the Tugwell bill he continued to broadcast for very high fees paid by advertisers whose claims for their products would have been adversely affected by the passage of the bill. To be sure, he did not himself spread these claims but as F. J. Schlinck points out, "indirect testimonials, such as those of Dr. Copeland, are, with modern techniques of advertising, just as effective in separating consumers from their funds and in miseducating the public," as are the direct testimonials which American Medical Academies will not sanction. Senator Copeland's clients have included, Nujol, Fleischmann's Yeast, Airway Vacuum Cleaners, Ceresota Flour, etc. All, or nearly all, of these companies had a stake in opposing the bill which Senator Copeland nominally sponsored while he was in their employ as a broadcaster.

Our frequent references to the advertising racket require some elaboration. Unquestionably there is a legitimate field for advertising in familiarizing the public with the use of some desirable new product. Competitive advertising, often of goods made by the same company, is another matter. Certain companies make more than one dentifrice and advertise them all against one another by the use of false claims. The *Journal of the American Dental Association* has written:

"The claim of therapeutic or bacteriostatic virtue in a dentifrice borders on the ridiculous. Granted for argument that in certain of these products there may be manifest a bacteriostatic action in a test tube, the fact remains that in the limited time consumed in brushing the teeth in the mouth any possible therapeutic effect is so infinitesimal or ephemeral that in the vernacular, 'It doesn't mean a thing.' *To claim a tangible, therapeutic benefit from the use of a dentifrice is exploitation pure and simple.*"

The writing and placing of advertising is a major industry in America. Nearly two-thirds of magazine and nearly three-fourths of newspaper income

is derived from it. The percentage of income in both cases rose sharply between 1909 and 1929. James Rorty has pointed out that there is a decided trend toward concentration both in the growth of a few big advertising agencies and in the percentage of money spent on advertising by companies which are big spenders. Thus, between 1921 and 1930 advertisers spending over a million dollars annually, raised their percentage of the entire sum spent on advertising from 4.9 per cent to 23 per cent. That remarkable new medium of communication, radio broadcasting, is wholly dependent on advertising, and our bright young men with carefully cultivated voices have to put their whole soul into recommending this or that laxative. According to Mr. Rorty, the famous radio inventor, Dr. Lee De Forest, cannot understand why any one wants to buy a radio or new tubes for an old set "when nine-tenths of what one can hear is the continued drivel of second rate jazz, sickening crooning by degenerate sax players, interrupted by blatant sales talk, meaningless but maddening station announcements, impudent commands to buy, or try, actually imposed over a background of what might have been good music."

Paul M. Mazur has written: "But should advertising ever limit itself under judicial oath to tell the whole truth unvarnished and unadorned, woe betide confidence in America's products and industry. . . . If the whole truth were really told, the career of advertising would degenerate from the impact of a powerful hydraulic hammer to a mildly reproving weak slap on the wrist."

It is not merely that advertising presents false or exaggerated claims, or even that it is responsible for a systematic degradation of public taste; the situation is even worse. It was, as we have seen in an earlier chapter, through the power exercised by the distribution of advertising, not always labeled advertising, that the electric power industry corrupted and misguided public opinion. It was the direct and indirect power of advertising that has made the fight for the Tugwell bill, or any similar legislation, so hard to win. Rorty and other authorities argue that the increase in the alleged independence of newspapers from political control, or political label may indicate merely a desire not to offend any potential advertiser by undue political partisanship.

From the standpoint of Americans as citizens or as consumers their ability to buy the great bulk of the *Saturday Evening Post* for a nickel or to listen to radio broadcasts for nothing, does not compensate for the social costs of advertising. As it is, we subsidize the magazines and newspapers through the Post Office, and private broadcasting companies by granting them without charge wave lengths for the use of which they collect fortunes from advertisers, while taxpayers pay the whole cost of regulating them through the Federal Radio Commission.

This is not an indiscriminate attack upon advertising, nor is it an argument that the capitalist system either could or should eliminate advertising. It is simply a statement that the consumer pays for it, as he pays for other wastes and abuses of both competitive and monopolistic capitalism.

LIBERTY—FOR WHAT?¹

by Alexander Meiklejohn

THE principle of liberty, as we Americans interpret it, forbids interference with certain of our activities. But it also requires or implies that we do interfere with certain other activities. And the major problem of the defining of freedom, both in theory and in practice, is that of separating these two fields of human action. Our fundamental question is, "To what human enterprises does the demand for liberty apply: in which of our ventures is the demand for it preposterous, contrary to all good social policy?"

At this point we encounter one of the strangest vagaries of our national mind. In the course of three hundred years many Americans have come to believe that the liberty which we love is the liberty to buy and sell without hindrance. In recent years a great array of practical men and scholars have interpreted for us the Spirit of America. And their conclusion can be summed up very briefly. The freedom which Americans worship, in terms of which they live, for the sake of which they are willing to die, is, these men tell us, the freedom to manage their own property without interference from their fellows. The freedom of the spirit is the freedom of the marketplace.

The interpretation, as it stands, is so grotesquely untrue, so contradictory to the human intentions which it explains, that one can deal with it only by taking account of the peculiarities and the aberrations of the mind that makes it. In that mind, something has broken loose. Some fundamental ideas have gone wrong. Nonsense has taken the place of sense. Let me try then to break down the interpretation to show its falsity.

The distinction which I have in mind is clearly suggested if we place side by side two familiar provisions of the Constitution. In the Bill of Rights, two sets of "liberties" are dealt with; but they are dealt with in exactly opposite ways. One of them is declared to be outside the field of interference or control by the government. The other is deliberately subjected to control and to interference. Under the term "liberty" then as the Constitution uses it, there are covered two very different kinds of liberty. It is that difference of kind to which I wish to call attention.

The First Amendment to the Constitution reads as follows:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof: or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press: or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

¹ From *Harper's Magazine*, August, 1935.

The Fifth Amendment, adopted at the same time, reads in part as follows:

No person shall "be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law: nor shall private property be taken without due process of law."

Now the significance of these statements for our argument lies in the sharpness of the difference which they establish between two sets of human interests. We are trying in our defining of liberty to separate those activities which may properly be hindered and restrained from those which, in our judgment, brook no interference. And the Amendments to the Constitution which I have quoted tell us, in clear words, what, in the structure of our government, that separation is. On the one hand, Religion, Speech, the Press, Assemblage, Protest—these the Federal Congress may not touch. They are free. On the other hand, Life, Liberty, and Property—these are to be regulated and restrained by Congress: they may even be taken away provided that the action by which this is done is justly and properly performed.

Our constituted authorities are forbidden—they forbid themselves—to lay hands upon a man's religion. They may, however, deprive him of his life—by due process of law. No authority, public or private, may take from a citizen his freedom of speech. But the liberty of his body, his freedom of external physical action, may be limited and controlled as the public welfare may require. The unhindered integrity of the press is one of the highest ideals of our civilization: the Federal government may not limit it, may not subordinate it to other purposes. But as for the holding and managing of property—the regulation and restraint of these is the primary and engrossing occupation of every established governing body. Nothing could be further from the intention of the Constitution than to say that with respect to these restraint and limitation by the State are improper and unjustified, contrary to our ideals.

This is, if I am not mistaken, the division of human interests upon which a proper understanding of liberty in America rests. In the field of Religion, Speech, Press, Assemblage a government finds itself facing activities which are beyond, above the level of its authority. It is their servant. It owes them allegiance. In relation to them its one legitimate activity is to see that they are kept free from interference, that no agency, public or private, shall establish control over them. Here the law reads, "Congress shall make no law . . . prohibiting . . . or abridging . . ."

But in the other field, that of external possessions and purposes and actions, a radically different dictum is enacted. Here our government says, in effect, "Men desire life: they crave liberty of external action: they fight and strive for property. No State can allow them to pursue without hindrance or control these multifarious and conflicting desires. It is, however, essential that any government which exercises such control shall do so with justice, with due regard for all men, in ways which will deserve the confidence and respect of all who are affected by the decisions made." Over against the "Congress shall make no law" of the first field, stands the "not without due process of law" of the second field. And these two phrases mark off for us, on the one hand, the field of spiritual activities in which our institutions provide that

men shall be free and, on the other hand, the field of external activities in which men must be regulated and restrained.

Here, then, are two sets of liberties, one of which is granted, the other of which is, under our government, denied. Men are free to worship or not to worship. They are not, under the law, free in the management of their property. And the argument which concludes that freedom of external action is guaranteed by the Constitution is sheer confusion as between these two differing spheres of liberty. I do not like the phrase "wishful thinking" but, if ever it should be applied, it is applicable here. The American mind has, in terms of its desires, a powerful predisposition toward free competition in business. For three hundred years we have been busily engaged in taking possession of the resources, the opportunities of a new country, a new industry. Out of the rush of these external activities, out of our driven and, at times, frantic preoccupation with them, we have developed habits of mind, forms of belief, judgments of expediency as to the ways in which the getting and distributing of wealth may best be carried on. But these beliefs and impulses are not our spiritual love of liberty. They express desires rather than admirations, expedients rather than principles. No one can doubt their strength; but one may challenge their meaning. And when that is done, the guarantees of the Constitution are, I think, clear and unmistakable. The Fifth and, with it, the Fourteenth Amendment, dealing with the ownership and management of external possessions, give assurance in that field, not of freedom from restraint, but of justice and regularity in the imposing of restraints. They tell us, not that the State is bound, as in the case of freedom of speech, to withhold all regulation, but that, in the making of its regulations, the State must do so justly, by orderly and trustworthy procedure. Justice, rather than liberty, is the principle by which the regulation of property transactions is determined. And justice is not freedom. There is a close and necessary relation between these two, but they are not identical.

The appeal to historical documents is not, however, decisive for our argument. And from this it follows that we must not press too hard even an argument from the Constitution of the United States. This point becomes all too clear if, for example, we compare with the provisions quoted from the Bill of Rights the corresponding statements from the Declaration of Independence. The two documents are on the question at issue so flatly contradictory of each other that the situation is almost ludicrous. The Constitution provides that the rights of life, liberty, and property are to be kept within regulation by orderly and just procedure. The Declaration proclaims that men are "endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Now it is of course dangerous to interpret any statement of "natural rights" too literally. When the decrees of a Creator are introduced into discussion of the meaning of laws which men are themselves making, there is abundant room for misunderstanding. And yet, as they stand, the two statements do seem to be in direct opposition to each other. For one of them life, property, and liberty of action

are inalienable: no government may take them away. For the other, the explicit task of government is that of determining in what ways and under what conditions life and liberty and property may be alienated, may be limited or taken away. One cannot help suspecting that many of those who interpret the Constitution as in favor of free competition in business are deriving their conviction, not from the Constitution itself, but from the Declaration, which is quite at variance with it. They have mistaken the highly emotional and unclear proclamation with which thirteen colonies flung themselves into a war of revolution for the deliberate and reasoned formulation of principles with which a new nation prepared itself for the organization of the activities of a society at peace.

It is time, however, that we turn from the interpretation of documents to the examination of the actual procedures and attitudes which those documents were attempting to formulate. Here we shall find a sounder basis for deciding as between the Declaration and the Constitution. Here, if anywhere, we shall be able to tell whether or not it is true that our American scheme of life requires and provides that the management of property shall be free from interference by the government.

First, it is very clear that in the actual procedure of our government we do regulate and control the holding and management of property. Ever since the first group of Americans settled in the wilderness there has poured out from every village, district, county, town, city, State, as well as from the Federal authority itself, an increasing stream of ordinances, laws, statutes, regulations, codes which have told men what they may and may not do with respect to their property and that of their fellows. Thus in recent years we have regulated the railroads. We have fixed the hours and conditions and wages of labor. We have taken from men and corporations whatever part of their annual income we deemed just and necessary. We have, by changing the currency, determined what part of his debt a borrower need not pay when the time of settlement comes. We have seized for public use a share of the inheritance of the widow and the orphan. In these and in a multitude of other ways we have hindered the free use by a man of his own possessions. In the face of these actions, what can it mean to say that the Spirit of America is committed to the view that the public control of business is a denial of rightful freedom? To say that is to say that liberty and government are opposites. Do we mean to say that? The makers of our Constitution did not intend to say it. Nor do we.

And, second, when we examine our own motives it is clear that we do intend to regulate the buying and selling of goods. Why should we not regulate them? Why, if a business practice is deemed to be harmful to the general welfare, should we allow it to go on? If a trader in seeking for profit is causing loss to his fellows there is, so far as I can see, no reason why they should allow him to continue doing so. Why in this field should we let a man do as he likes if we do not like what he does? The truth is, I fear, that some of us are trying by appeal to the general principle of liberty to find settlement of

a current issue to which that principle does not apply. America is at present, like every other industrial society, facing the issue as between individualism and collectivism in the management of business. With respect to that issue there are, with us as elsewhere, two sets of opposing opinions. Some of us believe that the methods of free competition are more promising than those of its rival. The business freedom of each, we say, is to the advantage of all. Others of us, however, are persuaded that the system of free competition will not work. We are convinced that if the stronger, the more fortunate, the more unscrupulous are left unhindered in their pursuit of wealth, other men will be enslaved and impoverished rather than helped by their successes.

As between these two sets of opinions America is just now trying to make up her mind. What decision she may make no one can yet tell. She may go back to the ways of relatively free enterprise. She may move on into expedients of corporate control. In the latter case we face the practical problem as to whether the activities of regulation and control shall be given to the Federal government or whether they shall be reserved to State and municipal authorities. But in either case the essential point is that the spiritual liberty of America does not mean the freedom of its property holding. In the conflict between individualism and collectivism in business, the issue of the freedom of the human spirit is not at stake. In our scheme of life and government it is agreed, it is established, both in theory and in practice, that the management of business shall so far as needful be regulated and controlled. But to say that is not to say that the activities of the spirit are to be limited and restrained.

To identify the freedom of the human spirit with the absence of legislative control of commerce and industry is then to deny both the theory and the practice of our institutions. As seen in the light of our history, in the face of our obligations and commitments, such an identification is absurd. Only a social system which has built up the external view of human living to the exclusion of the inner view, which has identified business activity with spiritual activity, which has come to regard the creation and distribution of wealth as the primary concern of a society, could create such an illusion as that. I know no deeper ground of reproach against our present social order than that so many of its leaders in scholarship and in affairs have fallen, have led their followers, into that blunder. With the blind thus leading the blind it is little wonder that we totter on the edge of the ditch. With the realms of freedom and justice thus confused, there is little hope for either of them.

To many of our scholars and practical men of affairs, this economic view of liberty has made strong appeal. These are the men who especially think of themselves as "realists," as hard-headed, as rising above sentimentalities and popular illusions. I should like now to point out how disastrously these men are cutting at the roots of the convictions by which our common life is nourished. They are bringing us to such confusion about the nature of freedom that no issue can be clearly seen, no practical situation clearly dealt with.

It is commonly said in our current discussions of social policy that if the

principle of liberty is accepted by us then the principles of equality and fraternity must be abandoned. "Liberty and equality," we have many times been told, "are incompatible." We must choose between them. And in fact, as the argument commonly runs, we have already chosen. As a people, our preference is registered for liberty. Therefore, it would be well if we would stop talking of such demands as those of equality and fraternity. These demands are outworn and outmoded. They do not fit into our "free" scheme of life. We moderns take our freedom straight. We ask only for liberty. Let each man be himself. Let each man take and keep what he can get. As for the belief that men are equal, the aspiration that men shall live like brothers, these are the yearnings of dreamers, of "idealists." They have no place in daily planning. It is better to leave them, either to private virtue or to some "Fate" which is so just and kind that free and independent men need not concern themselves with justice or with kindness.

Now the revolutionary drift of this argument will be seen if we recall that the notion of liberty, when first accepted by us, was inextricably bound up with the ideas of equality and fraternity. These three demands were, in fact, so closely linked together that they were in effect parts of a single idea—that of democracy. Here again liberty was seen as only a fragment of a meaning. We did not take it alone. It was the liberty of equals and brothers which we established as the guiding formula of our society. And so damaging is this attempt to tear liberty out of its setting that I am tempted once more to resort to epithets—to use the terms "revolutionary" and "un American" in describing it. I would protest that except as men are regarded as "equals," except as they are treated as "brothers," the attempt to make them free, even to think of them as free, is a hopeless and futile one. If it has been found true that for the sake of liberty we must give up equality and fraternity, then that constitutes a radical revolution in the theory and practice of American life. To say that is to deny the beliefs and intentions out of which our scheme of life and of government sprang. In my opinion it denies what are at present our deepest and most cherished convictions. These three principles are still for us, I am sure, three different aspects of one mode of life which we choose as our own. To tear them apart is to tear our spirit to shreds. It is such violence as this that sets us at war with ourselves, that brings upon us the tragic sense of disloyalty to our own integrity. It is essential then that we examine closely this view of liberty which, once accepted, makes equality impossible and fraternity ridiculous. I am sure that we shall find that it is both untrue in principle and disastrous in its consequences.

The arguments by which liberty as a principle has been seen to drive equality and fraternity out of our tradition are not hard to follow. They are distinctly of the rough and ready type. Their essence is the interpretation of all three principles as economic in meaning.

Those who would give up equality as a principle incompatible with liberty argue from two premises. First, it is observed that men are not equal in capacity. That this is true in every phase of human living, no one can sensibly

deny. To say that all men are equal in their abilities is not democracy: it is plain nonsense, plain disregard of obvious fact. Just as men differ in height, in speed, in digestion, in color of eyes, so do they differ in ability to think, ability to appreciate, ability to act, ability to lead and dominate their fellows. And, this being true, it is idle to build a social theory on the assumption that men are, or can be made, equal in business capacity. Some men are more shrewd than others. Men differ much in industriousness and perseverance; and even in such qualities as unscrupulousness, the passionate, overbearing desire to get a bigger share of worldly goods and power, we human beings are not all alike. There are diversities of gifts among us.

Second, it is asserted, liberty and equality are economic principles. They refer to the getting and having of material things. By liberty we mean that, just so far as possible, men shall be unhindered in their business affairs. The principle of freedom is the principle of free competition in financial and industrial life. So too, equality is, for this argument, economic in meaning. Equality would mean—if it were not too nonsensical to mean anything—that all the members of a society share equally in the having of goods. It is equality of getting, of possessing what one wants.

Now when these two premises are combined, the conclusion in question follows from them as inevitably as does four from two plus two. If in an open market men are free to compete with one another, each being free to get and keep what he can, and if these competitors are different in the capacity for getting and keeping, it follows, by a logic which no one can deny, that liberty will and must destroy equality. If unequals strive in conflict, the stronger must win, the weaker must lose. And so—*Quod erat demonstrandum*—if men are free they are not equal. A social order must choose between these two. And we Americans, the argument says, have chosen liberty. Therefore, we have abandoned equality.

The expulsion of fraternity, on grounds of liberty, has been far less consciously done. We have not argued brotherhood away. Rather, under heavy pressure, it has drifted out of sight. Few men have spoken against it, except perhaps in the form of vague and uneasy deductions from "liberty" as seen in the process of "the survival of the fittest." In fact, the fate of fraternity has been very much like that of the Devil in modern Protestant theology. No one has demonstrated its non-existence. We have simply ceased to think about it seriously. How can we think of it if the principle of free economic competition holds true? What, in a world defined by that principle, can the Brotherhood of Man mean? On the docks of San Francisco, in the summer of 1934, who was so silly as to make appeal to fraternity as between longshoremen and ship-owners? Are makers of munitions of war called to their trade by the love of their fellow-men? Do they play with governments, contrive and scheme for the national murder of peoples because all men are brothers? No, that is not the theory. The theory of liberty which we are now discussing is very simple. It is that men are free to seek for profits. Under that principle each man is justified in getting what he can, as other men are doing. Our human

living is a conflict. Men are not brothers. Liberty, as we construe it, has put an end to our fraternity. We are "free." Therefore fraternity is meaningless.

Now the trouble with this double **argument** is that the conclusion at which it arrives is false. By a process of shrewd, logical deduction from its premise, it discovers that Americans **do not** care about equality or fraternity. But that statement is not true. It denies **two** of our deepest convictions. It contravenes two of our deepest passions. We will not have it as an account of ourselves. And this being the case, an equally savage logic will drive us to the only solution of which the situation admits. It is that the premise from which we started must be abandoned.

Any belief which, directly or by implication, tells us that we have no interest in treating our fellows as equals and brothers we repudiate as denying the things of which we are most certain. Liberty, in its primary sense, is not then the liberty to buy and sell. That liberty we will restrain and diminish whenever the demands of our social order require it. It is our servant, not our master. It is one of our devices, not one of our principles. We find it a sorry substitute for the liberty on which the foundations of our individual and social living are established. The liberty for which we care is that of a fellowship of equals and brothers.

But here, I know, I shall be sharply challenged on the question of fact. What evidence is there, I shall be asked, that Americans have loved, and still love, equality and fraternity? In reply may I say that the evidence, though not of the "laboratory" type, seems to me strong and convincing. I will try at least to suggest what it has been and is.

In the days when the nation was being formed, our devotion to equality found characteristic expression in the Declaration of Independence. The first sentence in that document, after the preamble, begins as follows: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; . . ." I suppose that among the great sentences which have determined human destiny no one was ever more muddled than this. At every turn of its meaning one's mind gasps at its unclearness. And yet, as registering a nation's commitment to the cause of equality, its import is clear and unmistakable. Our first pronouncement, as a united people, unanimously made by our representatives was: "All men are created equal." We meant it then as, I am sure, we mean it now.

The evidence of our early commitment to fraternity is not to be found primarily in political documents. It appears rather in the influence of the Christian Church during our early history. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" was a principle which was recognized as basic to all our documents. And this was true of men who attacked the Church as well as of those who defended it. Strong and bitter assaults were, it is true, directed against the Church. But these were brought not against its principles but against its failures as an institution to hold and to manifest its loyalty to those principles. It seems to me idle to deny that, in its beginnings, ours was a Christian civilization, that it planned for human society in terms of the Brotherhood of Man.

The contemporary evidence of our loyalty to equality and fraternity is not

to be found either in political documents or in religious formulas. Our documents are to-day very equivocal and our formulas of belief vague and uncertain. And yet the evidence seems to me vast and sure. One finds it in a prevalent demand for social justice so widespread and powerful that no phase of our common life escapes its influence. In private conversation, in public discussion, in magazines and books, in painting and poetry and music, in theaters and churches, that theme is dominant and engrossing. We are, it is true, bewildered as to ways in which social justice may be done. But we are to an amazing degree united in the conviction that the doing of it is the primary issue of current American life. When, for example, through the breakdown of our economic machinery, millions of families are brought to destitution, no theory of economic liberty can hold us to the view that these men and women and children shall be consigned to the care of natural economic laws. They are our equals, our brothers, and we will deal with them as such.

It is true that we can hide our intentions under formulas of business self-interest. Men tell us that only as these indigents are given the power of purchasing will our markets be restored. They warn us too that if large masses of people are left to starve they will break out into violence, will bring down about our ears the whole economic structure which shelters all of us. But these external arguments are poor and shoddy as compared with the present spirit of our people. One has only to put them side by side with Whitman's "By God! I will accept nothing which all men cannot have the counterpart of on the same terms" to see how poor and superficial they are. And we, as a people, are taking our stand with Whitman. We are not clear as to ways and means, but we are resolute in purpose.

The man who does not see that is, in my opinion, blind to the most powerful forces now at work in the American scene. We have been hoping that an existing economic order which talks much of "liberty" would serve our purpose. Now we are ready to modify that order. And if mere modifying is not enough, we will transform it to suit our needs. Economic disaster and calamity have revealed us to ourselves, have shown us our own purposes. We are a just and friendly people. To say that we love liberty without regard for justice and kindness, to say that liberty, once accepted, has driven equality and fraternity out of our scheme of life, is simply to say that liberty is un-American. The men who think those thoughts have slipped. They do not know themselves nor us. The liberty which we demand is the liberty of equals and of brothers.

I have dwelt at length upon this argument because it reveals so clearly the spiritual tragedy which has come upon America. Here again, our "practical men of affairs" have with an unfailing inaccuracy missed the point when dealing with essential things. They have taken the most fundamental motive in our social life and twisted it into a meaning which is hostile, not only to itself but to all the other deeper principles to which we are committed. They do not tell us—perhaps they have not noticed—that justice too must go the

way of equality and fraternity if once their logic is admitted. What can justice mean in a social order defined in terms of free and unrestricted competition? The liberty of such an order is the liberty of men to prey upon another. And in that conflict, justice is simply what a man can get. Liberty, as so defined, becomes, not the reasonable principle of a free society, but an all-devouring dogma which destroys other meanings or drives them out. It has become, not a principle, but a fetish of the economic mind.

And the human tragedy which has ensued from the worship of that fetish is all too clear in the mind of present-day America. It is often urged to-day that our unrest of spirit is due to the fact that we have tried to keep in a new and changing world old ideals which no longer serve our purposes. Our major task, it is said, is that of creating new ideals to replace those which, though good enough in their own day, can no longer serve our changing purposes. There is something of truth in this statement, and yet it seems to me to be comparatively a minor truth. Far more important is a statement which is almost its exact opposite. Our deepest tragedy lies in the fact that our current institutions, our current beliefs, our current practices fail to give recognition to old ideals which are still the essential and fundamental cravings of the American spirit. Our trouble is that we still believe in equality, however much we may deny it. Our agony comes from the fact that the social world which we are making is false to a fraternity of men to which we are still committed with a passionate devotion. The truth is not that old ideals have disappeared. It is rather that in spite of our mistakes about them they are still within us.

Underneath all the superficialities and externalities of our thinking and practice, the demands that men shall live together on equal terms, that they shall be friends to one another, still dominate us, still hold us fast. And it is the torture of thus finding ourselves holding beliefs which deny our most cherished truths, the agony of seeing our own acts, our own behavior bringing to destruction the causes for which we care—it is that cleavage, that contradiction within ourselves which has brought us into such bewilderment and self-condemnation. And the way of escape from this tragedy lies not in the framing of new ideals for a new world, but in the bringing of that new world under the control of principles which have always been the primary spiritual forces in the life of the American people—the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity, and justice.

CHAOS AND CULTURE¹

by Howard Mumford Jones

LAST March at the Harvard Club in New York a crowded audience listened to a discussion of "The Impact of Science on Everyday Life." Introducing the subject, President Conant said: "You have come together because you are concerned with the profound changes in civilization which have been brought about by the impact of what has been called 'pure science.'" No professor representing the humanities participated. It was felt that none was needed.

Whenever the higher learning is discussed, I have observed that the natural scientists and the economists tend to steal the show. It is thought they speak with peculiar authority to a world where invention and discovery are daily being put to economic uses, the results of which it is the business of economists and students of sociology to investigate. It is true I am a little puzzled as to the sanctions of the authority with which some of these gentlemen—not, of course, on the Harvard Faculty—discuss educational trends. I had supposed that authority arose only when the speaker was certain where he is going and what end he has in view. A lay reader of scientific treatises by Eddington, Jeans, and other writers of that sort, I have received the doubtless erroneous impression that, though science is on its way, it hasn't the slightest notion where it is going. A lay reader likewise of books and articles devoted to the present plight of the republic, I have yet to discover an economist who can tell me with certainty whether, when you decrease the value of the dollar from one hundred to fifty-odd cents, you increase or decrease long-run purchasing power; whether, when you bury several hundred millions worth of gold in a hole in Kentucky, you strengthen or weaken the national credit; whether, when you put the government into competition with private contractors, you increase or decrease activities in the building trades; or whether, when you dam up half a dozen navigable rivers to strengthen the national defence, you weaken the capitalistic system. Like the natural scientists, the economists do not know where they are going, but they are cheerfully on their way.

I am interested in still another aspect of the discussion in New York. The theory of pure science is, as I understand it, that it is important to know something for the satisfaction of knowing it. Such, however, was not the logic of the discussion. The implied argument for pure science was that it is not, after all, very pure—at least not embarrassingly so. The meeting was not asked to contemplate the glories of quadratic equations; it was, instead, asked

¹ An address delivered on May 20, 1938, at the meeting of the Associated Harvard Clubs, in Chicago. By permission of Professor Jones.

to admire Clerk Maxwell, who sat at his desk working out a new mathematical formula for electro-magnetism, and unconsciously gave birth to the Radio Corporation of America as a result. When Fritz Haber discovered how to get nitrogen out of the air, the meeting was asked not so much to admire Haber as the resultant disruption of the economic life of Chile, fifty percent of the national revenue of that nation having disappeared as the end result of the invention. In other words, the alumni were asked to learn about pure science not because knowledge is a good in itself, but because knowledge is sometimes good for something. Because laboratories have in the past produced the internal combustion engine and immense technological unemployment, the implied argument is that we must endow bigger and better laboratories. Give the universities enough pure scientists, and it is just possible we shall all go to smash. This is one of the most interesting arguments for higher education I have ever heard.

Wiser, or more reckless, than the New York alumni, you have invited a representative of the humanities to speak to you. He stands before you, the forgotten man.

The humanities include philosophy, literature, the languages, the fine arts, and music. Formerly they included theology and history; but theological schools, among Protestants at least, have universally abandoned God for sociology, and the historians cannot make up their minds whether they are anthropologists or artists, so that these two subjects have temporarily seceded from the republic of letters. The surviving fields include those courses which you took as undergraduates because they are supposed to inculcate culture. Culture is the feeling of relief which comes over the alumnus when he recalls that, having done his duty by philosophy and literature as an undergraduate, he will never have to read anything in later life heavier than the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The customary explanation of the presence of the humanities in the curriculum is that they express the nobler aspirations of mankind. If American youth will but expose itself to the best that has been said and done in the world, we shall have wiser and better men. The fact that the writings of the greatest geniuses are often beyond the comprehension of boys just out of high school is not felt to harm the theory—what are professors for if not to make the difficult easy and the complex plain? Pointing with pride to the fathomless erudition which a learned faculty is supposed to possess, we believe that contact with this knowledge will create noble and philosophic men. Before such a meeting as this it would not be tactful for me to deny the argument.

As I passionately believe in the noble purposes of a humane education, I have no desire to contest the theory. These are admirable sentiments, and they may be true. But like the noble sentiments which we hear on Sunday, they seem to have very little to do with the rest of life. Such is the purity of our motives in studying the humanities that we do not intend, it is clear, to soil that purity in the grime of the workaday world. Do we as alumni solace ourselves with "Paradise Lost"? Do we rest our tired minds on "Die Welt

als Wille und Vorstellung"? Do we haunt the Greek gallery at the art institute? If we all did these things, the income of *Esquire*, Mr. Dale Carnegie, and Walt Disney would be appreciably diminished.

The fine phrases in which we customarily develop an educational theory for the humanities result, I fear, in mental asphyxiation. Were I to quote the well-worn Latin phrase which runs in translation: I am a man—therefore nothing human is alien to me, it would have no perceptible effect on this or any other audience. The polysyllables in which we have talked about a humane education have lost their power to persuade. They too much resemble the glittering generalities which we politely applaud on commencement day. Of course the boys should study literature and philosophy—why, we do not know. I shall, therefore, on this occasion surrender the platitudes to anybody who wants to use them; and, borrowing the successful tactics of the scientists, I shall proceed to demonstrate the dangerous implications of learning. At the scientific session in New York, President Conant said that the real subject was "The Revolutionary Nature of Useless Knowledge." Nothing is more useless at first glance than philology and metaphysics; nothing in the long run—not even laboratory science—is more disquieting or revolutionary. If the various societies in this country which have the self-appointed duty of making everybody think harmlessly and alike were really on the job, they would take their eyes off the economists, the sociologists, the government experts, and the professors of law, who mainly analyze events that have already happened, and send their spies into classrooms where the origin of language and the theory of knowledge are discussed. These are large claims; I shall proceed to substantiate them.

Three great political philosophies divide the western world: Fascism, communism, and democracy. The two greatest Fascist powers, to be sure, differ importantly; Russia is not strictly a communist state; and we must stretch the term "democracy" to include governments as various as those of Switzerland, Great Britain, and the United States. Nevertheless, the classification is a workable one. Now the first truth which strikes the inquirer is that, though we live in the age of science, scientific methods were not called into play for the creation or the continuance of any one of these three forms of government. There is not a scintilla of scientific evidence to substantiate the boast of the supporter of any one of the three that his own country has *per se* the best government. It is furthermore true that no considerable body of opinion among economists, sociologists, or political scientists supports the theory that any one of these three forms of the state is necessarily better than the others. Each of the three forms of government is associated, it is true, with a characteristic economic organization within the state, but the state is not the product of the economic organization, the economic organization is a function of the theory of the state. Why and how do these particular governments secure their hold upon the masses which support them?

The imaginative appeal of Italian Fascism arises from the fact that the Italians are trained to regard themselves as the modern heirs of ancient Rome.

The term "Fascism" itself refers to the fasces, or bundles of rods, which were borne before the Roman consuls. The creation of the title "Emperor" for the aging Italian king is an attempt to revive the glories of Caesar Augustus. The desire to make the Mediterranean an Italian lake receives its emotional motive power from the memory of the days when that inland sea was entirely within the boundaries of the Roman Empire. Constant exhortations to the Italian people to be strong and warlike would have little meaning, were it not for the memories of Julius Caesar and his triumphant legions, which have a significance for the Italians they cannot possibly have for us. The Roman world is a living part of Italian history.

There have been other empires, but memories of the Hittites, the Assyrians, and the Persians do not have the propulsive political force among the inhabitants of Mesopotamia which the memory of Rome possesses for the Italians. Why should this be? The answer is simple. Rome is a living idea in modern Italy because of the labors of obscure monks toiling to copy manuscripts, because a thousand scholars in the Renaissance sought to restore Latin texts to their original purity, because, to poets from the days of Charlemagne to the present, Rome has been a name to conjure with. If in the English theatre we respond to Shakespeare's reference:

O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad . . .

how much more intense is the appeal of a similar passage in Italian to an audience which counts Caesar among its national heroes! Yet Rome may almost be said to have been invented by Renaissance scholars, and the results of that invention on the modern world have been what we see.

The emotional hold of the Nazi regime rests upon a theory of race. The Germans are supposed to be the purest representatives of the Aryan race, and the Aryan race is *per se* superior to every other. How did this extraordinary doctrine come into being? We owe it to the humble labors of the philologists. As late as the end of the eighteenth century nobody had ever heard of the Aryans. Not until 1796 did Sir William Jones, an English Oriental scholar, suggest that Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin sprang from a common source. In the next half-century comparative philologists determined to their own satisfaction that this original language had come from India. In 1859 the French philologist, Pictet, declared that the people who spoke this supposititious original language were the Aryans, a view which was enforced by the English Oriental scholar, Max Muller, who declared that "the whole framework of grammar—the elements of derivation, declension, and conjugation—had become settled before the separation of the Aryan family." The doctrine was enthusiastically received in German university circles, the distinguished philologist, August Schleicher, declaring, for example, in 1873 that in a Darwinian struggle for existence among languages, the Indo-Germanic tongues have survived because of their superiority.

But who were the Aryans? Obviously, if there was an original language,

there must have been people to speak it. Max Müller presented a theory of research (which he later repented) as follows: "The words which have as nearly as possible the same form and meaning in all the languages must have existed before the people, who afterwards formed the prominent nationalities of the Aryan family, separated; and if carefully interpreted, they . . . will serve as evidence as to the state of civilization attained by the Aryans before they left their common home. . . ." Adolphe Pictet determined on this evidence that the Aryans were a warlike people because of the large number of synonyms which existed among them for war, battle, and army, for chariot and warhorse, for hero and glory. The word itself meant, he thought, those who are excellent, worthy of respect, masters, or heroes. On similar evidence the Aryans were given blond hair, blue eyes, a tall stature, and a sun-god to worship. Now, as many Germans are blue-eyed, blond-haired, and tall, towards the end of the century writers like Houston Stuart Chamberlain argued that it was the duty of the superior Aryan Germans to subdue or eradicate all the inferior, non-Aryan peoples; and by 1928 one finds a popular anthropologist named Herman Wirth, in a work of which the first volume runs to 632 huge pages, hoping that his volume will be a call to the coming new race, the younger generation of the Nordics, to awaken. The same doctrine in the hands of Hitler and his followers has led to the persecution of the Jews, the absorption of Austria, the threat to Czechoslovakia, the mystic doctrine of the hero, the cult of battle, and the worship of blood affinity. It may also lead to the collapse of Europe.

I shall make four observations on this theory. In the first place, no competent philologist now believes he can reconstruct the original Indo-European language, for the reason that we know the problem is too complex for easy solution. Max Müller declared in 1888: "To me, an ethnologist who speaks of an Aryan race, Aryan blood, Aryan eyes and hair, is as great a sinner as a linguist who speaks of a dolichocephalic dictionary or a brachycephalic grammar." In the next place, the data of philology cannot be safely confused with the data of anthropology. As Professor Ripley has sardonically remarked: "Because a people early hit upon the knowledge of bronze, and learned how to tame horses and milk cows, it does not follow that they also invented the declension of nouns and the conjugation of verbs. Such an assumption is scarcely less unwarranted than that a man's hair must be blond and his eyes blue because he is inflectional in his speech." In the third place, we do not know where the Aryans originated, and in the fourth place the etymologies which gave us hypothetical blond Aryans are highly suspect, the facts being that dark-skinned peoples referred to their gods or overlords as white for reasons unconnected with philology. Meanwhile, however, because German universities are not allowed to keep up with the progress of scholarship, the blond Nordic myth continues to be official doctrine in the Third Reich.

But it is time to turn to Communism, the chief prophet of which is Karl Marx. Where did Marx get his ideas? Two important sources of them are the British economists and German metaphysicians. Now the British classical

economists were logical; they assumed certain traits to be universally true of human nature, and from these traits they deduced irresistible, logical conclusions. But their notions of human nature were in turn derived from eighteenth-century moral philosophers, some of whom taught in the Scottish universities an abstract theory of human selfishness not unlike an abstract theory of mathematics—in the right sort of cases, provided you can find them, it will apply. Marx's theory of history, on the other hand, comes from Hegel, to whom history existed only as a system of ideas. These ideas were in conflict, a conflict involving, for reasons he never made clear, the number three: a positive idea, called a thesis, is negated by a second idea called an antithesis, and this negation is again negated into a higher unity or third idea called a synthesis. In Marxian terms, a particular class, the embodiment of one idea, rises to power and incurs the hostility of another class—the antithesis; and then a third incarnate idea swallows up both the others and we have the almost perfect state. Such are the scholarly abstractions, badly understood, which underlie "Das Kapital," which is, with "The Origin of Species" and Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," one of the three most disturbing books of our time.

What of democracy? The American Revolution was begun, according to the Declaration of Independence, to assert certain unalienable rights, among them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. When the Constitution was framed by a conservative convention, it did not mention these unalienable rights, which had to be inserted in obedience to popular desire in the first ten amendments. Where does the doctrine of unalienable or natural rights come from? Not from Magna Charta, which in theory merely recognizes and affirms rights already in existence; they originate, so far as the United States is concerned, in the speculations of one John Locke, a philosopher, but their ancestry has been traced backward to Roman law, and beyond that to the doctrines of another philosophy, that of the Stoics, who were the professors of metaphysics in ancient Rome and Greece.

Now if pure science is to be supported because it produces disturbing results, I trust I have demonstrated that pure scholarship produces even more disturbing results. The application of science to industry has made life extremely uncomfortable, but this maladjustment could be controlled were it not for the anarchy of modern nationalism. Nationalism is not a fact in nature. Whatever the Germans may think about non-Aryan science, there is no such thing as a French cloud or American capillary action. A baby is born to the human race; it is only a tragic fiction which compels it in later life to regard as its natural enemy another baby born across an imaginary line, who, had he been born a mile nearer, would have been a fellow patriot. Nationalism is to a distressing degree a human invention produced by historians, linguists, philosophers, and interpreters of culture—in other words, by so-called humane scholarship which, when it is put to such uses, is neither scholarly nor humane.

When every minor nationality on the globe is taught by its teachers and

its books that it, and it alone, is the chosen people of God, it may seem that the easiest cure for the woes of the world is to liquidate all philosophers, philologists, teachers of literature, historians, and literary critics. The world is suffering from an overdose of history. Italians are not allowed to forget their defeats; Germans are not allowed to forget their victories; communists are not allowed to forget the exploitation of labor under an obsolescent system of economics in the last century; and Americans are persistently reminded by patriotic societies to thank God they are not as the Europeans are. Nationalism rests upon history, upon language, upon art and literature, upon philosophy. If national histories could be allowed to fade into legend, the world might be better off. And as it is scholarship which keeps history alive, it might be simpler to stop scholarship.

But would it? The cure for the misuse of science is not to obliterate science, and possibly the cure for the misuse of scholarship is not to cut off funds from the universities. Is scholarship responsible for the crackpot use of the results of scholarship any more than chemistry is responsible for statesmen who use the results of laboratory investigation to kill and mangle the human race? Possibly the cure for the evils of misinformation is better information more widely spread.

When nations become fanatically nationalistic, they are out of a right relation with the rest of the human race. Now the ideal of humane scholarship has not been to demonstrate the superiority of the Aryan race or Roman militarism or dialectic materialism or even the Declaration of Independence. The ideal of humane scholarship has been, and still ought to be, to demonstrate the unity of history. For its purposes the world is one. The republic of letters is an international republic. It rests in the faith that humanity is more than a nation, a race, a religious creed, or a system of economics. That is why nations which have become zealots in advocating a theory of racial superiority, a particular economic organization, or a militant imperialism have universally been the nations to stifle humane scholarship as we at Harvard understand humane scholarship. German laboratories continue to function; it is the scholar in the lecture hall who is watched by the police. He deals with ideas.

The chief hope for the humanities in American universities is their recognition of a common aim. That aim is a concern for the history of the ideas which are of most consequence for the human race, not merely those which flatter national vanity. If in the universities we continue indefinitely to study literature and philosophy and language and the other humane subjects as disparate topics, each in its separate field, no one having a connection with any other; if we do not agree that the history of thought as a whole is our common province, particularly as this relates to our duties as Americans having a belief in liberal culture in the liberal state; not only will the humanities sink to the level of antiquarianism, but we shall have no check upon the misuse and misunderstanding of the products of research in the humanities in the fashion I have outlined.

As I see it, the humanities have it as their duty to examine all possible interpretations of history and art in the hope that there will arise from the discussion of differing points of view eventual common values to which, in Jeffersonian language, the wise and good of the earth may rally. As they are, like the social sciences and the natural sciences, constantly under the criticism of pressure groups who want only their own system of values taught, this means that they must insist upon the unalienable right of academic freedom; the right to serve as a focal point for the discussion of all shades of opinion. They cannot admit that a man's worth as a teacher or as a scholar is to be judged primarily by his religious belief, his race, his nationality, or his political belief. It is their business to work for tolerance—tolerance for everything except intolerance, comprehension of everything except willful ignorance, and the patient teaching of doctrines of patient wisdom.

I do not know where science or sociology is going, but I know where the humanities are going, for they are not going anywhere—they are standing still—almost the only point of calm in a distracted universe. As Emerson remarked: "Why so hot, little man?" A wise and living scholarship is not content with research, it seeks also comprehension, and the freedom to reach comprehension untroubled by the clamors of those who insist that their own view is the only possible view.

HOW TO TELL A COMMUNIST AND HOW TO OUTWIT HIM¹

by William F. Russell

I AM a professor, but I am not here to give you "book learning." I am here to set before you, the American Legion, a problem which concerns all of us who love democracy and the ideal of liberty for which it stands. The problem is "How to check Communism." When I talk about Communism I know what I am saying. I have had a lot of experience with this menace. I know where it is most likely to appear, where it is most likely to take hold, and I think I know the best way to fight it.

It was before The American Legion was formed, in fact it was in August 1918, that I met my first Bolshevik. We didn't call them Communists in those days. There had been a big rain, that day, in Vladivostok, and down across the street car tracks, on Bolshei Ulitza (Russian for big street or Broadway) were tons of gravel and sand, a foot high, washed down from the steep unpaved streets that climbed the hill. I watched the Korean porters busily packing the debris in baskets, carrying it up, and patting it back into place to await the next rain. I climbed past them, on up to the great commercial

¹ Address at the New York Department Convention of the American Legion at Endicott, New York, August 12, 1938. By permission of the author.

school, where I was to lecture on American education to a great crowd of teachers, patrons, parents who were all school board members. I started at five. My interpreter finished at seven. Late into the night the questions continued. These people had revolted with Kerensky. They had welcomed the Bolsheviks. But they appeared happy to have been conquered by the Czechoslovaks and glad at the moment to be under inter-Allied rule. I was curious about Bolshevism. What was the idea? What was it like? What did Lenin and Trotsky want? I was not long in suspense.

After the lecture, a man stopped me at the door. "Good evening," he said. "My name is Wax. I did a year of graduate work in the States. Until last month, I was the Bolshevik Commissar, here in Vladivostok." You can imagine my surprise. I said, "Come on home with me. What is Bolshevism?" And this is the tale he told to me.

Communism is not new. There have been forms of Communism since earliest times, even in America. Note the tribes on the Indian reservations. But Communism as we know it was formulated by Marx, Engels, and others less than a hundred years ago. They saw something wrong with the world. The few had too much, the many too little. As Wax said that night, "Why should the rich have all the beautiful houses, pictures, rugs?" He even said wives. Karl Marx saw every few years that there was a depression. Wars were almost constant. The doors of opportunity were shut. Oppressed peoples and races were practically slaves. The Communists thought that such conditions need not exist. There could be peace on earth, good will to men, the good things of life could be more evenly divided, if only men would apply their brains to the conduct of their lives.

This man Wax was making quite a sales talk. It sounded pretty attractive so far. "How do you plan to do this?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "the trouble today is that men are divided into two classes—those who own and those who earn—capitalists and workers. There is an inevitable war between the two. There can be no compromise, no truce, no armistice, no peace. It will be a battle to the death. Men are fools to love the Fatherland, the *Patrie*. The workers of one country should be better friends with the workers of other lands than with the capitalists of their own, who are their only enemy. 'Workers of the world, unite!' read the Communist Manifesto. 'You have nothing to lose but your chains.' Part of the trouble," continued Wax, "is in the churches. Men go to church, and what do they learn? To be humble—to be patient, forgiving, to look to the future life. All this is grand for the capitalist. So down with religion, shut the churches, banish the priests." This done, the Communists thought, the decks would be cleared so that they could build a new world.

"And how are you going to defeat capital?" I asked Wax. "How are you going to win for labor?"

"Very simple," he replied. "We will use the idea of the Soviet. First we organize all the workers into unions—unions of carpenters and masons, plumbers and railroad men, stenographers, cooks, librarians, teachers, nurses, professors, doctors, clerks;—everybody in fact except the capitalists. Then

each local sends its delegate to a larger council, and councils to the highest council. There is no need for congress, legislatures, or elections. Everything can be accomplished by the unions. Lenin has organized a system by which the few can rule for the many. This is what we call 'Dictatorship of the Proletariat.' The Proletariat chooses its dictators. After that it is dictated to!"

"But what about the rich? The capitalists?" I asked. "Where do they come in?"

"Oh," said Wax, "that is the cleverness of the idea. They have no unions, and if they formed them we wouldn't recognize them."

Of course you and I remember how after this time the Kolchak government failed in Siberia, how the Bolsheviks took complete control. They never made any pretense of democracy. They seized the power. My friend Arthur Bullard, who was chief of the group with whom I served in Russia in 1918, said he was talking with Lenin in Switzerland in 1905. Lenin had outlined the whole Bolshevik ideal. Bullard said, "How are the Russian people going to do this? They cannot do it for themselves, can they?"

"No," replied Lenin, "they are too ignorant to know what to do, too hungry to have the energy, too subservient to dare."

"And surely the Czar won't!" said Bullard.

"No," said Lenin. "Then, who will?" asked Bullard. "I will," said Lenin.

The way they worked their way to the seizure of power was as follows: talk about peace, talk about social equality, especially among those most oppressed. Talk about organization of labor, and penetrate into every labor union. Talk on soap boxes. Publish pamphlets and papers. Orate and harangue. Play on envy. Arouse jealousy. Separate class from class. Try to break down the democratic processes from within. Accustom the people to picketing, strikes, mass meetings. Constantly attack the leaders in every way possible, so that the people will lose confidence. Then in time of national peril, during a war, on the occasion of a great disaster, or on a general strike, walk into the capital and seize the power. A well-organized minority can work wonders.

Now the Communist leaders have steadily insisted that Communism cannot live in just one country. Just as we fought to make "the world safe for democracy," so they are fighting to make the world safe for Communism. They are fighting this fight today, twenty years after my talk with Wax. Every country must become communistic, according to their idea. So they have sent out missionaries. They have supplied them well with funds. They have won converts. These converts have been organized into little groups called "cells," each acting as a unit under the orders of a superior. It is almost a military organization. They attack where there is unemployment. They stir up discontent among those oppressed, particularly among the Negroes and Jews. They work their way into the unions, where they form compact blocks. They publish and distribute little papers and pamphlets. At the *New York Times* they pass out one called "Better Times." At the Presbyterian Hospital it is called "The Medical Worker." At the College of the City of New York it is called "Professor, Worker, Student." At Teachers College it is called

"The Educational Vanguard." These are scurrilous sheets. In one issue I noted twenty-nine errors of fact. After a recent address of mine they passed out a dodger attacking me, with a deliberate error of fact in each paragraph. These pamphlets cost money, more than one hundred dollars an issue. The idea is to try to entice into their web those generous and public-spirited teachers, preachers, social workers, and reformers who know distress and want to do something about it. These Communists know what they are doing. They follow their orders. Particularly they would like to dominate our newspapers, our colleges, and our schools. The campaign is much alike all over the world. I have seen the same articles, almost the same pamphlets, in France and England as in the United States.

You see, when it comes to fighting Communists I am a battle-scarred veteran. But after twenty years I cannot tell one by looking at him. If only he were a tall dark man with bushy black whiskers, a bomb in his hand, a knife in his teeth, and a hand grenade in each pocket of his smock, I could recognize him. However, only the leaders proclaim their membership. The clever are silent, hidden, anonymous, boring from within. You can only tell a Communist by his ideas.

Now the Legion loves loyalty. It upholds the American Way. It seeks to perpetuate democracy. As a patriotic power, alert to alien *isms*, it justly considers Communism subversive, and has taken up the fight. What tactics should we adopt? What plan of campaign should we map? The answer, as I see it, is to note the conditions under which Communism has come to flourish in foreign lands and then do our best to see to it that these conditions never obtain here.

Now what were the conditions that gave Communism its chance in Russia? These were, I think, three. First, widespread misery, poverty and distress; second, suppression of freedom of speech and the right of meeting and assembly; third, general ignorance. These are the three conditions that give Communism a chance to flower and flourish.

When you have abject poverty widespread, when people are out of work, when houses are damp, dirty, cold and crowded, when children cry for food, there you have a soil fertile for Communism. It is no accident that there are Communists in the suburbs of Paris and London, in Harlem, or along the water front in New York and San Francisco. After a drudging day of despair, the family sick and cold, the doors of hope shut, you can't blame the unlucky for giving willing ear to the blandishments of the Communist propagandist, who says that Russia is a happy land with golden gates, flowing with milk and honey. When men are down they'll sell their birthright either for a mess of pottage or for a pot of message.

One way, then, to fight Communism is to go to the root of poverty and distress. Whatever you may think of certain aspects of the work of the present administration, you must see that in the program of resettlement, in the W.P.A., in the C.C.C. Camps, and in the National Youth Administration, President Roosevelt and his advisers have been helping the poor and distressed. Some think we can never pay for it. Some think that conditions will be

worse in the long run. We must admit, however, that what they have done for the poor has been the most powerful blow against Communism. No matter what the national government does, whether you agree with this program or not, the good American who wishes to fight Communism must lend every effort to clean up the slums, to assist the unlucky, to cure the sick, to care for the widow and the orphan.

It is at this point that I wish to point out to you a misunderstanding, a mistake, that many loyal citizens commonly make. There are among us a good many people who by training, taste, inclination or vocation see much of the poor, under-privileged, and the sick. These are ministers and priests, social workers, Y.M.C.A. leaders, doctors, nurses, teachers and professors. They see the effect of the slum. They know what the sweat-shop does to body and soul. Their wrath and indignation rises at the practices of some of the worst of us. Then these men and women who know the seamy side of life, from the pulpit, in the press, from the lecture platform, in the college and university class, point out these evils and struggle to find some way of improving these conditions. Some are wise and advocate gentle and gradual improvement. Some are in a hurry and urge quick reform. You and I are likely to think that they are Communists, that their ideas are subversive. We may call them "red." But whenever we do this we had better back up and think. *They* are not the Communists. The Communists get a lot of pleasure out of our mistake. The Communists are glad to see us attack them, to quiz them, to hamper them, to persecute them. Because in a way these zealots are the worst enemies of Communism. If we could clear up the worst of the slums and give help to that part of the population which is in genuine distress, which is what these zealots want, we should in one step have removed the most likely converts from the contamination of Communism.

You have a second condition favorable to Communism when people dare not speak their minds. Let the right of assembly become abridged and sympathy follows the supposedly injured party. If an idea is so subversive that it cannot be talked about openly, how alluring it is likely to be when it is heard in a whisper. When you cannot speak on the public square, you gossip down the alley. When you cannot meet in the open, you conspire in the cellar. Then you hear only one side. Then you think you are a martyr, and you may be willing to die for a belief which, because it has never been effectively opposed, may be half-formed and ill-considered. Ideas expressed openly are, of course, subject to the law of treason, slander, or morality. The people of the United States would not approve and adopt the Constitution until it was explicitly stated that the rights of "freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble" should not be abridged; and so far as fighting Communism is concerned, I think they are right. Nothing pleases the Communists more, nothing advertises them so much, nothing wins them more converts, than violation of these rights.

But what the Communist is most afraid of is education. I do not mean any kind of education, because you will naturally think at once of this Communist who is a college graduate, that Communist who is a Doctor of Philoso-

phy, groups of college students who support and uphold Communism. Conversely, you can recall at once many an unschooled illiterate who holds to the American Way. There will always be impractical intellectuals who look to the speedometer, not to the brakes. But Communism cannot flourish where all, or almost all, the people know a good deal about history, political science, and sociology. Communists advance their ideas as if they were new. They try to make people think that their plans are practical and workable. They don the sheep's clothing of democracy trying to deceive the ignorant, when they have not the slightest belief in democracy at all. The person who knows history will know better. The fallacy in Communism is not in the ultimate goals which they borrow, like peace, prosperity, social justice and human brotherhood, as in their practical plans for realizing these goals. The person who knows history and political science and economics knows that these plans have been tried repeatedly, and repeatedly they have failed. The same plans, and much the same tactics, failed in France in 1789. They failed again in 1848. They failed in Germany since the War, they failed in Hungary, they failed in Spain, they failed in Russia itself. They sought peace; they got war. They sought fraternity; they divided brother from brother. They sought social justice; they achieved more poverty, more misery, more distress. As one learned Frenchman said, "Communism can destroy capitalism but cannot replace it."

The person who is educated in the manner I describe learns to take a long look at the world. He sees the age-old aspirations of man for prosperity and well-being, for liberty of conscience, speech, property, freedom to earn and to spend, for equality before the law, and an equal opportunity for youth. He has watched the gradual development of these ideals, now advancing, now retreating, now advancing again. He knows how the Fathers of our Country caught a new vision, how by compromise and adjustment they devised a new form of government and a new form of relationship between man and man. Of course it was not perfect. The idea was to build a little at a time in the hope that what they had done would persist. The educated person knows that social changes come very slowly. If you are in a hurry, as in Germany from 1919 to 1933, or in Spain, there is revolution and reaction. If you try dictatorship, as in Nazi Germany or Italy or Soviet Russia, of course everybody has work but then you are only a serf. Up to now those who have been socially secure in this world have been only the slaves. The educated man moves slowly. He is in no hurry. The educated man moves steadily and persistently. He will not be lulled to sleep.

So to hit Communism at its weakest point you must have education. You cannot fight an idea by banishing it. You cannot fight an idea by shooting it. Purges, "red scares," teachers' oaths, discharging professors, never stopped Communism. The only way you can fight an idea is by meeting it with another idea; and the only way you can meet it with another idea is by proper education.

It is most fortunate for us that most of our children have a chance to go to school. It is fortunate for us that most of them can finish the high school

course. Let us make very sure that these boys and girls have a chance for a good education for modern times, especially in the controversial and difficult fields of government and social life. It does not make much difference to me as an American what sort of Latin or Spelling or Algebra they study, but I do hope that they will learn what democracy is and why we have it; what life was like when our ancestors lived under tyranny, and what life must be like today in Russia and Germany, in Spain, Japan and Italy; what these liberties are that we prize; what these rights are that we must maintain; and what our corresponding duties must be. Let these boys and girls hear of the theories of social improvement. Let them know what Communism and Fascism think they are. Let them go right down to the bottom. Knowledge is power.

DeWitt Clinton, who built this school system, had it right when he said that these schools were the "Palladium of our freedom . . . the bulwark of our liberties." Since his time these schools have grown in power and confidence. Every child has his chance. We have a strong and competent State Department of Education. We have the best system of school financing in the Union. Our school board members are able and competent. We have a grand force of teachers. Hold up their hands. Give them encouragement. Protect them from the narrow-minded zealot who would hamper them. That's the way to cut down the Communist.

There is, however, one additional consideration. Communism, I am convinced, can flourish only when the soul of a people is dead. The wisest men from the time of the Greeks have sensed that we really live in two worlds, the world of sticks and stones, and the world of the intellect, the world of the spirit. When I was a boy I used to walk down the halls of Teachers College and there on the wall was an old engraving of the New Jerusalem. There were high walls, closed gates, and up the steep sides, out of the mud and muck crawled and climbed the poor mortals in search of heavenly bliss. When I see that picture it makes me think of what education should do. There is one world, a dog's world, a world of bones and kennels and chains and muzzles, and hunts and fights; and there is a man's world, a world of ideas, of beauty, of thought. The one is base, the other good. In one, men are slaves, in the other they are free. In one, there are oppressed and oppressors, in the other, all are equal. There is a land of the slave and there is a land of the free, and the passport to this happy land is a liberal education and a belief in power beyond one's self.

I hope for a world with bigger bones and better kennels, but I despair if that is all men want. Our people will perish unless we re-incorporate in our life the statement made one hundred and fifty years ago in our Northwest Ordinance, "Religion, knowledge and morality, being necessary to the welfare of mankind, schools and the means of education should forever be encouraged." This accomplished, in this spirit, by the schools and by all other means of education—colleges, churches, clubs, organizations, museums, libraries, theatre and the press,—we shall have a happy people. We shall never be Communists.

You of the Legion recognize the enemy. How shall we beat him? Relieve poverty and distress. Stand up for the rights of Meeting and Assembly and Freedom of Speech, particularly when you do not agree. Support the schools and foster in every way the study of history, government, and social life. Above all, support a liberal education, an education for men, not dogs, that we may enter and live in a world of ideas, of beauty, of thought. This should be the American program. It will cause the most discomfort to our enemies; it will do the most to perpetuate and preserve the form of government and the kind of life which the Fathers of our Country willed to us and to which they were confident we would give our last full measure of devotion.

PACIFISM: ITS RISE AND FALL¹

by Bruce Bliven

I AM old enough to remember back to the days before there was any widespread pacifist movement in America. I can also recall the following period of the bright hopeful years when many people really believed that through pure, "conscientious objection" war might finally be abolished. In the recent past I have seen such hopes disappear from the minds of all except the lunatic fringe of incorrigible optimism.

Some years before 1914, I used to meet the American peace movement in my daily walks about the campus of Stanford University, where I was a student. Its name was David Starr Jordan, who based his opposition to war on the fairly solid biological ground that when the best potential fathers of the rising generation were slaughtered on the battlefield, the result was a deterioration of the human stock. At that time, nobody except Dr. Jordan got much excited about this, because everyone believed that another war was all but impossible: the international bankers would prevent it, and anyhow, all the nations involved would run out of money in the first six weeks. . . . Then came the two war years during which the advocacy of pacifist principles was a penitentiary offense, and thereafter, the twenties, the golden age of the pacifist movement in this country. Millions of earnest and worthy clubwomen heard thousands of speeches by orators who held that war is a bad thing, and the good ladies, listening attentively, passed cubic yards of resolutions in favor of peace. A great many respectable and intelligent individuals actually thought at that time that war could be abolished by a spontaneous rising of the masses against it, a rising actuated by moral indignation over its cruelty, its horror, its incredible waste and folly. Such uprisings, they believed, were most of all likely in the European countries where the war experience had been recent and terrible.

All sensible people have today abandoned these happy dreams. The League

¹From *The New Republic*, November 18, 1936. By permission of the author.

of Nations, which formed an important part of them, has lost much of its prestige, especially through its failure to do anything about Japan in China or Italy in Ethiopia. We have learned by bitter experience that the population of any country can have its emotional attitude nurtured and shaped by a skillful, ruthless government to any end the rulers may desire. Conceivably, this end might be peace but in practice it has thus far always been war. The one country that we might suppose would feel most vividly the agony and uselessness of armed conflict would be shattered, bankrupt Germany; but Hitler with a turn of his wrist has taught a whole generation to believe that war is almost a good thing in itself and certainly a good thing if it helps the Fatherland. Italy, too, has suffered; yet the Italians, fundamentally the same human beings as all the rest of us, have not only been taught to approve of fighting in general, but have been led to condone (and, most of them, not merely with lip service but sincerely) what is almost the worst assault on a virtually helpless native population in the world's history. Japan, too, has known what a major modern war is like; many thousands of the men who were old enough to fight against Russia are less than fifty years of age today; yet militarist aggression is the dominant spirit in the whole Japanese population as the world moves into the year 1937 of—God save the mark!—the “Christian” era.

During the twenties, as I have suggested, there was a short and brilliant false dawn when it really seemed possible that international disarmament by agreement of the governments might prove possible. The United States, coming out of the War comparatively rich and strong, proposed to the bankrupt empires a halt in naval building and the maintenance of fixed ratios of strength, and compelled the acceptance of the plan by threatening a program of its own with which no other nation could have competed. But it was a false dawn only; today every naval treaty is dead or dying; every country is arming on land and sea at a rate unparalleled in history. Only a month ago the American Secretary of the Navy in a press interview announced that the United States will build fortifications in the Pacific to match those of any other power—“any other power” meaning Japan. One of the bitterest disillusionments of the past few years has been the realization that the dream of gradual disarmament has no present basis in reality.

The most that the pacifist movement in any one country can do is to cause the armament program in that country to lag by a few months or years behind the general standard. In only two important nations has even that result been possible—Great Britain and the United States. The British government is now trying desperately to overcome what it describes as such a lag, with the passive acquiescence of almost the entire population. Whether a lag of this sort exists in America, and if so, whether the fact is regrettable from any point of view, it is impossible to say. The geographical position of the United States is so completely one of unique isolation, its interest in the clash of imperialisms in Europe and Asia so faint and fictitious, that many sensible students of the subject believe there is no need, even in this craziest of worlds,

for an American military establishment going beyond strictly and literally defensive preparations within our own continental borders.

The ironic fact is that the danger of war looms today in a world where the genuine fundamental causes of war are understood as they have never been before. Fifteen years ago those of us who insisted that the most important of these causes were economic, and were symptoms of the dying stage of exploitive private capitalism, were voices piping feebly in a wilderness. Today, even the political leaders of the chief powers—always the last people in the world to admit a truth or say anything sensible—concede most of this indictment in their public utterances, even though they draw the unjustified conclusion that the cure of all imperialist struggle is to create still more empires, and to inaugurate their competition on somewhat more even terms. The world's position is that of a man who has long known he was ill, and has now discovered the disease is cancer: the correct diagnosis does not make his plight any less severe. There was never a more vivid illustration of the fact that the truth does not always make us free. It can do so only when it is really "known," is accessible to the general masses throughout all countries.

To say all this is not, certainly, to say that we should abandon ourselves to the counsels of despair. There is every reason to believe that the world's cancer is curable, if humanity in the long run shows the courage, persistence and ingenuity to face and conquer the disease. It will require, to be sure, alterations in the structure of society so far-reaching and novel that they might well cause us to abandon hope if the alternative to them were not so appalling. It now seems probable that these alterations will involve an enormous degree of national and international control of men's activities: impartial allocation, by an international authority, of worldwide raw materials and foreign markets; control of the size of population in every quarter of the globe; in the intellectual and emotional field the leading of men's minds away from the narrow superstitions of national or racial superiority into a recognition that all mankind is very much of a piece, that we are all steaming through space on the same comparatively small ship and that we must finally manage to get along together or none of us will get along at all. In this connection, Soviet Russia is giving the world an important object lesson in the possibilities of peace. Although the presence of implacable and aggressive enemies on her borders, east and west, compels her still to maintain a large military establishment, all competent, impartial experts are agreed that of herself, she constitutes no threat to peace—the only great power of which this is true. She will not commit aggression because, among other reasons, no living soul within her borders would benefit from aggression.

In the United States, in particular, and at the present moment, there is enormous scope for an intelligent peace movement: in creating a wider understanding of the war danger, in opposing adventures of our capitalists abroad of the sort that are likely to embroil us, in resisting the fantastic demands of our militarists, who, if not opposed, would certainly spend 90 percent of our income on their ugly toys, in working out the bases for maintaining American

neutrality in case of a European or Asiatic war in which we are not involved, in expressing those bases through stronger neutrality legislation than is now on the statute books. The task is by no means hopeless; it calls for action; and to that call there is a response, particularly of youth, important both for size and earnestness.

The greatest mistake that has been made by what might be called the religious pacifists, those who refused to condone or participate in violence at any time and under any circumstances, was the assumption that the choice was between bright, happy peace and going out to needless slaughter against a foreign foe. But that is not the choice presented to millions of people in several countries and perhaps soon to be offered in other lands to many millions more. It is not the choice, for example, that was offered last summer to the working masses in Spain. Their alternatives were armed resistance to enemies within their own population, or the acceptance of slavery to a government established to maintain by force an unjust and unworkable economic system. (True, in the case of Spain, foreign enemies participated in the fight; but their doing so was not a typical part of the pattern: it has not been so in Germany or Italy or Hungary or Japan.) The believer in non-resistance today simply plays into the hands of the Nietzscheans; if a fascist tyranny is coming, he makes its arrival the easier, and abates not at all the subsequent torture of the dissidents. After the catastrophe, his children, like all others, will have their minds subjected to the always successful mass poisoning, the brutal regimentation by which dictatorships keep themselves in power. His own offspring will turn against him and he will see his pacifist doctrine die with the little dwindling groups of aging men in the concentration camps.

Many thousands of young men in England and America have taken, in one version or another, the Oxford Oath that under no circumstances will they "fight for king and country." If I interpret them correctly, they do not mean that they are prepared, if worst comes to worst, to fold their hands meekly, be trussed up and thrown on the bonfire of triumphant, savage Nazism. They mean that they are not willing to go out and be slaughtered, as 10,000,000 other young men were slaughtered twenty years ago, in a senseless, idiotic war, a war that is a mere blind tropism, responding to the impulses long ago created by a world order that is no longer valid. I do not believe that the attitude of these young men—and the young women whose sacrifice in war would be almost or quite as heavy—means they consider non-resistance the ultimate and only good which, thrown into the balance, outweighs the claim of a decent society, ruled by reason and not by force, a society based first of all on the rights of common men and women to live out their normal lives in peace and security and to bring up their children to equal peace and security. The importance of the peace movement of youth in the United States is to me the evidence it gives of a growing awareness among many thousands of young Americans of the problems by which their adult life is confronted, their increasing realization that a world fit to live in may require of them desperate sacrifice before it is attained.

ALL IS NOT LOST IN THE FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY¹

by David S. Muzzey

THE score of years which have passed since the armistice and the Treaty of Versailles, that vain attempt to found lasting peace on the basis of injustice, have been a dismal period in the history of mankind. Repeated honest efforts of men of good-will to substitute cooperation for conflict, order for confusion, and a sense of security for persistent trepidation have been thwarted at every turn. Disarmament conferences have degenerated into "fencing matches" between the participating nations, each of which has been bent on gaining the maximum concession to strengthen its own position in the struggle which they all speak of as hypothetical while they really believe it to be inevitable. Engaged in an enterprise ostensibly to encourage peace, they have actually been concerned with their preparations to meet war. The result has been the constant enlargement of armies and navies, with a fivefold increment in military expenditures since the pre-war days.

Primarily to buttress their military strength, the nations have adopted "autarchic" devices as destructive of President Wilson's third point, the removal of economic barriers to international trade, as the feverish military programs are destructive of the fourth point of reducing national armaments to the lowest level consistent with domestic safety. High tariff walls, import restrictions, quotas, embargoes, currency manipulation and similar short-sighted interferences with the free flow of goods and credit have wrought havoc with international trade and finance, in an era in which the autarchic nation is as anachronistic as the feudal manor. Science, technology, rapid communication, mass production, and the demand for ever-widening markets have made of the world a vast economic complex in which political isolation can only react as a boomerang against the nation which attempts to practice it.

Obviously, we are facing a crisis. But facing crises has been the lot of man ever since civilization began its long, painful, and oft-interrupted upward march from the paleolithic age. If the present crisis seems "so particular" and fateful to us, it is because we are living in the first half of the twentieth century and not in the days of confusion and welter of impredecabilities which followed the break-up of Alexander the Great's empire, or in the darkness which descended upon the world with the eclipse of Roman power and civilization, or amid the devastation of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, or in the troubled years when liberal Europe lay prostrate and paralyzed under the iron heel of the Corsican tyrant.

¹ From the *New York Times Magazine*, Jan. 22, 1939. By permission of the author.

Naturally, the evils with which we have to grapple loom more portentous than those which we read about in history, just as the girding for an impending conflict dims the memory of an accomplished victory. This is in no wise to minimize the seriousness of the present crisis. We must face without blinking or burking the dismal facts: the Treaty of Versailles sabotaged; the Fourteen Points erased; the League of Nations flouted and deserted by nation after nation; democracy derided by its foes and doubted by many of its friends; the ideal of collective security yielding to an intensified reliance upon national self-sufficiency; international trade and finance thrown into utter confusion; hate, greed, persecution and war erected into avowed and boasted national policies; instead of a world made safe for democracy, democracy desperately seeking to make itself safe in the world.

It is not the purpose of this article to enter into competition with the hordes of writers and speakers who are advocating specific political or economic policies for the remedy of the distressing situation in which we find ourselves, or to discuss the relative merits of the conflicting policies advocated: cooperation or isolation; neutrality legislation or Presidential prerogative; reciprocal trade pacts or the most-favored-nation principle; nationalization of the munitions industry or immunity of the "merchants of death" from government interference; the "quarantining" of pestiferous nations or the drawing of a "cordon sanitaire" around our own.

These are all problems of great moment, and we must all agree that they demand the deepest thinking of the most enlightened leaders that we can find and follow. But, leaving on one side these highly important questions, let us direct our thought to an aspect of the present situation which has received far too little attention in the excitement of voices crying *Lo! here* and *Lo! there*, but which nevertheless is of fundamental import for any concrete plan or policy advanced—namely, the moral effect of the present crisis on the American people.

Some years ago the eminent philosopher Alfred N. Whitehead used the phrase "the climate of opinion" to define the mental and moral atmosphere in which a given society lives. That atmosphere for the present generation has been a miasmatic one, propagating the germs of pessimism and defeatism. One scarcely meets a man who is not a prey to gloom and fear.

The burden of our dinner conversation is the hopelessness of the present outlook. Impending disaster is accepted with a fatalism tempered with a reluctant sigh, and we "speak of the coming war as of the coming winter." Our courage dwindles, in the simile of Lord Morley, to a puny hope that things may be better, shivering beside the gigantic conviction that they are bound to be worse. The contagion of pessimism spreads like a scourge of influenza or cholera, or, in the words of an old Greek philosopher, "like contagion among sheep."

The multitude, unfortified by the prophylaxis of calm reason or historical perspective, falls into the fallacy that we are living in the worst possible of worlds. They talk freely of the "return to barbarism" and the "collapse of

civilization." They do not read Spengler, but they are nevertheless unconscious disciples of the prophet of the "Decline of the West."

Yet, no setback, however serious, to any particular diplomatic *démarche* or project of political reform or economic recovery is so disastrous as the weakening of faith in the value of the effort. For faith, which is but another name for courage, is still "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen." If the infection of a conforming cowardice is allowed to spread to those whose talents mark them for leadership, instead of the courage of the latter communicating itself to the people at large, then we shall indeed take the downward path. Above even the sore need for wise counsel in the present crisis is the need for a courageous spirit. All great ages, said Emerson, have been ages of faith. For faith, or courage, is creative, while despair is always destructive.

Nor is this faith mere pollyannaism or wishful thinking, except it be divorced from a frank recognition of the realities of our situation and an honest effort to better that situation. "Faith without works is dead" because it is out of work that faith is born. When value is denied to human endeavor all other values turn to naught, desire fails, and the grasshopper becomes a burden.

History offers us many a sad example of such let-down in social morale. Take, for instance, the period following the death of Alexander the Great (already alluded to), to which Professor Gilbert Murray applies the apt slogan of "the failure of nerve." The Greeks inaugurated the age of reason with the Ionian physicists and the Attic philosophers, dramatists and historians, confident that the secrets of nature, the duty of man, the model structure of the State, and even the attainment of the divine harmony of the Good, the Beautiful and the True were to be found through the assiduous cultivation of the intellect.

Their creative work in the centuries from Thales to Aristotle is a priceless heritage and "an everlasting possession." But, when their creative faith bogged down into the Hellenistic age, reason gave way to superstition, fickle Fortune was enthroned as a goddess, the standards of culture and the canons of art were debased, and there followed one of those dips in the curve of human progress which have always waited for upward rectification upon the recovery of social morale.

Here let us not allow our tendency to "rationalization" to tempt us to put the cart before the horse and confuse cause and effect. Our history textbooks speak of the barbarian invasions, for example, as a cause of the "fall of Rome," whereas, in truth, the fall of Rome (its loss of civic virtue, its social corruption, its financial demoralization) was the cause of the barbarian invasions. So individuals and nations lay the flattering unction to their souls that their failures are due to the very "circumstances" which their own moral apathy has engendered.

Can any sane man doubt today that the depression under which we have been suffering for a decade is no visitation of inscrutable Fate, but the predictable (and, indeed, sporadically predicted) result of an orgy of materialistic in-

toxication, ruthless exploitation and reckless speculation that will forever brand the Nineteen Twenties, for all their bull markets and boasted conquest of poverty, as one of the most disgraceful decades in American history? The pendulum swings from the fatalism of inevitable progress to the fatalism of irremediable disaster; and both are equally unjustifiable by the experience of history and corrosive of the supreme human function of an intelligently directed will. Life is conditioned, to be sure, but it is not fated. Every moment, no matter how heavily weighted with the inheritance of past follies, is a new start. And it is not only a myopic but a craven attitude to let the follies of the past paralyze the courage and initiative of the present.

Let us face the worst. What has been done is irrevocable. Not a line of the past can be erased. Manchuria, Ethiopia, Spain, China, Austria, Czechoslovakia—the dismal record is there. But it is due to the ignorance, timidity and faithlessness of men that we are afflicted with our present evils, and, by the same token, we shall be delivered from them by the wisdom and courage of men.

If the prospect for peace looks dark, there is all the more call for redoubling the efforts for peace. If our complicated economic and social structure puts a heavier strain on the girders of democracy, that is no reason for abandoning democracy, but the most cogent argument for strengthening the girders. We believe that, with all its faults, democracy is the best form of government that the world has known and the only one that holds the promise of the free development of human personality and the realization of the "great society" of peaceable and progressive nations.

Certainly, we are not going to abandon the noble experiment of democratic government at the bidding of bullies who have no more understanding of what democracy really means than to call it, as Hitler does, "a ludicrous chicken farm where everybody cackles," or to shout with Mussolini that "the plain truth is that men are tired of liberty," and that the restless and hardy youth of today want to "pass over the decayed corpse of the Goddess of Liberty" to "order, hierarchy, war and glory." That is not "the plain truth," but an outrageous lie, devised to throw dust in the eyes of the multitude, so that they may blindly follow the "pied pipers of hysteria" and servilely support the inordinate ambitions of tyrants.

Now just because life is conditioned (though not fated) a certain amount of adjustment to the conditions facing us is necessary. Ideals may, and should, move in the upper air of theory; but policies must be devised and executed to meet the complex situation of the moment. Hence we have to do many things, from a short-time point of view, which, from the long-time point of view of our ideals we disapprove and deplore.

Compromise is a word of unpleasant connotation: but Lincoln was a wiser leader than Garrison in a former great crisis of our nation. To take the most conspicuous example of this enforced compromise, we vote a war budget of a billion dollars, while we abhor war as a relic of barbarism. At a cost which would go far toward stamping out the white plague or furnishing comfortable houses for people who live in hovels, we build a battleship which is destined

in a score of years for the junkheap. From the point of view of our ideals it is sheer folly; from the point of view of the conditions with which we are confronted it is a stern necessity.

Is the situation, after all, as bad as the prophets of gloom and doom would have us believe? Is the crisis worse than many a former one through which mankind has fought its way back to sanity and progress? Are there not assets in the present situation which we have overlooked or minimized in our preoccupation with the serious liabilities?

In the first place, the United States and those nations of Western Europe which still strongly hold to the principles of democracy and freedom far outweigh in economic and military resources the dictatorships east of the Rhine. It is not in the countries which have had a long experience in democratic rule that the totalitarian tyranny has prevailed, but in lands where the irresponsible autocracy of Czars, the stiff politico-military discipline of Hohenzollerns, and the clamorous pseudo-parliamentarianism of an always disunited Italy have kept the people from developing their capacities for self-rule.

Moreover, no country enjoying a fair amount of economic prosperity and security has given itself over to the mercy (or the mercilessness) of dictators. They are the product of misery, jealousy, bankruptcy and desperation—adventurers whom civil disorder and social confusion have thrown to the top to strut for a brief time as heaven-sent deliverers. If history has any lesson at all, it is that their day will be short. Even wise Thales, more than twenty-five centuries ago, declared that one sight the world would never see was “a tyrant growing old.”

Napoleon, with more political and military genius in his little finger than the “sawdust Caesars” of today have in their whole body, lasted about twenty years. When the first cracks appeared in the edifice of despotism which Napoleon had raised, the people from Spain to Russia rose to demolish that edifice and send its architect to die in exile on the barren island of St. Helena. Drunk with power which breeds ambition for more power, he had dared to challenge the historic process of the emergence of political, religious and economic liberty out of the bondage of feudal proscription and royal absolutism. For all his great gifts, he failed. And are we to believe that his feeble imitators, fighting with the noble weapons of purges, persecutions, confiscations, concentration camps and castor oil, will succeed where he failed? Histronics against the majestic march of history!

Finally, even if the situation were ten times worse than it is, we should not despair. Defeatism will get us nowhere. To throw in our hand and quit the game is sheer cowardice. “If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars.” Who knows how soon the dawn may succeed the dark? At any rate, it will be the sooner the greater the number of courageous souls whose only fear is that fear may seize their people. A Washington and a William the Silent could lose every battle and win the war. If we cannot have the superb courage and endurance of such as these we at least can have the pluck of Milton’s Satan, who surveyed his fallen host and cried: “What if the field be lost, all is not lost!”

SMALL-TOWN MIDDLE-WESTERNER¹

by Willis Fisher

I WAS born and brought up in a small town in the Middle West, and I am glad of it.

I do not look back upon my life in London, Ohio, as a lost Paradise. It was no Paradise. Nor is it lost: things are not lost, nor have time and change quite taken them, while they are loved in remembering. Besides, I am still a certain kind of small-town Middle-Westerner. I do not think of myself as one escaped from bondage. My life feels continuous to me. What is in it goes back to London, where the roots are.

That I do not now live there, or in some other town much like it, is due less to preference than to drifts and decisions following 1917, when, in line with a human tendency toward confusion and such matters, we decided to listen to our great men and shoot at the Germans. A man free to starve if even mildly unlucky must learn his trade where he can, and follow it where opportunity offers. Perhaps I could not live there from now on with much satisfaction. That is nothing to brag about, however much the town has changed.

Changed it certainly has since my time there, the last twenty years of the horse-and-buggy era. Men have learned to travel farther and faster, though on errands not conspicuously improved. This, I believe, is called progress. But this progress, this gaining a little at the cost of a great deal more, seems in a fair way to destroy something worth keeping, if we can keep it: the small-town democracy of a betrayed and dying America.

It was not a perfect life; it had the defects of its qualities. But for the common man, in his capacity as private citizen—the only test not either stupid or sinful—it was a good life; better, I believe, than any other, before or since. It may be true, as some say, that it cannot be saved before it dies—it is not dead yet—of our own stupidity and the leadership of our great, wise, and good rich men.

If we are to build democracy—if we are not to drift into some witless hell of fascism, or wall ourselves in with a communist State in which we shall be free to do exactly as we are told—we must face a future full, among other things, of small towns.

That prospect, for some reason, seems disturbing to most people of the kind who are given to referring to each other as intellectuals. Their horror I do not share and find hard to understand. It cannot be due entirely to Sinclair Lewis, for many of them seem to have transcended admiration for his excellent novels. A few have never lived in small towns and are to

¹ From *Who Owns America?* (edited by Messrs. Agar and Tate). Copyright by Houghton Mifflin Company, 1936, and used by permission of, and by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company.

be accounted for as persons insufficiently inhibited from comment by lack of information. But many, indeed most, of them are in a position to know better. Why are they in such full flight from their native Main Street, as from the chief thoroughfare in hell? Can the neighbors have been that much too much for them? Is it not at least thinkable that a small-town economy might be an excellent thing for a nation, though at the same time a given small town might not be the ideal location for a given young artist or intellectual? If such persons must have a place to go where they are safe from the neighbors, could not that be arranged without building larger and larger cities, at the price they ask from millions of people who are neither artists nor intellectuals? Are not these artists and intellectuals functioning now only because they are not noticed by the men who have built their cities of refuge? And if the walls crack and the roofs come down, as there is some rumor of their doing, where will the artists and intellectuals go then to avoid the neighbors?

But these are high matters, beyond the range of present intention. As a man with some experience of being a very private citizen in the small-town atmosphere and in the area dominated by New York City, I shall try to explain why I am not sorry that I was born and brought up in a Middle-Western village, and why I intend to retain for myself and to encourage in my children the small-town view of life which I believe is the right view; for which I might fight, but would certainly never apologize.

London, Ohio, lies near the middle of the State, in flat farm lands slightly scarred by quiet streams—Deer Creek, Oak Run, Little Darby—which feed the Scioto. Always on the horizon there are trees. Between the mist of spring and the haze of the fall of the year you may see daisies in the blue grass, or fireflies in the corn at nightfall. You may smell the growing corn of hot nights, and the red clover. The dust from white gravel roads powders the ironweed and the stake-and-rider fences as summer wears on. The yellow water lilies grow in the quiet place this side the bend in the creek, and the white sand boils up in the bottom of Coniac Spring—a name which proves some carelessness in spelling and embalms a trace of history. There is wind and snow in winter. On July and August afternoons the sky darkens into thunder and quick rain, which is good for the corn.

Because the town is small, you are never far from such things there; and you may come to care for them. If you do, you will find that you cannot live in peace without them. They are things of small account to Progress and the State. But some men have loved them; some men have died in the Wilderness and in the Argonne Forest with these things, among others, in their minds. These things, bent to the unsuspected purposes of the great men who think that they own America. What you love, you will fight for.

Unless, of course, it is money, in which case you will probably incite simple men to get it for you. This you may do with safety, so long as you leave them something they can love enough for them to care when you lie to them, saying it is in danger. But you must be careful to leave them something; a very little will do. You must also be careful not to let them see what

you are doing. That, in the long run, may not prove easy. Easy or not, it is little to be proud of. Indeed, greed and theft and deception are things which in London, Ohio, some of us were taught, at home and by a "decadent Puritan clergy," to regard as wrong, however profitable. The tendency to think that way did not die out with the horse-and-buggy era. Small-town men of the Valley may yet insist on judging their economic system by its justice rather than by its prosperity. The danger, of course, is that in such a frame of mind we may again be misled into freeing our neighbor's slaves instead of our own, or into making the world safe for what we are getting instead of democracy.

All of which is not so far afield from the Ohio countryside as it may seem. A man's flag should be the symbol of his own back yard. A small-town man may learn to love the wind rustling the tall corn, or the sunlight and shadow of a quiet street, in a way which makes them part of him wherever he may go. These, with the people he has known and cared for, may be what he has in mind when he says he loves his country. I can't make any sense of his meaning anything else. I cannot imagine feeling that way about Mr. Rockefeller's money, the power trust, or Mr. Ford's beneficent factory.

In one sense, London, Ohio, has no history. Since 1810, when it was founded, nothing has happened there. Nothing, that is, but birth and death, and the strange tissue of dark and bright which men weave to fill the interval. No Londoner has ever managed to attract any of the world's attention. That the town has been the breeding ground of no great men is not perhaps to its discredit, considering what sort of place the great men of the earth have been making it for the rest of us lately.

History of a sort the town has, however, much of which I have read in the files of *The London Times*, a weekly for which I used to work in the summer. It was a pretty bad paper, I suppose. But I didn't think so then, and I like to remember the feel of dropping type into a stick, the shake of the floor as the old flat-bed Hoe press ran off the last form, the office jokes and arguments in the rush of folding the sheets by hand, sticking on the labels, and carrying the papers down the alley to the side door of the postoffice on Second Street, next door to the fire-engine house where . . . But all of that is another story, part of a kind of life at first-hand accessible to a boy in a small town in Ohio.

I was speaking of the files. One thing, among others, emerges from a study of them. As things got bigger and better everywhere, the local papers grew duller and duller. As interest in personalities faded, the flavor of personality in writing went with it. One could measure the approach of Progress by the loss in vitality of the editorial page, which disappeared about the time Progress caught up with us. The papers of even the seventies and eighties reflect a life which was in a sense narrowly provincial, but not dull. It had vitality and color. The minds one sees in it were small-town minds, but they had edges. After the turn of the century there is perhaps more information, less prejudice. But life, as you read of it in the papers, seems duller, remoter.

We were losing our small-town characteristics, ceasing to express our own opinions, ceasing to form them.

It was during this same period that control of things, or the feeling of possessing control, was passing away from us. Our plans were subject to change from more than such familiar acts of God as the weather. We owned less and owed more; and as the industrial machine reached out to take us, we began to lose the feeling of first-hand responsibility which is the basis of self-reliance.

If the small town today is dead intellectually, it is because it has ceased in a certain sense to be a small town at all. It has almost lost its identity. In becoming so much a part, it has forgotten how to be a whole. As issues grow more complicated, they grow vaguer in men's minds. As the power piles up in New York and Washington, it is harder to see the relationship between how it is used and one's own life; harder to size up the difference between the avowed intentions and the actual purposes of the men who use it. Wherein lies the great objection to communism: not that it proposes to end the existing travesty of democracy, but that it intends a State so gigantic that no one can understand it. Things must be small if you are to grasp them.

Perhaps, as some men say, it is too late to do anything but try to make the inevitable Colossus as wise and kindly as possible. I do not believe that. In the long run we shall get only what we ask for. We have, after all, been asking for what we have now. Perhaps it would be well to consider asking for something else, instead of shouting that further progress into folly is inevitable, and that we must learn to like what we hate by making it more hateful.

Over the state of the arts in the small town there has been much lamentation.

Now it is true that few small towns harbor universal geniuses, or support a symphony orchestra or a grand opera company. But universal geniuses are scarce, and even New York City is none too generous with its Philharmonic. The kind of art which becomes a part of life forever is produced by a certain highly specialized kind of man, who comes into being once in a while as the result of genetic coincidences too complicated to unravel. He is sometimes more than a little mad, and always remarkably energetic. I doubt that a small town, or even a large one, can put him down, short of shooting or starving him. How much harm did Sauk Center do Sinclair Lewis? Perhaps every small town in the Mississippi Valley now contains a mute inglorious Milton, gagged and bound by local clergymen and Rotarians. Again I doubt it—if only because, as someone has said, the one sure test of a Milton is that he is neither mute nor inglorious. Furthermore, it seems a little presumptuous to attempt to plan a society for the production of geniuses. No one knows how to make it, even if it were desirable; and the geniuses, once we got them, would be almost certain to dislike it.

But there is another aspect of art which demands consideration. It is good for men to do things for themselves, whether or not the result achieves

the accident of immortality. Chesterton was right when he observed that if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing badly.

Do things some of us certainly did in London, Ohio; badly, but without let or hindrance. A part at least of our culture was home-made. If you wanted a thing, you did not always save up your money to buy it. Sometimes you made it.

Our canoe, for example. Chubby Burnham, Dewey Culp, Sprouts Placier, Bill Farrar, Peahead Rankin, and I wanted a canoe to navigate the shallow waters of Deer Creek, three miles east of town, where we used to camp among the cattle in Luke Smith's pasture land, and there create in our minds and hardly endure the perils of the wilderness. None of us had ever seen a canoe. We didn't even have a handbook. But build one we did: a strange craft of oak and barrel-hoops and painted canvas. But she floated. Indeed, for more than twenty years she was hauled out of one barn or another to serve the seagoing impulses of small boys who came after us. A bad boat in almost every sense; but first-hand, however awkward and unseaworthy.

We built the boat because it seemed to be the thing to do at the time. To me, as a certain kind of small-town Middle-Westerner, it still seems a good kind of thing to do. I make my own wine from my own grapes today. I designed, and with my own hands built much of, the house I live in.

But building a boat, it may be objected, is not one of the fine arts, and it is the fine arts which languish in small towns, even in unskillful performance.

In both cases, stuff and nonsense.

Mrs. Dodds, who painted pink roses and other forms of vegetable life on china utensils intended for a surprisingly wide range of uses, at least did it herself. The Indian heads and Gibson girls scorched into leather which took prizes at the Madison County Fair were maiden efforts, not boughten. What happened when the London Silver Cornet Band worked out on "The Stars and Stripes Forever" might grieve the sensitive, but it was not achieved by turning a knob. When Matt Horen, organist for the Catholic Church and owner of a music store, as we called it, wrote the song for the centenary home-coming festivities, he at least did his own swiping from Schubert, and people seemed to like it. When, after seeing three plays—*Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *A Lady of Lyons* at the Opera House, and Mantell's *Macbeth* in Columbus—I wrote the Commencement play the year I graduated from high school, I committed bad art. But I did it myself; and author, cast, and even audience got a lot of fun out of it. What is art for, after all, if it is not to be an extension of life for the artist, and not too hard on the bystanders?

As a certain kind of small-town Middle-Westerner I shall continue to maintain that the London Silver Cornet Band unfurling "The Stars and Stripes Forever" in their own way were doing more for art and less for irony than many dowagers and débutantes oh-ing and ah-ing over an exhibit of Van Gogh.

Another thing for which I owe thanks to my years in London, Ohio, is the experience of what democracy feels like.

I am well aware that before my day America had already betrayed Mr

Jefferson—not altogether, it may be, without his own assistance. If we had not quite sold out to our captains of industry and porchclimbing, we had at least given them an option. But that was not known in London when I was a boy; indeed, it is none too clearly seen there at present. We were still living under the impression that how a man made his living, or how much of a living he managed to make, was less important than what kind of man he was.

When school let out for the summer, you got a job, if you were old enough. There always seemed to be jobs of a sort. I do not know what that involved in terms of the balance of the village economic system; but I do know that it was good fun, and that I am glad not to have missed it. Among other things, I drove the delivery wagon for a feed store, worked around the water plant, sawed and hammered with a gang of carpenters, ran a candy, corn, and peanut stand at the county fair, and swept out, set type, wrote copy, and even learned to feed the big press, in the office of *The London Times*. All of which was quite typical.

These labors did little to advance Western civilization or to make my fortune, but they have been of some benefit to me in my capacity of private citizen. I learned that people are much alike, but also amazingly different once you come to know them, as you will if you work either with or for them. I observed that the virtue of a man does not lie in his grammar, his clothes, or his behavior in the presence of food. I got the feeling that all men who work have, in that very fact, so much in common that if they make a virtue of the color of their collars they are betraying their own interests and—which is much worse—their own dignity. I learned why there are labor unions, and why the man is up to no good who opposes them. I have discovered since then no reason for altering those small-town opinions.

At the end of my first year in graduate school at Princeton I was broke, as well as somewhat bored with footnotes. Following my small-town pattern, I got a job as ship carpenter's helper in the yards of the New York Shipbuilding Company at Camden, swinging a sledge and carrying things. Our gang's job was to shore up ships against the strain of launching—that back-breaking upthrust on the stern as it takes the water with the bow still on the ways—a strain which the ship, with luck, will never again encounter. It was a good job, and a good gang. A week before I left, old Scotty, the foreman, told me that if I'd buy some tools and join the union he'd get me rated as a ship carpenter.

I came back to Princeton proud of it, and feeling sure that you've never been anywhere or done anything until you've been down under a big freighter at her launching, with the sledge men or on the battering rams, knocking out from under the keel the blocks which keep the ship up off the ways. You sweat like hell, and look out sharp for your head and the other fellow's, for there isn't much light and the air is full of things which are heavy and move fast. You clear out and stand aside. You watch the men on the crosscut saws which tear through the great oak timbers which hold the ship from slipping.

The last inch or two of oak pulls out like a rope breaking, and the great hull eases itself down into the water. I shall never forget that—that, or the surprise and sorrow with which I heard, back in Princeton, that it was awfully hard luck to have to spend a summer that way. The exercise, of course, was good for one, but the associations must have been a trial. The point of view was new to me, and I didn't like it. I don't like it now, for I am still a certain kind of small-town Middle-Westerner.

In London, Ohio, my father's closest friends were an Irish drayman, a banker, a moderately well-to-do farmer, and the engineer in the local water plant. I never noticed that he treated, or even thought of them, differently. More accurately, his relationship with each man was based on nothing but a sense of the other man's individual characteristics. He took men as they came, judging each by what he proved himself to be at first-hand.

And that is my feeling for democracy.

If we are to have democracy at all, it seems obvious that we must have a State populated not by anonymous economic units, but by men and women who can know, and be known by, one another. The anonymous man is in a sense no man at all. That is one reason why he tends to become the forgotten man. The man known only by hearsay and distant rumor is a monster.

But knowing men well enough to judge them involves living with them in a closeness of contact whose perfection is sometimes marred by the qualities of human nature. When you come to know your neighbor, you may not like him. He may even go so far as not liking you. Granted a certain robustness of nature, that state of affairs may be a source of pleasure to both. There are always people whom it is a privilege to dislike—a privilege one would miss by not knowing them.

"The chief trouble with a small town is that everyone knows everyone else, and everyone else's business." How often one hears that statement, usually as the final argument, the ultimate damnation! It is perhaps worth examining.

In a small town, it is true, everyone does in a certain sense know everyone else, and even to some extent everyone else's business. It is interesting to compare that fact, in passing, with the sense of awe before the mystery of other human spirits which broods so notably over men and women in the streets of New York City; with that delicate dislike of intrusiveness which ennobles Walter Winchell's public; with that happy freedom from snooping which adorns the life of Henry Ford's happy workers. But the objection is too important for such evasion, nor is it enough to point out that most people are curious, and all neighbors potential nuisances. These traits of human nature do most undeniably come into fuller play in a small town than elsewhere.

Small-town people, however, vary considerably in the amount of attention they devote to each other. Some of them are snoopers and gossips; some, but not all. Some have only a mild and fitful interest in even the misdeeds of their neighbors. Some are too tightly shut up in private worlds of their own to be vividly conscious of anyone else. Some have even a lively sense of the distinction between their own affairs and those of others. Such men

and women are rare anywhere, and perhaps a little difficult to explain satisfactorily on the basis of the size of their communities. I doubt that anyone knows the relative percentages of such persons in small towns and large cities—or of the other types, for that matter. As to everyone's knowing your business, it is surprising how much of that you can avoid, in small towns or elsewhere, by keeping quiet about it. I did not find my life in London, Ohio, marked by any particularly widespread public interest, oppressive or otherwise. I am sure the neighbors annoyed me far less than I did them. What they gained from knowing me is, and sometimes was, open to question. What I gained from knowing them I am grateful for. Lest I be misunderstood, it is well to add my belief that the maxim, "To know everything is to pardon everything," is probably the silliest remark on record.

Of course the chatter of busybodies, or the strong threat of having much unwanted good done you, may create an atmosphere intolerable to a certain kind of person. He escapes to the anonymity of the city, not always over the protest of the neighbors. Perhaps he is skillful and lucky enough to accomplish there what he has on his mind—writing a novel, say, about the horrors of life in a small town. Then, and quite honestly, he will argue for the blessings of urban anonymity, particularly if favorable notices from the reviewers are to some extent depriving him of it. But can he, at best, prove anything more against small towns than that one of them was a good place for him to get out of?

If you form your opinion of small-town life solely from his novel, you may think of it as a dingy huddle of dolts and sadists, stirred up to mean deeds by Methodists and Rotarians, and from time to time emitting fiery particles in the direction of Greenwich Village. But not every boy leaves home just to get away from it. Young men and women who leave small towns are usually traveling toward, and not away from, something. You cannot learn bio-chemistry in the high school laboratory. You cannot go to sea without leaving Nebraska.

Perhaps, too, there is some truth in the theory that it is not strength but weakness which drives the intellectual or artistic type of man away from Main Street. It is not always easy to stand up to the neighbors, especially if they are given to being vital at the wrong times and about the wrong issues. It is no sure mark of genius to be misunderstood, nor is moving on quickly when challenged the sign of a very robust virtue. Perhaps the feverish thinness, the lack of real laughter, the out-on-the-end-of-the-limb intellectualism of so much of our recent literature are signs of the protective sophistication of the man who "can take it." Perhaps not; but it would be interesting to have more literature—we already have some—from men and women mature enough emotionally to encounter human nature at first-hand, away from the reassuring warmth of like minds in a close huddle.

However all that may be, one thing is certain. The intensely personal atmosphere of the small town, the necessity of meeting close up the judgment of your neighbors, does tend to place a limit on the amount of harm you can do. Which, human nature being what it is, is at least something. If you

swindle your neighbor in a horse trade, it is pretty sure to get around; and your reputation will suffer. You may even have to fight it out with him in the alley. But if you are a captain of industry, you may swindle a million men, without ever having to face one angry victim, or even hear an adverse comment. You are away from all but men of honor like yours, or hired and subservient neighbors. You are remote, impersonal, and not to be called to account, which is not good for your soul. If you are great beyond the range of small-town stature, you may have the power of life and death over thousands of men you have never seen. That is not good for them, nor for you. You may find it easy to order other men to do what you might not be brave enough to do at first-hand, in person. It was not Henry Ford who shot men down on Bloody Monday in March of 1932. It was not Herbert Hoover, rugged individualist and commander-in-chief of the army and navy, who led the troops to victory at Anacostia. Hardly!

The small town, and particularly the small town in the Mississippi Valley, is alleged to be hopelessly under the domination of Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian clergymen more noted for noise and zeal than for wisdom or Christian charity, and of such auxiliary troops in their war against fun and Satan as the Epworth League and the Wimodaughsis Society. From their influence arise grave dangers to the State, such as prohibition, anti-evolution laws, Sunday-school picnics, and the discouragement of adultery.

Now the plain truth of the matter is that these men do not dominate the small-town life of the Valley. They do not dominate anything. Such power as they have comes from acquiescence, not leadership. I have never met a small-town clergyman who was half as sure of himself as even a small-town banker. The trouble with these men is not that they are fanatics single in the service of their God, but that they are not. They have livings to make and children to educate; debts on churches to pay off; money to raise for altering all sorts of heathen. If, under the stress of such burdens, they have erred, it has been in the direction of toning down their fanaticism and centering their attention on raising money. The fault of the divines of the Bible Belt is not that they worship a savage bush-league Jehovah, but rather that they have sold out even him to the religion of success, to the elevation of our great, wise, and good rich men. Their very violence against the sins of the flesh is only a compensation for their failure to be sufficiently violent against the deadlier sins of avarice and arrogance. But how many clergymen, small-town or metropolitan, American or foreign, Catholic or Protestant, are unspotted with tar from that brush? In what happy land and era has Christianity been free from that kind of betrayal? When and where also have there not been honorable exceptions?

One at least, for a time, in London, Ohio—a gentle old man with much first-hand knowledge of human nature, and that kind of sweetness which is not soft, but more like good steel or the music of Beethoven. It is true that he was a Prohibitionist, inciting me, among others, to march in “dry” parades before Beal law elections, singing “Touch not, taste not, handle not the DREADFUL thing,” and other strange war songs, off key. But it is also

true that the only fierce sermon I ever heard him preach was directed against a filthy anti-Catholic publication called *The Menace*, which got about quite extensively in the Middle West in pre-war days. Once, when I was a senior in high school and president of the Epworth League, I advanced, with adolescent earnestness, the theory that evolution shows that man will steadily progress until at last he is divine. I was immediately denounced at some length by a superannuated minister in the audience; not on the obvious ground that I was an ass, but because I profaned the house of God with talk of evolution. "My boy," said the minister to me after the meeting, "I want to ask you two things. Do not think too hardly of Brother Marsh. He is an old man and has old-fashioned ways of looking at things. And do please keep the paper you read tonight and read it again ten years from now. You see, you are both wrong."

One swallow does not make a summer, of course. Nevertheless, I mention these things to show why, although I have not been inside of a church for years, I cannot quite agree with Mr. Mencken about the Protestant clergy. However much they may have erred in the specific application of first principles, the first principles they do still insist upon. Earnest and more or less ignorant men are still preaching, among other things, that theft and oppression are sins against man and God. It is true that, with all of Protestantism, they have tended to regard wealth as too sure a sign of the grace of God, and they have wasted their ammunition on trifling issues. Their influence, at its worst, represents no very powerful menace. William Jennings Bryan was, I suppose, a pretty fair sample of what you can expect from it. He was not particularly impressive at Dayton, Tennessee. But in all fairness one should remember too his record in Washington in the months before we entered the war. And there, product of the Bible Belt as he was, he showed up quite as well as Page in London, or Wilson later at Versailles.

At any rate, these evangelical clergymen are insisting that there is a difference between right and wrong. It is useless to expect from them leadership toward an evaluation of our economic system in those terms. They do not lead, they follow. But if the leadership for them were to appear; if they could be taught how much more our world is like hell than heaven, they would in all likelihood do as well as any group in the general population. For they do still believe in right and wrong, and in these times that is the prime distinction.

The Bible Belt may yet surprise Mr. Mencken. Unfortunately, that surprise may take a form surpassing his wildest dreams—a fascist nightmare. Which way will our national violence turn, if roused? Will we gallantly call out the American Legion to cast down one communist from his high place on the soapbox, or more sensibly turn our attention to the great, wise, and good rich man who made the soap—if you can call it soap, considering what is probably in it? No man knows the answer to that question; particularly no man who knows the Mississippi Valley.

In such towns as London, Ohio, right now there are two schools of opinion. One holds that our truly great Americans, have been our Huntingtons, Hills, Harrimans, our Morgans, Mellons, Fords, du Ponts, and Rockefellers.

The other holds that if that is true, we should at least round out the list with our Benedict Arnolds, our Al Capones and Dutch Schultzes. There is one complaint that we do not send our big business men to Washington; another, that we have not sent enough of them to Atlanta.

In London, Ohio, I heard last summer two interesting expressions of opinion. One was that we should stop tinkering with things, get the Government out of business, suppress the labor unions and "all these reds and radicals," and return to Rugged Individualism and Free Competition. The other was that there is no hope until the Mississippi Valley secedes from the East and begins to work out its own salvation.

Both of these men were Republicans. The minds of both were confused, and not overcrowded with information. The first, who wanted the Government to let business alone, expected it nevertheless to make and enforce laws against labor unions; and he considered a high tariff a fine thing, because it protected the worker. The second, whose grandfather came back in a box from Antietam, believed that the secession of the Southern States was justly put down, because slavery was wrong. This time secession would be right; we should only be fighting for the right to manage our own business!

Out of such confusion, when things are desperate, almost anything may come.

What the small-town Middle-Westerner could accomplish in the direction of fascistic tyranny he has already hinted, in the days of the Ku Klux Klan. Like any other man, whether in New York, Italy, or Russia, he is capable of falling into error which will lead him into mass action of unspeakable cruelty. He can be wrought upon to defend his own inner doubts by suppressing all differences of opinion, to take out his own dissatisfaction with life by finding a scapegoat to punish. But such traits are not uniquely Middle Western. They are characteristics of men everywhere when made desperate by insecurity. You cannot prevent them unless you remove their causes.

Taking him by and large, the small-town Middle-Westerner is a decent fellow. You can depend upon him to do the right thing, once he really understands the situation. He does not understand it at present and has for years been aiding and abetting his own betrayal. Suspicious of "foreigners" and the East, he will not accept enlightenment from the communist. He still believes in democracy. He does not know that he has not got it, that it must be built if he wants it. He does not know what Henry Ford's heaven in Detroit is like for many of the people who have to live in it, nor does he suspect the way of life of the Southern tenant farmer. He is being told that all is well with the world, or so nearly well that everything will be all right when he turns out the Democrats and puts in the Republicans, or vice versa.

He can yet be informed, and set to work rebuilding democracy. Two things, at least, would help. One is a little less superciliousness on the part of those who have more information. The other is the miraculous appearance of a national political leader with honesty enough to tell the truth—all of it—and courage to ask for justice, which is not quite the same thing as prosperity.

CHINESE TRAITS¹

by Lin Yutang

TRAVELERS in China, especially those wayward travelers who go through the seldom visited parts of the Chinese inland, are equally amazed at the low standard of living of the Chinese toiling masses and at their cheerfulness and contentment under such conditions. Even in the famine-stricken provinces, like Shensi, this spirit of contentment generally prevails in all except extreme cases, and some Shensi farmers probably can still smile even now.

Now a lot of the so-called misery of the Chinese people is due undoubtedly to the application of a warped European standard, the standard which cannot conceive of any man being happy unless he is living in an overheated apartment and owns a radio. If this standard were correct, there should have been no happy person in the world before 1850, and there should be more happy people in the United States than in *gemutliches* Bavaria, where there are very few rotating, adjustable, collapsible and reversible barber chairs, and certainly very few switches and buttons. There are still fewer switches and buttons in the Chinese countryside, although in progressive Shanghai the old-fashioned barber chair that is a real chair, and that one can still find on King's Way in London or in Montmartre in Paris today, has completely disappeared. For myself, I am inclined to think that the man who sits on a chair that is a real chair, and sleeps on a bed that is a real bed (and not a daytime sofa) is a happier man. The standard that measures a man's civilization by the number of mechanical buttons he presses in a day must, therefore, be a false standard, and a lot of this so-called mystery of Chinese contentment is of the Westerner's own making.

It is true, however, that Chinese people are perhaps more contented than Western people, class for class, when living under the same conditions. This spirit of cheerfulness and contentment is found in both the literate and illiterate classes, for such is the penetration of the Chinese racial tradition. It may be seen in the gay, babbling rickshaw boy of Peking, forever laughing and joking all the way and ready to laugh at a fellowman's discomforts, or it may be seen in the panting and perspiring sedan-chair coolies who carry you up to the top of Kuling, or it may be seen in the boat-trackers who pull your boat up the Szechuen rapids and who earn for their living a bare pittance beyond two simple but hearty meals a day. A simple but hearty meal eaten

¹ From Lin Yutang, *My Country and My People* By permission of Reynal and Hitchcock and John Day Company.

without much worry is, however, a great deal of luck, according to the Chinese theory of contentment, for as a Chinese scholar has put it, "a well-filled stomach is indeed a great thing: all else is luxury of life."¹

For contentment is another of those words, like "kindliness" and "peaceableness," which are written on red paper and pasted on all doors on New Year's Day. It is part of the counsel for moderation, part of that human wisdom which says, "when good fortune comes, do not enjoy all of it," and of that advice of a Ming scholar "to choose the lighter happiness." Among the epigrams of Laotse which have passed into current phraseology is the maxim that "one who is contented will not meet with disgrace." Another form of this maxim is, "One who is contented is always happy." In literature, it emerges as a praise of the rural life and of the man who has few worries, a sentiment which is found in all poems and private letters. I pick at random from a collection of letters of Ming scholars. Thus wrote Lu Shen to his friend:

Tonight we are going to have a full moon. How about getting a painted house-boat and bringing along a few musicians? . . . Can you come and spend a night with me in this early autumn? I am going to have a recluse's gown made, and when my resignation is accepted, I shall be indeed a carefree old man of the mountains.

It is this sort of sentiment which, when passing into the current thoughts and feelings of the Chinese scholar, enables him to find happiness in his lowly hut.

Human happiness is a frail thing, for the gods are evidently jealous of it. The problem of happiness is therefore the most elusive problem of life, but after all is said and done about culture and progress, it should remain the primary concern of mankind's highest wisdom to solve it. The Chinese, with their usual common sense, have bent their highest efforts toward the finding of this happiness, and like the utilitarians that they are, have always been more interested in the problem of happiness than in the problem of progress.

Mrs. Bertrand Russell wisely pointed out that "the right to be happy" was, and still is a forgotten right that nobody in the West is interested in, Westerners being preoccupied with the more secondary rights to vote, to pass upon the King's expenditure, to declare war, and to be tried when arrested. The Chinese have never even thought of the right to be tried when arrested, but they have always been supremely jealous of their right to happiness, which neither poverty nor disgrace is allowed to take away from them. The Western approach to the problem of happiness is positive, while the Chinese approach, like the Diogenesian approach, is negative. The question of happiness is always reduced, in the last analysis, to the question of a man's wants.

The fact is, we are very much in confusion as to what we really want. For this reason, the story of Diogenes, who proclaimed to the world that he was a happy man because he did not want anything, and who threw away

¹ The Chinese description of this happy state of going to bed with a filled stomach is: "soft, well-filled, dark and sweet"—the last two adjectives referring to sweet slumber. This expression is positively voluptuous in the Chinese language

his bowl on seeing a boy drinking from his hands, always provokes some laughter and a certain amount of real envy from the modern man. The modern man finds himself in continual perplexity in regard to many problems, and most of all in regard to problems that affect closely his personal life. He cannot spare himself a certain luxurious envy for that ascetic ideal of Diogenes, and is at the same time far from willing to miss a really good show or movie. That gives us the so-called "restlessness" of the modern spirit.

The Chinese, without going so far as Diogenes, for the Chinese never go far in anything, take the negative approach to happiness through their philosophy of contentment. Unlike Diogenes, however, a Chinese man wants quite a few things. But he wants only the things that make for happiness, and at the same time does not insist on having them if they are out of his reach. He wants at least a pair of clean shirts, for Diogenes in the story book may exhale a certain spiritual fragrance, but Diogenes as a bedfellow would be a different story. But if he is extremely poor and can have only one shirt, he will not mind, either. And unlike Diogenes, he wants also a good show, and he would give himself up to the full enjoyment of it. But if he must go without that, he will not be too sorry. He wants some tall old trees in his neighborhood, but if he cannot have them, a date tree in his yard will give him just as much happiness. He wants many children, and a wife who personally prepares his favorite dishes; and if he is wealthy, then a good cook, too, and a pretty maid-servant in red pyjamas to tend the incense while he is reading or painting. He wants some good friends, and a woman who understands, preferably to be found in the person of his wife; if not, then in one of the sing-song girls. If he is not born with such "voluptuous luck," then he will not be sorry, either. He wants a filled stomach, but congee and pickled carrots are not so costly in China; and he wants a good jug of wine, but rice-wine is often home-brewed, or he can pay only a few cash for a bowl at the good old wine-shops. He wants leisure, and leisure he can have in China, and he is as happy as a bird if he

Has met a monk in a bamboo-covered yard
And enjoyed another of life's leisurely half-days.

He wants a secluded hut, if he cannot have an entire pleasure garden, situated among the mountains with a mountain rill running past his hut, or in a valley where of an afternoon he can saunter along the river bank and watch cormorants catching fish for the fisher. But if he cannot have that luck and must live in the city, he will not be sorry, either. For he would have, in any case, a cage-bird and a few potted flowers and the moon, for he can always have the moon. So did Su Tungp'o the poet write about the moon in a perfect gem-like little essay, called "A Night Promenade at Ch'engt'ien":

On the twelfth night of the tenth moon of the sixth year of Yuanfeng, I had undressed and was going to bed, when the moonlight entered my door, and I got up, happy of heart. I thought there was no one to share this happiness with me. So I walked over to the Ch'engt'ien Temple to look for Huaimin. He, too, had

not yet gone to bed. So we paced about the yard. The yard looked like a transparent pool with the shadows of water-grass in it, but they were really the shadows of bamboos and pine-trees cast by the moonlight. Isn't there a moon on every night? And aren't there bamboos and pine-trees everywhere? Only there are few carefree people like the two of us.

A strong determination to get the best out of life, a keen desire to enjoy what one has, and no regrets if one fails: this is the secret of the Chinese genius for contentment.

Humor is a state of mind. More than that, it is a point of view, a way of looking at life. The flower of humor blooms whenever in the course of development of a nation there is an exuberance of intellect able to flay its own ideals, for humor is nothing but intellect slashing at itself. In any period of history, when mankind was able to perceive its own futility, its own smallness, and its own follies and inconsistencies, a humorist appeared, like Chuangtse of China, Omar Khayyám of Persia, and Aristophanes of Greece. Athens would be infinitely poorer had there been no Aristophanes, and the Chinese intellectual heritage would be infinitely less rich had there been no Chuangtse.

Since Chuangtse lived and wrote, however, all Chinese politicians and bandits have become great humorists, because they have been imbued, directly or indirectly, with the Chuangtsean view of life. Laotse had laughed before him, a thin, shrill yet cataclysmic laughter. He must have been a bachelor all his life, or he could not have laughed so roguishly. Anyway there is no record that he ever married or had any progeny. The last coughs of Laotse's laughter were caught up by Chuangtse, and he, being a younger man, had a richer voice, and the ring of his laughter has reverberated throughout the ages. We still cannot resist a chance to laugh, yet sometimes I feel we are carrying the joke too far, and laugh a little out of season.

The abysmal ignorance of the foreigner about China and the Chinese cannot be more impressive than when he asks the question: Do the Chinese have a sense of humor? It is really as surprising as if an Arab caravan were to ask: Are there sands in the Sahara desert? It is strange, however, how little a person may see in a country. Theoretically, at least, the Chinese people should have humor, for humor is born of realism; and the Chinese are an unusually realistic people. Humor is born of common sense, and the Chinese have an overdose of common sense. Humor, especially Asiatic humor, is the product of contentment and leisure, and the Chinese have contentment and leisure to a supreme degree. A humorist is often a defeatist, and delights in recounting his own failures and embarrassments, and the Chinese are often sane, cool-minded defeatists. Humor often takes a tolerant view of vice and evil and instead of condemning them, laughs at them, and the Chinese have always been characterized by the capacity to tolerate evil. Tolerant has, then, a good and bad side, and the Chinese have both of them. If the characteristics of the Chinese race we have discussed above are true, then humor is inevitable in China.

Chinese humor, however, is more in deeds than in words. The Chinese have their words for the various types of humor, but the commonest type, called *huach'i*, in which sometimes the Confucian scholars indulge under pseudonyms, really means to me only "trying to be funny." Such writings are only literary relaxations of a too rigoristic classical tradition, but humor as such had no proper place in literature. At least there was no open acknowledgment of the rôle and value of humor in literature. Humor, indeed, abounds in Chinese novels, but novels were never accepted as "literature" by the classicists.

There is first-class humor in *Shiking* (Book of Poetry), in the Confucian *Analects* and in *Hanfeitse*, but the Confucian gentleman, brought up in his puritan view of life, could not see any fun in Confucius, just as he failed to see the wonderful tender love lyrics in *Shiking*, giving them fantastic interpretations, as the Western theologians give of the *Song of Songs*. There is a very fine humor in T'ao Yuanming's writings, too, a sort of quiet leisurely content and a refined luxury of self-abnegation, the best example of which is his poem on his unworthy sons:

My temples are gray, my muscles no longer full.
Five sons have I, and none of them likes school.
Ah-shu is sixteen and as lazy as lazy can be.
Ah-hsuan is fifteen and no taste for reading has he.
Thirteen are Yung and Tuan, yet they can't tell six from seven.
A-t'ung wants only pears and chestnuts—in two years he'll be eleven.
Then, come! let me empty this cup, if such be the will of heaven.

Humor there is, too, in Tu Fu's and Li Po's poetry, Tu Fu who often produces in his readers a bitter smile, and Li Po who pleases by his romanticist nonchalance, but we do not call it "humor." The unholy awe in which Confucianism was held as the national religion also restricted the free expression of ideas and made the presentation of novel points of view and ideas taboo and humor only lives on novel and original points of view. It is clear that such a conventional environment is not conducive to the production of humorous literature. If anyone were to make a collection of Chinese humor, he would have to cull it from the folk-songs of the Yuan dramas and the Ming novels, all outside the pale of the classical "literature," and in the private notes and letters of scholars (especially those of the Sung and Ming Dynasties), when they are a little off their guard.

But the Chinese have nevertheless a humor all their own, for they always love a good joke. It is humor of a grimmer sort, and is based on the farcical view of life. In spite of the extremely serious style in their editorial and political writings, which are seldom relieved by humor, they often surprise the foreigners by the extremely light manner in which they take important reform programs and movements, like the Kuomintang agrarian program, the Sanmin Doctrine, the flood and famine relief, the New Life Movement, and the Anti-Opium Bureaus. An American professor, recently visiting Shanghai and

lecturing in the Chinese colleges, was completely surprised by the burst of laughter among the student audience whenever he made a perfectly sincere reference to the New Life Movement. If he had made a serious reference to the Anti-Opium Bureaus, he would have been met by still louder volleys of silvery laughter.

For humor is, as I have said, a point of view, a way of looking at life. With that view of life we are more or less familiar. Life is a huge farce, and we human beings are mere puppets in it. The man who takes life too seriously, who obeys library reading-room rules too honestly, who actually keeps off the lawn because merely a signboard says so, always makes a fool of himself and is usually subjected to laughter from his older colleagues, and since laughter is contagious, very soon he becomes a humorist, too.

This humorist farcicality then results in the inability of the Chinese to take anything seriously, from the most serious political reform movement to a dog's funeral. The farcical element in Chinese funerals is typical. In the ostentatious funeral processions of Chinese upper and middle classes, you can see street urchins with dirty faces wearing embroidered and multi-colored robes, accompanied, in modern China, by brass bands playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which facts are often adduced by Europeans as proofs of the Chinese lack of humor. A Chinese funeral procession, however, is a perfect symbol of Chinese humor, for Europeans alone take a funeral procession seriously and try to make it solemn. A solemn funeral is inconceivable to the Chinese mind. Where the Europeans err is that, with their preconceived notions, they think *a priori* that a funeral should be a solemn affair. A funeral, like a wedding, should be noisy and should be expensive, but there is no reason why it should be solemn. Solemnity is already provided for in the pompous gowns, and the rest is form, and form is farce. To this day, I cannot distinguish between a funeral and a wedding procession until I see a coffin or a wedding-chair.

Chinese humor, then, as symbolized by the highly farcical funeral procession, consists in compliance with outward form as such and the total disregard of the substance in actuality. One who appreciates the humor of Chinese funerals should be able to read and interpret Chinese political programs properly also. Political programs and official statements are issued as matters of form, being drafted by clerks who specialize in a kind of specious, bombastic phraseology, just as there are special shops keeping funeral procession gowns and paraphernalia for hire, and no intelligent Chinese ever takes them seriously. If foreign newspaper correspondents would bear this symbol of the funeral gown in mind, they would be less likely to be misled by them and then later give up the Chinese as a unique people that they fail to understand.

This farcical view of life and this formula regarding form and substance can be illustrated in a myriad different ways. Some years ago, a government order, originating in a request from the Central Kuomintang, prohibited the Chinese government ministries from keeping Shanghai offices in the foreign

concessions. The actual carrying out of this order would mean a great inconvenience to the ministers who have their homes in Shanghai, and throw a number of people out of jobs. The Nanking ministers neither defied the Nanking order nor petitioned for its repeal on honest grounds of inconvenience and impracticability. No professional clerk could be clever enough to draft any such petition and make it accord with good form, since it meant the desire of Chinese officials to reside in foreign settlements, which would be unpatriotic. They did an infinitely cleverer thing by changing the door plates of their Shanghai offices and calling them trade inspection bureaus. The door plates probably cost twenty dollars a piece, no man was thrown out of a job, and no face was lost. The school trick pleased not only the Nanking ministers but also Nanking itself, where the original order was issued. Our Nanking ministers are great humorists. So are our bandits. So are our warlords.

In contrast with this, we might take the case of mission schools as showing the Western lack of humor. The missions were put into a scare a few years ago when their registration was required, which involved the crossing out of religious instruction from the school curricula, the hanging of Sun Yatsen's picture in the assembly hall, and the holding of Monday memorial meetings. The Chinese authorities could not see why the mission schools could not comply with these simple regulations, while the missionaries could not see their way clear to accepting them, and there was a deadlock. Some missionaries actually had visions of closing up their schools, and in one instance, everything would have gone on smoothly except for the stupid honesty of the Western principal who refused to cancel one sentence from their school catalogue avowing religious instruction to be one of their aims. The principal wanted to be able to say honestly and openly that religious instruction was indeed the principal aim of their institution, and to this day, that school is not registered. There was absolutely no lightness of touch. What this mission school should have done was to imitate the example of the Nanking ministers, comply with every official regulation, hang a picture of Sun Yatsen—and proceed *à la chinoise* as regards the rest. But I cannot help thinking that a school run with such stupid honesty must be an honest-to-goodness school.

Such is the Chinese farcical view of life. The Chinese language abounds in metaphors regarding the drama of human life. Chinese officials assuming and leaving their posts are spoken of as "entering the stage" and "making their exit," and a man coming with a high-sounding program is referred to as "singing high opera." We really look upon life as a stage, and the kind of theatrical show we like best is always high comedy, whether that comedy be a new constitution, or a bill of rights, or an anti-opium bureau, or a disbandment conference. We always enjoy it, but I wish our people would sometimes be serious. Humor, above everything else, is ruining China. One can have too much of that silvery laughter, for it is again the laughter of the old rogue, at the touch of whose breath every flower of enthusiasm and idealism must wither and die.

YOUTH MOVES TOWARD NEW STANDARDS¹

by Christian Gauss

AFTER the World War, the late Ambassador Cambon, one of the ablest French scholars and diplomats, one day told Winston Churchill that during the twenty years he had known England a revolution had taken place. Old social strata had been disintegrated, power had been transferred to men previously unrepresented, wealth had been redistributed, and customs which had enjoyed the sanction of centuries had been broken down and discarded. The net results were as momentous as those accomplished by the French Revolution, and yet this had gone forward without violence or bloodshed, and so quietly that most Britons still fondly imagined they were living in the England of Disraeli and Gladstone.

In the past few years, changes of much the same sort have taken place in our own country with far greater rapidity. It is difficult to measure the significance of those bloodless revolutions which take place without violence. The same people live on and the old do not greatly change; they grumbling accept the inevitable. To them the new world emerging is not so much a result of changes in social or political organizations as it is a consequence of moral degeneration. The new crowd in power, the young men pushing forward have lost all scruples and are not the men their fathers were. This explanation satisfies their pride in their own generation's achievements, cushions necessary readjustments, and masks the significance of what to them would otherwise be merely distressing.

If some quite objective celestial emissary had been dispatched on a tour of inspection of American campuses five or six years ago, and were sent back today, he could make an interesting report. He would preface it all by saying that the "zipper age" has ended, the "kick-hunting" generation has gone. It has fretted and strutted its hour upon the stage and now is heard no more. The "conspicuous waste and honorific display" which Veblen believed were everywhere the necessary and inevitable concomitants of our older economic order are so very rare as to be virtually negligible. The spiffy runabout prominently parked in front of the fraternity house to give its sophomore owner and his crowd a rating, is nowhere in view. The expensive coonskin coat, badge of family affluence, has disappeared even in those rare cases where the affluence still persists. Nowhere does the sophomore bring his new-found

¹ From *Scribner's Magazine*, February, 1935.

freshman acquaintance into a be-bannered collegiate room, unlock and proudly swing open the closet door to exhibit that brace of gin bottles on the shelf. Yet only five years ago this still proved to many a gaping freshman that his sophomore friend was the very devil of an interesting fellow with vital and expensive contacts in that fascinating underworld of the rum-runner and the bootlegger.

In the twenties, to a majority of undergraduates, as to their fathers, the most satisfying and the most telling type of success was success in business. It could be measured in dollars and cents. Colleges never tired of telling us how much more their graduates earned than those lesser men who had not enjoyed their rich advantages. That was what so many undergraduates meant when they voted "contacts" and not training, not even friendships, the most valuable thing they got out of college. Let us dot our i's and cross our t's. Contact is really a business term. What was the best type of contact? Brutally, it was something like this. If you made the acquaintance of the son of the president of a railroad, or of the chairman of the board of some great corporation, he could, after graduation, get you a job in the central offices. The powers that be would have their eyes directly upon you and you would not have to start out in the fringes and, by years of drudgery, slave your way up through an army of underlings.

So long as the desire for this type of success constituted the ruling passion of the majority, it was the most natural thing in the world, if the undergraduate's family had achieved financial success, even if it had only achieved it recently, for that undergraduate to "tell the world," and pin the appropriate roses upon himself. If the old dispensation were continuing, now that financial success is rarer, it should be an even more coveted distinction. This, however, is the exact opposite of the truth. The change lies precisely in the fact that through wide reaches of undergraduate life, what had previously been an overmastering desire, has lost its force. It has lost its force, not because it is too difficult of achievement, but because as the result of a change in psychology this type of distinction is no longer sufficiently appealing to shape the undergraduate's course of action. He has gone through a process of re-orientation and in so many cases has come out of it with such profoundly altered convictions that, even if prosperity again showed her poor shame-faced head, the temper of these young men would still remain different and the world of thirty years hence which they are even now shaping, will, from its spiritual impulsion, be a world moving in a different direction.

It is of course natural that this alteration of attitude should be evident also among the still youthful alumni of recent years. Any professor who is in a position to know what has happened, since graduation, to the young men who sat in his classes six or eight years ago, can give you a number of cases of such rather startling re-orientation.

Not long ago, for instance, I had an earnest talk with a young man with whom I had always feared I should never be able to hold a serious conversa-

tion. Let me call him Smith for purposes of reference. His father had been an old friend of mine with a distinguished record for public service in his profession. He had died some years ago, in the summer before his son entered one of the smaller Eastern colleges as a freshman. Though all tests indicated that Smith possessed high-class ability in mathematics and science, his college record had been, to put it mildly, mediocre and he was finally graduated near the bottom of his class. During his undergraduate years it was as useless to urge him to high-class performance as to whistle jugs to a mile-stone. He was thoroughly set in his way, convinced that it was a waste of labor to do more than make contacts and "get by." I had had a disappointing talk with him in the spring of his graduation in 1928. He knew exactly what he wanted. He cited as his ideal an alumnus of his college who had made his pile selling Florida real estate, had, at the age of thirty-six, shrewdly "cashed in" before the bubble burst, and had salted down his earnings and could now live where he liked and, in the words of the college song, "do as he damned pleased." Smith had one ambition. He wanted to beat this record and retire if possible before he reached thirty-six. He formulated his aim bluntly. "I'll promote anything for ten or twelve years that will land me where I want to go and I want to put myself in a position where I can tell the world to go to hell before I'm too old to enjoy it."

Now the particular line that Smith chose to promote has not suffered as seriously as most. Except for this, the rest of his story reads suspiciously like an old-fashioned Sunday-school book. He is now planning, if in the face of his poor college record he can still get in, to enter a graduate school and see what he can do with a year's hard work at physics. If he can prove to himself that he is good enough, he'd like to teach youngsters in some school or other. "I'd like to have the feeling," he added, "that what I do from nine to five every day is getting me and somebody else somewhere." My young friend is too sophisticated not to be conscious of the irony of his change of plan, and he added by way of rationalization, "I suppose you could say, if you wanted to, that I'm becoming socially minded."

In its larger aspects, his case is not peculiar. In the middle twenties and later, there was in every college a fairly numerous contingent who had been attracted by recreational or athletic opportunities, who wanted "contacts," or just a little of that vague commodity, culture, and whose aim was exactly like Smith's. In that age of easy money their sole desire was to live up to it. In their own language, they intended in life "to have themselves a good time." They started to practice the art in college. This meant early and complete release from every form of constraint, including that of social responsibility, and it of course also implied the possession of a large income for which the recipient was no longer compelled to work. In the last few years so many young men, not forced by economic necessity but changed conviction, have surrendered this get-rich-quick ideal, that I am willing to hazard the prediction that even should the daily sales on the Stock Exchange again touch the figures reached in boom years, the pick of the young men in the colleges will

not again, as they did in '27 and '28, rush to Wall Street to find sudden fortune. The ideal of great wealth as the central aim in life has lost much of its pull.

Not long ago I met a recent college graduate who, in spite of all we are passing through, was a perfectly happy man. So far as his spirit was concerned, he was at ease in this world of ours, though he had bought his new freedom at a price in terms of physical labor which no young man of his prospects would have been willing to pay upon leaving college in the late twenties. He had a wife and child. They, too, were pictures of health and happiness. As an undergraduate, he had written for his college magazine; not the sort of thing that would ever make a hit, but he had enjoyed doing it. He was then simply trying to express himself, telling what he honestly believed. But he too had worshipped the silk hat, the boiled shirt, and all the things which only money can buy. He had felt himself part of that world; for that reason, after graduation, he had followed the crowd and made for New York. He went into advertising and publicity work, he told me, and was not doing badly; he had had several raises, and was running his legs off on other people's business. It occurred to him one day that there was something wrong with his way of life. He discovered, as he put it, that he was "lying for a living," and that there could be "no soap" and no salvation in the process; and then and there he made up his mind that he would call his soul his own.

With the little he had saved, he bought a New England farm which the previous occupant had abandoned because he could not make it go. It was unpainted, lacked modern conveniences, but he lives there now with two cows, a pig, thirty chickens, and a large garden, has a roof over his head, and raises most of the food his family needs; he writes mornings and does the hardest kind of physical labor on his farm in the afternoons and feels that he has solved, so far as he is concerned, the riddle of life. Of his classmates, he assures me that four more have done much the same thing.

It would be idle to expect that our armies of college graduates are all going to become, like my friend, "submarginal farmers," but there is an ever increasing group who, like him and his classmates, have been permanently cured of money madness and are now willing to live under conditions which would never have attracted men of their type in the twenties—if at this price they can find play room for their spirits.

Such individualists are of course merely a minor phase in our problem, yet they represent precisely the same tendency which took place after the French Revolution when the Senancours, Wordsworths, and Chateaubriands, followed by a host of less distinguished men, withdrew to solve their problem "far from the madding crowd." They too, in their own way, are harbingers of a new age.

A much larger group, and one that is causing much more concern, is the far more socially minded group which insists that we must alter fundamen-

tally the old frame of things, shatter the old world to bits, and then remold it nearer to the heart's desire. Let me hasten to add that there are very few out and out communists in our colleges. However, though they will tell you that they want an American solution, if the advanced guard of this group has its way, they will certainly insist upon giving us a different America from the one we know today.

In times past, the rare undergraduate whose deeply held religious convictions made it impossible for him to wear a uniform or to take part in any military exercises, was quietly excused. In some of the colleges where recently men have had to be expelled for refusal to perform their military obligations to the college or to the state, they have frankly maintained, when brought before university committees, that "their convictions would not allow them to fight for the existing economic order." It is of course probable that a considerable number of those who now assert that under no circumstances would they participate in war, will, in the stress of a great crisis, do so. Yet this really amazing increase in their numbers indicates the spreading of a critical attitude toward much which their predecessors accepted without question.

It is of course not surprising that political and economic institutions should be eagerly discussed in the colleges. It would be surprising if they were not. Where the loss of the father's savings or of the older brother's job is traced back to some imperfection in the existing system, it is natural that problems of social justice should be pushed into the foreground of consciousness. That this thinking should occasionally be wild is also natural, for youth is more ardent in its enthusiasms and its conclusions are less frequently tempered by the bitter lessons of experience. But this critical and revolutionary attitude in many of the colleges has been heightened by some of the actions of our government and of the colleges themselves. In order to avoid losing ourselves in endless political discussions, it must be understood that when actions of our government are mentioned we are not here concerned with their political necessity or even their expediency, but only with their effect upon the undergraduate's attitude toward the future.

Flaubert has said somewhere that ideals are like those gilded images of the saints which are kept on mantels. They must not be fingered too much, the gilt wears off. Political ideals are not exempt from the working of this principle. When, therefore, the government reduces the gold content of the dollar from 100 to 60 cents, a whole series of problems concerning traditionally recognized obligations and mediums of exchange becomes fluid and is thrown open to discussion. When the government begins to take care of the unemployed, the question of the right to dis-employ, of government control of industry, planned economy, state socialism, are brought upon the carpet. Our institutions have therefore been thrown into a state of flux, have lost the rigidity and stability they had for the undergraduate of the twenties. One action of the colleges themselves has made the college campus a center for debate. Many of the states, three or four years ago, cut their appropriations for higher education. The cuts were largely absorbed by reductions in professors'

salaries. When, in 1930 and 1931, enrolments began to decline, the state made further cuts. Since drops in enrolment meant further financial difficulties, professors and loyal alumni went through their states urging all high-school graduates to come to college, even in those cases where there was little possibility of the student's being able to support himself. Enrolment had to be kept up to the old figures at all costs. The cost was usually heaviest on the poor freshman who left his home and migrated to the campus, and who, though willing to work, in spite of all his efforts, could scarcely keep body and soul together.

In few colleges was it possible to find sufficient employment for this army of indigent recruits. To meet the situation, many of them established "depression camps" by converting abandoned or unused buildings into barracks where a student who could prove that he was totally without resources was granted sleeping quarters for a nominal charge. The ingenuity and resourcefulness exhibited both by university authorities and by undergraduates in the founding of some of these camps was highly commendable and the results, under the circumstances, all that could have been expected. Such was not the case everywhere. Highly sensitive and intelligent young men were forced to live hugger-mugger, without privacy, and deprived of nearly all the comforts of civilized life, in an atmosphere heavily charged with political discussion. In some of these camps there has developed a new phenomenon. There has always, alas, been some snobbery in the colleges. There were young hopefuls who felt that the wealth or social position of their parents set them apart. They gave their poorer classmates the cold shoulder. This was snobbery from above. In certain of the depression camps we occasionally have snobbery, or if you like, class consciousness from below. Until a few years ago, and as long as the old traditions still held, inequalities of wealth aroused no bitterness whatever. A., a harum-scarum, fur-coated hoodlum, without any personal qualifications, spent money like a drunken sailor. B., a much finer sort, on bitterly cold mornings went out through the blizzard and stoked furnaces for the townspeople to help pay his expenses. Even so, in those days, both A. and B. had a good time in their two different ways. They themselves and the rest of the college felt that this was in the nature of things. Tradition had always sanctioned it. A.'s family had money, B.'s had none. This was sufficient justification for their widely differing scales of comfort. In many of these over-crowded depression camps, where the college poor are herded together in barracks, at the barest subsistence level, physical conditions of life have been too severe for many sensitive youngsters who realize that across the campus their classmates live in comfort, often in luxury, in well warmed and well lighted fraternity houses. In the last few years when the phrase "social justice" has become almost a watchword, such contrasts have naturally aroused not only debate but bitterness. These depression camps call for much cleaning and policing merely to keep them sanitary; and all such cleaning is divided up among the occupants who take turns at discharging what are often

disagreeable tasks. They are, therefore, usually self-governing communities, with presidents and officers, like the fraternities. Whether we like it or not, we must admit that in some of them at least there is considerable *esprit de corps* and that it is of a definitely "class conscious" type. A single instance must serve.

Not long ago one of these camps expelled one of their members. A kindly aunt of the ex-member, whose husband had probably grown too stout, had intended to do the handsome thing by her under-privileged nephew in college and had sent him a silk-lined dinner jacket which, in stupid pride, he had paraded before his fellows. He had been expelled from this self-conscious poverty club by a unanimous vote. An officer of the club who explained the incident, found nothing whatever surprising in this action. "That sort of fellow," he said with conviction, "doesn't belong here with us; we can't stand for that; he belongs on the other side of the campus." We are not here interested in the desirability of this situation; for us it is enough to recall that on all campuses, social and economic problems are no longer treated as academic problems, merely as food for interminable bicker sessions; they are being debated with a totally new sense of their immediate reality, something that must be settled in the very near future. And in some quarters these questions are being discussed with so grim a sense of their importance that they may portend changes not only in our once easy-going campus life, but in the larger world outside.

When, therefore, any one asks today what is the attitude of our "young barbarians" on those college campuses which only a few years ago, in the early and middle twenties, were still regarded as the nation's playgrounds, the answer is a simple one. They are far less young barbarians than at any time in our history. In far greater numbers they are earnest prospective citizens of the commonwealth of the future. One could go no further wrong than to assume, as many did a few years ago, that their main interests as very much like those of the privileged young men and women in Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*. There, their only problem was, which form of sensuous or sensual excitement would give them the most kick. Life revolved around alcohol and sex. Perhaps the most striking thing about Hemingway's picture is that none of the characters in those years thought it worth while or necessary ever to discuss political or economic problems. Let us admit that the fundamental assumptions were not altogether unlike those of many of their elders. Even captains of industry and political leaders assumed that we had settled these social and economic questions for good and all.

From the standpoint of the authority enjoyed by university professors over undergraduates today, one fact is particularly unfortunate. There was no group of professors of economics of any consequence which sounded any serious note of warning before the collapse of 1929. The enthusiasm of the industrialists, politicians, and physical scientists was re-echoed by too many of our university professors of the social sciences. Professors not in the social

sciences will tell you that over and over again the intelligent student today will ask you what Professor So-and-So taught in 1928 and his comment will run something like this: "Well, if he couldn't see it coming then, we can't expect him to see what's coming now." He feels that the major problems of his future, he must solve for himself. These major problems have, of course, nothing to do with alcohol and sex; he will still drink, though in the majority of cases more sensibly than he did in the time when we foolishly tried to prevent him from doing so. He will still discuss, even in mixed company, problems of sex and with a freedom that will distress many of his elders. But sex and stomach are no longer to him the most significant realities, as they were to so many of that generation who had been lured into the complacent belief that easy money was the birthright of every good college-bred American. The age when these problems were given so unhealthy a prominence has definitely ended. Nearly all intelligent undergraduates now realize fully that to solve these questions of personal conduct, just as to solve questions of social and economic organization, control, discipline, and self-restraint are necessary. When he thinks of these matters, he thinks of them too in terms of social welfare; for he realizes, to a degree that his predecessors did not, that his own moral health and welfare are inextricably bound up with the health and welfare of the society of which he is a part.

A good case could be made out for Wilde's epigram that life imitates literature. This is particularly true for the generation approaching maturity and for the first time attempting to formulate its ideals. So, it is perfectly safe to say that there would have been fewer college flappers in the first years of their emergence if, in *This Side of Paradise*, Scott Fitzgerald had not shown them how to do it and how smart it really was. College undergraduates like to pride themselves on being up to date in their reading, and even where they know nothing about literary history, flock to courses that deal with the contemporary and the modern. They take their cue from their reading. It is, of course, necessary to add that the novelist does not invent his characters out of whole cloth. In so far as he is an artist he is more sensitive than his fellows to changes in moral temperature; and if his picture is a true one, if it elicits approval, it is because the tendencies he presents are already by way of asserting themselves. It is also necessary to add that the more independently minded young men and women and those whose home life has been sufficiently satisfying to convince them of the validity of social traditions, are relatively little influenced by changing fashions in alcohol and sexual indulgence. The young lady with the unquenchable thirst who was ever liberal of her favors, was perhaps never so frequent on college campuses as the public assumed and never was she really a leader.

This should not blind us, however, to the fact that the way of life presented by our literature of disillusionment of the post-war period found many devotees. In virtually every college there could be found some bright young instructor of English who saw in D. H. Lawrence the prophet of a new dis-

pensation; and to Lawrence of course the realities of life all found their center in sensual experience. Much of our contemporary literature was, and still is, written in this key. Many of our forms of public entertainment, especially those provided by what a foreign critic called our Sexodrome of Hollywood, catered to this new fashion and this new attitude.

The religious sanctions that had once done so much to uphold the ideals of virginity and chastity, had in many quarters broken down. Social custom and the ever increasing frequency of divorce were more and more making of marriage a mere matter of convenience. In too many cases, sex, like smoking and drinking, had been thoroughly secularized; indulgence was to be governed merely by individual taste. The degree to which this attitude spread through the world of the young may be roughly measured by the spread of divorce in the world of their elders. The two are commensurable. It would be foolish to imply that we have done with the problem. But the marked change of attitude which has taken place on the campus in the past two years, and the earnest desire for some sort of aim and standard in every field, has undoubtedly had its effect. This seems to be true in the country generally. Statistics of the frequency of divorce which had been steadily mounting, have in the last few years shown a decline. The expense of divorce makes it possible that some, and indeed all of this may be explained not as the result of a new attitude, but of increasing poverty. One thing, however, has happened on the campus that has had a salutary effect; there is no doubt that in the first stages of the "zipper age," undergraduates felt that previously forbidden indulgence was "smart" and indicated "emancipation." They felt that what they were doing was just a little bit wicked, Don Juanish; it attracted attention and made you and your crowd important. In an age when all other phases of life were so weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, it was worth while getting at least this kick out of life. It is fair to say that nearly all of this has disappeared. Though much of the literature which they read is still heavily charged with sex, an immensely larger portion of it centers upon social reconstruction. The Laurentian injunction, in all matters of life let your sex impulse be your guide, begins to sound thin and silly.

Youth, like the rest of the country, is ceasing to be sex frantic, and the earnest inquiries of young men and women on this score, are taking on a new tone. For most of them, though it will remain a highly important personal problem, it is no longer *the* problem, and there is a very general recognition that somehow there must be controls which can find sanction only in that social welfare which in civilized communities must govern the conduct of men.

In general, undergraduates today are desperately in earnest about our political and economic problems; they are trying to solve them, for the most part without drums or trumpets, and not because they wish to demolish, but because in the interest of self-preservation, they feel they must formulate new ideals for themselves. In this vastly altered perspective, it is no longer worth while to shock anybody's grandmother. But if the problems of economics and

politics are to him of the most immediate and primary significance, in the matter of regulating his own personal life, just as in the matter of providing sound foundations for his country, he is earnestly hunting, not for liberty and license, but for new standards. Upon what he finds, far more than upon what we are teaching him today, depends the future of our country as well as his own.

EVOLUTION AND ETHICS¹

by Thomas Henry Huxley

THERE is a delightful child's story, known by the title of "Jack and the Bean-stalk," with which my contemporaries who are present will be familiar. But so many of our grave and reverend juniors have been brought up on severer intellectual diet, and, perhaps, have become acquainted with fairyland only through primers of comparative mythology, that it may be needful to give an outline of the tale. It is a legend of a bean-plant, which grows and grows until it reaches the high heavens and there spreads out into a vast canopy of foliage. The hero, being moved to climb the stalk, discovers that the leafy expanse supports a world composed of the same elements as that below, but yet strangely new; and his adventures there, on which I may not dwell, must have completely changed his views of the nature of things; though the story, not having been composed by, or for, philosophers, has nothing to say about views.

My present enterprise has a certain analogy to that of the daring adventurer. I beg you to accompany me in an attempt to reach a world which, to many, is probably strange, by the help of a bean. It is, as you know, a simple, inert-looking thing. Yet, if planted under proper conditions, of which sufficient warmth is one of the most important, it manifests active powers of a very remarkable kind. A small green seedling emerges, rises to the surface of the soil, rapidly increases in size and, at the same time, undergoes a series of metamorphoses which do not excite our wonder as much as those which meet us in legendary history, merely because they are to be seen every day and all day long.

By insensible steps, the plant builds itself up into a large and various fabric of root, stem, leaves, flowers, and fruit, every one moulded within and without in accordance with an extremely complex but, at the same time, minutely defined pattern. In each of these complicated structures, as in their smallest constituents, there is an immanent energy which, in harmony with that resident in all the others, incessantly works towards the maintenance of the

¹From T. H. Huxley, *Evolution and Ethics* By permission of D. Appleton-Century Co.

whole and the efficient performance of the part which it has to play in the economy of nature. But no sooner has the edifice, reared with such exact elaboration, attained completeness, than it begins to crumble. By degrees, the plant withers and disappears from view, leaving behind more or fewer apparently inert and simple bodies, just like the bean from which it sprang; and, like it, endowed with the potentiality of giving rise to a similar cycle of manifestations.

Neither the poetic nor the scientific imagination is put to much strain in the search after analogies with this process of going forth and, as it were, returning to the starting-point. It may be likened to the ascent and descent of a slung stone, or the course of an arrow along its trajectory. Or we may say that the living energy takes first an upward and then a downward road. Or it may seem preferable to compare the expansion of the germ into the full-grown plant, to the unfolding of a fan, or to the rolling forth and widening of a stream; and thus to arrive at the conception of "development," or "evolution." Here, as elsewhere, names are "noise and smoke"; the important point is to have a clear and adequate conception of the fact signified by a name. And, in this case, the fact is the Sisyphean process, in the course of which, the living and growing plant passes from the relative simplicity and latent potentiality of the seed to the full epiphany of a highly differentiated type, thence to fall back to simplicity and potentiality.

The value of a strong intellectual grasp of the nature of this process lies in the circumstance that what is true of the bean is true of living things in general. From very low forms up to the highest—in the animal no less than in the vegetable kingdom—the process of life presents the same appearance of cyclical evolution. Nay, we have but to cast our eyes over the rest of the world and cyclical change presents itself on all sides. It meets us in the water that flows to the sea and returns to the springs; in the heavenly bodies that wax and wane, go and return to their places; in the inexorable sequence of the ages of man's life; in that successive rise, apogee, and fall of dynasties and of states which is the most prominent topic of civil history.

As no man fording a swift stream can dip his foot twice into the same water, so no man can, with exactness, affirm of anything in the sensible world that it is. As he utters the words, nay, as he thinks them, the predicate ceases to be applicable; the present has become the past; the "is" should be "was." And the more we learn of the nature of things, the more evident is it that what we call rest is only unperceived activity; that seeming peace is silent but strenuous battle. In every part, at every moment, the state of the cosmos is the expression of a transitory adjustment of contending forces; a scene of strife, in which all the combatants fall in turn. What is true of each part, is true of the whole. Natural knowledge tends more and more to the conclusion that "all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth" are the transitory forms of parcels of cosmic substance wending along the road of evolution, from nebulous potentiality, through endless growths of sun and planet and satellite; through all varieties of matter; through infinite diversities of life and thought:

possibly, through modes of being of which we neither have a conception, nor are competent to form any, back to the indefinable latency from which they arose. Thus the most obvious attribute of the cosmos is its impermanence. It assumes the aspect not so much of a permanent entity as of a changeful process in which naught endures save the flow of energy and the rational order which pervades it.

We have climbed our bean-stalk and have reached a wonderland in which the common and the familiar become things new and strange. In the exploration of the cosmic process thus typified, the highest intelligence of man finds inexhaustible employment; giants are subdued to our service; and the spiritual affections of the contemplative philosopher are engaged by beauties worthy of eternal constancy.

But there is another aspect of the cosmic process, so perfect as a mechanism, so beautiful as a work of art. Where the cosmopoietic energy works through sentient beings, there arises, among its other manifestations, that which we call pain or suffering. This baleful product of evolution increases in quantity and in intensity, with advancing grades of animal organization, until it attains its highest level in man. Further, the consummation is not reached in man, the mere animal; nor in man, the whole or half savage; but only in man, the member of an organized polity. And it is a necessary consequence of his attempt to live in this way; that is, under those conditions which are essential to the full development of his noblest powers.

Man, the animal, in fact, has worked his way to the headship of the sentient world, and has become the superb animal which he is, in virtue of his success in the struggle for existence. The conditions having been of a certain order, man's organization has adjusted itself to them better than that of his competitors in the cosmic strife. In the case of mankind, the self-assertion, the unscrupulous seizing upon all that can be grasped, the tenacious holding of all that can be kept, which constitute the essence of the struggle for existence, have answered. For his successful progress, throughout the savage state, man has been largely indebted to those qualities which he shares with the ape and the tiger; his exceptional physical organization; his cunning, his sociability, his curiosity, and his imitativeness; his ruthless and ferocious destructiveness when his anger is roused by opposition.

But, in proportion as men have passed from anarchy to social organization, and in proportion as civilization has grown in worth, these deeply ingrained serviceable qualities have become defects. After the manner of successful persons, civilized man would gladly kick down the ladder by which he has climbed. He would be only too pleased to see "the ape and tiger die." But they decline to suit his convenience; and the unwelcome intrusion of these boon companions of his hot youth into the ranged existence of civil life adds pains and griefs, innumerable and immeasurably great, to those which the cosmic process necessarily brings on the mere animal. In fact, civilized man brands all these ape and tiger promptings with the name of sins; he punishes

many of the acts which flow from them as crimes; and, in extreme cases, he does his best to put an end to the survival of the fittest of former days by axe and rope.

I have said that civilized man has reached this point; the assertion is perhaps too broad and general; I had better put it that ethical man has attained thereto. The science of ethics professes to furnish us with a reasoned rule of life; to tell us what is right action and why it is so. Whatever differences of opinion may exist among experts there is a general consensus that the ape and tiger methods of the struggle for existence are not reconcilable with sound ethical principles.

The hero of our story descended the bean-stalk, and came back to the common world, where fare and work were alike hard; where ugly competitors were much commoner than beautiful princesses; and where the everlasting battle with self was much less sure to be crowned with victory than a turn-to with a giant. We have done the like. Thousands upon thousands of our fellows, thousands of years ago, have preceded us in finding themselves face to face with the same dread problem of evil. They also have seen that the cosmic process is evolution; that it is full of wonder, full of beauty, and, at the same time, full of pain. They have sought to discover the bearing of these great facts on ethics; to find out whether there is, or is not, a sanction for morality in the ways of the cosmos.

Theories of the universe, in which the conception of evolution plays a leading part, were extant at least six centuries before our era. Certain knowledge of them, in the fifth century, reaches us from localities as distant as the valley of the Ganges and the Asiatic coasts of the Ægean. To the early philosophers of Hindostan, no less than to those of Ionia, the salient and characteristic feature of the phenomenal world was its changefulness; the unrelenting flow of all things, through birth to visible being and thence to not being, in which they could discern no sign of a beginning and for which they saw no prospect of an ending. It was no less plain to some of these antique forerunners of modern philosophy that suffering is the badge of all the tribe of sentient things; that it is no accidental accompaniment, but an essential constituent of the cosmic process. The energetic Greek might find fierce joys in a world in which "strife is father and king"; but the old Aryan spirit was subdued to quietism in the Indian sage; the mist of suffering which spread over humanity hid everything else from his view; to him life was one with, suffering and suffering with life.

In Hindostan, as in Ionia, a period of relatively high and tolerably stable civilization had succeeded long ages of semi-barbarism and struggle. Out of wealth and security had come leisure and refinement, and, close at their heels, had followed the malady of thought. To the struggle for bare existence, which never ends, though it may be alleviated and partially disguised for a fortunate few, succeeded the struggle to make existence intelligible and to

bring the order of things into harmony with the moral sense of man, which also never ends, but, for the thinking few, becomes keener with every increase of knowledge and with every step towards the realization of a worthy ideal of life.

Two thousand five hundred years ago, the value of civilization was as apparent as it is now; then, as now, it was obvious that only in the garden of an orderly polity can the finest fruits humanity is capable of bearing be produced. But it had also become evident that the blessings of culture were not unmixed. The garden was apt to turn into a hothouse. The stimulation of the senses, the pampering of the emotions, endlessly multiplied the sources of pleasure. The constant widening of the intellectual field indefinitely extended the range of that especially human faculty of looking before and after, which adds to the fleeting present those old and new worlds of the past and the future, wherein men dwell the more the higher their culture. But that very sharpening of the sense and that subtle refinement of emotion, which brought such a wealth of pleasures, were fatally attended by a proportional enlargement of the capacity for suffering; and the divine faculty of imagination, while it created new heavens and new earths, provided them with the corresponding hells of futile regret for the past and morbid anxiety for the future. Finally, the inevitable penalty of over-stimulation, exhaustion, opened the gates of civilization to its great enemy, ennui; the stale and flat weariness when man delights not, nor woman neither; when all things are vanity and vexation; and life seems not worth living except to escape the bore of dying.

Even purely intellectual progress brings about its revenges. Problems settled in a rough and ready way by rude men, absorbed in action, demand renewed attention and show themselves to be still unread riddles when men have time to think. The beneficent demon, doubt, whose name is Legion, and who dwells amongst the tombs of old faiths, enters into mankind and thenceforth refuses to be cast out. Sacred customs, venerable dooms of ancestral wisdom, hallowed by tradition and professing to hold good for all time, are put to the question. Cultured reflection asks for their credentials; judges them by its own standards; finally, gathers those of which it approves into ethical systems, in which the reasoning is rarely much more than a decent pretext for the adoption of foregone conclusions.

One of the oldest and most important elements in such systems is the conception of justice. Society is impossible unless those who are associated agree to observe certain rules of conduct towards one another; its stability depends on the steadiness with which they abide by that agreement; and, so far as they waver, that mutual trust which is the bond of society is weakened or destroyed. Wolves could not hunt in packs except for the real, though unexpressed, understanding that they should not attack one another during the chase. The most rudimentary polity is a pack of men living under the like tacit, or expressed, understanding; and having made the very important advance upon wolf society, that they agree to use the force of the whole body against individuals who violate it and in favour of those who observe it.

This observance of a common understanding, with the consequent distribution of punishments and rewards according to accepted rules, received the name of justice, while the contrary was called injustice. Early ethics did not take much note of the animus of the violator of the rules. But civilization could not advance far, without the establishment of a capital distinction between the case of involuntary and that of wilful misdeed; between a merely wrong action and a guilty one. And, with increasing refinement of moral appreciation, the problem of desert, which arises out of this distinction, acquired more and more theoretical and practical importance. If life must be given for life, yet it was recognized that the unintentional slayer did not altogether deserve death; and, by a sort of compromise between the public and the private conception of justice, a sanctuary was provided in which he might take refuge from the avenger of blood.

The idea of justice thus underwent a gradual sublimation from punishment and reward according to acts, to punishment and reward according to desert, or, in other words, according to motive. Righteousness, that is, action from right motive, not only became synonymous with justice, but the positive constituent of innocence and the very heart of goodness.

Now when the ancient sage, whether Indian or Greek, who had attained to this conception of goodness, looked the world, and especially human life, in the face, he found it as hard as we do to bring the course of evolution into harmony with even the elementary requirements of the ethical ideal of the just and the good.

If there is one thing plainer than another, it is that neither the pleasures nor the pains of life, in the merely animal world, are distributed according to desert; for it is admittedly impossible for the lower orders of sentient beings to deserve either the one or the other. If there is a generalization from the facts of human life which has the assent of thoughtful men in every age and country, it is that the violator of ethical rules constantly escapes the punishment which he deserves; that the wicked flourishes like a green bay tree, while the righteous begs his bread; that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children; that, in the realm of nature, ignorance is punished just as severely as wilful wrong; and that thousands upon thousands of innocent beings suffer for the crime, or the unintentional trespass of one.

Greek and Semite and Indian are agreed upon this subject. The book of Job is at one with the "Works and Days" and the Buddhist Sutras; the Psalmist and the Preacher of Israel, with the Tragic Poets of Greece. What is a more common motive of the ancient tragedy in fact, than the unfathomable injustice of the nature of things; what is more deeply felt to be true than its presentation of the destruction of the blameless by the work of his own hands, or by the fatal operation of the sins of others? Surely *Œdipus* was pure of heart; it was the natural sequence of events—the cosmic process—which drove him, in all innocence, to slay his father and become the husband of his mother, to the desolation of his people and his own headlong

ruin. Or to step, for a moment, beyond the chronological limits I have set myself, what constitutes the sempiternal attraction of Hamlet but the appeal to deepest experience of that history of a no less blameless dreamer, dragged, in spite of himself, into a world out of joint; involved in a tangle of crime and misery, created by one of the prime agents of the cosmic process as it works in and through man?

Thus, brought before the tribunal of ethics, the cosmos might well seem to stand condemned. The conscience of man revolted against the moral indifference of nature, and the microcosmic atom should have found the illimitable macrocosm guilty. But few, or none, ventured to record that verdict.

In the great Semitic trial of this issue, Job takes refuge in silence and submission; the Indian and the Greek, less wise perhaps, attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable and plead for the defendant. To this end, the Greeks invented Theodicies; while the Indians devised what, in its ultimate form, must rather be termed a Cosmodicy. For, although Buddhism recognizes gods many and lords many, they are products of the cosmic process; and transitory, however long enduring, manifestations of its eternal activity. In the doctrine of transmigration, whatever its origin, Brahminical and Buddhist speculation found, ready to hand, the means of constructing a plausible vindication of the ways of the cosmos to man. If this world is full of pain and sorrow; if grief and evil fall, like the rain, upon both the just and the unjust; it is because, like the rain, they are links in the endless chain of natural causation by which past, present, and future are indissolubly connected; and there is no more injustice in the one case than in the other. Every sentient being is reaping as it has sown; if not in this life, then in one or other of the infinite series of antecedent existences of which it is the latest term. The present distribution of good and evil is, therefore, the algebraical sum of accumulated positive and negative deserts; or, rather, it depends on the floating balance of the account. For it was not thought necessary that a complete settlement should ever take place. Arrears might stand over as a sort of "hanging gale"; a period of celestial happiness just earned might be succeeded by ages of torment in a hideous nether world, the balance still overdue for some remote ancestral error.

Whether the cosmic process looks any more moral than at first, after such a vindication, may perhaps be questioned. Yet this plea of justification is not less plausible than others; and none but very hasty thinkers will reject it on the ground of inherent absurdity. Like the doctrine of evolution itself, that of transmigration has its roots in the world of reality; and it may claim such support as the great argument from analogy is capable of supplying.

* * *

Let us now set our faces westwards, towards Asia Minor and Greece and Italy, to view the rise and progress of another philosophy, apparently independent, but no less pervaded by the conception of evolution.

The sages of Miletus were pronounced evolutionists; and, however dark

may be some of the sayings of Heracleitus of Ephesus, who was probably a contemporary of Gautama, no better expressions of the essence of the modern doctrine of evolution can be found than are presented by some of his pithy aphorisms and striking metaphors. Indeed, many of my present auditors must have observed that, more than once, I have borrowed from him in the brief exposition of the theory of evolution with which this discourse commenced.

But when the focus of Greek intellectual activity shifted to Athens, the leading minds concentrated their attention upon ethical problems. Forsaking the study of the macrocosm for that of the microcosm, they lost the key to the thought of the great Ephesian, which, I imagine, is more intelligible to us than it was to Socrates or to Plato. Socrates, more especially, set the fashion of a kind of inverse agnosticism, by teaching that the problems of physics lie beyond the reach of the human intellect; that the attempt to solve them is essentially vain; that the one worthy object of investigation is the problem of ethical life; and his example was followed by the Cynics and the later Stoics. Even the comprehensive knowledge and the penetrating intellect of Aristotle failed to suggest to him that in holding the eternity of the world, within its present range of mutation, he was making a retrogressive step. The scientific heritage of Heracleitus passed into the hands neither of Plato nor of Aristotle, but into those of Democritus. But the world was not yet ready to receive the great conceptions of the philosopher of Abdera. It was reserved for the Stoics to return to the track marked out by the earlier philosophers; and, professing themselves disciples of Heracleitus, to develop the idea of evolution systematically. In doing this, they not only omitted some characteristic features of their master's teaching, but they made additions altogether foreign to it. One of the most influential of these importations was the transcendental theism which had come into vogue. The restless, fiery energy, operating according to law, out of which all things emerge and into which they return, in the endless successive cycles of the great year; which creates and destroys worlds as a wanton child builds up, and anon levels, sand castles on the seashore; was metamorphosed into a material world-soul and decked out with all the attributes of ideal Divinity; not merely with infinite power and transcendent wisdom, but with absolute goodness.

The consequences of this step were momentous. For if the cosmos is the effect of an immanent, omnipotent, and infinitely beneficent cause, the existence in it of real evil, still less of necessarily inherent evil, is plainly inadmissible. Yet the universal experience of mankind testified then, as now, that, whether we look within us or without us, evil stares us in the face on all sides; that if anything is real, pain and sorrow and wrong are realities.

It would be a new thing in history if *a priori* philosophers were daunted by the factious opposition of experience; and the Stoics were the last men to allow themselves to be beaten by mere facts. "Give me a doctrine and I will find the reasons for it," said Chrysippus. So they perfected, if they did not invent, that ingenious and plausible form of pleading, the Theodicy; for the

purpose of showing firstly, that there is no such thing as evil; secondly, that if there is, it is the necessary correlate of good; and, moreover, that it is either due to our own fault, or inflicted for our benefit. Theodicies have been very popular in their time, and I believe that a numerous, though somewhat dwarfed, progeny of them still survives. So far as I know, they are all variations of the theme set forth in those famous six lines of the "Essay on Man," in which Pope sums up Bolingbroke's reminiscences of stoical and other speculations of this kind—

"All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear: whatever is is right."

Yet, surely, if there are few more important truths than those enunciated in the first triad, the second is open to very grave objections. That there is a "soul of good in things evil" is unquestionable; nor will any wise man deny the disciplinary value of pain and sorrow. But these considerations do not help us to see why the immense multitude of irresponsible sentient beings, which cannot profit by such discipline, should suffer; nor why, among the endless possibilities open to omnipotence—that of sinless, happy existence among the rest—the actuality in which sin and misery abound should be that selected. Surely it is mere cheap rhetoric to call arguments which have never yet been answered by even the meekest and the least rational of Optimists, suggestions of the pride of reason. As to the concluding aphorism, its fittest place would be as an inscription in letters of mud over the portal of some "stye of Epicurus"; for that is where the logical application of it to practice would land men, with every aspiration stifled and every effort paralyzed. Why try to set right what is right already? Why strive to improve the best of all possible worlds? Let us eat and drink, for as to-day all is right, so to-morrow all will be.

* * *

Modern thought is making a fresh start from the base whence Indian and Greek philosophy set out; and, the human mind being very much what it was six-and-twenty centuries ago, there is no ground for wonder if it presents indications of a tendency to move along the old lines to the same results.

We are more than sufficiently familiar with modern pessimism, at least as a speculation; for I cannot call to mind that any of its present votaries have sealed their faith by assuming the rags and the bowl of the mendicant Bhikku, or the cloak and the wallet of the Cynic. The obstacles placed in the way of sturdy vagrancy by an unphilosophical police have, perhaps, proved too formidable for philosophical consistency. We also know modern speculative optimism, with its perfectibility of the species, reign of peace, and lion

and lamb transformation scenes; but one does not hear so much of it as one did forty years ago; indeed, I imagine it is to be met with more commonly at the tables of the healthy and wealthy, than in the congregations of the wise. The majority of us, I apprehend, profess neither pessimism nor optimism. We hold that the world is neither so good, nor so bad, as it conceivably might be; and, as most of us have reason, now and again, to discover that it can be. Those who have failed to experience the joys that make life worth living are, probably, in as small a minority as those who have never known the griefs that rob existence of its savour and turn its richest fruits into mere dust and ashes.

Further, I think I do not err in assuming that, however diverse their views on philosophical and religious matters, most men are agreed that the proportion of good and evil in life may be very sensibly affected by human action. I never heard anybody doubt that the evil may be thus increased, or diminished; and it would seem to follow that good must be similarly susceptible of addition or subtraction. Finally, to my knowledge, nobody professes to doubt that, so far forth as we possess a power of bettering things, it is our paramount duty to use it and to train all our intellect and energy to this supreme service of our kind.

Hence the pressing interest of the question, to what extent modern progress in natural knowledge, and, more especially, the general outcome of that progress in the doctrine of evolution, is competent to help us in the great work of helping one another?

The propounders of what are called the "ethics of evolution," when the "evolution of ethics" would usually better express the object of their speculations, adduce a number of more or less interesting facts and more or less sound arguments in favour of the origin of the moral sentiments, in the same way as other natural phenomena, by a process of evolution. I have little doubt, for my own part, that they are on the right track, but as the immoral sentiments have no less been evolved, there is, so far, as much natural sanction for the one as the other. The thief and the murderer follow nature just as much as the philanthropist. Cosmic evolution may teach us how the good and the evil tendencies of man may have come about; but, in itself, it is incompetent to furnish any better reason why what we call good is preferable to what we call evil than we had before. Some day, I doubt not, we shall arrive at an understanding of the evolution of the æsthetic faculty; but all the understanding in the world will neither increase nor diminish the force of the intuition that this is beautiful and that is ugly.

There is another fallacy which appears to me to pervade the so-called "ethics of evolution." It is the notion that because, on the whole, animals and plants have advanced in perfection of organization by means of the struggle for existence and the consequent "survival of the fittest"; therefore men in society, men as ethical beings, must look to the same process to help them towards perfection. I suspect that this fallacy has arisen out of the unfortunate ambiguity of the phrase "survival of the fittest." "Fittest" has a connotation of "best"; and about "best" there hangs a moral flavour. **It**

cosmic nature, however, what is "fittest" depends upon the conditions. Long since, I ventured to point out that if our hemisphere were to cool again, the survival of the fittest might bring about, in the vegetable kingdom, a population of more and more stunted and humbler and humbler organisms, until the "fittest" that survived might be nothing but lichens, diatoms, and such microscopic organisms as those which give red snow its colour; while, if it became hotter, the pleasant valleys of the Thames and Isis might be uninhabitable by any animated beings save those that flourish in a tropical jungle. They, as the fittest, the best adapted to the changed conditions, would survive.

Men in society are undoubtedly subject to the cosmic process. As among other animals, multiplication goes on without cessation, and involves severe competition for the means of support. The struggle for existence tends to eliminate those less fitted to adapt themselves to the circumstances of their existence. The strongest, the most self-assertive, tend to tread down the weaker. But the influence of the cosmic process on the evolution of society is the greater the more rudimentary its civilization. Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest, in respect of the whole of the conditions which obtain, but of those who are ethically the best.

As I have already urged, the practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self assertion it demands self restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or treading down, all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help his fellows; its influence is directed, not so much to the survival of the fittest, as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It repudiates the gladiatorial theory of existence. It demands that each man who enters into the enjoyment of the advantages of a polity shall be mindful of his debt to those who have laboriously constructed it; and shall take heed that no act of his weakens the fabric in which he has been permitted to live. Laws and moral precepts are directed to the end of curbing the cosmic process and reminding the individual of his duty to the community, to the protection and influence of which he owes, if not existence itself, at least the life of something better than a brutal savage.

It is from neglect of these plain considerations that the fanatical individualism of our time attempts to apply the analogy of cosmic nature to society. Once more we have a misapplication of the stoical injunction to follow nature; the duties of the individual to the state are forgotten, and his tendencies to self-assertion are dignified by the name of rights. It is seriously debated whether the members of a community are justified in using their combined strength to constrain one of their number to contribute his share to the maintenance of it; or even to prevent him from doing his best to destroy it. The struggle for existence which has done such admirable work in cosmic nature, must, it appears, be equally beneficent in the ethical sphere. Yet if that which

I have insisted upon is true; if the cosmic process has no sort of relation to moral ends, if the imitation of it by man is inconsistent with the first principles of ethics, what becomes of this surprising theory?

Let us understand, once for all, that the ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it. It may seem an audacious proposal thus to pit the microcosm against the macrocosm and to set man to subdue nature to his higher ends, but I venture to think that the great intellectual difference between the ancient times with which we have been occupied and our day, lies in the solid foundation we have acquired for the hope that such an enterprise may meet with a certain measure of success.

The history of civilization details the steps by which men have succeeded in building up an artificial world within the cosmos. Fragile reed as he may be, man, as Pascal says, is a thinking reed: there lies within him a fund of energy operating intelligently and so far akin to that which pervades the universe, that it is competent to influence and modify the cosmic process. In virtue of his intelligence, the dwarf bends the Titan to his will. In every family, in every polity that has been established, the cosmic process in man has been restrained and otherwise modified by law and custom, in surrounding nature, it has been similarly influenced by the art of the shepherd, the agriculturist, the artisan. As civilization has advanced, so has the extent of this interference increased, until the organized and highly developed sciences and arts of the present day have endowed man with a command over the course of non-human nature greater than that once attributed to the magicians. The most impressive, I might say startling, of these changes have been brought about in the course of the last two centuries, while a right comprehension of the process of life and of the means of influencing its manifestations is only just dawning upon us. We do not yet see our way beyond generalities, and we are befogged by the obtrusion of false analogies and crude anticipations. But Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, have all had to pass through similar phases, before they reached the stage at which their influence became an important factor in human affairs. Physiology, Psychology, Ethics, Political Science, must submit to the same ordeal. Yet it seems to me irrational to doubt that, at no distant period, they will work as great a revolution in the sphere of practice.

The theory of evolution encourages no millennial anticipations. If, for millions of years, our globe has taken the upward road, yet, some time, the summit will be reached and the downward route will be commenced. The most daring imagination will hardly venture upon the suggestion that the power and the intelligence of man can ever arrest the procession of the great year.

Moreover, the cosmic nature born with us and, to a large extent, necessary for our maintenance, is the outcome of millions of years of severe training, and it would be folly to imagine that a few centuries will suffice to subdue its masterfulness to purely ethical ends. Ethical nature may count upon having to reckon with a tenacious and powerful enemy as long as the world lasts.

But, on the other hand, I see no limit to the extent to which intelligence and will, guided by sound principles of investigation, and organized in common effort, may modify the conditions of existence, for a period longer than that now covered by history. And much may be done to change the nature of man himself. The intelligence which has converted the brother of the wolf into the faithful guardian of the flock ought to be able to do something towards curbing the instincts of savagery in civilized men.

But if we may permit ourselves a larger hope of abatement of the essential evil of the world than was possible to those who, in the infancy of exact knowledge, faced the problem of existence more than a score of centuries ago, I deem it an essential condition of the realization of that hope that we should cast aside the notion that the escape from pain and sorrow is the proper object of life.

We have long since emerged from the heroic childhood of our race, when good and evil could be met with the same "frolic welcome"; the attempts to escape from evil, whether Indian or Greek, have ended in flight from the battle-field; it remains to us to throw aside the youthful over-confidence and the no less youthful discouragement of nonage. We are grown men, and must play the man

strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield,

cherishing the good that falls in our way, and bearing the evil, in and around us, with stout hearts set on diminishing it. So far, we all may strive in one faith towards one hope:

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
... but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done.

WHAT RELIGION MEANS TO ME¹

by Pearl S. Buck

NOTHING is more commonplace in our times than to decry the value of religion and even to deny it any place in the scheme of modern life. Everywhere, one hears remarks made that religion is no longer of any practical value, that churches are dead, that the youth of the country is without religion, that Christianity has lost its meaning. Certainly,

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observation leads one to conclude that these are truisms. So-called religion seems, indeed, to have no longer any practical value. It effects, apparently, no important reforms in social or political life, and its chief place in the news of the day is when some scandal is found in connection with it. True, brief *résumés* of the sermons given by well-known ministers are to be found in the Monday papers, but it is doubtful that many persons read them, except, perhaps, the ministers themselves.

Whether churches are dead or not would, however, require more knowledge than I have to decide. On the whole, I have been impressed with the number of persons coming out of churches at Sunday noontime. But I have been more impressed, when I have looked at these crowds, to see how few of them were young or mentally vigorous-looking persons, and I am afraid I have not always been much impressed or enlightened, either mentally or spiritually, by the sermons I have heard. Indeed, it has seemed to me sometimes, when I have gone especially to hear some man of note, that the very pulpit has had a stultifying influence upon him. Where in lay life he is humorous, vigorous, hearty, fearless, in the pulpit he becomes pedantic, academic, theoretical, cautious. Once I accused a certain minister of this change that took place in him every Sunday morning, and he said, "That is the effect of the man in the pew. I know he is listening sharply to hear if what I say is what he wants to hear. I have to pay heed to him, because if he hears that with which he cannot agree, he will cut down his contribution. I might endure that for myself and even for my family, but there is the whole work of the church to suffer, both home and foreign missions. There are many persons besides myself involved."

One has sympathy with such a point of view, to a certain extent, although I doubt the man in the pew has any idea he is so formidable. On the contrary, he is usually a rather confused and humble person, really trying to find something helpful. But, I say, one has sympathy with such a point of view. After one is past the idealism of youth, one knows that moral courage is very closely connected indeed with economics. Honesty is easy in times of prosperity. It is very hard in times of depression. Long ago, Bacon said something about the man with wife and children having given hostages to fortune. But more discouraging than this is the common acceptance of the belief that religion is only in churches. The people in the churches believe this. They think of themselves as the only organizations of religion. People outside the churches believe it and hasten to disclaim any relation to religion and to explain their good works on any basis rather than that of religion.

It seems to me nothing can be farther away from truth than this belief. To accept it means a complete misunderstanding of the spirit of true religion. For the spirit of true religion is a strange one. It is a winged and independent spirit, blowing as the wind listeth, Christ once said. It easily escapes us. Time and again, when men have thought they held it fast, imprisoned for all time, shaped into a visible body, it has escaped into the wilderness, into the desert, into mountain places, into cities of men, among poor and humble

people, and has lived there without being suspected or discovered, and its worshippers worshiped for a long time its dead body without knowing it was dead. And the places and the people who had the live spirit did not even know they had it, nor dreamed that the spirit of true religion was in such as they. Indeed, they have so often been outcast and held heretic that usually they have become the humblest persons in heart.

So did the spirit of true religion escape out of Hinduism into the person of Buddha. So did the true spirit escape out of the church of the Sadducees and the Pharisees into the person of Jesus Christ. So did the spirit escape out of the monasteries and out of the organized religion of the middle centuries. So is the spirit escaping again today out of the churches and out of the seats of formal religion.

But because the spirit escapes from the body which has been put upon it, the spirit is not dead. Rather it is more living than ever. When we say that religion is dead today, that Christianity is without meaning for the present age, we are only unobservant. Again we have not seen that the spirit is only flown once more out of its body grown too small. We have not seen that it is living and not dead. What we are doing is looking at the dead body, the churches attended by elderly and dying people, the foreign missions supported by a passing generation, preaching an unbelieved creed, and we cry out, sometimes with regret, sometimes gladly, "It is over. Religion is dead."

Religion has been a detriment, men have said, to progress. Every revolutionary party in every country has had its hour of crying out that religion has been an anodyne, an opiate, for the suffering people. It has been accused of more wars, perhaps, than any other one cause. It has been called a divisive influence, evil in its general effect upon history. It has been, in short, accused of every evil in its time. And yet, I rather think that what has done the evil has not been religion at all, but that dead body which men have worshiped. It was the belief in the dead body which was the opiate. Men worshiping the dead body said drearily, "There is no good thing in life. Life is only sad and grievous, and a thing to be passed through quickly with eyes fixed on some future good." So thinking, they turned their eyes away from present evils, from little children oppressed, from the poor and downtrodden, from every social crime. They turned themselves away even from the joys of life, from glorious life, and called joy evil—incredibly, they did not love life, lest it turn their thoughts away from their hope of heaven!

Men worshiping the dead body have quarreled even over that body. They have made denominations and creeds and have argued over the modes of baptism and the partaking of morsels of bread and wine and over gowns and choirs and all manner of dead things. They have even carried these dead things into many parts of the world, under the illusion that they were dispensing eternal life: at times, they thought, the sole life for eternity of the world—as though eternal life, the life of all the magnificent universe, could be caught and held in a net of words made by men!

In the name of that flown spirit men have so glorified these dead bodies.

But they were still dead. It makes me think of a folk belief in some parts of China, where it is thought that after the souls depart out of a human body—the souls, which are the body's enlightened and guiding intelligence and spirit—there remains in that body still a sort of dreadful, unintelligent, cruel life, the life of the earthy spirits yet bound into the flesh until they be released from it. It is believed that the body then is capable of the most inhuman and wicked tricks of malevolence, simulating life and yet not alive, the flesh unguided by the spirit. So may the religious impulse of men become confused when the true and guiding spirit has left the body, and in the name of that spirit untrue and unworthy deeds may be committed, even as we see them committed this day. And some men, seeing this, cry out against churches and priests and against missions and against all those organized and well-recognized forms of religion; and there are those who despair because they think true religion is dead; and they grieve, because they remember a certain good that once came from true and undefiled religion, when those dead bodies were made living by the spirit newly come into them.

Yet despair and grief are not necessary. True religion is not dead. It is only to be looked for anew in other bodies, living bodies, since it never stays with death. So long as men are born and aspire and suffer and accept life and strive to understand it rightly, religion can live. For religion is, in the first place, to use old and yet meaningful words, the soul's sincere desire toward unity with God. What God may be, none know. God is a name for that which we cannot know. But it is more than a mere name. What God is we may not know. Whether he is an entity outside the spirit of mankind or not, one cannot know. I think it does not matter if God is found one day to be not as many have believed him to be, a spirit separate from ours. He may be made up of some quality, some spirit force, some essence of the spirit of mankind. We cannot know. What God is we may not know, but we can be aware of unity with that spirit and of living in its presence or out of it. There is none of us, I think, who has not been conscious of hours, moments, perhaps days and even years, when our souls have been made tranquil by a certain high way of life we have chosen for ourselves as being the best we know; and then when we have departed from that way, uncertainty and in-tranquillity have come. I suppose, individually, religion may be defined as the highest life of the soul, that is, the soul's firm determination to find its highest relation to the universe and live there in that relation; and that in the second place, this individual soul, in its relation to the universe, must take into consideration its relation also to its fellows. For I do not believe any individual religion can find even its highest individual attainment without such consideration for others. The religion, therefore, of the hermit can scarcely be complete even in an individual sense, since it omits part of the universe, that part which is comprehended in man's relation to man.

But it is not my purpose here to go into a discussion of religion. I define it thus loosely only that we may know when it has passed away from any organized body. When an individual or a group of individuals—although one

must always question group religion—has ceased to search for the highest it knows in personal completion and becomes satisfied with, or at least allows itself to become inert in, a set of formal experiences and beliefs which do not change with its own development and need, or with the development and need of society, religion is gone. When, in addition to this, there is complete ignoring of the relation of the soul toward others less fortunate and less able to bear life, death is complete.

One sees the religious impulse working in two ways in people, depending upon the temperament of the person, the first with the emphasis on the personal side, and finding through that intimate and lonely development a deeper understanding of, and pity for, humanity; or else with the emphasis on the understanding of, and pity for, humanity, and finding through that understanding and pity the higher personal development. But these two aspects of the soul's life must be present, and the soul goes halting and lame if there is only the one. If both be gone, the soul dies.

And when one discovers the church, the mission, any religious body, or any individual caring nothing for deeper and finer thinking and feeling and being, and caring little or nothing for human conditions in the world, one must look elsewhere for the soul, the spirit, which has flown.

So it is that today one finds that spirit in many strange and unexpected places, and working in its twofold life. The life which once was so vivid and strong within the church, in the days when a few people gathered together secretly and fervently, rebels against the established order in the days when to believe in the strange new religion was treason—today that life is found in other groups, often outside the church, or if within, then often in the disfavored minority. For as the church is losing its missionary strength, it is becoming self-absorbed and formal in its religious routine and it is losing also that passion for spreading what it believes. There may be many processes of death, self-examination, trials for heresy, the setting up of a creed by which all must stand or fall, most of all, self-satisfaction. The spirit is passing out of the dead body into fresh hearts, which are eager and searching for new truth and cannot be confined by words and past beliefs of generations gone.

And where has the spirit of true religion flown today? It is to be found, I think, for one thing, in the many revolutionary movements of this present time. I have watched the revolution gather and grow in China, and I have seen the youth there impelled by their religion of idealism, of belief in freedom of their country, and in the freedom of the individual, and in the equality of all men and women. These ideals are part of true religion. In the old days our forefathers left home and country to assert the right of the soul to be free. In their day it happened to be the right to freedom in creed; in our day it is again the right to freedom, to freedom in beliefs of many sorts: the right of children to happiness and time for play and education; the right of women to equality with men; the rights of employees in relation to employers; the rights of all simple and inarticulate people. In the vanguard of these new freedoms are the ideals, now visible, which will give people freedom from economic

worry and cares for which they are not responsible. We are dreaming of leisure for everyone and of teaching people how to use that leisure happily. All the nobility and the fearlessness which one day went into the formulating of bold new creeds are today going into yet other bold new creeds, built upon old ones, into declarations against war and against oppression of weaker nations. These are struggling and unaccomplished ideals, but they are living, and the spirit of religion is there, the spirit of the individual who does not fear to suffer for his beliefs, even as in the old days he was thrown to the lions because he was a Christian. The passion of the martyr is today expressed in the passion of the explorer into science, in the worker in research for the prevention and cure of cancer and tuberculosis and mental deficiency and a score of other curses to humanity. And that passion is all the more holy because it is not spent in hope of heaven for an individual soul, but rather in making happier the lives of many other people, here and now.

In fact, far from being discouraged about religion, I am amazed at all the religion I see everywhere. I see busy men and women in communities taking time to organize community chests for the poor, relief for the jobless, improvement in slums. It cannot be said, either, that such work is empty social service, for such service, any service for others, has its reflex effect. It deepens perforce the person who performs it. There is such a thing as empty social service, and this is the service rendered by people who are paid to do it, who are professionals, and earn their living by the suffering of others. But I am speaking not of these. I am speaking rather of those men and women who cannot endure the suffering of others, who feel it as their own suffering, and who give out of their own longing to see the world better. Whether they are professionally religious or not has nothing to do with it. They have the living spirit of religion, even though its name is not that of any known denomination. There are such persons, such groups of persons, unconnected with any orthodox religious body, who have gone sympathetically into foreign countries, have lived there, endeavoring in every possible way to share the good they know. Such groups maintain notable work in a spirit of the fairest co-operation, work not labeled religious, but which is most truly religious in its deep expression of the belief in the right of humanity to the good which any have above others.

Now this belief in the right of humanity to share in all known good is of course nothing but that old impulse called missionary. Christ expressed it very succinctly when he bade his disciples go into all the world and preach the gospel. A good many very sincere Christians have limited two words in that command, the word "preach" and the word "gospel." Without looking, or at least not connecting these two words with the rest of Christ's philosophy, they have accepted them in a literal, word-of-mouth sense. The result has been what is to be seen sometimes on any mission field today—where such an interpretation is used—a dead body and the spirit gone. But the spirit is working abroad in the world. It is working in all sorts of unexpected places. I am not a communist, but I see that spirit working in communism. There

are those who believe communism is anti-religious. To me it is a movement deeply religious. It is open in its hatred against the dead body of religion, but all unknowing, the spirit of religion is in it working, often through very crude means, forcing men into a sort of religion which is fierce in its affirmation of the two great religious principles: the right of the individual soul to its freedom in fullest completion of relation to the universe, and the right of every soul to share in the goods of life, both material and nonmaterial.

A very strong evidence of this religious quality which is in communism is of course in its missionary impulse. It is most interesting and significant to see how similar is this impulse in young communists to that same impulse in Christian missionaries, particularly of the old school. The very phraseology is the same I used to hear when I was a child. Substitute for the Christian names the names of the Russian revolution, substitute only a few nouns, and the verbs and adjectives are the same. Indeed, even the communist heaven seems the same, certainly at least as remote as the Christian heaven and lying as far away in eternity! But the spirit is identical. Put the Christian missionary beside the communist missionary, take away the pulpit and the soap box, put asterisks in place of a few nouns, and see how similar their looks and words are, their emotions, their zeal. There is, of course, one vast difference. The Christian of the same school as the communist thinks first of souls, and of the saving of bodies as secondary, if necessary at all, and the communist thinks, or professes to think, of bodies first. As a matter of fact, it is the soul in which the communist is the most interested, or to use a more modern term than soul, in the mind and its beliefs and ideals. Certainly the two creeds are equally narrow and equally intolerant, and, unless the communist body is enlarged, the spirit will fly from it as surely as it has flown from other bodies which will not grow to match the spirit.

But there are manifestations of the spirit working often in places not labeled so clearly as the communists are. For myself I value, above all, the work of such unlabeled bodies. I have come to distrust labels. I distrust the professional religionist, the professional doer of good works, the professional believer in some creed or other, the agitator in any movement, however good. The creed of the sincere and quiet soul need be but a very simple one to comprehend much—all that is needed. I believe in the constant, yearning aspiration of the soul toward that great unknown good whom I call God. I believe in the right of every human being to enjoy all that I enjoy, and it is my work in life to see that he is at least offered the chance so to enjoy if he will. But articulate or not—and a creed need not be articulate in words if it is articulate in life—the real creed must be living, that is, lived out. For where the soul of religion is gone out of a body, that body can still go on repeating creeds week by week, coming at last to mere gabble, without thinking what even the words mean. This is all worthless.

No, I am not discouraged. I see religion today working like a ferment in a thousand ways, and it does not matter that it is not called religion, and it matters less that it is denied the name of religion even by the professional

religionists. I see the spirit of religion working in the minds of young men and women, idealists, as all true spirits are. It seems to me I have never seen less selfishness and more interest in the welfare of everyone than I see now. I see it working in the determination of those who long and endeavor to smooth away inequalities of race. I have been impressed with those, particularly in this country, both Negro and white, who are facing intelligently and calmly the great disunity of race in this country. I see it in a new spirit of humility, which no longer boasts of America as the richest and greatest country in the world, able to stand aloof from all other nations, but which realizes that none of us can afford to be richer than everyone else, nor ought to be, and that we ought to share the burdens of the weak, and there is that which even we can be taught. I see it in the keenest minds in every country and of the world, few of whom are devoted to selfishness rather than to the solution of international questions on a basis of fairness and equality. In the old days those minds were Napoleons bent on empire. Today they are MacDonaldis and Roosevelts, planning together how to divide the burden and multiply the goods of the world.

And these things are essentially religious. That is, they are the expression of souls striving toward an order of unity and peace, which alone can give harmony to the spirit. This is to be united to God. In the old days our fathers said, "Give your heart to God. Believe, and you shall be saved." That same creed holds today, but in its new form. We are not so sure of the likeness of God's image, perhaps, but we are sure of the supreme greatness of goodness, which is the essence of God. Give your heart to goodness, which is to give it to God, believe in that life which flows from such giving, and you are saved already.

There is indeed a spirit abroad today, a spirit of understanding and of humanity. One finds it everywhere, among many kinds of people, in small ways and large. It is nameless, perhaps, although it has in the past been called by many names. It is the most valuable, the most unexplainable, at once the most mystic and the most evident thing in our human life, evident to any eye that really sees life whole and with penetration and understanding. I try, as I think, to catch it and put it into words. I cannot, I know. It is too big for me, too big for any one human being. None of us can contain it all, see it all, or understand it all. Each of us, if he has any of it, can have but a fragment of it, a touch of its flame. I seem to feel it, now when I think of it, as a great foundation force, as fundamental as electricity and as little understood, a sort of upthrust, a sort of desire toward pure goodness in every heart. It is true we are so limited by weakness of body and of mind, by the very nature of our being, that we cannot even agree on what goodness is. We express our idea of goodness in vastly differing ways, and what seems goodness to me is not goodness to another. Yet it seems to me this does not matter at all. What may be common is this desire of every soul to *be* its best, and I believe this desire *is* in every soul—its best in a personal sense, that is, to live and believe so as to have a sense of rightness with the universe and with other

souls, to be of use, to find life complete and full. This desire of the soul, this flame, this eagerness, this inability to be supine and content with the mere flesh, this urge and lift and spur which drives us all, if we will but let it, into deeper and deeper living, profounder thinking, more fearless action, is the very spirit of life for the soul, that is, true religion. When a soul has it, it lives. When it has it not, though the body live, it is dead and without life, because there is no soul. Look into hundreds of faces you pass on the street and you will see many among them dead or dying. The dying ones are still restless and discontented and afraid, all still able to feel themselves incomplete and unhappy, yet not knowing how to find completeness. The dead ones have not even this yearning any more, only hopelessness. Who was it said, "Three fourths of the men and women in the world live their lives in a state of quiet desperation"? It is true—particularly today.

Yet there are others everywhere caught up into a sort of light. They have found something, usually something to do, because, after all, most of us are very simple people, something they think is worth doing because it is *good*, and when they are doing it they are happier, and life has meaning, and they feel complete. And through this they are swept, as they are able, one by one, into the stream of a sort of force which none can stay and none compel and none can confine into any church or creed. It is the spirit of true religion, free again and moving in the lives of men and women.

INFALLIBILITY¹

by John Henry Newman

STARTING then with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into logical shape I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth of which my whole being is so full; and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see no reflection of its Creator. This is, to me, one of the great difficulties of this absolute primary truth to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only; and I am far from denying the real

¹ From J. H. Newman, *Apologia pro Vita Sua*.

force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society, but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquisitions, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words: "having no hope and without God in the world"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal, and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery which is absolutely beyond human solution.

What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer that either there is no Creator or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence. Did I see a boy of good make and mind, with the tokens on him of a refined nature, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birthplace or his family connections, I should conclude that there was some mystery connected with his history and that he was one of whom, from one cause or other, his parents were ashamed. Thus only should I be able to account for the contrast between the promise and condition of his being. And so I argue about the world: *if* there be a God, *since* there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact, a fact as true as the fact of its existence; and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists and as the existence of God.

And now, supposing it were the blessed and loving will of the Creator to interfere in this anarchical condition of things, what are we to suppose would be the methods which might be necessarily or naturally involved in His object of mercy? Since the world is in so abnormal a state, surely it would be no surprise to me if the interposition were of necessity equally extraordinary—or what is called miraculous. But that subject does not directly come into the scope of my present remarks. Miracles as evidence involve an argument; and of course I am thinking of some means which does not immediately run into argument. I am rather asking what must be the face-to-face

antagonist by which to withstand and baffle the fierce energy of passion and the all-corroding, all-dissolving skepticism of the intellect in religious inquiries. I have no intention at all to deny that truth is the real object of our reason, and that, if it does not attain to truth, either the premise or the process is in fault; but I am not speaking of right reason, but of reason as it acts in fact and concretely in fallen man. I know that even the unaided reason, when correctly exercised, leads to a belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future retribution; but I am considering it actually and historically; and in this point of view I do not think I am wrong in saying that its tendency is toward a simple unbelief in matters of religion. No truth, however sacred, can stand against it, in the long run; and hence it is that in the pagan world, when our Lord came, the last traces of the religious knowledge of former times were all but disappearing from those portions of the world in which the intellect had been active and had had a career.

And in these latter days, in like manner, outside the Catholic Church things are tending, with far greater rapidity than in that old time from the circumstance of the age, to atheism in one shape or other. What a scene, what a prospect, does the whole of Europe present at this day! and not only Europe, but every government and every civilization through the world which is under the influence of the European mind! Especially, for it most concerns us, how sorrowful, in the view of religion, even taken in its most elementary, most attenuated form, is the spectacle presented to us by the educated intellect of England, France, and Germany! Lovers of their country and of their race, religious men, external to the Catholic Church, have attempted various expedients to arrest fierce wilful human nature in its onward course and to bring it into subjection. The necessity of some form of religion for the interests of humanity has been generally acknowledged; but where was the concrete representative of things invisible which would have the force and toughness necessary to be a breakwater against the deluge? Three centuries ago the establishment of religion, material, legal, and social, was generally adopted as the best expedient for the purpose in those countries which separated from the Catholic Church; and for a long time it was successful; but now the crevices of those establishments are admitting the enemy. Thirty years ago education was relied upon; ten years ago there was a hope that wars would cease forever, under the influence of commercial enterprise and the reign of the useful and fine arts; but will anyone venture to say that there is anything anywhere on this earth which will afford a fulcrum for us whereby to keep the earth from moving onwards?

The judgment which experience passes on establishments or education as a means of maintaining religious truth in this anarchical world must be extended even to Scripture, though Scripture be divine. Experience proves surely that the Bible does not answer a purpose for which it was never intended. It may be accidentally the means of the conversion of individuals; but a book, after all, cannot make a stand against the wild living intellect of man, and in this day it begins to testify, as regards its own structure and

contents, to the power of that universal solvent which is so successfully acting upon religious establishments.

Supposing then it to be the Will of the Creator to interfere in human affairs and to make provisions for retaining in the world a knowledge of Himself so definite and distinct as to be proof against the energy of human skepticism, in such a case—I am far from saying that there was no other way—but there is nothing to surprise the mind, if He should think fit to introduce a power into the world invested with the prerogative of infallibility in religious matters. Such a provision would be a direct, immediate, active, and prompt means of withstanding the difficulty; it would be an instrument suited to the need; and when I find that this is the very claim of the Catholic Church, not only do I feel no difficulty in admitting the idea, but there is a fitness in it which recommends it to my mind. And thus I am brought to speak of the Church's infallibility as a provision adapted by the mercy of the Creator to preserve religion in the world, and to restrain that freedom of thought which of course in itself is one of the greatest of our natural gifts, and to rescue it from its own suicidal excesses. And let it be observed that, neither here nor in what follows, shall I have occasion to speak directly of the revealed body of truths, but only as they bear upon the defense of natural religion. I say that a power possessed of infallibility in religious teaching is happily adapted to be a working instrument for smiting hard and throwing back the immense energy of the aggressive intellect; and in saying this, as in the other things that I have to say, it must still be recollected that I am all along bearing in mind my main purpose, which is a defense of myself.

I am defending myself here from a plausible charge brought against Catholics, as will be seen better as I proceed. The charge is this: that I, as a Catholic, not only make profession to hold doctrines which I cannot possibly believe in my heart but that I also believe in the existence of a power on earth which at its own will imposes upon men any new set of *credenda*,¹ when it pleases, by a claim to infallibility; in consequence, that my own thoughts are not my own property; that I cannot tell that tomorrow I may not have to give up what I hold today, and that the necessary effect of such a condition of mind must be a degrading bondage, or a bitter inward rebellion relieving itself in secret infidelity, or the necessity of ignoring the whole subject of religion in a sort of disgust, and of mechanically saying everything that the Church says and leaving to others the defense of it. As then I have above spoken of the relation of my mind toward the Catholic Creed, so now I shall speak of the attitude which it takes up in the view of the Church's infallibility.

And first, the initial doctrine of the infallible teacher must be an emphatic protest against the existing state of mankind. Man had rebelled against his Maker. It was this that caused the divine interposition; and the first act of the divinely accredited messenger must be to proclaim it. The Church must

¹ Articles of faith.

denounce rebellion as of all possible evils the greatest. She must have no terms with it; if she would be true to her Master, she must ban and anathematize it. This is the meaning of a statement which has furnished matter for one of those special accusations to which I am at present replying. I have, however, no fault at all to confess in regard to it; I have nothing to withdraw, and in consequence I here deliberately repeat it. I said, "The Catholic Church holds it better for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, or should steal one poor farthing without excuse." I think the principle here enunciated to be the mere preamble in the formal credentials of the Catholic Church, as an Act of Parliament might begin with a "*Whereas*." It is because of the intensity of the evil which has possession of mankind that a suitable antagonist has been provided against it; and the initial act of that divinely commissioned power is of course to deliver her challenge and to defy the enemy. Such a preamble then gives a meaning to her position in the world and an interpretation to her whole course of teaching and action.

In like manner she has ever put forth with most energetic distinctness those other great elementary truths which either are an explanation of her mission or give a character to her work. She does not teach that human nature is irreclaimable, else wherefore should she be sent? not that it is to be shattered and reversed, but to be extricated, purified, and restored; not that it is a mere mass of evil, but that it has the promise of great things, and even now has a virtue and a praise proper to itself. But in the next place she knows and she preaches that such a restoration as she aims at effecting in it must be brought about, not simply through any outward provision of preaching and teaching, even though it be her own, but from a certain inward spiritual power of grace imparted directly from above and which is in her keeping. She has it in charge to rescue human nature from its misery, but not simply by raising it upon its own level, but by lifting it up to a higher level than its own. She recognizes in it real moral excellence though degraded, but she cannot set it free from earth except by exalting it toward heaven. It was for this end that a renovating grace was put into her hands, and therefore from the nature of the gift, as well as from the reasonableness of the case, she goes on, as a further point, to insist that all true conversion must begin with the first springs of thought, and to teach that each individual man must be in his own person one whole and perfect temple of God while he is also one of the living stones which build up a visible religious community. And thus the distinctions between nature and grace, and between outward and inward religion, become two further articles in what I have called the preamble of her divine commission.

Such truths as these she vigorously reiterates and pertinaciously inflicts upon mankind; as to such she observes no half-measures, no economical

reserve, no delicacy or prudence. "Ye must be born again," is the simple, direct form of words which she uses after her Divine Master; "your whole nature must be reborn, your passions, and your affections, and your aims, and your conscience, and your will must all be bathed in a new element, and reconsecrated to your Maker, and, the last not the least, your intellect." It was for repeating these points of her teaching in my own way that certain passages of one of my volumes have been brought into the general accusation which has been made against my religious opinions. The writer has said that I was demented if I believed, and unprincipled if I did not believe, in my statement that a lazy, ragged, filthy, story-telling beggar-woman, if chaste, sober, cheerful, and religious, had a prospect of heaven which was absolutely closed to an accomplished statesman, or lawyer, or noble, be he ever so just, upright, generous, honorable, and conscientious, unless he had also some portion of the divine Christian grace; yet I should have thought myself defended from criticism by the words which our Lord used to the chief priests: "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." And I was subjected again to the same alternative of imputations for having ventured to say that consent to an unchaste wish was indefinitely more heinous than any lie viewed apart from its causes, its motives, and its consequences; though a lie, viewed under the limitation of these conditions, is a random utterance, an almost outward act, not directly from the heart, however disgraceful it may be, whereas we have the express words of our Lord to the doctrine that "whoso looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." On the strength of these texts I have surely as much right to believe in these doctrines as to believe in the doctrine of original sin, or that there is a supernatural revelation, or that a Divine Person suffered, or that punishment is eternal.

Passing now from what I have called the preamble of that grant of power with which the Church is invested, to that power itself, Infallibility, I make two brief remarks: on the one hand, I am not here determining anything about the essential seat of that power, because that is a question doctrinal, not historical and practical; nor, on the other hand, am I extending the direct subject-matter over which that power has jurisdiction, beyond religious opinion—and now as to the power itself.

This power, viewed in its fullness, is as tremendous as the giant evil which has called for it. It claims, when brought into exercise in the legitimate manner, for otherwise of course it is but dormant, to have for itself a sure guidance into the very meaning of every portion of the divine message in detail which was committed by our Lord to His apostles. It claims to know its own limits and to decide what it can determine absolutely and what it cannot. It claims, moreover, to have a hold upon statements not directly religious, so far as this, to determine whether they indirectly relate to religion and, according to its own definitive judgment, to pronounce whether or not, in a particular case, they are consistent with revealed truth. It claims to decide magisterially, whether infallibly or not, that such and such state-

ments are or are not prejudicial to the apostolic *depositum* of faith,² in their spirit or in their consequences, and to allow them, or condemn and forbid them, accordingly. It claims to impose silence at will on any matters, or controversies, of doctrine, which on its own *ipse dixit*³ it pronounces to be dangerous, or inexpedient, or inopportune. It claims that whatever may be the judgment of Catholics upon such acts, these acts should be received by them with those outward marks of reverence, submission, and loyalty, which Englishmen, for instance, pay to the presence of their sovereign without public criticism on them, as being in their matter inexpedient or in their manner violent or harsh. And lastly, it claims to have the right of inflicting spiritual punishment, of cutting off from the ordinary channels of the divine life, and of simply excommunicating, those who refuse to submit themselves to its formal declarations. Such is the infallibility lodged in the Catholic Church, viewed in the concrete, as clothed and surrounded by the appendages of its high sovereignty; it is, to repeat what I said above, a supereminent prodigious power sent upon earth to encounter and master a giant evil.

² Faith entrusted to the Christian religion.

³ Authority.

EDITORIALS

WHAT ANTHONY EDEN MAY BE TOO POLITE TO SAY TONIGHT¹

*(An imaginary address by the former Foreign Minister
of Great Britain to the Congress of American Industry.)*

GENTLEMEN: The manufacturers of America have shown themselves more enterprising, more ingenious, and more progressive than those of any other country in the world, even—if I may be pardoned for saying so—my own. The high standard of living that obtains in your country is a monument to the genius of its manufacturers.

I said "progressive" but perhaps the term requires some qualification. The manufacturers of America have been more progressive on the whole than any other in the development of new products, the application of new technical methods, and the exploitation of new devices for the mass marketing of their products. But, in their attitude toward social and economic legislation, the manufacturers of America have not been as progressive as those in some other countries.

It would be unbecoming for a foreign visitor, particularly one who is himself in politics, to inject himself into the political controversies of another country. But much is to be gained by seeing ourselves in perspective. It happens that for an Englishman the perspective of space as we look across to America is also a perspective in time. What I mean is that the visitor from England, reading your newspapers and listening to your speakers, seems in some ways to have stepped back into an earlier England, into the England of his father and his grandfather. I am happy to learn, from your program for 1939, that this no longer applies to the Congress of American Industry. Your position is no longer that of the die-hard.

I am a Conservative, and perhaps I may be permitted to speak to you of the experience of my own party and of my own country in dealing with many of the issues and the problems that now confront the United States. It is not without pride that an English Conservative may point out that in the history of the past 100 years in England to be a Conservative has not been synonymous with being a reactionary. On the contrary we can lay claim to being progressive; though the roots of our party is in the landed gentry,

¹ From *The New York Post*, Dec. 9, 1938. By permission.

what you might well call a vested interest, we have not sought to take our stand like Canute against the tides of change.

On the contrary. The greatest of the mid-Victorian social reformers was a Conservative, Lord Shaftesbury. It was he who was largely responsible for the ten-hour law of 1847. The Conservative, Lord Derby, could properly lay claim for his party to the Reform Act of 1867 that first gave the right to vote to the factory workers of England.

The comparison may surprise you but the closest parallel in Victorian England to your Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" was the Conservative Disraeli's novel, "Sybil, or The Two Nations"—the nation of the rich and the nation of the poor. It focused attention on the problem of social reform.

When Disraeli became Prime Minister in 1874, he and the Conservative party succeeded in obtaining the passage of legislation of a kind one might not associate with conservatism: the Trade Union Act of 1875, which legalized peaceful picketing; the Artisans Dwelling Act, first step toward slum clearance and public housing; the Employers and Workmen Act, abolishing imprisonment of workmen for breach of contract.

It was when British conservatism lost its progressive leadership that we had the Liberal landslide of 1906, and the four years of reform that followed it, years most comparable to your own New Deal. It is hardly necessary to dwell on the resemblance of Lloyd George's fight on the veto power of the Lords and Mr. Roosevelt's Court reform bill, nor on the resemblance between Mr. Roosevelt's program and the legislation enacted in those years in England.

It is a little hard for the English Conservative to take the American conservative seriously when he speaks of Mr. Roosevelt's program as "communitic." For we recall that some of our own die-hards used the same slogans against the English New Deal in 1906-10 that gave us our first eight hour law, our minimum wage boards for "sweated" industries, our first old age pension act, our housing and town planning act and a series of taxes that weighed so heavily on landed property as to seem "socialistic." In one respect, if I may be forgiven for saying so, you have still to catch up with that English New Deal of a generation ago, for it gave us a scheme of National Health Insurance you have yet to match.

I need not, finally, elaborate on the extent to which your present "troubles" with labor seem like echoes of battles we fought long ago. Your C. I. O. movement to organize the unskilled is like the movement that sprang up in the great Dockers Strike of 1889 after almost two decades of "aristocratic" unionism like your A. F. of L.

Your president, Charles R. Hook, as a member of Mr. Roosevelt's Commission on Industrial Relations in Great Britain, has already brought to this country the story of how the development of strong and responsible trade unionism in my country has stabilized and improved labor relations. I hope and believe that this country will see the same evolution.

We English have lived through many changes and we have had the gift of not being too logical. We have learned that the limitation of power is

not the same as its destruction. On the contrary limitation is often its preservation. Many, after Magna Charta, must have shaken their heads sadly and predicted that the restrictions on King John would be the death of the monarchy. But that was 1215 and we are still a monarchy.

The kings of industry, like the kings of England, will survive—not by fighting change, but by adjusting themselves to it.

SELF-RELIANCE¹

by Henry Goddard Leach

IN HIS essay on self-reliance, in 1841, Emerson wrote:

I Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater.

Yesterday a practical philosopher of the afternoon press urged the still greater need of self-reliance in our time, when society is regulating private affairs far more than during the life of Emerson. This columnist asked what kind of a car we would be riding in today if Henry Ford had waited for a federal loan or the consent of government to put out his Model T.

Employment officers of the colleges report a discouraging reluctance this year on the part of graduates to accept jobs that require salesmanship or initiative. Our most crying need in education today is for the average child to learn by hard experience how to earn a few dollars by his own efforts, and to save them. Self-reliance acquired in youth will surmount any depression, any experiment on social security.

In his recent address at Harvard about the state of Sweden, the nation whose people now enjoy the highest standard of living, the Crown Prince said that the modern social legislation of Sweden would not have brought his nation to her present happy position were it not for the private thrift of the people. Any government, no matter how modern and progressive, is in vain unless the citizen knows how to preserve his self-reliance. What doth it profit a man if—?

Mass action cannot save America for democracy. It cannot be done by Congress. It cannot be done at the polls. Only you and I as individuals and our personal integrity and self-reliance can insure democracy.

Social security is historically associated with the decline of a great democracy of the past—ancient Rome. It was in the last century of the Roman Republic, in 124 B.C. that a noble and generous official, the Tribune Gaius Gracchus, passed his famous *lex frumentaria*, a law which gave grain to

¹ From *The Forum*, Sept., 1938 By permission

Roman citizens for half the usual price. Gaius Gracchus meant all for the best. He was probably as upright as such men as Harry Hopkins and Secretary Wallace in our administration today. His law was a temporary experiment and lapsed, but the idea that bread went with citizenship was debated up and down until in 58 B.C., under the First Triumvirate, it was arranged to give grain free to all indigent Roman citizens.

The Roman senate resisted this public benevolence, which that body viewed as a bribe for the political support of the proletariat. When Julius Caesar became sole dictator, he wanted to reduce the public largess as a drain on both the budget and private initiative, but was assassinated before he could accomplish the reform. Finally, in 6 B.C. the Emperor Augustus, once and for all, made free distribution of grain to the populace a bureaucratic function. Free bread and free circuses remained privileges of Roman citizens under the Empire. The vicious circle was complete. The breakdown of private employment led to governmental benevolence, and benevolence demoralized private initiative.

It is, of course, grossly unfair to attribute the decline of democracy in ancient Rome to social security or free bread and circuses. They were effects more than causes of the loss of self-reliance. If the virtues of citizenship had kept pace with the efficiency of government, Rome would still be mistress of the world today.

What are the requisites of a good citizen in a democracy? Five of the cardinal virtues of a freeman and a voter are integrity, intelligence, self-reliance, initiative, and co-operation.

Under the New Deal we are placing national emphasis on the first and last of these virtues—integrity and co-operation. The golden rule is the unwritten law of the land. Government is vigorously legislating moral codes for the conduct of business. Monopoly is being prosecuted. The profits of the utilities are being curbed. The stock market in New York is becoming a public mart of fair and open practice, instead of a private club of astute financiers. The goal, of course, is good, but the methods of reform are often clumsy and shackle self-reliance and initiative.

The doctrine of co-operation is also in the ascendant. The practical application of the second commandment is being preached into our private as well as our public life. In many ways we run into excess in interpreting *Love thy neighbor as thyself*. Neighborliness and co-operation do not mean that we should lose a sense of personal responsibility. The commandment does not imply that we should forget ourselves to the extent of letting our neighbors do all the work.

No matter how noble we are in helping the other fellow, our best efforts will in the end be futile if we do not keep our own minds in discipline, our own houses in order. No matter how enthusiastic our teamwork and cheering section or community effort, all will come to naught if we continue to pass the buck to the other fellow. Love thy neighbor, indeed, co-operate with him in every kind of fair play, but love him no more than thyself.

The breakdown of self-reliance is a far greater disaster than economic depression. May I illustrate by a trivial example?

I have a bungalow on a farm in the country. The other day its caretaker called up the local utility company and asked to have the electricity turned on.

The next day an electrician arrived, looked over the bungalow and departed.

The caretaker called again.

Another man came and discovered that the wires had been cut. He said he would report.

The caretaker phoned a third time.

A third man came. "I hear," he said, "that Mr. Leach is building a new house." When he found it was an old house he seemed to lose interest. He looked over the situation and went back to his office to report.

The caretaker tried a new lead. He called up a fourth time and remarked, "I wish we had a TVA up here."

Within an hour a truckload of electricians parked in front of the bungalow, and it was wired in fifteen minutes.

In the last analysis democracy depends less on government than on the self-reliance of each citizen and the collective self-reliance of each private group, whether banded together in a business, a church, an institution, a club, or a committee. Government must be utilized as a crutch, not a wheel chair.

Given health and literacy, it is still possible for you and me, no matter how deep the economic depression and how outrageous the pangs of fortune, to find our way about in America and assert our self-reliance.

Emerson can be quoted again:

Truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law, to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others.

TO A JEWISH FRIEND¹

by Dorothy Thompson

MY DEAR FRIEND: I could find no words when we spoke on the telephone this morning. Should I merely add one more expression of revulsion, disgust, and grief? And would you listen to it, in any case, through all the bitterness that you feel? I hear in my ears your cry, "What will become of my child if this goes on?"

¹ From the New York *Herald Tribune*, Nov. 14, 1938. By permission.

You and I belong to one civilization. We have read the same books, admired the same minds, believed in the same virtues, and practiced them according to our limitations. We both love freedom, and we both love peace.

When I read the papers this morning, I remembered the words of one of your great prophets, Isaiah, which we, who call ourselves Christians, hold prophetic of the coming of the Saviour. You will remember the words:

"Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrow; yet we did esteem him stricken of God and afflicted.

"But he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

I thought of the present "peace." The chastisement of it is upon your race today, wounded and bruised for all our iniquities, but I do not think that by *your* stripes *we* shall be healed.

It is perhaps hard for you to believe that the same cry that you uttered was in my heart, too. "What will become of my child!" You fear that this mob-madness will spread, and I share your fear. The example is attractive for those who seek a scapegoat for their own personal, national, and social frustrations. But, if it does, what will become of my child, as well as yours?

Would you prefer your child to be brought up to be a persecutor to being brought up to be persecuted? Would you like him to be taught to burn, and beat, and steal? Would you like him to preen himself on his fair hair as sufficient justification for his existence and his actions? Would you like him to be trained in prejudice and brutality and violence? You would not; and as you seek to protect your child, so I seek to protect mine, and we are, as we always were, on the same side, standing for the same things, and my position is no more "altruistic" than yours.

My passion, like yours, is for those few principles of civilization that have lifted people through the ages to the precarious dignity which gives them the right to call themselves "human." Among them none is greater than the concept that the individual must be judged according to his own individual actions and rewarded or punished by the law and society according to them. That alone offers the hope that this miserable race may one day justify its claim to be a little higher than other animals.

If we lose that, we have let loose the beast, and it is not only your race that will perish—it is mine, too, and the one to which we all belong—the Race of Men.

You said, "I feel debased, degraded." But I cannot share that conception of honor. No one is debased by what is done to him. He is debased only by his own actions, and if we are to put this question on racial grounds, then I, as what is called an "Aryan" in the idiotic parlance of the day, have more reason for furious protest than you against abasement.

For my people have never appealed to your people in vain in behalf of any of the things that constitute our common heritage of culture. And in all this violence your race has conducted itself with a lack of violence which

is unexampled. Its victims for five cruel and despairing years have revolted into violence only twice—once in Switzerland, and the other day when a poor, distracted seventeen-year-old boy took his “revenge,” at the positive risk of his own life and in provable defense of his existence.

And now I read that for a political crime which scores have already expiated with their lives and tens of thousands with their property he, too, may go to the guillotine—against all precedent for actions of this kind, adding one more brutality—the murder of an hysterical seventeen-year-old youth.

Your race, my friend, has long eschewed violence, and for that you have been cursed as well, in time of war. But perhaps it is the reason why you have survived longer than any that at present walks the earth.

But I would beg you not to isolate yourself in a fierce and bitter pride, overwhelming as that temptation must be, but to have the courage to continue in the common front with which your life and your actions have allied you—the front of human decency. We shall need for that front all the men and women available, and no one in that front will ask a man’s race: The tests will be otherwise, in the person, and in his behavior.

We are both still citizens of a free democracy, in a time when the humane ideas on which all freedom rests are at stake. We are engaged in a great struggle for those ideas, against the forces that would destroy them. That is painful, but it is also a privilege and a challenge. Those concepts can never be destroyed as long as a passionate faith in them is alive in enough hearts. They have not yet been destroyed anywhere—not in Germany, either.

To lose faith in them is to lose faith in any reason for existence, as anything more than a physical organism.

The crisis is not a Jewish crisis. It is a human crisis. The issue is not whether Judaism will survive but whether the common civilization that runs from the Greeks to our own day will survive—that mixture of Graeco-Roman culture, Judaeo-Christian religion and ethics, and the fearless mentality of the scientific awakening, which all together we call Western civilization.

And the place to stand and work and fight for its survival is not, for us, in Germany, but is here, in this country, which is so dear to you and me. Protest we must, and will, for the sake of our own self-respect, to let the world know that we are no party to this new crucifixion.

And devise we must, new instruments of offense and defense against the agencies that seek to foment the same mob spirit in our own country. But, again, we must act as Americans, supporting the ideas and practices of our civilization, and not as Jews or non-Jews, lest the issue be confused.

And so I beg you to regard this horror as not more personal to you than it is to me, and to all the millions of others on this soil, who belong to many races and follow many creeds, but yet are loyal over and above them to the essential principles from which our institutions derive.

FROM GIN TO REALITY¹

CHRISTMAS vacation is the open season for youth congresses. This year two important meetings were held: the American Student Union celebrated its first birthday at a convention in Chicago, and the National Student Federation of America, made up of the student councils of 110 colleges, met in New York City. The Federation, with a weak internal structure and a fairly conservative membership, passed a list of resolutions showing that even the rightest student groups are much farther to the Left than they were a few years ago.

The resolutions of the Federation give a pretty good picture of what the students on the 110 represented campuses are willing to swallow without blinking, because the Federation delegates are skilled campus politicians who know what their classmates want, and have no desire to go home and have to do a lot of explaining. And yet the Federation voted to obtain contributions for the aid of German refugee students; to support the principles of the American Youth Act; not to participate in any war fought outside our continental borders; to seek the abolition of loyalty oaths and sedition bills; to make the ROTC optional; and to seek the reinstatement of Jerome Davis at Yale. The American Student Union, which does not have to be as cagey in wording the resolutions it adopts, reaffirmed the vigorous platform it adopted last year, which includes the "Oxford Pledge" against participation in any war conducted by the United States. It is unfortunate that this pledge fails to discriminate between international and civil war. We are sure that a majority of the Student Union members who have taken the pledge would be willing to fight with the government against a fascist uprising in the United States, even though they have promised in advance not to do so.

The Student Union voted to repeat this spring its dramatic national one-day strike against war, protested President Roosevelt's embargo against both sides in the Spanish civil war, and pledged itself to a one-year drive to make the American campus a "closed shop" and to build the Union's membership to 50,000 (from 20,000). Whether this means that the Student Union is going to engage in a fight with the Federation for control of the campus we do not know. Certainly their functions are sufficiently distinct to permit the existence of both groups. The student movement, like the labor movement, is far too weak in relation to the forces it has to oppose to waste any energy in inter-

¹ From *The New Republic*.

necine warfare. What is really encouraging about these conventions is the indication they show that the youth of America—after a gloomy period in which Gin and Necking seemed to be All—may be able to cope at least in some measure with the tangle of problems we are about to hand over to them.

RESEARCH PAPERS

THE YANKEE SCHOOL*

by George Lyman Kittredge

IN 1834 Miss Harriet Martineau came to America in search of mental refreshment and change of scene. She spent a couple of years in this country and has left a record of her experiences and impressions in two books which have won a respectable place in the great class of miscellaneous literature,—*Society in America*, and *Retrospect of Western Travel*,—besides the minute account of her connection with the anti-slavery movement which she gives in her Autobiography. With the mass of these writings we have at this moment no particular concern, but one incident must not pass without notice. In an idle hour,—or let us say rather in a moment of peculiar inspiration,—Miss Martineau had recourse to a certain “old almanack,” where she discovered something to point an excellent moral. Here is her account of the discovery:—

All young people in these [New England] villages are more or less instructed. Schooling is considered a necessary of life. I happened to be looking over an old almanack one day, when I found, among the directions relating to the preparations for winter on a farm, the following: “Secure your cellars from frost. Fasten loose clap-boards and shingles. Secure a good school-master.” It seemed doubtful, at the first glance, whether some new farming utensil had not been thus whimsically named; as the brass plate which hooks upon the fender, or upper bar of the grate, is called “the footman”; but the context clearly showed that a man with learning in his head was the article required to be provided before the winter.¹

It must be admitted, even by Miss Martineau’s warmest admirers, that she did not always comprehend the American character. Indeed, she had the good sense not to suppose that she could comprehend it. Just before she sailed for the United States, James Mill asked her, quizzically, whether she “expected to understand the Americans” in two years. “He was glad to find,” writes Miss Martineau, “that I had no such idea, and told me that five-and-twenty years before, he had believed that he understood the Scotch: and that in another five-and-twenty, he should no doubt understand the

* From G. L. Kittredge, *The Old Farmer and His Almanack*. By permission of the Harvard University Press.

¹ *Society in America*, London, 1837, I, 264.

English; but that now he was quite certain that he understood neither the one nor the other.”² It was hardly this warning that sent Miss Martineau to the old almanac, but rather her own sagacity, or perhaps a happy accident. At all events, she lighted upon a highly characteristic passage, and it is to her credit that she did not fail to perceive what it signifies,—that to procure a schoolmaster is as much a matter of course to a Yankee farmer as any other provision for the winter season. To his mind there is nothing incongruous between attention to loose shingles and solicitude for primary education.

It does not appear what almanac Miss Martineau consulted. Very possibly it was that of Mr. R. B. Thomas. The precise passage, to be sure, has not been discovered in the sayings of the Old Farmer; but she may have been quoting from memory, and the form and the sentiment both suggest the admonitions of the Farmer’s Calendar. That column contains, along with its precepts of practical agriculture, much exhortation on the subject of schools and schoolmasters. Some of the entries are characteristic enough to deserve reproduction. Besides, they are not without value as bits of country life at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century.

A passage which comes very near to Miss Martineau’s quotation occurs in the Farmer’s Calendar for November, 1804:—

Now let the noise of your flail awake your drowsy neighbours.

Bank up your cellars.

Now hire a good schoolmaster, and send your children to school as much as possible.

In November, 1810, there is also a near approach to what Miss Martineau read:—

Bank your cellars unless your underpinning is such as renders it unneedful. Drive all your loose nails; and if the boys have broken any glass during the summer in the windows, you find it more comfortable to have the hole stopped up, than to let it go over winter. Send your children to school. Every boy should have a chance to prepare himself to do common town business.

In December, 1801, we have a good piece of proverbial philosophy:—

“*A cheap school-master makes a dear school,*” says Common Sense. As this is the season for opening schools in the country, the above adage may be worthy of attention. Experience teaches, that the master, who will keep for 8 dollars per month, is not worth keeping: yet some towns, to save 2 dollars, give away 10.

Again, in December, 1803 and 1805:—

It is hoped that every town and village is now supplied with a wise and virtuous school-master; not ten dollar men—such pitiful pedants are too plenty. (1803.)

Attend to your schools. Hire not what neighbor Simpkins calls a *four dollar master* to instruct your children; it will be throwing away money. He who deprives his children of education, at once robs himself and society. (1805.)

² *Autobiography*, Boston, 1877, I, 329.

But the liveliest passage of the kind is in the Calendar for November, 1820, where we have not only a full account of the acquirements of a five-dollar master, but also an eloquent speech from one of the advocates of ill-judged economy:—

This is the last month of Autumn, and it is now the business of the prudent man to be making his calculations about winter matters. I have often mentioned the importance of schooling to the rising generation. Few, if any countries, are blest like New-England, with public school establishments. No stinginess about the business. See that you have an able master, and pay him well. Here my neighbour Huppurse and I can never agree, for he says, "So much of this here larnin is altogether useless and expensive. There is Joe Simple is good enough for our school. He has cyphered through compound interest, and that's fur enough for any man. He knows nothing about Jogrify and Grammar and such stuff, but he can write as good a hand as I can, and as for reading, he is far better than Squire Puff. In spelling they say he is curious. I have often heard that when a boy he could spell *Nebuchadnezzar* quicker than any one in school. I move, Mr. cheersman, that we hire Joe Simple to keep our school this winter. Give him five dollars a month and board himself, which is all he axes."

Mr. Thomas knew what he was talking about. He had been a country pedagogue himself; and, though he did not fall in love with the profession—in fact, he tells that he grew heartily tired of it—he had always been successful in his schoolmastering. He felt a proper contempt for the short-sighted stinginess of ignorant committeemen, and cherished no illusions as to the quality of the cheap pretenders to learning whose services they secured for little or nothing. He must have known many Ichabod Cranes and Joe Simples in his day. But schoolmasters like Joe Simple were not the only pretenders whom Mr. Thomas satirized. He was equally severe on those who aped the follies of fine gentlemen. Thus in December, 1815, we read:—

It is all important now that you send your children to school; but take care that you have a good instructor for them. It is not everyone who apes the gentleman that is fit for this undertaking. To strut in white top boots, brandish a cane, drink brandy, and smoke segars, are not the most essential qualifications for a schoolmaster. It is a serious misfortune that in many parts our country schools are exceedingly neglected; and it would seem that were it not for the law's obliging them to have at least the appearance of schools, there would be no provision at all for this purpose made for years! What better estate can you give your off spring than a good education? I would not urge you to send them to college—neither to an academy, but see that you have the best of teachers in your town schools; be not stingy about the price—let not your children suffer for shoes and other clothing to make them comfortable and decent—Town schools are of the first importance, for here and in the family at home is laid the foundation of the future man, whether he be great, or mean, an honest man, or a scoundrel.

A lesson for parents, as apposite now as it ever was, may be found in the December Calendar for 1807. Here also Mr. Thomas was speaking from experience:—

Let your children go to school as much as possible; and do not interfere with the orders and regulations of the master. When your little darling Jemmy is

whipt at school it is a miserable way to give him gingerbread, and call the master puppy, rascal, &c.&c.

And again, in February, 1809:—

Keep the boys at school as much as possible, and take care not to rail against the master in their presence. Some people are eternally complaining about the school-master or mistress. Let the school be never so well kept, they will be dissatisfied.

Another kind of admonition, in the Calendar for December, 1812, sounds strange to modern ears:—

Now you have an opportunity for schooling your children; and what can you give them to more profit? Riches and honors will fly away, but a good education, with habitual improvement, will abide by them, and be a source of pleasure and profit, when business and money, and friends fail them. But do not let them be prevented from going to school for want of shoes, &c. They should have been well shod before this time.

We may close our series of extracts with two eloquent utterances of a generally admonitory character:—

Let your children go to school. No country in the world is so blest with schooling as New-England; then neglect not to improve this excellent advantage. (December, 1806.)

It is a duty to educate our children in the ways of frugality and economy, as well as industry. In some it is owing to inattention, in others to parsimony that their children are kept from school. The heedless man who can just write his name and pick out a chapter or two in his bible and perhaps find the changes of the moon in his almanack, thinks that his children and his children's children are to go on the same way with himself, and so is regardless of their education; but the penurious man, if it cost a cent, will see them hanged before they shall be taught to spell *Caleb*. (March, 1813.)

A generation ago there was a stock question which used to be asked of school children: "What is the chief glory of New England?" And the reply was a matter of clockwork: "The chief glory of New England is in her public schools." The children had their doubts, but they answered dutifully. This kind of catechising is out of fashion now, and the mere thought of it provokes a smile among educational theorists; but it had its uses. In the case in hand, it called attention to the fact that schools do not spring up of themselves; and it may now and then have reminded the rising generation of certain items of indebtedness to the Puritan past. This whole subject of New England schooling is not easy to discuss without losing one's equilibrium. On the one hand, we are habituated to a good deal of indiscriminating eulogy of our ancestors, as if they never faltered in their zeal for education. On the other, there are the iconoclasts, who make much of the difficulty there was in enforcing the school laws.³ There is evidence of such difficulty.

³ The Massachusetts laws which particularly concern us are those of 1647 (Mass. Colony Records, II, 203), 1692 (4 Wm. and Mary, ch. xi), 1701 (13 Wm. III, ch. xx), 1789 (Acts, ch. xix), and 1824 (Acts, ch. cxi, amending the Act of 1789).

A Massachusetts Act of 1701 declares that the previous statute "is shamefully neglected by divers Towns." In an Election Sermon for 1709 the Rev. Grindal Rawson, of Mendon, exclaims: "How little care is there generally taken, especially in Country Towns, to promote the Liberal Education of Children? How much is it become the Practice of many Towns, to Study Tricks and Shifts whereby the Law of the Land obliging to the upholding and maintaining of Schools, may be wholly evaded and lose its Efficacy? And is not this Provoking to God, and disserviceable to the interest of Posterity?"⁴ In 1713 Cotton Mather, in one of his innumerable jeremiads,—called *Advice from the Watch Tower, in a Testimony against Evil Customs*,—censures the evasion of this law:—"To Elude the Law about *Schools*, is too Customary. It argues, that a due sense of that Grand Concern, the *Education of Children*, is too much laid aside among us.—Tis *Wonderful! Tis Wonderful!* That a People of our Profession would seem so unconcerned, Lest the next Generation be miserably Uncultivated, and have hideous *Barbarity* grow upon it!"

All this, however, should not mislead us. The facts are clear enough, and the anxiety of the preachers is really a favorable symptom. The significant thing is not that the laws were not always obeyed, but that the colonial and provincial authorities made an honest attempt to enforce them, and that the outcome of their efforts was, when time was ripe, a public school system which, though not perfect, is at all events a remarkable achievement. We should regard the general tendency and the final results. We have a good many diaries kept by soldiers in the Revolutionary War. Most of these are rudely spelled and not very exact in point of grammar. They show that the rank and file were not highly educated, and they have often been cited as proof that the schools and schoolmasters of the eighteenth century were poor things. What they really prove, however, is that almost every New Englander could read and write, and this, after all, is a pretty creditable showing. When John Adams was in England in 1786, he fell in with a Virginian, Major Langbourne, who had "taken the whim of walking all over Europe, after having walked over most of America." The Major lamented "the difference of character between Virginia and New England." "I offered," writes Adams, "to give him a receipt for making a New England in Virginia. He desired it; and I recommended to him town meetings, training days, town schools, and ministers, giving him a short explanation of each article. The meeting-house and school-house and training field are the scenes where New England men were formed. Colonel Trumbull, who was present, agreed that these are the ingredients. In all countries and in all companies, for several years, I have, in conversation and in writing, enumerated the towns, militia, schools, and churches, as the four causes of the growth and defence of New England. The virtues and talents of the people are there formed; their temperance, patience, fortitude, prudence, and justice, as

⁴ *The Necessity of a Speedy and Thorough Reformation*, Boston, 1709, p. 36.

well as their sagacity, knowledge, judgment, taste, skill, ingenuity, dexterity, and industry." ⁵

Here is an uncommonly interesting bit of autobiography from the middle of the eighteenth century. The writer, Rufus Putnam, was an officer of distinction, whom Washington pronounced the best engineer on the American side in the Revolution. No one can doubt that the New England spirit finds a truer expression in the boy's struggles to learn something than in the nonchalance of his guardians.

In Sept 1747, I went to live with my Step Father, Capt John Sadler (at Upton) and continued with him untill his death (in September or october 1753)

during the six year I lived with Capt Sadler, I never Saw the inside of a School house, except about three weeks. he was very illiterate himself, and took no care for the education of his family; but this was not all I was made a ridecule of, and otherwise abused for my attention to books, and attempting to write, and learn Arethmatic, however, amidst all those discouragements I made Some advances in writing and Arethmatic, that is I could make Letters that could be under stood, and had gon as far in Arethmatic as to work the rule of three (without any teacher but the book)—Oh! my Children beware you neglect not the education of any under your care as I was neglected.—

In March 1754 I was bound apprentice to Daniel Matthews of Brokfield, to the Millw[r]ights trade; by him my education was as much neglected, as by Capt Sadler, except that he did not deny me the use of a Light for Study in the winter evenings—

I turned my attention chiefly to Arethmatic, Geography, and history; had I ben as much engaged in Learning to write well, with Spelling, and Gramer, I might have ben much better qualified to fulfill the duties of the Succeding Scenes of Life, which In providence I have ben called to pass through. I was zealous to obtain knowledge, but having no guide I knew not where to begin nor what course to pursue,—hence neglecting Spelling and gramer when young I have Suffered much through life on that account.⁶

The Constitution of Massachusetts, adopted in 1781, laid special emphasis on the duty of the Commonwealth with regard to education. In the same year the legislature passed an elaborate law providing for both elementary and grammar schools.⁷ By grammar schools, we should remember, was always meant what we now call Latin or High schools. If we compare this act of 1789 with the original law of 1647, we shall find that it is less exacting. Instead of requiring a grammar school in every town of one hundred families, it raises the limit to two hundred. This change is estimated to have released one hundred and twenty towns from an obligation under which they had lain for many years.⁸ Doubtless, however, it was as rigorous a rule as the country could bear. What had seemed possible in the compact and homogeneous Colony was no longer practicable in the growing State.

This act of 1789 brings us down to the time of the *Farmer's Almanack*.

⁵ Diary, July 21, 1786, *Works*, ed. C. F. Adams, III, 400.

⁶ *Memoirs of Rufus Putnam*, ed. by Miss Rowena Buell, Boston, 1903, pp. 9-11.

⁷ Acts of 1789, ch. xix

⁸ G. H. Martin, *The Evolution of the Massachusetts Public School System*, New York, 1894, lecture iii.

It defines the conditions which Mr. Thomas had in mind in his constant exhortations⁹ In the lower schools the master was "to teach children to read and write, and to instruct them in the English language, as well as in arithmetic, orthography, and decent behaviour" The higher schools were to be provided with "a grammar schoolmaster of good morals, well instructed in the Latin, Greek and English languages"

An idea of the impression which the schools of New England made upon a highly cultivated and philosophical foreigner may be got from a passage in Rochefoucauld's *Travels in North America* The distinguished Frenchman, who belonged to the school of Arthur Young, is speaking of Connecticut in 1795 —

There is no instance of a town or parish, remaining, negligently, without a school Many communities maintain their schools for a greater part of the year, than they are, by law, obliged to do The select men and the deputations from the communities manage the farms and other revenues of the schools

The teachers are commonly young men from the colleges, students of law or theology Their salaries are at the pleasure of the different parishes, from two to three hundred dollars Almost all those who now act a distinguished part in the political business of New England, began their careers as teachers in these schools, a situation that is accounted exceedingly honourable Sometimes, where the salary is small, women are chosen to be the teachers Even these must, in this case, be well qualified to teach reading, writing and arithmetic

Every county must have a school for Greek and Latin A fine of three dollars is exacted from parents neglecting to send their children to school The select men have authority to levy it¹⁰

No account of our schools, however brief and incidental, can ignore the Academy,—that peculiarly New England institution which has played so important a part in the social and educational life of America The smaller towns had found it impossible to support classical schools, but there was no actual falling off in the zeal for education Academies were founded, partly by bequests from public spirited citizens, partly by voluntary contributions from subscribers These multiplied exceedingly in the late eighteenth and the early nineteenth century, and many of them were subsidized by the States Most of them have gone out of existence, becoming unnecessary as wealth increased and the towns were able once more to assume the duty of maintaining high schools But the stronger institutions of the kind, which are also among the oldest, have survived and flourished They are a distinctive feature of the educational system of the whole United States. Their importance is no longer merely local, it is national.

Mr Thomas makes an amusing remark about academies in the Farmer's Calendar for December, 1808 —

Now let your boys and girls attend school Send them to the common town school, rather than to an academy Fun, frolick, and filgree are too much prac-

⁹ There was no further law until 1824 Acts of 1824 ch cxi (amending the act of 1789)

¹⁰ *Travels through the United States of North America* English translation, London, 1799, I, 530

tised at the academies for the benefit of a farmer's boy. Let them have a solid and useful education.

This should not be misunderstood. It is not an assault on the academy as an institution. It is merely a caution against sending a boy to an inappropriate school. Academies, in Mr. Thomas's opinion, were not meant for those who were to spend their lives on the farm. He was no enemy to ambition, but he wished to see it intelligently guided.

It will be noticed that Mr. Thomas mentions girls as well as boys in this last exhortation. The education of girls was neglected in the early days. In 1782 the Rev. John Eliot wrote from Boston to Jeremy Belknap, then minister at Dover, New Hampshire:—

We don't pretend to teach ye female part of ye town anything more than dancing, or a little music perhaps, (and these accomplishmt. must necessarily be confined to a very few,) except ye private schools for writing, which enables them to write a copy, sign their name, &c., which they might not be able to do without such a privilege, & with it I will venture to say that a lady is a rarity among us who can write a page of commonplace sentiment, the words being well spelt, & ye style & language kept up with purity & elegance.¹¹

Two years later Caleb Bingham opened a private school for girls, commonly said to have been the first girls' school ever known in Boston. The letter just quoted shows that this idea is not strictly correct. Yet Bingham's establishment was so far in advance of the mere writing classes which Mr. Eliot mentions that it deserves its reputation. "He taught not only writing and arithmetic, but reading, spelling, and English grammar," thus meeting precisely the needs which Mr. Eliot refers to. Bingham's successful experiment soon led the town to make some provision for the education of girls. This was in 1789, and Bingham was employed in one of these new public schools. He was the author of several text-books which rivalled those of Noah Webster in popularity. His *American Preceptor*, published in 1794, had by 1832 sold to the number of nearly six hundred and fifty thousand copies, and his *Columbian Orator*, published in 1797, to the number of more than two hundred thousand. He also prepared, for his private school, a little English grammar, *The Young Lady's Accidence*, of which a hundred thousand copies were sold by 1832. It was the first English grammar used in the schools of Boston.¹² Several other private schools for girls were established toward the end of the eighteenth century. In 1784 Dr. Jedediah Morse, the well-known geographer, opened such a school at New Haven, and in 1790 a Mr. Woodbridge, who gave himself the grandiloquent title of "the Columbus of female education," followed his example. Three years before, the Moravian brethren had founded a "female seminary" at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The opposition to any kind of higher education for women is amusingly illustrated by

¹¹ Feb 1, 1782. *Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, 6th Series, IV, 223.

¹² See G. E. Littlefield, *Early Schools and School-Books of New England*, 1904, pp. 156, 158, 229-30.

the experience of Miss Emma Willard, who opened a seminary for girls at Troy, New York, in 1821. She had previously conducted what she called a "female academy" at Waterford, in the same state. A friendly minister, who felt it his duty to mention this institution in his public prayers, styled it a "seminary," not wishing to offend his hearers by speaking of it as an "academy" or a "college." Bradford Academy, in Massachusetts, which still flourishes, was founded in 1803.¹³

But chronology is dull work. Let us revert to anecdote, and, in so doing, to the old-fashioned grammar school. The Rev. John Barnard of Marblehead (who was born at Boston in 1681), after attending the instruction of a school mistress in the town and another in the country, was sent to the Latin School in his eighth year, where he was under the tuition of "the aged, venerable, and justly famous Mr. Ezekiel Cheever," one of the most noted of New England preceptors. In his autobiography, written when he was eighty-five years old, Mr. Barnard tells a pretty little story of "an odd accident" which "drove him from the school after a few weeks":—"There was," he says, "an older lad entered the school the same week with me; we strove who should outdo; and he beat me by the help of a brother in the upper class, who stood behind master with the accidence open for him to read out off; by which means he could recite his [MS. illegible] three and four times in a forenoon, and the same in the afternoon; but I who had no such help, and was obliged to commit all to memory, could not keep pace with him; so that he would be always one lesson before me. My ambition could not bear to be outdone, and in such a fraudulent manner, and therefore I left the school."¹⁴

But he soon returned and got on very well in his studies, notwithstanding he was, as he confesses, "a very naughty boy, much given to play." At length Mr. Cheever resorted to an ingenious device. "You, Barnard," said he, "I know you can do well enough if you will; but you are so full of play that you hinder your classmates from getting their lessons; and therefore, if any of them cannot perform their duty, I shall correct you for it." "One unlucky day, one of my classmates did not look into his book, and therefore could not say his lesson, though I called upon him once and again to mind his book; upon which our master beat me. I told master the reason why he could not say his lesson was, his declaring he would beat me if any of the class were wanting in their duty; since which this boy would not look into his book, though I called upon him to mind his book, as the class could witness. The boy was pleased with my being corrected, and persisted in his neglect, for which I was still corrected, and that for several days. I thought, in justice, I ought to correct the boy, and compel him to a better temper; and therefore, after school was done, I went up to him, and told him I had been beaten several times for his neglect; and since master would not correct

¹³ See a paper on "The Early History of Schools and School-Books," by R. N. Meriam, *Collections of the Worcester Society of Antiquity*, IX, no. 27, pp. 93 f.

¹⁴ *Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, 3d Series, V, 178.

him I would, and I should do so as often as I was corrected for him; and then drubbed him heartily. The boy never came to school any more, and so that unhappy affair ended.”¹⁵

The temptation to go on with Mr. Barnard's delightful anecdotes of his boyhood is great, but must be resisted. Still, we may indulge ourselves in one more extract, which is very brief, and gives a charming picture of the little boy and the veteran schoolmaster:—

I remember once, in making a piece of Latin, my master found fault with the syntax of one word, which was not so used by me heedlessly, but designedly, and therefore I told him there was a plain grammar rule for it. He angrily replied, there was no such rule. I took the grammar and showed the rule to him. Then he smilingly said, “Thou art a brave boy; I had forgot it.” And no wonder; for he was then above eighty years old.¹⁶

Mr. Cheever was master of the Boston Latin School for nearly forty years. He died in 1708, at the age of ninety-three, and was honored with a singular poetical tribute from the pen of Benjamin Thompson, “the renowned poet of New England.”¹⁷ It bore a title prophetic of Browning, “The Grammarian's Funeral,” and was printed as a broadside.¹⁸ It begins:—

Eight Parts of *Speech* this Day wear Mourning Gowns
Declin'd *Verbs*, *Pronouns*, *Participles*, *Nouns*.
And not declined, *Adverbs* and *Conjunctions*,
In *Lillies* Porch they stand to do their functions.
With *Preposition*; but the most affection
Was still observed in the *Interjection*.

This is quaint enough, but the oddest thing about the verses is that they are announced in the broadside as having been originally “composed upon the Death of Mr. *John Woodmancy*, formerly a School-Master in *Boston*: But now Published upon the Death of the Venerable Mr. *Ezekiel Chevers*.” In other words, a second-hand elegy!

The chapter may close with a bit from the *Almanac* for 1807 (July), which will serve as a fitting epilogue to our pedagogical miscellany:—

I have more pork in my cellar, said neighbor Braggadocia, than all the Almanack makers in christendom. Fie on your larnin, and all that stuff; I wants none of your nonsense. No man shall teach me, faith. Now I forebore to dispute with this great man; for the proverb says, *you cannot make a silken purse of a sow's ear.*

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, 179-80.

¹⁶ *Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, 3d Series, V, p. 180.

¹⁷ See pp. 356 f., below.

¹⁸ Reproduced by Dr. Samuel A. Green in his *Ten Fac-Simile Reproductions*, Boston, 1902, No. III.

PROPAGANDA TECHNIQUES OF GERMAN FASCISM¹

WHAT is truly vicious," observed *The New York Times* in an editorial, September 1, 1937, "is not propaganda but a monopoly of it." This monopoly is seen most clearly in totalitarian states where all channels of communication are controlled by the government. The extent to which the propaganda machinery of a country has been brought under the control of one organization or a group of related organizations is a useful measure of the degree to which absolutism dominates it, of the extent to which democracy has been eliminated.

In democratic countries this monopoly aspect of propaganda is held in check by rivalries between competing organizations. Political, economic, educational, and religious spokesmen are able to and actually do disseminate rival propagandas. This gives those at whom the rival propagandas are directed some freedom of choice among the alternatives offered them.

The ability of individuals and organizations in democracies to enter their special viewpoints into the rivalry of propagandas is restricted chiefly by economic considerations.² In buying radio time and newspaper space, in the outright purchase of radio stations and newspapers, in securing the expert services of professional propagandists and public relations counselors, individuals and groups with large financial resources have an advantage over those with small resources. Producers of goods, for instance, have greater propaganda power than either consumers or labor.³

The power of propaganda increases as its control becomes more centralized, as the trend to monopoly increases. In democratic countries this takes place when competing propagandists resolve their differences and agree upon one propaganda. This maneuver can be seen in amalgamations or agreements within political, economic, educational, and religious groups. As various groups come to collaborate in terms of common interests, their propaganda programs tend to coincide and to increase in power. This process is stimulated by the centralization of the control of the economic structure of a country. A tendency toward a monopoly of wealth is accompanied by a corresponding tendency toward a monopoly of propaganda.

Contrasted with the relative freedom for the dissemination of propaganda in democracies is the complete or nearly complete elimination of this freedom

¹ From *Propaganda Analysis*. By permission of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, 130 Morningside Drive, New York City.

² See A. M. Lee, "Freedom of the Press: Services of a Catch Phrase," in *Studies in the Science of Society*, G. P. Murdock, editor (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1937), pp. 355-75.

³ See A. M. Lee, *The Daily Newspaper in America* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1937), chapters on "Advertising" (esp. pp. 370-3) and "Labor" (esp. pp. 152-63).

in totalitarian countries. Fascist Germany illustrates how propaganda is used both to bring a dictator into power and to aid him in maintaining that power. In Germany the propaganda which helped convince the people of the efficiency of the National Socialist⁴ solution for the country's political and economic problems was reinforced by an army of storm troops that weakened opposition through terrorism. Such methods made difficult and dangerous the promulgation of competing propagandas. The power of the Nazi propaganda was increased further by the financial support of certain business men and by the political intrigues of Colonel Franz von Papen and other officials of the Weimar Republic.

With the establishment of the National Socialist régime its monopoly of propaganda was rapidly achieved. Suppression of opposition was thorough. Every source of public information and nearly every instrument capable of affecting public opinion came under its control. Although some of the church groups were difficult to dominate, in general the National Socialist propaganda drive went forward with a thoroughness which exceeded that of World War propaganda.⁵

To understand how this monopoly of propaganda was effected, it is necessary to review the conditions under which German Fascism was established.

In Germany, as elsewhere, Fascism is the outcome of economic and political instability. It is an undemocratic means for dealing with the mass unemployment of city workers, the economic distress of the middle classes, the impoverishment of farmers, and the efforts of these groups for economic reforms. So long as democratic realities continue to exist, with freedom of speech, press, and assembly, such efforts for reform can obtain a public hearing, and various programs to relieve and prevent distress stand a chance of enactment into law. Thus, representative democracy provides a means for reconciling conflicts through the expression of opinions and propagandas for different solutions, from which an enlightened public can make its choice. In Germany this means of mitigating the abuses of the economic system was feared by influential politicians, industrialists, financiers, and great landowners. After the worldwide depression of the late 1920's these individuals and groups felt that they could maintain their status only through the abolition of representative democratic government. Their opportunity came in Adolf Hitler, master propagandist.

Had there been no depression and no unemployment in Germany, there doubtless would have been no Nazi party in control of Germany today. But the depression was more than another business crisis. It brought back vividly the hardships of the inflation period, the distress at the end of the war. It caused millions of Germans to lose faith in the ability of the Weimar

⁴ The official name of the political party which brought Fascism to Germany is the *Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei* (National Socialist German Workers' Party). For brevity's sake it is commonly referred to as the National Socialist party or by its initials, NSDAP. A short abbreviation much used in America is Nazi. As shown later, it is not actually a "socialist" or a "workers'" party.

⁵ See H. D. Lasswell, *Propaganda Technique in the World War* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927).

Republic to prevent such recurring disasters. This major crisis was utilized by Hitler to convince growing numbers of Germans, particularly in the middle classes, that the Republic offered no future, no work, no promise, no hope for themselves or for their children. The social strain created by this condition made possible an audience highly susceptible to the propaganda of demagogues and cliques of demagogues.

Sometimes a demagogue is sincere in his propaganda; usually he is confused. Typically, a demagogic clique is corrupt in whole or in part. The corrupt elements are usually successful in proportion to their astuteness and unscrupulousness. They will agitate for a fee; they will exact for their services all that the traffic will bear; they will serve or pretend to serve many interests. The extent to which Hitler and his Nazi clique were sincere, astute, or unscrupulous may never be fully known. At the critical moment the NSDAP did receive the secret financial backing of a small group of Germans who wanted a government which would abolish freedom of speech, press, and assembly; which would eliminate labor unions; and which would deal effectively with expressed opposition. Such a government was established in Germany in 1933 under the leadership of Adolf Hitler.⁶

Germany's defeat in the World War and her humiliation in the Treaty of Versailles had become less significant in the reconstruction period of the Weimar Republic; but at the end of the Twenties the world depression struck the German people another crushing blow and brought unemployment and impoverishment to increasing millions. Anger and unrest filled the land. In such a period it was natural in Germany, as anywhere, that a large section of the population would lend a favorable ear to anyone who offered himself as a savior. The Socialists and Communists attributed the depression and its consequences to the inherent weaknesses of a system of production for private profit. This they sought to replace by a system of public ownership. Their program made a rational appeal; as propaganda, however, it was much less effective than the emotionally charged propaganda of the Nazis.

The program and, more particularly, the actions of the National Socialist party have reflected the frustrations and despairs of the German workers, farmers, and middle class. Hitler's life actually epitomized and dramatized the experiences of the German people. Until his final overwhelming political victory, Hitler had known only failure. He wanted to be an artist and failed; an architect, and became a house painter; he went into the war with all possible enthusiasm and returned from it a physical wreck with no hope and

⁶ In spite of, or partly because of, the terrorism which accompanied Nazi propaganda, and because of a slight economic upturn in the autumn of 1932, public opinion began to react against Hitler. This was shown by a sharp decline in votes polled by the National Socialist party in the Reichstag election of November 6, 1932. Because the democratic realities of the Weimar Republic still permitted considerable free play of public opinion, a few of Hitler's most influential supporters decided at this juncture to urge his appointment as Chancellor. See Frederick L. Schuman, *The Nazi Dictatorship* (2nd ed., revised; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1936), chapter on "Victory by Default," for details of the victory of the National Socialists and of President von Hindenburg's appointment of Hitler as Chancellor on January 30, 1933.

no future in the country which had lost. Some excuse, some outlet, had to be found.

The middle class, one of the most politically important sections of the population, had been neglected. After the war this class in particular suffered from Germany's failure, defeat, and humiliation. It suffered from the failure of the Weimar Republic to cope effectively with the economic crisis. It distrusted communism. It feared violent change, but it wanted such change as would give a sense of security. Then came Adolf Hitler, a leader, who promised the people all that they wanted. Most Germans felt that conditions were too bad even to question how all that he offered could be achieved. The few who did raise their voices in protest or doubt were silenced by argument, by force, or by honest conviction that this new scheme, this new hope, must be tried. Everything was promised to everyone: socialism to the laborer and to the more liberal *Kleinburger*; partition of the great estates to the peasant; dissolution of trusts and economic security to the middle class citizen; salvation from communism to the upper bourgeois; and to every one elimination of the Jews, rearmament of the Reich, and "national liberation." This was the appeal of the "National Socialist German Labor Party." A mass following was the result. Power, however, could come only by persuading the industrialists, the financiers, and the feudal military caste to support the Nazi movement. Hitler united them, organized them, and won their support with his promises that they should not fear his labor-winning social program. It was understood that they could retain control behind the scenes if Hitler were left free to manage the political show.

It is difficult to estimate the support or strength of the industrialists. As in most countries many business leaders contributed to all the major parties. Despite its socialism, the growing following of the NSDAP made it a useful tool to crush Marxism, democracy, and the German labor movement. The list of industrialists and aristocratic contributors expanded rapidly between 1925 and 1933, especially after 1930. The most powerful figure⁷ was the Ruhr magnate, Chairman Fritz Thyssen of the Vereinigte Stahlwerke A.G. The importance of this financial backing, however, should not be overemphasized. So far as present records show, these men did not determine the policies of the party. Those had been decided before their support was elicited. "Socialism" was a Glittering Generality privately admitted by the party leaders. They had no plan and no intention of changing the existing economic system. Capitalism was all they knew and all they wanted. But once in power, political control dominated economic control. "Capitalism," as free enterprise, became a Glittering Generality. Virgil Jordan,⁸ president of the National Industrial Conference Board, Inc., writes:

⁷ See John T. Flynn, "The Steel Master Behind Hitler's Drive for Power," *The New York World-Telegram*, March 16, 1938 (NEA Service, Inc.). "He [Thyssen] is the man who made Hitler's regime possible and mobilizes big business in Germany behind him now."

⁸ *Economic Development of Germany under National Socialism* (New York: National Industrial Conference Board, Inc., 1937), pp. ix-xi.

. . . The National-Socialist régime has established a rigid system of planned economy. The aim of the government is to conduct the operation of the economic system in the interest of general welfare, as the government conceives it. All private interests may be sacrificed to the national interest. No difference of opinion is allowed as to what constitutes the national interest. That question is decided by the leader of the National Socialist Party, Chancellor Adolf Hitler, in consultation with party members and with the representatives of industry and trade. Economic planning was found to be impossible without putting labor and industry in a strait-jacket. The government determines the tasks that private industry must fulfil in order to promote national welfare and, through the exercise of dictatorial political power, it tries to create the conditions under which those tasks can be accomplished . . .

By fixing wage rates, hours of work, prices, profits, and interest rates, by controlling imports and subsidizing exports; by regulating expansion of plant and equipment, the supply and distribution of raw materials, and new security issues; and by spending billions of marks on public works and rearmament—the National Socialist régime has been successful in providing the available working force of the country with regular employment at a rate of wages sufficient to provide the basic necessities of life, but which does not permit an appreciable increase in the standard of living . . . Once the government embarked on the program of rearmament and economic self sufficiency, the freedom of enterprise had to be sacrificed.⁹

To win their way to power the National Socialists used all the techniques of propaganda, all the avenues for its dissemination which modern science and invention have made possible, and all the old appeals and shibboleths. Professor Schuman¹⁰ gives a vivid picture of one of the thousands of carefully planned great mass meetings: the waiting, the expectancy, the late hour when people's resistance is low, the decorations, the company of storm troopers drilling, the dramatic torchlight parade, the bands, the singing, finally the hush, a crash of drums and trumpets, the slow solemn entrance of a well disciplined procession to stirring martial music or perhaps Richard Wagner's "Entry of the Gods into Valhalla"; at the end a special bodyguard, the uniformed party leaders, and then, "the centre of all eyes, Der Führer—in his tan raincoat, hatless, smiling, and affably greeting those to right and left. A man of the people! Germany's Savior!" "Heil! Heil!" and the third "HEIL!" swells into a great ovation. Speeches, spotlights, cheers, waving of arms. The audience responds at the end with an overwhelming chorus, "Heil! Heil! Heil! Hitler!" The bands blare forth, and the multitude chants the "Horst Wessel Lied."

Vernon McKenzie,¹¹ director of the School of Journalism of the University of Washington, reports such a meeting in September, 1932, when he sat on the platform within ten feet of the Führer.

A Canadian friend who has heard Hitler speak many times expresses succinctly the power of the Leader's eloquence or demagogy, whatever you may call it.

"I could listen to Hitler talk for an hour on one side of a subject," he says, "and then if he turned around and for the next hour directly contradicted every

⁹ See also the articles by Otto D. Tolischus, Berlin correspondent of *The New York Times* for September 27, 1937.

¹⁰ *Op cit* pp 91 ff

¹¹ *Through Turbulent Years* (New York: Robert M. McBride and Company, 1938) pp 37-8

thing he had previously said, I would follow him and believe him. That is what I think of Hitler's persuasive powers! If he can get me that way, how much more can he get the German audiences?

"This evening Hitler . . . swayed that audience as I have never seen any audience swayed before or since. He did not mention Hindenburg by name, but one of his perorations went something like this:

"Certain parties are contending for the right to guide the destinies of the German people. Certain leaders . . . one of them is eighty-six; the other is forty-three. Which do you think is likely to survive to guide the destinies of our race?"

". . . He could play with that audience just as he wished. As I looked down at the sea of faces from the platform, the 30,000 in the auditorium seemed to be subjects of mass hypnotism."

The evidence of Mr. McKenzie's Canadian friend is borne out by comments of American newspaper correspondents who point out that Hitler's addresses are often unintelligible. Large numbers of his listeners apparently listen with their emotions. When their tension becomes high, they intercept the speech by emotional outbursts at seemingly inappropriate times. Here we see the force of language with or without meaning as a mold of public opinion. Only intelligent citizens skilled in analysis of propaganda and immunized against the wiles of the orator were unaffected by Hitler. Among such doubtless were editors, writers, teachers, clergymen, and others who later were to be killed, imprisoned, or forced to acquiesce in silence to a régime they disapproved.

Hitler, the master propagandist, knew that propaganda, to be effective, must be keyed to the desires, hopes, hatreds, loves, fears, and prejudices of the people; he knew that most human beings crave a scapegoat to take the blame of disaster and to bolster their own pride. The Jews were made the scapegoat. He blamed them not only for the existing unemployment and impoverishment but also for the loss of the war and the Treaty of Versailles. But the anti-Jewish propaganda had even greater value to Nazism than the mere creation of a scapegoat. Through the Jews Hitler was able to strike at anyone, Jew or non-Jew, opposed to Nazism, and to discredit any plan which aimed at the peaceful rehabilitation of Germany. Hitler's objective was to create in the minds of Germans an ugly image of "Jew." The word "Jew" was deliberately made synonymous with everything the Germans resented and hated or could be led to resent and hate. Once that was done, Nazi agitators revived or manufactured for circulation notorious forgeries, which branded all those persons as Jews who did or said anything not in accord with Nazi ideas. To attack the Dawes Plan, for example, it became necessary to label Dawes as a Jew and so, according to *Der Stürmer*, Dawes was portrayed to its readers as a full-blooded Jew, originally named Davidson. The banking house of J. P. Morgan, which acted as a house of issue for a German government loan opposed by Hitler, was promptly branded a Jewish banking house and the Morgan name given as an abridgment of the more Jewish-sounding Morgenstern. Similarly the entire French nation, whom the Nazis consider to be Germany's natural enemy, was described as a nation of Jews.

The Germans, Hitler said, were the world's greatest race, supreme in the arts of peace and unconquerable in war unless betrayed by the Jews. Thus, he was able to give to the National Socialist program the driving power of strong nationalism, coupled with the emotional appeal of racial superiority, intensified by hatred of the despised Jews. At the same time he inveighed against the great bankers, industrialists, and landowners as vigorously as did the Communists and Socialists. He proclaimed himself the savior of the farmers, the small business men, and the workers. As early as 1920 Hitler's newly created National Socialist party made promises identical with those of the Socialists and Communists. The NSDAP platform adopted in Munich, February 24, 1920, included these demands: abolition of unearned incomes, nationalization of all trusts, abolition of interest on land loans, the enactment of a law for confiscation without compensation of land for public purposes. In May, 1926, the party decided that this program was never to be changed. Two years later, April, 1928, Adolf Hitler signed a statement which in effect held invalid the phrase "confiscation without compensation." Since the National Socialists hold to the view of private property, he claimed, it was "self-evident" that this phrase referred "only to the creation of legal means whereby land which was acquired in illegal ways or which is not being administered to the best interests of the nation's welfare might be expropriated if necessary. This is directed primarily against Jewish land-speculation companies."¹² The official name of the party is a perfect example of the Glittering Generalities device—*Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei* (National Socialist German Workers Party). In Germany the great pre-Nazi program of public housing and public works and the higher living standards achieved through labor unions had given the word "socialist" favorable connotations. Hitler took full advantage of these connotations, though later his actual program drove socialists into concentration camps and abolished labor unions.

But spellbinding, emotional meetings were not the only Nazi techniques of propaganda which helped bring the party to power. With its mysterious swastika, its parades, its officers, its "Third Reich," its esoteric "wisdom," its solidarity achieved by familiar symbols and uniforms, the party was and is actually a secret society. It is elaborately organized with a women's auxiliary, children's groups, youth divisions—a place for every one. Subtle suggestions run the gamut of emotions: prestige, love, fear, security, pride, hate. Hitler himself is said to have invented the *Hakenkreuz* flag and much of the elaborate military insignia of the brown-uniformed *Sturm-Abteilung*, or storm troops organized on strictly military lines to combat other parties, and of the black-uniformed *Schutzstaffel*, originally the personal bodyguard of Hitler, now a small army of full-time, well paid mercenaries.

Promises, circuses, societies, banners, slogans, hate, fear, hope, pride—all swept the unsatisfied, discouraged Germans into the crowd on the band wagon behind the swastika. Since the advent of the National Socialists the power of

¹² Quoted by Henri Lichtenberger, *The Third Reich* (New York: The Greystone Press, 1937), p. 302.

the agencies of propaganda has been intensified and coördinated so that all avenues of communication—press, school, radio, motion picture, and even the church—must carry but one propaganda to the public mind, must express one will, one voice, one opinion. Hence the Hitler régime has, in common with other fascist countries, established a system wherein authority flows from the top down; and from the people comes blind, instant, unquestioning obedience. In the pages that follow, the propaganda which aided the National Socialists in winning support, which helps them keep the support of a majority of the people today, is analyzed under the seven common propaganda devices suggested in the November letter of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis.

Name Calling

"Name Calling" is a device to make us form a judgment without examining the evidence on which it should be based. Here the propagandist appeals to our hate and fear.

In as much as the first task of the National Socialists was to destroy simultaneously all trade unions as well as all liberal democratic institutions, it was necessary to make the people believe that these were devilish inventions, cleverly designed by malicious persons to ruin the German people. This they sought to accomplish by asserting with endless repetition that these institutions were similar in structure and mood to those of communism. They then painted communism in terms so lurid as to horrify even the skeptical. With people convinced that communism (often used by the Nazis as synonymous with the Weimar Republic) had been forced on them by a "degenerate" and "malicious" cabal of "alien enemies" to create their misery, they could then rally all good Germans around the Fuhrer, who promised to protect his people by waging relentless war on these "enemies of Germany." This picture was widely accepted and was supported by a complete mythology in which the Jews, communism, and liberalism or democracy were held to be the major evil influences from which the National Socialists saved Germany.

Prominent in this campaign is Julius Streicher's newspaper *Der Sturmer*, which, in addition to its regular anti-Semitism, has recently published *A Story Book for Young and Old Alike*, in which Jews are pilloried and "Aryan" Germans warned against them. The seventeen "folk tales" are illustrated by grotesque caricatures of alleged Semitic types with the title "A Poisonous Mushroom."¹³ Koppel S. Pinson,¹⁴ editor of the American edition of Professor Lichtenberger's *The Third Reich*, quotes from the *Berliner Tageblatt's* account of a speech by Dr. Goebbels, Minister of People's Enlightenment and Propaganda, on Tempelhof Field in Berlin, June 30, 1935:

"Does one believe that we have buttons instead of eyes not to see how certain counter movements in the capital city are once again attempting to spread out? (Applause) And how the bourgeois intellectuals once again are ready to give them

¹³ *New York Herald Tribune*, April 4, 1938.

¹⁴ Lichtenberger, *op. cit.*, p. 153.

brotherly aid with that stupid and inane phrase that the Jew is also a human being. True he is, but what kind of a human being! A flea is also an animal, yet not a very pleasing animal. We do not want the Jew any more! He has no place any longer in the German community!"

"Liberals" are classified as weak, insipid, vacillating, temporizing, and unprincipled. To be a "liberal" or to believe in the "stupid doctrine of equality" fostered by "Jewish-invented democracy" is to be a lily-livered "red." "Jewish democracy" is opposed to the "true democracy," which Hitler claims to have established.

Nazi propagandists supercharge words with feeling and emotion in order to give them greater force in Name Calling. The same supercharging is applied to the "virtue words" which they employ in the Glittering Generalities device. Many of these words derive their virtue from the immense reservoir of honesty, decency, good workmanship, good will, fine imagination, and rich emotionalism of the German people. Others are given significant new meanings.

Glittering Generalities

"Glittering Generalities" is a device by which the propagandist identifies his program with virtue by use of "virtue words." Here he appeals to our emotions of love, generosity, and brotherhood.

Much that is to the interest of those who control the régime is praised in terms of the "community good" and "comradeliness." To the same end there is considerable talk about subjecting all "narrow" and "selfish" interests to the "welfare of the community." Such words as "labor" and "sacrifice" are given additional "virtue" by ceremonials and dramatic awards.¹⁵ As was previously indicated, the virtue that the word "socialist" had come to connote in Germany was the reason for its inclusion in the official name of the National Socialist party. Many Germans who believed in socialism were thus led to vote for a party whose leadership was committed to destroy socialism.

The most sweeping generality is that conveyed by the word *Volks* (folk or people). The *Volks*, after purging itself of Jewish blood, is to return to the true Germanic tradition of the Middle Ages. To lend authority to this theory a "biological mythology" has had to be invented, and is now proclaimed by professors appointed to university chairs for that purpose. Thus, we see the Card Stacking and Testimonial devices used to strengthen an application of the Glittering Generalities device. The régime utilizes the word "science" to sanction practices, policies, beliefs, and races which it wants approved. By "science" it obtains approval for the destruction of all opposition and of all "Marxist liberal culture."

Other generalities are effective in appealing to special groups. The farmers have been heartened to endure the poor return from their toil by a whole magnificat, written on the theme of *Blut und Boden* (blood and soil). They

¹⁵ This is one of the many examples of how two or more of the common propaganda devices can be used in combination. Here the Glittering Generalities device is combined with the Band Wagon and Transfer devices.

are told that they are of the "glorious peasant state," and each householder is given the honored title of *Bauer*. (The translation of this word, "peasant" or "farmer," does not convey the same connotation which the original does to National Socialist Germany, where the meaning is more that of a "creative builder.") The title is secured to the *Bauer* if he can prove freedom from Jewish blood after January 1, 1800. "*Bauer* honor" ties him to the land and prevents him from changing his occupation or residence. By way of compensation he has the "honor" of having his name placed on an "Estate Roll," which entitles him to use special insignia—something like a coat of arms.

The flattery, the insignia, and the verbal consolations offered to workers on the land have their parallels in those offered to industrial laborers. Nazi propagandists praise the "dignity of labor" and organize festivals in its honor. Labor, they assert, is filled with a new spirit; and to guard this spirit is the task, or mission, of *Die Treuhänder der Arbeit* (the trustees of labor). These "trustees" are government officials in the organizations controlled by the National Socialist party. It is their duty to see that labor disputes do not arise, or, having arisen, are settled as totalitarian expediency may determine.

Particularly important in any totalitarian state is the *Gleichschaltung* or coördination of all the activities of the people. The German Labor Front, administered from the Central Office in Berlin by Dr. Robert Ley, staff leader of the political organization of the party, has fourteen sections. These, according to the National Industrial Conference Board,¹⁶ "deal with practically every aspect of economic and social life of German labor." The Department of *Kraft durch Freude* or "Strength through Joy"¹⁷ is designed to employ all of the laborer's leisure activities and to see that in these his "spirit" is coördinated with the "common" good. This makes it possible to check the way he spends his leisure hours and to prevent his developing and expressing opposition to the régime.

As pointed out above, by using such Glittering Generalities as "national honor" and "public interest" the National Socialists sought to justify the *Gleichschaltung* of industry described thus by the National Industrial Conference Board:¹⁸

The state can dismiss the owner of an enterprise from the position of leadership, if his behavior offends against social honor. For the same reason, it can deprive an employee of the position which he occupies. The state can prohibit investment of capital in certain industries if their growth is not desirable and if capital is more urgently needed in some other branch of the national economy. The state can determine the amount of profits that can be paid out and control the employment of the amount retained as surplus. The state determines the amount of raw materials placed at the disposal of the various industries and individual enterprises. In the final analysis, the state fixes prices, wages, rates of interest, and the volume and distribution of credit.

¹⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 20.

¹⁷ See Robert A. Brady, *The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism* (New York: The Viking Press, 1937), pp. 149-157.

¹⁸ *Op. cit.*, p. 32. See also Calvin B. Hoover, *Dictators and Democracies* (New York: The MacMillan Company, 1937), Essay on "Dictatorship and Property."

Glittering Generalities are given additional power through the deliberate exploitation and perversion of humane feelings and impulses. This technique, much used by the warring nations in the World War, has made it possible for German Fascists to make the German people serve ends which, in the absence of force or fraud, would not have been respected or tolerated. Examples of such perversion utilize the Transfer device.

Transfer

"Transfer" is a device by which the propagandist carries over the authority, sanction, and prestige of something we respect and revere to something he would have us accept.

Something approaching deification of Chancellor Hitler is an outstanding example of this device. Nazi propagandists seek to establish him as a quasi-divinity and to transfer to him the religious feelings of the German people; then to transfer from him the "divine" sanction of the policies, practices, beliefs, and hatreds which he espouses. Some party spokesmen and supporters refer to Hitler in terms like those applied to Christ. However, the pressure exerted to force the acceptance of the Führer as a modern savior has been resisted by those church leaders who have recognized in the Nazi movement a conflict with Christianity, a conflict admitted by the more outspoken National Socialists. Despite this opposition Nazi leaders have had great success in capturing religious feeling and in establishing Hitler as a divinity embodying the traditions of the old German folklore. The Evangelical Church Letter¹⁹ submitted to Chancellor Hitler in June, 1936, makes these observations:

In this connection we must make known to the Führer and Chancellor our uneasiness over the fact that he is often revered in form that is due to God alone. It is only a few years ago that the Führer himself disapproved of his picture being placed on Evangelical altars. His judgment is taken to be the standard unrestrainedly today not only in political decisions, but also in regard to morality and justice in our people, and he himself is vested with the dignity of the national priest, and even of the mediator between God and the people.

(N.B.: Dr. Goebbels on April 19, 1936: "When the Führer addressed his last appeal to the people of March 28, it was as if a profound agitation went through the whole nation; one felt that Germany was transformed into one single House of God, in which its intercessor stood before the throne of the Almighty to bear witness. . . . It seemed to us that this cry to heaven of a people for freedom and peace could not die away unheard. That was religion in its profoundest and most mystical sense. A nation then acknowledged God through its spokesman, and laid its destiny and its life with full confidence in His hand." See also Goring's speeches.)

Pope Pius XI²⁰ in his encyclical on Germany, March 14, 1937, stressed the same point when he wrote:

¹⁹ *International Conciliation*, (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, No. 324), November, 1936, p. 567

²⁰ Reprinted in Lichtenberger, *op cit*, p. 348.

Beware, Venerable Brethren, of the growing abuse in speech and writing, of using the thrice holy name of God as a meaningless label for a more or less capricious form of human search and longing.

When members of the Roman Catholic Church and of the Protestant churches are not sufficiently influenced by the attempt to transfer their allegiance from the church beliefs which they have held to the beliefs "co-ordinated" with those of the state, more direct means of persuasion are used. Of these the Pope²¹ wrote:

Among the spokesmen there are many who, by reason of their official position, seek to create the impression that leaving the Church, and the disloyalty to Christ the King which it entails, is a particularly convincing and meritorious form of profession of loyalty to the present State. With cloaked and with manifest methods of coercion, by intimidation, by holding out the prospect of economic, professional, civic and other advantages, the loyalty of Catholics and especially of certain classes of Catholic officials to their faith is put under a pressure that is as unlawful as it is unworthy of human beings. All Our fatherly sympathy and deepest condolence We offer to those who pay so high a price for their fidelity to Christ and the Church.

Baldur von Schirach, Nazi youth leader, wrote for the youth of Germany this prayer:²²

"Adolf Hitler, we believe in Thee. Without Thee we would be alone. Through Thee we are a people. Thou hast given us the great experience of our youth, comradeship. Thou hast laid upon us the task, the duty, and the responsibility. Thou hast given us Thy Name [Hitler Jugend], the most beloved Name that Germany has ever possessed. We speak it with reverence, we bear it with faith and loyalty. Thou canst depend upon us, Adolf Hitler, Leader and Standard-Bearer. The Youth is Thy Name. Thy Name is the Youth. Thou and the young millions can never be sundered."

Effective in transferring the sanction of the Almighty to his program are Hitler's public prayers. For example, in his address to the Reichstag, February 20, 1938,²³ in which the Nazi aggression against Austria, Czechoslovakia and other nations was forecast, Hitler used this device to give his acts divine approval in advance. He closed that address with these words:

At this hour I should only like to pray the Lord God also in years to come to bestow his blessing upon our work, our acts, our insight and our resolution to preserve us from overbearing as well as cowardly subservience, guiding us on the right path which His providence mapped out for the German people and that He always will give us the courage to do what is right and never waver or shrink before any violence or any danger. Long live Germany and the German nation.

That the attempt to give divine sanction to Hitler and the Nazis has been successful is attested by a petition presented to the Chancellor by the chaplains of the armed forces in the autumn of 1937.²⁴ From it these excerpts are taken:

²¹ *Ibid.*, p. 353.

²² Brady, *op cit.*, pp. 196-7

²³ *The New York Herald Tribune*, February 21, 1938.

²⁴ *The New York Times*, November 28, 1937.

The one half believes enthusiastically everything that is officially announced; the other half holds that it is all a lie. . . . The repeated promises that the rights of the church would be recognized and that full liberty would be given to it to regulate its own affairs have not been forgotten . . . The State and the party combat today not only the churches, let alone merely political activities of the churches. They combat Christianity. This fact is repeatedly denied. It is true nevertheless. . . . In the training camps of the party it is repeatedly explained that National Socialism has three enemies: Judaism, Masonry and Christianity. Public acceptance of Christianity is regarded, when a new position is to be filled, as a tie that unfits the candidate for service to the State or the party. . . . Of the 18,000 Protestant pastors in Germany approximately 1,300 have been in prison or under police arrest since 1934. That the pastor should be arrested has become a routine affair for Protestant parishes. . . . The type of men who have become famous by combating Christianity and who employ all their power to defile other men's holy things will display when matters become really serious their moral worthlessness. A keen observer can already see the signs Bolshevism will easily find followers among some of those who today shout "Heil Hitler!"

The prestige and authority of God are used to sanction the National Socialist party, its foreign policy of military expansion,²⁵ and its domestic policy of bending to its will labor, agriculture, business, and all ideals, including those of Christianity.

Attempts are made to divert the attention of the industrial worker from the declining purchasing power of his labor and from the facts of his exploitation by transferring the feelings aroused in his breast by songs, processions, and rituals to a sense of pride in the "dignity of labor."²⁶ The prestige, sanction, and authority of previous traditions of labor solidarity are transferred to the politically controlled labor organizations of the National Socialists, who have taken over the ritual and symbolism built up by the pre-Nazi labor unions and by the Social Democrats. May Day has been made the "Day of National Labor." All the "virtue" of the German *Volks* is transferred to labor. Workers are "honored" and "ennobled" with the "spiritual values" of the German *Volks*. This virtue is symbolized by the swastika, which here is the "symbol of German creative power."²⁷

Love of the home and motherhood are similarly exploited to encourage women to accept the form of living which the National Socialist program requires of them. Children are made responsive to military ideals by transferring to these ideals the child's love of adventure. The peasant's love of the land is stimulated and transferred to an acceptance of his place in the present régime by such pronouncements as this:²⁸

²⁵ Note Hitler's reference in his speech at Linz, Upper Austria (*The New York Times*, March 13, 1938), to the taking of Austria as a "divine commission" and this quotation from his Vienna speech (*ibid.*, April 10, 1938) "I believe it was God's will to send this Austrian boy to the Reich and to permit him to return as a mature man to reunite the two great sections of the German people

"Within three days the Lord struck the former rulers of this country. Everything that has happened must have been pre-ordained by Divine Will."

²⁶ Albert Forster, in *Kalender der deutschen Arbeit* (Berlin Verlag der deutschen Arbeitsfront, 1934), p. 195

²⁷ Rolf Dreves, in *Kalender*, *op cit*, p. 57

²⁸ Kurt Biging, in *Kalender*, *op cit*, p. 138.

The peasant, sticking to his soil, tilling all the time, knows what it means to own the ground. There is a higher value besides the one registered in the Hall of Records. Men of the big cities, the heaps of stones, of the fountain pen, of the ledger, of the sewing needle . . . do not know any more what Mother Earth should mean to them.

For children the Transfer device most frequently employed is the symbol of the Nazi hero—especially in his rôle of soldier. Manliness is identified with the glory of the party and is used as a means of encouraging in German boys an attitude of superiority toward women and a belief in the doctrines of militarism and anti-Semitism. Words and symbols appertaining to war have been endowed with a glorious sense to make war appear heroic and thrilling. Little children know and give the Hitler salute. Toy soldiers, tanks, machine guns, and simplified battle instructions abound everywhere—symbols to transfer sanction to the later use of real tanks and machine guns. During special “children’s evenings” boys and girls read books like *Horst Wants to Be a Soldier*, *A Child Goes to War*, *The Battle of Tannenberg*, and *Two Lads in the Navy*.²⁹ Problems in some arithmetic books deal with such questions as the quantity of gas bombs that would be necessary, if dropped from an altitude of ten thousand feet, to destroy a town of five thousand inhabitants.

Testimonial

The “Testimonial” is a device to make us accept anything from a patent medicine or a cigarette to a program of national policy.

From the fact that “the Fuhrer knows the goal and knows the direction,” it follows that his is the supreme testimonial. No authority and no judgment which does not follow from or accord with his can be right. No specialist knows better than he, no recommendation can be better than his. He can deny even the authority of science. Only the conclusions of “German science” as approved by the Fuhrer may be accepted. When the conclusions of science do not accord with his wishes, as in genetics, a new science has to be invented (Card Stacking); its prestige then has to be established by his testimonial.³⁰ So also with the arts. Only that art which is approved by the Fuhrer and his subordinates as German art may be accepted by the German people.³¹ So also does he decree how men and women shall live their lives. The kind of life which has the Fuhrer’s approval is that which is surrendered to the state. In this Hitler is the arbiter; his approval is the supreme testimonial.

By the same leadership principle the attempted deification of Hitler is used to justify all actions at the top of the National Socialist pyramid. Delegation of power down through the party hierarchy is made to justify the actions of

²⁹ cf. Ralph Thurston, “Under the Nazi Christmas Tree,” *The New Republic*, December 25, 1935, pp. 193-4. See also Schuman, *op. cit.*, pp. 370-374.

³⁰ See Brady, *op. cit.*, “The New Nazi Sciences,” pp. 46-52.

³¹ See Olin Downes in *The New York Times*, April 3, 1938. “. . . It remains a fact that an absolute dictatorship of the sort now practiced in such extensive areas of the world overseas [Germany, Italy, and Russia] is nothing but destructive to creative thought in any field.”

every "leader." There are no elections in the democratic sense of the word and no free discussions. "Leaders" hold office indefinitely and at the discretion of their immediate superiors.

Plain Folks

"Plain Folks" is a device used by politicians, labor leaders, business men, and even by ministers and educators to win our confidence by appearing to be people like ourselves—"just plain folks among the neighbors."

At the same time that the Fuhrer is canonized, an attempt is made to transform him into a "man of the people." In this, the propagandists are greatly assisted by his habits; for he affects ordinary clothes, wears no medals other than his simple Iron Cross, eats plain food and that sparingly, and leads a quiet, secluded life. He is pictured as a man of the people meeting plain folks in their ordinary walks of life, enjoying with them their simple work and pleasures. But as previously indicated, Hitler wields an almost hypnotic power over an audience as he rushes excitedly through a speech. The simplest peasant and the most untutored servant girl feel that he is talking directly to them. As he speaks, they seem to relive with him his terrible war experiences and his poverty-stricken post-war days. Just as one of the most powerful appeals of the figure of Christ for the poor of all ages is his lowly origin and his expressions of sympathy for humble people, so the National Socialists attempt to capitalize on Hitler's early career. Jesus, a carpenter, is the Messiah of the Christian world; Hitler, a house painter, is the savior of Germany. However, to judge by what Hitler has written in his book, *Mein Kampf*, he appears to have little sympathy but much contempt for the broad masses. Miriam Beard⁸² says:

He [Hitler] will not be squeamish about his methods: "Whenever people fight for their existence all questions of humanity or esthetics fall away to nothing." Mercy is a vain illusion, he informs us on page 267 of the original, cut from the translation, "in a world . . . in which Force is forever mistress over the weak" and in which "Nature does not know" it.

The real sting is taken from his [Hitler's] remarks on labor. His intention to "free economic life from the influences of the mass" is omitted.

In this case, as in that of the other propaganda devices discussed in this paper, the element of misrepresentation of fact is considerable, although it is not always predominant. The device which plays the most important part in National Socialist propaganda is, therefore, "stacking the cards" for or against beliefs or facts which the National Socialists wish either to encourage or to suppress.

Card Stacking

"Card Stacking" is a device in which the propagandist employs all the arts of deception to win our support for himself, his group, nation, race, policy, practice,

⁸² "Hitler Unexpurgated: Deletions from 'Mein Kampf,'" in *Nazism: An Assault on Civilization*, Pierre van Paassen, editor (New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, 1934), pp. 268, 272.

belief, or ideal. He stacks the cards against the truth. He uses under-emphasis and over-emphasis to dodge issues and evade facts.

The misrepresentation of facts works in two ways. On the one hand there is a rigorously enforced censorship, backed by an elaborate spy system and the constant threat of concentration camps. By this means the régime can suppress facts, prevent discussion and expression of discontent and opposition. This largely accounts for the fact that many visitors on returning from Germany report that they heard no expression of discontent. On the other hand the régime has freedom to give publicity to falsehoods. Hitler³³ approves such publicity in *Mein Kampf* (deleted from the English translation) which he writes:

"Propaganda . . . does not have to seek objectively for the truth so far as it favors an opponent . . . but exclusively has to serve our interests." It must adopt every device of slander that ingenuity can suggest: "whenever our propaganda permits for a single moment the shimmer of an appearance of right on the other side, it has laid a foundation for doubt in the right of our cause . . . especially among a people that so suffers from objectivity-mania as the German!"

The Reichstag fire³⁴ on February 27, 1933, one week before the last free election in the Weimar Republic, affords an example of effective Card Stacking. The records of the trial following the fire establish clearly that the firing was planned and executed with finesse, that Communists were immediately accused of the act, that preparations had been made for the arrest of Communists before the fire-calls had been sounded, and that the evidence submitted by the National Socialists against the accused Communists did not stand in court. But none of the significant facts behind the fire was submitted, although foreign observers were convinced that both the National Socialists and the court knew what they were. The falsity of the charge that the Communists burned the Reichstag buildings was never told the German people.

Similar Card Stacking techniques were utilized at the Olympic Games in Berlin and at the fifth centenary anniversary of Heidelberg University. In connection with the latter the celebrations were taken out of the hands of the regular university authorities. The foreign scholars who attended witnessed a series of National Socialist political speeches, storm troop parades, and demonstrations intended to show the German people that the scientific and educational world approved of the Nazi system. Nothing was said of the fact that the leading universities of the world, including three of the oldest—Paris, Oxford, and Cambridge—declined to attend. Nor was any publicity given to the letters sent by these universities, in which they declined the invitations and deplored the loss of academic freedom in the country which gave *Lehrfreiheit* to the world.

The spirit of the Reichstag trial and the Heidelberg celebration is reflected

³³ Quoted by Beard, *op. cit.*, p. 269.

³⁴ See Schuman, *op. cit.*, "The Sign from Heaven," pp. 201-212.

in the announcements of foreign policy from Wilhelmstrasse. Treaties and pronouncements are often regarded as instruments useful to placate, appease, or even deceive other governments. After categorical denials of German interference in Spain, official recognition was given Franco, and Hitler made the statement that German troops were in Spain not only to "protect" her from "communism" but also to keep open for Germany access to ores and other raw materials.

In line with this policy is the destruction of books and papers which contain what the Japanese call "dangerous thoughts." Public and private libraries, book stores, offices, and reference files are searched for "red," "communist," "Jewish" literature—literature which includes the works of Helen Keller, Émile Zola, Marcel Proust, H. G. Wells, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Arnold Zweig, Albert Einstein, Jacob Wassermann, along with Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. Such books feed great fires in public squares throughout the country. Quotations from some of these works are taken out of their context and presented to the public as examples of how these authors have been "poisoning the community" with "filth" and "lies."

Even long accepted classics are not immune. In a letter³⁵ to the *Neue Tagebuch* (Prague, Czechoslovakia, April 24, 1937) Dr. Emil Ludwig recounted his abortive attempt to purchase a copy of the only complete edition of *Goethe's Conversations* edited by Baron von Biedermann. The reply which his Zurich bookstore received from Leipzig read, "Biedermann Gespräche mit Goethe destroyed." When he learned that the Third Reich was preparing a new and purged "Selection" of this famous German classic, Dr. Ludwig wrote: "Here are a few examples why *Goethe's Conversations* need to be purged for use in present-day Germany.

"They are Prussians, my friend, so beware! Prussians always claim to know everything better than anyone else."—To Gruner, 1822.

"Patriotism depraves history. Jews, Greeks, and Romans depraved their own history and the history of other peoples by not telling it impartially. The Germans do it, too, with their own history and that of other nations."—To Riemer, 1817.

"He was infuriated by Wurm's efforts to make the Jews an object of ridicule on the stage, and he said, 'It is despicable to pillory a nation which possesses such remarkable talents in art and science. As long as I am in charge of the theatre, this type of play will never be produced.'"—Biedermann Edition, Vol. II, p. 385.

Miriam Beard³⁶ has shown how the English edition of *Mein Kampf* was purged of remarks which might offend foreigners. Eliminated are the more vitriolic attacks on France and democratic institutions, many of the eulogies of the Germans as a "master race," the more scurrilous references to Jews and to the "stupid masses," and the more blatant advocacy of militarism, force, violence, and war. Hitler says, for example in words deleted from the translation,³⁷ that he adopted Feder's anti-usury cry for its drawing power,

³⁵ Translated by Marvin Lowenthal in a letter to *The New York Times*, July 12, 1937.

³⁶ *Op. cit.*, pp. 257-279.

³⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 268.

with no intention of keeping his promise, since a great politician "has to bother himself less with means than with the goal."

An analysis of parallel news reports in German and foreign papers offers examples of the effective use of Card Stacking by a controlled press. For instance, during the trial of Pastor Niemoeller the only news carried by the German papers was a brief attack upon him as one who advocated a policy of love to Jews and traitors and preached from the Old Testament. His release by the court was announced but his rearrest by the secret police was not. Convictions of Roman Catholics for "immoral practices" were published; acquittals were "played down." Although the Minister for Church Affairs, Herr Hans Kerrl, announced that more than 8,000 Catholic religious leaders were or had been under arrest, he did not publish the fact that only about forty-nine had been convicted of immoral actions. Similarly, many crimes of individual Jews are publicized, but no publicity is given to ways in which German Jews have served their country. No intimation, for example, is made of the fact that 12,000 Jews died for Germany in the World War; or that, despite official discouragement, approximately the same proportion of Jews as of Gentiles served in the German army and navy.³⁸

In addition to influencing the German people in the direction desired by the dictator, the falsehoods inherent in Card Stacking arouse hatreds which have the effect of rallying the people against the supposed enemy or peril.

Band Wagon

The "Band Wagon" is a device to make us follow the crowd, to accept the propagandist's program *en masse*. Here his theme is: "Everybody's doing it." His techniques range from those of medicine show to dramatic spectacle.

One of the great unifying principles adopted by the National Socialists is that of hate. Among the passages deleted from the English version of *Mein Kampf*, Hitler has written:³⁹

"Hate is more lasting than dislike, and the thrusting power for the mightiest upheavals on this earth has at all times come less from scientific recognition than from a fanaticism that fills the souls of the masses and in a forward-driving hysteria" (*vorwärtsjagenden Hysterie*).

In accordance with this principle Jews, communists, liberals, and democrats, became objects of hatred and scapegoats which could be made to suffer for the people's distress. Unity is further encouraged by patriotic demonstrations. Typical in these are gigantic crowds of people, massed ranks of uniformed troops, bands playing patriotic and martial airs, voices declaiming from a hundred mechanical mouths, ecstatic marchers carrying flickering torches,

³⁸ For a summary of statistics relating to the number and positions of Jews in Germany, see Schuman, *op cit*, pp 316-8, and Mildred Wertheimer, "The Jews in the Third Reich," *Foreign Policy Association Reports*, IX (1933), pp. 174-184. According to German census figures in 1925, professing Judaism constituted 0.9 per cent of the total population of 62,410,619.

³⁹ Beard, *op cit*, p. 267.

their resinous smoke blending into the darkness, flags and swastikas everywhere. This is the National Socialist equivalent of "bread and circuses." To bring all Germans upon the National Socialist band wagon, the party propagandists play continuously upon the common fears, hatreds, prejudices, aspirations and traditions. All propaganda devices culminate in this one. Not to get on the German fascist band wagon is the gravest heresy, tantamount to treason. This largely accounts for reports of nearly 100 percent "Yes" votes in all Nazi plebiscites.

To What End All This Propaganda?

Prophecies are hazardous. We do not know the future of German Fascism. When Hitler wrote his book, *Mein Kampf*, he stated as objectives so many goals which since have been attained that the book often is called the blueprint of German Fascism. Hitler has written: "A State which . . . devotedly fosters its best racial elements is bound one day to become Master of the Earth (*Herr der Erde*)."⁴⁰

Preparation for war is today the major activity of the National Socialists. Hitler's program for expansion is as impressive as the Berlin-to-Bagdad objective of the former Kaiser. If expansion can be obtained without fighting, as in the case of Austria, by mere threat of military attack with acquiescence, support or approval of politicians, statesmen, and groups in other states, there will be no war—simply the peaceful yielding to German Fascist occupation or domination. Lands so occupied or dominated probably would experience almost immediately five major phenomena characteristic of Fascism in Germany itself:

1. The destruction of labor unions.
2. The destruction of "free enterprise" to bring business under the absolute control of the Fuhrer.
3. The destruction of "free enterprise" in agriculture.
4. The destruction or silencing of members of the intellectual class—editors, professors, teachers, clergymen and others who by reason of native gifts, training, education, and experience are among the best equipped to analyze and appraise the policies and acts of the Fuhrer and the hierarchy of Nazi officials.
5. A monopoly of propaganda, accompanied by coercion, to keep all the people subservient to the authoritarian will.

Preceding such occupation or domination one may expect subversive or open propaganda to make the people receptive to Fascism. This will have the support of those groups and individuals, including high public officials, who expect advantages from German Fascism. In this connection, however, a word of warning: We must guard against assuming that German Fascism or any other variety of Fascism arises from propaganda alone. German Fascism came into being not primarily because of Hitler's masterful skill as a propagandist but because conditions of unemployment, impoverishment,

⁴⁰ Quoted by Beard, *op. cit.*, p. 258.

despair, anger, and resentment were such in Germany that any person or group offering salvation in terms sufficiently appealing could have influenced profoundly the political and economic decisions of the German people. Hitler was sufficiently appealing. With the financial support of certain individuals and the intrigues and incompetencies of men like von Papen and Hindenburg, Fascism became a reality.

It was a combination of economic breakdown, governmental weakness, and propaganda which made pre-Nazi Germany ready for Fascism. A similar combination could bring Fascism elsewhere.

Propaganda has no meaning and hence no effectiveness except in terms of life conditions of people—their needs, fears, hatreds, loves, aspirations, prejudices, and traditions. These affect propaganda as much as propaganda affects people.⁴¹ National Socialist propaganda was based on the hatreds, fears, aspirations, and traditions of the German people. That explains its success—that, together with the fact that most of the German people and doubtless many of the Nazi propagandists themselves were unable to analyze, evaluate, and appraise the Nazi propaganda and its possible consequences. Whether Hitler or his fellow Nazis were sincere or insincere, racketeers or honest men, is not a matter of prime importance. What is of importance is that they won to their cause honest, earnest men and women who in their turn became zealous and effective propagandists for National Socialism. These men and women knew well the despairs and aspirations of millions of Germans. Their sincerity, strengthened by those aspirations, made them powerful propagandists for German Fascism. Such a one was Pastor Martin Niemöller who, after his war service, came back to a Fatherland torn by class strife and proletarian revolt. With the same zeal that led him to fight for his country as a captain of a German submarine, Niemöller joined the National Socialists in 1924 to fight for a better Germany. Into his work with and for the National Socialist Party he put his patriotism, sincerity, and fervor. There must have been thousands like Pastor Niemöller, honest earnest men whom people knew, trusted, and followed. Some of them, like Niemöller, came to see that National Socialism (German Fascism) actually was destructive of the Germany of their hopes and aspirations; therefore, they broke with the Nazis at the risk of liberty and life. Others, not yet so disillusioned, continue to accept and promulgate German Fascism with sincerity and fervor. These are the really effective propagandists. Great and small, they are leaders of opinion in their communities. Because they are honest and respected, their influence is great. If, like Pastor Niemöller, they come to see in German Fascism the destruction of the Germany of their aspirations, the more courageous of them may fight as zealously against Fascism as once they fought for it. The process of such disillusionment may be slow or negligible because the régime has a monopoly of propaganda.

Meanwhile, German Fascist propaganda may be expected increasingly to penetrate other lands: in some countries, such as Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and

⁴¹ See William Graham Sumner, *Folkways*, chap. 1.

Roumania, as preparation for Anschluss; elsewhere as a means of obtaining open or tacit approval of such German Fascist expansion. Card Stacking must be used constantly by the National Socialists to prevent Germans and the rest of the world from knowing significant facts about German Fascism. In this connection note the proposal by Dr. Otto Dietrich,⁴² Reich Press Chief, for press non-aggression pacts, providing for governmental control of printed and spoken words in all nations negotiating such treaties with Germany. Dean Carl W. Ackerman,⁴³ of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, recently voiced the implications under Dr. Dietrich's proposal:

Every member of the Congress of the United States, of every state legislature, all mayors and members of city or town councils, all leaders of religious, educational, labor and business groups, all public speakers and writers, would have to submit any proposed public reference to Germany, or to German officials . . . to an official censor in Washington before it could be spoken or printed.

Once the German Fascists obtain power over another nation, we may expect that pressure will be exerted, as in the case of Austria, to bring the press and all channels of communication under totalitarian control, and to silence all critics. In order to save their lives and positions some editors, writers, clergymen, teachers, business men, farmers, and others who might be adversely critical will yield to pressure. By so doing they will become part of the totalitarian propaganda system—will lend themselves to its purposes either by silence or by outspoken approval. Particularly strong will be the pressure to silence teachers and clergymen. Courageous educators will be removed⁴⁴ from their teaching posts and forthright clergymen and priests from their pulpits. For one Pastor Niemoeller, imprisoned for his opposition, there will be others like Bishop Muller ready to accept position and prestige as a reward. For one Cardinal Faulhaber, who in Munich at great personal risk refused to accept the German Fascist concept, there will be others like Cardinal Innitzer of Austria, who urged all Austrian Roman Catholics to accept the Nazi régime.⁴⁵ Some church leaders and some churches may yield to the régime or compromise differences in formal agreements. We may then expect them to join the National Socialists in their crusade against Judaism, communism, liberalism, and democracy. If this happens, we may expect to see an increasing use of the Transfer Device whereby such church groups give their sanction and authority to justify the expanding program of the German Fascists and their allies.

⁴² See *The New York Times*, March 8, 1938

⁴³ Reported in *The New York Herald Tribune*, March 21, 1938.

⁴⁴ See *The New York Times*, March 28, 1938, for an account of Edward Y. Hartshorne's study of the effect of the Nazi dictatorship on German education, in which he shows that of the 1,684 professors who have been dismissed by the National Socialists almost 900 were released for being Jewish, Catholic, or "politically unreliable" and more than 700 others were dismissed for no known cause.

⁴⁵ Cf. *The New York Times*, March 29, 1938, and *The New York Sun*, March 28, 1938.

SUGGESTED READINGS

The foregoing analysis of National Socialist propaganda can do little more than suggest the techniques used in bringing about and maintaining German Fascism. For those who wish detailed accounts to make clearer the day-to-day developments in the European situation, caused by the National Socialist program of expansion, the following books are suggested:

Adolf Hitler's autobiography, *Mein Kampf* (Munich: Verlag Franz Eher Nachfolger, 1933), was begun when he was thirty-five while imprisoned in the fortress of Landsberg am Lech following the abortive *Putsch* of November, 1923. It contains his program and political theories. An English edition, considerably abridged, translated by E. T. S. Dugdale, has been published under the title of *My Battle* (New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1937. Pp. viii + 297. \$2.50).

Robert A. Brady's *The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism* (New York: The Viking Press, 1937. Pp. xix + 420. \$3.00) gives a vivid picture of conditions in Germany under the National Socialists.

Frederick L. Schuman's *The Nazi Dictatorship* (2nd ed., revised; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1936. Pp. xiii + 516. \$3.50) presents a clear account of the early history and propaganda of the Nazis.

Henri Lichtenberger's *The Third Reich*, translated from the French and edited by Koppel S. Pinson (New York: The Greystone Press, 1937. Pp. xi + 392. \$3.00) reviews objectively the functioning of National Socialism. The appendix, containing material not readily available, and the excellent bibliography are particularly valuable.

Stephen H. Roberts' *The House that Hitler Built* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1938. Pp. xii + 380. \$3.00) is a dispassionate judgment of the Hitler régime. The author, an Australian, devotes much attention to the army.

Vaso Trivanovitch's *Economic Development of Germany under National Socialism* (New York: National Industrial Conference Board, Inc., 1937. Pp. xvii + 141. \$3.50) contains valuable material on such subjects as the organization and the economic position of labor and industry, foreign trade, and public finance.

Five Years of Hitler (New York: American Council on Public Affairs, 1938. Pp. 46. 15c) sets forth in headline form an account of what has happened in National Socialist Germany. The editor is M. B. Schnapper; the contributors are Frederick L. Schuman, Henry Smith Leiper, Robert A. Brady, Alice Hamilton, Charles A. Beard, and H. C. Engelbrecht.

Calvin B. Hoover's *Dictators and Democracies* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1937. Pp. xi + 110. \$1.50), while not devoted solely to National Socialism, is an interpretation of developments in Germany, Italy, and Soviet Russia as illustrations of totalitarian states.

Mildred S. Wertheimer's *Germany Under Hitler* (New York: Foreign Policy Association and World Peace Foundation, 1935. Pp. 48. 25c) gives a brief, concise account of the rise of Hitler to power and of his first two years as Chancellor of the German Reich.

The New York Times, *New York Herald Tribune*, and *Christian Science Monitor* have carried particularly significant day-by-day accounts which reveal all of the common propaganda devices used by the German Fascists. These newspapers should be followed for contemporary evaluation of Nazi propaganda.

The American Observer, a weekly review of social thought and action (Civic Education Service, 744 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C., \$2.00 a year), is convenient for those who lack the time to follow the day-by-day accounts in the better daily newspapers.

Vienna: March, 1938—A Footnote for Historians is "a verbatim record of the Austrian crisis, exactly as it came to CBS listeners." Free single copies may be secured by addressing the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SHORT STORIES

The Tell-Tale Heart, <i>by Edgar Allan Poe</i>	413
A Lodging for the Night, <i>by Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	417
The Outcasts of Poker Flat, <i>by Bret Harte</i>	431
The Garden Party, <i>by Katherine Mansfield</i>	438
Young Man Axelbrod, <i>by Sinclair Lewis</i>	450
Drought, <i>by Phil Stong</i>	461
I Can't Breathe, <i>by Ring Lardner</i>	470
The End of Something, <i>by Ernest Hemingway</i>	478
Night Club, <i>by Katharine Brush</i>	482
Paul's Case, <i>by Willa Cather</i>	491
The Disinherited, <i>by Joe Pagano</i>	506
The Devil and Daniel Webster, <i>by Stephen Vincent Benét</i>	516

SHORT STORIES

A story tells what did happen or what might have happened. What did happen is history. What might have happened is fiction. Biography and autobiography, aspects of history, narrate the occurrences in the lives of actual people. Strachey tells what actually happened to an historical person, Florence Nightingale. Poe, in *The Tell-Tale Heart*, tells what might have happened, by the laws of probability and necessity, to a mentally unbalanced person in an imagined situation. Stevenson, in *A Lodging for the Night*, tells what might have happened to an historical character in an imagined situation.

A fictitious story may be just as true, in the sense of "true to life," as an historical story. When we say "Truth is stranger than fiction," we can only mean that actual occurrences may be strange—nay, incredible. But fiction must be true to life as we know it or as we accept it. It must be probable. Even the fabulous must be true to our notions of the fabulous.

The term, short story, has come to be applied to a brief piece of fiction. Brevity distinguishes the short story from the novel. Because it is brief the short story necessarily has a sharper focus on one episode, one moment in time, one character, one mood than has a novel. An artistically written short story is just long enough to get itself told—no longer.

We are all so much in the habit of reading magazine stories for entertainment that this habit may stand in the way of our studying stories as forms of literary art. The stories in this collection will furnish entertainment even to the unsophisticated reader, but they will yield even more enjoyment to the reader who reflects upon them and devotes some thought to the artistic problems the authors have set themselves to solve.

The stories have been selected, not as the "best" in modern English and American literature, nor as representative of the best known names. They have been chosen to present as great a variety of literary experience as possible within the space allowed by the scope of the book. Here the reader will find a variety of themes: revenge, love, adventure, social thesis, satire, the supernatural, romance, realism, humor, tragedy. He will find a wide spread, from the conventional well constructed and carefully plotted story, through impressionism to stream of consciousness. He will find a great variety of literary method and the use of various angles of narration: first person story by principal actor, detached third person story with omniscient viewpoint, third person story from the angle of one of the characters, diary.

But the experience of reading the stories is more valuable than that of theorizing. Read a story first and then think about the questions raised in the study material. Then reread the story. A second reading will show you much that you missed on your first reading.

SHORT STORIES

THE TELL-TALE HEART

by Edgar Allan Poe

TRUE!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am! but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to tell how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! Yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work!

I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha!—would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was

impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I *felt* the extent of my own powers—of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out: "Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening;—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or grief—oh no!—it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself: "It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he has been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. *All in vain*; because Death, in approaching him, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard—to *feel* the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length, a

single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out the crevice and full upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray, as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now—have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew *that* sound well too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror *must* have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even *his*—could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood-spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart—for what had I *now* to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect

suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night: suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled—for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My *manner* had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct:—it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definitiveness—until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

No doubt I now grew *very* pale;—but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a *low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh, God; what *could* I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—*louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected—they *knew!*—they were making a *mockery* of my horror!—this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! *louder!*—

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks!—here, here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!”

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT¹

by Robert Louis Stevenson

IT was late in November, 1456. The snow fell over Paris with rigorous, relentless persistence; sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; sometimes there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable. To poor people, looking up under moist eyebrows, it seemed a wonder where it all came from. Master Francis Villon had propounded an alternative that afternoon, at a tavern window: was it only Pagan Jupiter plucking geese upon Olympus? or were the holy angels moulting? He was only a poor Master of Arts, he went on; and as the question somewhat touched upon divinity, he durst not venture to conclude. A silly old priest from Montargis, who was among the company, treated the young rascal to a bottle of wine in honour of the jest and grimaces with which it was accompanied, and swore on his own white beard that he had been just such another irreverent dog when he was Villon's age.

The air was raw and pointed, but not far below freezing; and the flakes were large, damp, and adhesive. The whole city was sheeted up. An army might have marched from end to end and not a footfall given the alarm. If there were any belated birds in heaven, they saw the island like a large white patch, and the bridges like slim white spars, on the black ground of the river. High up overhead the snow settled among the tracery of the cathedral towers. Many a niche was drifted full; many a statue wore a long white bonnet on its grotesque or sainted head. The gargoyles had been transformed into great false noses, drooping towards the point. The crockets were like upright pillows swollen on one side. In the intervals of the wind, there was a dull sound of dripping about the precincts of the church.

The cemetery of St. John had taken its own share of the snow. All the graves were decently covered; tall white housetops stood around in grave array; worthy burghers were long ago in bed, benightcapped like their domiciles; there was no light in all the neighbourhood but a little peep from a lamp that hung swinging in the church choir, and tossed the shadows to and fro in time to its oscillations. The clock was hard on ten when the patrol went by with halberds and a lantern, beating their hands; and they saw nothing suspicious about the cemetery of St. John.

Yet there was a small house, backed up against the cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose, in the snoring district. There was not much to betray it from without; only a stream of warm vapour from the chimney-top, a patch where the snow melted on the roof, and a few half-

¹ From *New Arabian Nights*. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1887.

obliterated footprints at the door. But within, behind the shuttered windows, Master Francis Villon the poet, and some of the thievish crew with whom he consorted, were keeping the night alive and passing round the bottle.

A great pile of living embers diffused a strong and ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth. His dilated shadow cut the room in half; and the firelight only escaped on either side of his broad person, and in a little pool between his outspread feet. His face had the beery, bruised appearance of the continual drinker's; it was covered with a network of congested veins, purple in ordinary circumstances, but now pale violet, for even with his back to the fire the cold pinched him on the other side. His cowl had half fallen back, and made a strange excrescence on either side of his bull neck. So he straddled, grumbling, and cut the room in half with the shadow of his portly frame.

On the right, Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment; Villon making a ballade which he was to call the "Ballade of Roast Fish," and Tabary spluttering admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He carried his four-and-twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomime. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips: he had become a thief, just as he might have become the most decent of burgesses, by the imperious chance that rules the lives of human geese and human donkeys.

At the monk's other hand, Montigny and Thevenin Pensete played a game of chance. About the first there clung some flavour of good birth and training, as about a fallen angel; something long, lithe, and courtly in the person; something aquiline and darkling in the face. Thevenin, poor soul, was in great feather: he had done a good stroke of knavery that afternoon in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and all night he had been gaining from Montigny. A flat smile illuminated his face; his bald head shone rosily in a garland of red curls; his little protuberant stomach shook with silent chucklings as he swept in his gains.

"Doubles or quits?" said Thevenin.

Montigny nodded grimly.

"*Some may prefer to dine in state,*" wrote Villon, "On bread and cheese on silver plate. Or, or—help me out, Guido!"

Tabary giggled.

"*Or parsley on a golden dish,*" scribbled the poet.

The wind was freshening without; it drove the snow before it, and sometimes raised its voice in a victorious whoop, and made sepulchral grumblings in the chimney. The cold was growing sharper as the night went on. Villon,

protruding his lips, imitated the gust with something between a whistle and a groan. It was an eerie, uncomfortable talent of the poet's, much detested by the Picardy monk.

"Can't you hear it rattle in the gibbet?" said Villon. "They are all dancing the devil's jig on nothing, up there. You may dance, my gallants, you'll be none the warmer! Whew! what a gust! Down went somebody just now! A medlar the fewer on the three-legged medlar-tree!—I say, Dom Nicolas, it'll be cold to-night on the St. Denis Road?" he asked.

Dom Nicolas winked both his big eyes, and seemed to choke upon his Adam's apple. Montfaucon, the great grisly Paris gibbet, stood hard by the St. Denis Road, and the pleasantry touched him on the raw. As for Tabary, he laughed immoderately over the medlars; he had never heard anything more light-hearted; and he held his sides and crowed. Villon fetched him a fillip on the nose, which turned his mirth into an attack of coughing.

"Oh, stop that row," said Villon, "and think of rhymes to 'fish.'"

"Doubles or quits," said Montigny doggedly.

"With all my heart," quoth Thevenin.

"Is there any more in that bottle?" asked the monk.

"Open another," said Villon. "How do you ever hope to fill that big hogshead, your body, with little things like bottles? And how do you expect to get to heaven? How many angels, do you fancy, can be spared to carry up a single monk from Picardy? Or do you think yourself another Elias—and they'll send the coach for you?"

"*Homibus impossibile*," replied the monk as he filled his glass.

Tabary was in ecstasies.

Villon filliped his nose again.

"Laugh at my jokes, if you like," he said.

"It was very good," objected Tabary.

Villon made a face at him. "Think of rhymes to 'fish,'" he said. "What have you to do with Latin? You'll wish you knew none of it at the great assizes, when the devil calls for Guido Tabary, clericus—the devil with the hump-back and red-hot finger-nails. Talking of the devil," he added in a whisper, "look at Montigny!"

All three peered covertly at the gamester. He did not seem to be enjoying his luck. His mouth was a little to a side; one nostril nearly shut, and the other much inflated. The black dog was on his back, as people say, in terrifying nursery metaphor; and he breathed hard under the gruesome burthen.

"He looks as if he could knife him," whispered Tabary, with round eyes.

The monk shuddered, and turned his face and spread his open hands to the red embers. It was the cold that thus affected Dom Nicolas, and not any excess of moral sensibility.

"Come now," said Villon—"about this ballade. How does it run so far?" And beating time with his hand, he read it aloud to Tabary.

They were interrupted at the fourth rhyme by a brief and fatal movement among the gamesters. The round was completed, and Thevenin was just

opening his mouth to claim another victory, when Montigny leaped up, swift as an adder, and stabbed him to the heart. The blow took effect before he had time to utter a cry, before he had time to move. A tremor or two convulsed his frame; his hands opened and shut, his heels rattled on the floor; then his head rolled backward over one shoulder with the eyes wide open; and Thevenin Pensete's spirit had returned to Him who made it.

Every one sprang to his feet; but the business was over in two twos. The four living fellows looked at each other in rather a ghastly fashion; the dead man contemplating a corner of the roof with a singular and ugly leer.

"My God!" said Tabary; and he began to pray in Latin.

Villon broke out into hysterical laughter. He came a step forward and ducked a ridiculous bow at Thevenin, and laughed still louder. Then he sat down suddenly, all of a heap, upon a stool, and continued laughing bitterly, as though he would shake himself to pieces.

Montigny recovered his composure first.

"Let's see what he has about him," he remarked, and he picked the dead man's pockets with a practised hand, and divided the money into four equal portions on the table. "There's for you," he said.

The monk received his share with a deep sigh, and a single stealthy glance at the dead Thevenin, who was beginning to sink into himself and topple sideways off the chair.

"We're all in for it," cried Villon, swallowing his mirth. "It's a hanging job for every man jack of us that's here—not to speak of those who aren't." He made a shocking gesture in the air with his raised right hand, and put out his tongue and threw his head on one side, so as to counterfeit the appearance of one who has been hanged. Then he pocketed his share of the spoil, and executed a shuffle with his feet as if to restore the circulation.

Tabary was the last to help himself; he made a dash at the money, and retired to the other end of the apartment.

Montigny stuck Thevenin upright in the chair, and drew out the dagger, which was followed by a jet of blood.

"You fellows had better be moving," he said, as he wiped the blade on his victim's doublet.

"I think we had," returned Villon, with a gulp. "Damn his fat head!" he broke out. "It sticks in my throat like phlegm. What right has a man to have red hair when he is dead?" And he fell all of a heap again upon the stool, and fairly covered his face with his hands.

Montigny and Dom Nicolas laughed aloud, even Tabary feebly chiming in.

"Cry baby," said the monk.

"I always said he was a woman," added Montigny, with a sneer. "Sit up, can't you?" he went on, giving another shake to the murdered body. "Tread out that fire, Nick!"

But Nick was better employed; he was quietly taking Villon's purse, as the poet sat, limp and trembling, on the stool where he had been making a ballade not three minutes before. Montigny and Tabary dumbly demanded a

share of the booty, which the monk silently promised as he passed the little bag into the bosom of his gown. In many ways an artistic nature unfits a man for practical existence.

No sooner had the theft been accomplished than Villon shook himself, jumped to his feet, and began helping to scatter and extinguish the embers. Meanwhile Montigny opened the door and cautiously peered into the street. The coast was clear; there was no meddlesome patrol in sight. Still it was judged wiser to slip out severally; and as Villon was himself in a hurry to escape from the neighbourhood of the dead Thevenin, and the rest were in a still greater hurry to get rid of him before he should discover the loss of his money, he was the first by general consent to issue forth into the street.

The wind had triumphed and swept all the clouds from heaven. Only a few vapours, as thin as moonlight, fledged rapidly across the stars. It was bitter cold; and by a common optical effect, things seemed almost more definite than in the broadest daylight. The sleeping city was absolutely still; a company of white hoods, a field full of little alps, below the twinkling stars. Villon cursed his fortune. Would it were still snowing! Now, wherever the glittering streets; wherever he went he was still tethered to the house by the cemetery of St. John; wherever he went he must weave, with his own plodding feet, the rope that bound him to the crime and would bind him to the gallows. The leer of the dead man came back to him with a new significance. He snapped his fingers as if to pluck up his own spirits, and choosing a street at random, stepped boldly forward in the snow.

Two things preoccupied him as he went: the aspect of the gallows at Montfaucon in this bright, windy phase of the night's existence, for one; and for another, the look of the dead man with his bald head and garland of red curls. Both struck cold upon his heart, and he kept quickening his pace as if he could escape from unpleasant thoughts by mere fleetness of foot. Sometimes he looked back over his shoulder with a sudden nervous jerk; but he was the only moving thing in the white streets, except when the wind swooped round a corner and threw up the snow, which was beginning to freeze, in spouts of glittering dust.

Suddenly he saw, a long way before him, a black clump and a couple of lanterns. The clump was in motion, and the lanterns swung as though carried by men walking. It was a patrol. And though it was merely crossing his line of march he judged it wiser to get out of eyeshot as speedily as he could. He was not in the humour to be challenged, and he was conscious of making a very conspicuous mark upon the snow. Just on his left hand there stood a great hotel, with some turrets and a large porch before the door; it was half ruinous, he remembered, and had long stood empty; and so he made three steps of it, and jumped into the shelter of the porch. It was pretty dark inside, after the glimmer of the snowy streets, and he was groping forward with outspread hands, when he stumbled over some substance which offered an indescribable mixture of resistances, hard and soft, firm and loose. His heart gave a leap, and he sprang two steps back and stared dreadfully at the obstacle.

Then he gave a little laugh of relief. It was only a woman, and she dead. He knelt beside her to make sure upon this latter point. She was freezing cold, and rigid like a stick. A little ragged finery fluttered in the wind about her hair, and her cheeks had been heavily rouged that same afternoon. Her pockets were quite empty; but in her stocking, underneath the garter, Villon found two of the small coins that went by the name of whites. It was little enough; but it was always something; and the poet was moved with a deep sense of pathos that she should have died before she had spent her money. That seemed to him a dark and pitiable mystery; and he looked from the coins in his hand to the dead woman, and back again to the coins, shaking his head over the riddle of man's life. Henry V. of England, dying at Vincennes just after he had conquered France, and this poor jade cut off by a cold draught in a great man's doorway, before she had time to spend her couple of whites—it seemed a cruel way to carry on the world. Two whites would have taken such a little while to squander; and yet it would have been one more good taste in the mouth, one more smack of the lips, before the devil got the soul, and the body was left to birds and vermin. He would like to use all his tallow before the light was blown out and the lantern broken.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he was feeling, half mechanically, for his purse. Suddenly his heart stopped beating; a feeling of cold scales passed up the back of his legs, and a cold blow seemed to fall upon his scalp. He stood petrified for a moment; then he felt again with one feverish movement; and then his loss burst upon him, and he was covered at once with perspiration. To spendthrifts money is so living and actual—it is such a thin veil between them and their pleasures! There is only one limit to their fortune—that of time; and a spendthrift with only a few crowns is the Emperor of Rome until they are spent. For such a person to lose his money is to suffer the most shocking reverse, and fall from heaven to hell, from all to nothing, in a breath. And all the more if he has put his head in the halter for it; if he may be hanged to-morrow for that same purse, so dearly earned, so foolishly departed! Villon stood and cursed; he threw the two whites into the street; he shook his fist at heaven; he stamped, and was not horrified to find himself trampling the poor corpse. Then he began rapidly to retrace his steps towards the house beside the cemetery. He had forgotten all fear of the patrol, which was long gone by at any rate, and had no idea but that of his lost purse. It was in vain that he looked right and left upon the snow: nothing was to be seen. He had not dropped it in the streets. Had it fallen in the house? He would have liked dearly to go in and see; but the idea of the grisly occupant unmanned him. And he saw besides, as he drew near, that their efforts to put out the fire had been unsuccessful; on the contrary, it had broken into a blaze, and a changeful light played in the chinks of door and window, and revived his terror for the authorities and Paris gibbet.

He returned to the hotel with the porch, and groped about upon the snow for the money he had thrown away in his childish passion. But he could only

find one white; the other had probably struck sideways and sunk deeply in. With a single white in his pocket, all his projects for a rousing night in some wild tavern vanished utterly away. And it was not only pleasure that fled laughing from his grasp; positive discomfort, positive pain, attacked him as he stood ruefully before the porch. His perspiration had dried upon him; and although the wind had now fallen, a binding frost was setting in stronger with every hour, and he felt benumbed and sick at heart. What was to be done? Late as was the hour, improbable as was success, he would try the house of his adopted father, the chaplain of St. Benoît.

He ran there all the way, and knocked timidly. There was no answer. He knocked again and again, taking heart with every stroke; and at last steps were heard approaching from within. A barred wicket fell open in the iron-studded door, and emitted a gush of yellow light.

"Hold up your face to the wicket," said the chaplain from within.

"It's only me," whimpered Villon.

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" returned the chaplain; and he cursed him with foul unpriestly oaths for disturbing him at such an hour, and bade him be off to hell, where he came from.

"My hands are blue to the wrist," pleaded Villon; "my feet are dead and full of twinges; my nose aches with the sharp air; the cold lies at my heart. I may be dead before morning. Only this once, father, and before God, I will never ask again!"

"You should have come earlier," said the ecclesiastic coolly. "Young men require a lesson now and then." He shut the wicket and retired deliberately into the interior of the house.

Villon was beside himself; he beat upon the door with his hands and feet, and shouted hoarsely after the chaplain.

"Wormy old fox!" he cried. "If I had my hand under your twist, I would send you flying headlong into the bottomless pit."

A door shut in the interior, faintly audible to the poet down long passages. He passed his hand over his mouth with an oath. And then the humour of the situation struck him, and he laughed and looked lightly up to heaven, where the stars seemed to be winking over his discomfiture.

What was to be done? It looked very like a night in the frosty streets. The idea of the dead woman popped into his imagination, and gave him a hearty fright; what had happened to her in the early night might very well happen to him before morning. And he so young! and with such immense possibilities of disorderly amusement before him! He felt quite pathetic over the notion of his own fate, as if it had been some one else's, and made a little imaginative vignette of the scene in the morning when they should find his body.

He passed all his chances under review, turning the white between his thumb and forefinger. Unfortunately he was on bad terms with some old friends who would once have taken pity on him in such a plight. He had lampooned them in verses; he had beaten and cheated them; and yet now,

when he was in so close a pinch, he thought there was at least one who might perhaps relent. It was a chance. It was worth trying at least, and he would go and see.

On the way, two little accidents happened to him which coloured his musings in a very different manner. For, first, he fell in with the track of a patrol, and walked in it for some hundred yards, although it lay out of his direction. And this spirited him up; at least he had confused his trail; for he was still possessed with the idea of people tracking him all about Paris over the snow, and collaring him next morning before he was awake. The other matter affected him quite differently. He passed a street corner, where, not so long before, a woman and her child had been devoured by wolves. This was just the kind of weather, he reflected, when wolves might take it into their heads to enter Paris again; and a lone man in these deserted streets would run the chance of something worse than a mere scare. He stopped and looked upon the place with an unpleasant interest—it was a centre where several lanes intersected each other; and he looked down them all, one after another, and held his breath to listen, lest he should detect some galloping black things on the snow or hear the sound of howling between him and the river. He remembered his mother telling him the story and pointing out the spot, while he was yet a child. His mother! If he only knew where she lived, he might make sure at least of shelter. He determined he would inquire upon the morrow; nay, he would go and see her too, poor old girl! So thinking, he arrived at his destination—his last hope for the night.

The house was quite dark, like its neighbours; and yet after a few taps, he heard a movement overhead, a door opening, and a cautious voice asking who was there. The poet named himself in a loud whisper, and waited, not without some trepidation, the result. Nor had he to wait long. A window was suddenly opened, and a pailful of slops splashed down upon the doorstep. Villon had not been unprepared for something of the sort, and had put himself as much in shelter as the nature of the porch admitted; but for all that, he was deplorably drenched below the waist. His hose began to freeze almost at once. Death from cold and exposure stared him in the face; he remembered he was of phthisical tendency, and began coughing tentatively. But the gravity of the danger steadied his nerves. He stopped a few hundred yards from the door where he had been so rudely used, and reflected with his finger to his nose. He could only see one way of getting a lodging, and that was to take it. He had noticed a house not far away, which looked as if it might be easily broken into, and thither he betook himself promptly, entertaining himself on the way with the idea of a room still hot, with a table still loaded with the remains of supper, where he might pass the rest of the black hours and whence he should issue, on the morrow, with an armful of valuable plate. He even considered on what viands and what wines he should prefer; and as he was calling the roll of his favourite dainties, roast fish presented itself to his mind with an odd mixture of amusement and horror.

"I shall never finish that ballade," he thought to himself; and then, with

another shudder at the recollection, "Oh, damn his fat head!" he repeated fervently, and spat upon the snow.

The house in question looked dark at first sight; but as Villon made a preliminary inspection in search of the handiest point of attack, a little twinkle of light caught his eye from behind a curtained window.

"The devil!" he thought. "People awake! Some student or some saint, confound the crew! Can't they get drunk and lie in bed snoring like their neighbours? What's the good of curfew, and poor devils of bell-ringers jumping at a rope's end in bell-towers? What's the use of day, if people sit up all night? The gripes to them!" He grinned as he saw where his logic was leading him. "Every man to his business, after all," added he, "and if they're awake, by the Lord, I may come by a supper honestly for once, and cheat the devil."

He went boldly to the door and knocked with an assured hand. On both previous occasions, he had knocked timidly and with some dread of attracting notice; but now when he had just discarded the thought of a burglarious entry, knocking at a door seemed a mighty simple and innocent proceeding. The sound of his blows echoed through the house with thin, phantasmal reverberations, as though it were quite empty; but these had scarcely died away before a measured tread drew near, a couple of bolts were withdrawn, and one wing was opened broadly, as though no guile or fear of guile were known to those within. A tall figure of a man, muscular and spare, but a little bent, confronted Villon. The head was massive in bulk, but finely sculptured; the nose blunt at the bottom, but refining upward to where it joined a pair of strong and honest eyebrows; the mouth and eyes surrounded with delicate markings, and the whole face based upon a thick white beard, boldly and squarely trimmed. Seen as it was by the light of a flickering hand-lamp, it looked perhaps nobler than it had a right to do; but it was a fine face, honourable rather than intelligent, strong, simple, and righteous.

"You knock late, sir," said the old man in resonant, courteous tones.

Villon cringed and brought up many servile words of apology; at a crisis of this sort the beggar was uppermost in him, and the man of genius hid his head with confusion.

"You are cold," repeated the old man, "and hungry? Well, step in." And he ordered him into the house with a noble enough gesture.

"Some great seigneur," thought Villon, as his host, setting down the lamp on the flagged pavement of the entry, shot the bolts once more into their places.

"You will pardon me if I go in front," he said, when this was done; and he preceded the poet up-stairs into a large apartment, warmed with a pan of charcoal and lit by a great lamp hanging from the roof. It was very bare of furniture: only some gold plate on a sideboard; some folios; and a stand of armour between the windows. Some smart tapestry hung upon the walls, representing the crucifixion of our Lord in one piece, and in another a scene of shepherds and shepherdesses by a running stream. Over the chimney was a shield of arms.

"Will you seat yourself," said the old man, "and forgive me if I leave you? I am alone in my house to-night, and if you are to eat I must forage for you myself."

No sooner was his host gone than Villon leaped from the chair on which he had just seated himself, and began examining the room, with the stealth and passion of a cat. He weighed the gold flagons in his hand, opened all the folios, and investigated the arms upon the shield, and the stuff with which the seats were lined. He raised the window curtains, and saw that the windows were set with rich stained glass in figures, so far as he could see, of martial import. Then he stood in the middle of the room, drew a long breath, and retaining it with puffed cheeks, looked round and round him, turning on his heels, as if to impress every feature of the apartment on his memory.

"Seven pieces of plate," he said. "If there had been ten, I would have risked it. A fine house, and a fine old master, so help me all the saints!"

And just then, hearing the old man's tread returning along the corridor, he stole back to his chair, and began humbly toasting his wet legs before the charcoal pan.

His entertainer had a plate of meat in one hand and a jug of wine in the other. He set down the plate upon the table, motioning Villon to draw in his chair, and going to the sideboard, brought back two goblets which he filled.

"I drink your better fortune," he said, gravely touching Villon's cup with his own.

"To our better acquaintance," said the poet, growing bold. A mere man of the people would have been awed by the courtesy of the old seigneur, but Villon was hardened in that matter; he had made mirth for great lords before now, and found them as black rascals as himself. And so he devoted himself to the viands with a ravenous gusto, while the old man, leaning backward, watched him with steady, curious eyes.

"You have blood on your shoulder, my man," he said.

Montigny must have laid his wet right hand upon him as he left the house. He cursed Montigny in his heart.

"It was none of my shedding," he stammered.

"I had not supposed so," returned his host quietly. "A brawl?"

"Well, something of that sort," Villon admitted with a quaver.

"Perhaps a fellow murdered?"

"Oh, no, not murdered," said the poet, more and more confused. "It was all fair play—murdered by accident. I had no hand in it, God strike me dead!" he added fervently.

"One rogue the fewer, I dare say," observed the master of the house.

"You may dare to say that," agreed Villon, infinitely relieved. "As big a rogue as there is between here and Jerusalem. He turned up his toes like a lamb. But it was a nasty thing to look at. I dare say you've seen dead men in your time, my lord?" he added, glancing at the armour.

"Many," said the old man. "I have followed the wars, as you imagine."

Villon laid down his knife and fork, which he had just taken up again.

"Were any of them bald?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, and with hair as white as mine."

"I don't think I should mind the white so much," said Villon. "His was red." And he had a return of his shuddering and tendency to laughter, which he drowned with a great draught of wine. "I'm a little put out when I think of it," he went on. "I knew him—damn him! And then the cold gives a man fancies—or the fancies give a man cold, I don't know which."

"Have you any money?" asked the old man.

"I have one white," returned the poet, laughing. "I got it out of a dead jade's stocking in a porch. She was as dead as Cæsar, poor wench, and as cold as a church, with bits of ribbon sticking in her hair. This is a hard world in winter for wolves and wenches and poor rogues like me."

"I," said the old man, "am Enguerrand de la Feuillée, seigneur de Brisetout, bailly du Patatrac. Who and what may you be?"

Villon rose and made a suitable reverence. "I am called Francis Villon," he said, "a poor Master of Arts of this university. I know some Latin, and a deal of vice. I can make chansons, ballades, lais, virelais, and roundels, and I am very fond of wine. I was born in a garret, and I shall not improbably die upon the gallows. I may add, my lord, that from this night forward I am your lordship's very obsequious servant to command."

"No servant of mine," said the knight; "my guest for this evening, and no more."

"A very grateful guest," said Villon politely, and he drank in dumb show to his entertainer.

"You are shrewd," began the old man, tapping his forehead, "very shrewd; you have learning; you are a clerk; and yet you take a small piece of money off a dead woman in the street. Is it not a kind of theft?"

"It is a kind of theft much practised in the wars, my lord."

"The wars are the field of honour," returned the old man proudly. "There a man plays his life upon the cast; he fights in the name of his lord the king, his Lord God, and all their lordships the holy saints and angels."

"Put it," said Villon, "that I were really a thief, should I not play my life also, and against heavier odds?"

"For gain but not for honour."

"Gain?" repeated Villon with a shrug. "Gain! The poor fellow wants supper, and takes it. So does the soldier in a campaign. Why, what are all these requisitions we hear so much about? If they are not gain to those who take them, they are loss enough to the others. The men-at-arms drink by a good fire, while the burgher bites his nails to buy them wine and wood. I have seen a good many ploughmen swinging on trees about the country; ay, I have seen thirty on one elm, and a very poor figure they made; and when I asked some one how all these came to be hanged, I was told it was because they could not scrape together enough crowns to satisfy the men-at-arms."

"These things are a necessity of war, which the low-born must endure with constancy. It is true that some captains drive overhard; there are spirits in

every rank not easily moved by pity; and indeed many follow arms who are no better than brigands."

"You see," said the poet, "you cannot separate the soldier from the brigand; and what is a thief but an isolated brigand with circumspect manners? I steal a couple of mutton chops, without so much as disturbing people's sleep; the farmer grumbles a bit, but sups none the less wholesomely on what remains. You come up blowing gloriously on a trumpet, take away the whole sheep, and beat the farmer pitifully into the bargain. I have no trumpet; I am only Tom, Dick, or Harry; I am a rogue and a dog, and hanging's too good for me—with all my heart; but just ask the farmer which of us he prefers, just find out which of us he lies awake to curse on cold nights."

"Look at us two," said his lordship. "I am old, strong, and honoured. If I were turned from my house to-morrow, hundreds would be proud to shelter me. Poor people would go out and pass the night in the streets with their children, if I merely hinted that I wished to be alone. And I find you up, wandering homeless, and picking farthings off dead women by the wayside! I fear no man and nothing; I have seen you tremble and lose countenance at a word. I wait God's summons contentedly in my own house, or, if it please the king to call me out again, upon the field of battle. You look for the gallows; a rough, swift death, without hope or honour. Is there no difference between these two?"

"As far as to the moon," Villon acquiesced. "But if I had been born lord of Brisetout, and you had been the poor scholar Francis, would the difference have been any the less? Should not I have been warming my knees at this charcoal pan, and would not you have been groping for farthings in the snow? Should not I have been the soldier, and you the thief?"

"A thief?" cried the old man. "I a thief! If you understood your words, you would repent them."

Villon turned out his hands with a gesture of inimitable impudence. "If your lordship had done me the honour to follow my argument!" he said.

"I do you too much honour in submitting to your presence," said the knight. "Learn to curb your tongue when you speak with old and honourable men, or some one hastier than I may reprove you in a sharper fashion." And he rose and paced the lower end of the apartment, struggling with anger and antipathy. Villon surreptitiously refilled his cup, and settled himself more comfortably in the chair, crossing his knees and leaning his head upon one hand and the elbow against the back of the chair. He was now replete and warm; and he was in nowise frightened for his host, having gauged him as justly as was possible between two such different characters. The night was far spent, and in a very comfortable fashion after all; and he felt morally certain of a safe departure on the morrow.

"Tell me one thing," said the old man, pausing in his walk. "Are you really a thief?"

"I claim the sacred rights of hospitality," returned the poet. "My lord. I am."

"You are very young," the knight continued.

"I should never have been so old," replied Villon, showing his fingers, "if I had not helped myself with these ten talents. They have been my nursing mothers and my nursing fathers."

"You may still repent and change."

"I repent daily," said the poet. "There are few people more given to repentance than poor Francis. As for change, let somebody change my circumstances. A man must continue to eat, if it were only that he may continue to repent."

"The change must begin in the heart," returned the old man solemnly.

"My dear lord," answered Villon, "do you really fancy that I steal for pleasure? I hate stealing, like any other piece of work or of danger. My teeth chatter when I see a gallows. But I must eat, I must drink, I must mix in society of some sort. What the devil! Man is not a solitary animal—*Cui Deus fœminam tradit*. Make me king's pantler—make me abbot of St. Denis; make me bailly of the Patatrac; and then I shall be changed indeed. But as long as you leave me the poor scholar Francis Villon, without a farthing, why, of course, I remain the same."

"The grace of God is all-powerful."

"I should be a heretic to question it," said Francis. "It has made you lord of Brisetout and bailly of the Patatrac; it has given me nothing but the quick wits under my hat and these ten toes upon my hands. May I help myself to wine? I thank you respectfully. By God's grace, you have a very superior vintage."

The lord of Brisetout walked to and fro with his hands behind his back. Perhaps he was not yet quite settled in his mind about the parallel between thieves and soldiers; perhaps Villon had interested him by some cross-thread of sympathy; perhaps his wits were simply muddled by so much unfamiliar reasoning; but whatever the cause, he somehow yearned to convert the young man to a better way of thinking, and could not make up his mind to drive him forth again into the street.

"There is something more than I can understand in this," he said at length. "Your mouth is full of subtleties, and the devil has led you very far astray; but the devil is only a very weak spirit before God's truth, and all his subtleties vanish at a word of true honour, like darkness at morning. Listen to me once more. I learned long ago that a gentleman should live chivalrously and lovingly to God, and the king, and his lady; and though I have seen many strange things done, I have still striven to command my ways upon that rule. It is not only written in all noble histories, but in every man's heart, if he will take care to read. You speak of food and wine, and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure; but you do not speak of other wants; you say nothing of honour, of faith to God and other men, of courtesy, of love without reproach. It may be that I am not very wise—and yet I think I am—but you seem to me like one who has lost his way and made a great error in life. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring toothache on the Judgment Day. For such things as honour and love and faith are not

only nobler than food and drink, but indeed I think we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence. I speak to you as I think you will most easily understand me. Are you not, while careful to fill your belly, disregarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched?"

Villon was sensibly nettled under all this sermonising. "You think I have no sense of honour!" he cried. "I'm poor enough, God knows! It's hard to see rich people with their gloves, and you blowing in your hands. An empty belly is a bitter thing, although you speak so lightly of it. If you had had as many as I, perhaps you would change your tune. Anyway I'm a thief—make the most of that—but I'm not a devil from hell, God strike me dead. I would have you to know I've an honour of my own, as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long, as if it was a God's miracle to have any. It seems quite natural to me; I keep it in its box till it's wanted. Why now, look you here, how long have I been in this room with you? Did you not tell me you were alone in the house? Look at your gold plate! You're strong, if you like, but you're old and unarmed, and I have my knife. What did I want but a jerk of the elbow and here would have been you with the cold steel in your bowels, and there would have been me, linking in the streets, with an armful of golden cups! Did you suppose I hadn't wit enough to see that? And I scorned the action. There are your damned goblets, as safe as in a church; there are you, with your heart ticking as good as new; and here am I, ready to go out again as poor as I came in, with my one white that you threw in my teeth! And you think I have no sense of honour—God strike me dead!"

The old man stretched out his right arm. "I will tell you what you are," he said. "You are a rogue, my man, an impudent and black-hearted rogue and vagabond. I have passed an hour with you. Oh! believe me, I feel myself disgraced! And you have eaten and drunk at my table. But now I am sick at your presence; the day has come, and the night-bird should be off to his roost. Will you go before, or after?"

"Which you please," returned the poet, rising. "I believe you to be strictly honourable." He thoughtfully emptied his cup. "I wish I could add you were intelligent," he went on, knocking on his head with his knuckles. "Age! age! the brains stiff and rheumatic."

The old man preceded him from a point of self-respect. Villon followed, whistling, with his thumbs in his girdle.

"God pity you," said the lord of Brisetout at the door.

"Good-bye, papa," returned Villon with a yawn. "Many thanks for the cold mutton."

The door closed behind him. The dawn was breaking over the white roofs. A chill, uncomfortable morning ushered in the day. Villon stood and heartily stretched himself in the middle of the road.

"A very dull old gentleman," he thought. "I wonder what his goblets may be worth."

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT¹

by Bret Harte

AS MR. JOHN OAKHURST, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the 23d of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected: "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been wiping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard to two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known

¹From *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches*, 1872.

to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess"; another who had won the title of "Mother Shipton"; and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice-robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding-horse, "Five-spot," for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat dragged plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five-spot" with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foothills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther, and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheater surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he

"couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him, at the sky ominously clouded, at the valley below, already deepening into shadow; and, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the newcomer Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent," of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp, and company. All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged from behind the pine tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety; but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the cañon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party, he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The Innocent was holding forth, apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d—d picnic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing firelight, and the tethered animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. It was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine trees and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it—snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying, he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain, and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered—they were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians; and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustaches and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snowflakes that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words, "Snowed in!"

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days

longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst *sotto voce* to the Innocent, "if you're willing to board us. If you ain't—and perhaps you'd better not—you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who, of course, knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us *all* when they find out anything," he added significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gayety of the young man and Mr. Oakhurst's calm infected the others. The Innocent, with the aid of pine boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheeks through their professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whiskey, which he had prudently cached. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whiskey," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm, and the group around it, that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had cached his cards with the whiskey as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say 'cards' once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenantanter's swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain:—

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in his army."

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to the Innocent by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst sententiously. "When a man gets a streak of luck—nigger-luck—he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat—you come along, and, slap, you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance—

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in his army.'"

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut—a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvelously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and original theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering camp-fire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney,—story-telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the *Iliad*. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction.

Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-heels," as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles."

So, with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white, that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head, and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed him a pair of snowshoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack-saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days, she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the cañon," he replied. He turned suddenly and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke, but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess's waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting vines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?"

"No, dear," said Piney simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine boughs, flew like white winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthy travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie-knife. It bore the following, written in pencil in a firm hand:—

BENEATH THIS TREE
LIES THE BODY
OF
JOHN OAKHURST
WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK
ON THE 23D OF NOVEMBER 1850,
AND
HANDED IN HIS CHECKS
ON THE 7TH DECEMBER 1850

And pulseless and cold, with a derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

THE GARDEN PARTY¹

by Katherine Mansfield

AND after all the weather was ideal. They could not have had a more perfect day for a garden-party if they had ordered it. Windless, warm, the sky without a cloud. Only the blue was veiled with a haze of light gold, as it is sometimes in early summer. The gardener had been up since dawn, mowing the lawns and sweeping them, until the grass

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and the dark flat rosettes where the daisy plants had been seemed to shine. As for the roses, you could not help feeling they understood that roses are the only flowers that impress people at garden-parties; the only flowers that everybody is certain of knowing. Hundreds, yes, literally hundreds, had come out in a single night; the green bushes bowed down as though they had been visited by archangels.

Breakfast was not yet over before the men came to put up the marquee.

"Where do you want the marquee put, mother?"

"My dear child, it's no use asking me. I'm determined to leave everything to you children this year. Forget I am your mother. Treat me as an honoured guest."

But Meg could not possibly go and supervise the men. She had washed her hair before breakfast, and she sat drinking her coffee in a green turban, with a dark wet curl stamped on each cheek. Jose, the butterfly, always came down in a silk petticoat and a kimono jacket.

"You'll have to go, Laura; you're the artistic one."

Away Laura flew, still holding her piece of bread-and-butter. It's so delicious to have an excuse for eating out of doors, and besides, she loved having to arrange things; she always felt she could do it so much better than anybody else.

Four men in their shirt-sleeves stood grouped together on the garden path. They carried staves covered with rolls of canvas, and they had big tool-bags slung on their backs. They looked impressive. Laura wished now that she had not got the bread-and-butter, but there was nowhere to put it, and she couldn't possibly throw it away. She blushed and tried to look severe and even a little bit short-sighted as she came up to them.

"Good morning," she said, copying her mother's voice. But that sounded so fearfully affected that she was ashamed, and stammered like a little girl, "Oh—er—have you come—is it about the marquee?"

"That's right, miss," said the tallest of the men, a lanky freckled fellow, and he shifted his tool-bag, knocked back his straw hat and smiled down at her.

"That's about it."

His smile was so easy, so friendly that Laura recovered. What nice eyes he had, small, but such a dark blue! And now she looked at the others, they were smiling too. "Cheer up, we won't bite," their smile seemed to say. How very nice workmen were! And what a beautiful morning! She mustn't mention the morning; she must be business-like. The marquee.

"Well, what about the lily-lawn? Would that do?"

And she pointed to the lily-lawn with the hand that didn't hold the bread-and-butter. They turned, they stared in the direction. A little fat chap thrust out his under-lip, and the tall fellow frowned.

"I don't fancy it," said he. "Not conspicuous enough. You see, with a thing like a marquee," and he turned to Laura in his easy way, "you want

to put it somewhere where it'll give you a bang slap in the eye, if you follow me."

Laura's upbringing made her wonder for a moment whether it was quite respectful of a workman to talk to her of bangs slap in the eye. But she did quite follow him.

"A corner of the tennis-court," she suggested. "But the band's going to be in one corner."

"H'm, going to have a band, are you?" said another of the workmen. He was pale. He had a haggard look as his dark eyes scanned the tennis-court. What was he thinking?

"Only a very small band," said Laura gently. Perhaps he wouldn't mind so much if the band was quite small. But the tall fellow interrupted.

"Look here, miss, that's the place. Against those trees. Over there. That'll do fine."

Against the karakas. Then the karaka-trees would be hidden. And they were so lovely, with their broad, gleaming leaves, and their clusters of yellow fruit. They were like trees you imagined growing on a desert island, proud, solitary, lifting their leaves and fruits to the sun in a kind of silent splendour. Must they be hidden by a marquee?

They must. Already the men had shouldered their staves and were making for the place. Only the tall fellow was left. He bent down, pinched a sprig of lavender, put his thumb and forefinger to his nose and snuffed up the smell. When Laura saw that gesture she forgot all about the karakas in her wonder at him caring for things like that—caring for the smell of lavender. How many men that she knew would have done such a thing? Oh, how extraordinarily nice workmen were, she thought. Why couldn't she have workmen for friends rather than the silly boys she danced with and who came to Sunday night supper? She would get on much better with men like these.

It's all the fault, she decided, as the tall fellow drew something on the back of an envelope, something that was to be looped up or left to hang, of these absurd class distinctions. Well, for her part, she didn't feel them. Not a bit, not an atom. . . . And now there came the chock-chock of wooden hammers. Some one whistled, some one sang out, "Are you right there, matey?" "Matey!" The friendliness of it, the—the— Just to prove how happy she was, just to show the tall fellow how at home she felt, and how she despised stupid conventions, Laura took a big bite of her bread-and-butter as she stared at the little drawing. She felt just like a work-girl.

"Laura, Laura, where are you? Telephone, Laura!" a voice cried from the house.

"Coming!" Away she skimmed, over the lawn, up the path, up the steps, across the veranda, and into the porch. In the hall her father and Laurie were brushing their hats ready to go to the office.

"I say, Laura," said Laurie very fast, "you might just give a squiz at my coat before this afternoon. See if it wants pressing."

"I will," said she. Suddenly she couldn't stop herself. She ran at Laurie

and gave him a small, quick squeeze. "Oh, I do love parties, don't you?" gasped Laura.

"Ra-ther," said Laurie's warm, boyish voice, and he squeezed his sister too, and gave her a gentle push. "Dash off to the telephone, old girl."

The telephone. "Yes, yes; oh yes. Kitty? Good morning, dear. Come to lunch? Do, dear. Delighted of course. It will only be a very scratch meal—just the sandwich crusts and broken meringue-shells and what's left over. Yes, isn't it a perfect morning? Your white? Oh, I certainly should. One moment—hold the line. Mother's calling." And Laura sat back. "What, mother? Can't hear."

Mrs. Sheridan's voice floated down the stairs. "Tell her to wear that *sweet* hat she had on last Sunday."

"Mother says you're to wear that *sweet* hat you had on last Sunday. Good. One o'clock. Bye-bye."

Laura put back the receiver, flung her arms over her head, took a deep breath, stretched and let them fall. "Huh," she sighed, and the moment after the sigh she sat up quickly. She was still, listening. All the doors in the house seemed to be open. The house was alive with soft, quick steps and running voices. The green baize door that led to the kitchen regions swung open and shut with a muffled thud. And now there came a long, chuckling absurd sound. It was the heavy piano being moved on its stiff castors. But the air! If you stopped to notice, was the air always like this? Little faint winds were playing chase, in at the tops of the windows, out at the doors. And there were two tiny spots of sun, one on the inkpot, one on a silver photograph frame, playing too. Darling little spots. Especially the one on the inkpot lid. It was quite warm. A warm little silver star. She could have kissed it.

The front door bell pealed, and there sounded the rustle of Sadie's print skirt on the stairs. A man's voice murmured; Sadie answered, careless, "I'm sure I don't know. Wait. I'll ask Mrs. Sheridan."

"What is it, Sadie?" Laura came into the hall.

"It's the florist, Miss Laura."

It was, indeed. There, just inside the door, stood a wide, shallow tray full of pots of pink lilies. No other kind. Nothing but lilies—canna lilies, big pink flowers, wide open, radiant, almost frighteningly alive on bright crimson stems.

"O-oh, Sadie!" said Laura, and the sound was like a little moan. She crouched down as if to warm herself at that blaze of lilies; she felt they were in her fingers, on her lips, growing in her breast.

"It's some mistake," she said faintly. "Nobody ever ordered so many. Sadie, go and find mother."

But at that moment Mrs. Sheridan joined them.

"It's quite right," she said calmly. "Yes, I ordered them. Aren't they lovely?" She pressed Laura's arm. "I was passing the shop yesterday, and

I saw them in the window. And I suddenly thought for once in my life I shall have enough canna lilies. The garden-party will be a good excuse."

"But I thought you said you didn't mean to interfere," said Laura. Sadie had gone. The florist's man was still outside at his van. She put her arm round her mother's neck and gently, very gently, she bit her mother's ear.

"My darling child, you wouldn't like a logical mother, would you? Don't do that. Here's the man."

He carried more lilies still, another whole tray.

"Bank them up, just inside the door, on both sides of the porch, please," said Mrs. Sheridan. "Don't you agree, Laura?"

"Oh, I *do*, mother."

In the drawing-room Meg, Jose and good little Hans had at last succeeded in moving the piano.

"Now, if we put this chesterfield against the wall and move everything out of the room except the chairs, don't you think?"

"Quite."

"Hans, move these tables into the smoking-room, and bring a sweeper to take these marks off the carpet and—one moment, Hans—" Jose loved giving orders to the servants, and they loved obeying her. She always made them feel they were taking part in some drama. "Tell mother and Miss Laura to come here at once."

"Very good, Miss Jose."

She turned to Meg. "I want to hear what the piano sounds like, just in case I'm asked to sing this afternoon. Let's try over 'This Life is Weary.'"

Pom! Ta-ta-ta Tee-ta! The piano burst out so passionately that Jose's face changed. She clasped her hands. She looked mournfully and enigmatically at her mother and Laura as they came in.

This Life is *Wee*-ary,
A Tear—a Sigh.
A Love that *Chan*-ges,
This Life is *Wee*-ary,
A Tear—a Sigh.
A Love that *Chan*-ges,
And then . . . Good-bye!

But at the word "Good-bye," and although the piano sounded more desperate than ever, her face broke into a brilliant, dreadfully unsympathetic smile.

"Aren't I in good voice, mummy?" she beamed.

This Life is *Wee*-ary,
Hope comes to Die.
A Dream—a *Wa*-kening.

But now Sadie interrupted them. "What is it, Sadie?"

"If you please, m'm, cook says have you got the flags for the sandwiches?"

"The flags for the sandwiches, Sadie?" echoed Mrs. Sheridan dreamily. And the children knew by her face that she hadn't got them. "Let me see." And she said to Sadie firmly, "Tell cook I'll let her have them in ten minutes."

Sadie went.

"Now, Laura," said her mother quickly. "Come with me into the smoking-room. I've got the names somewhere on the back of an envelope. You'll have to write them out for me. Meg, go upstairs this minute and take that wet thing off your head. Jose, run and finish dressing this instant. Do you hear me, children, or shall I have to tell your father when he comes home to-night? And—and, Jose, pacify cook if you do go into the kitchen, will you? I'm terrified of her this morning."

The envelope was found at last behind the dining-room clock, though how it had got there Mrs. Sheridan could not imagine.

"One of you children must have stolen it out of my bag, because I remember vividly—cream cheese and lemon-curd. Have you done that?"

"Yes."

"Egg and—" Mrs. Sheridan held the envelope away from her. "It looks like mice. It can't be mice, can it?"

"Olive, pet," said Laura, looking over her shoulder.

"Yes, of course, olive. What a horrible combination it sounds. Egg and olive."

They were finished at last, and Laura took them off to the kitchen. She found Jose there pacifying the cook, who did not look at all terrifying.

"I have never seen such exquisite sandwiches," said Jose's rapturous voice. "How many kinds did you say there were, cook? Fifteen?"

"Fifteen, Miss Jose."

"Well, cook, I congratulate you."

Cook swept up crusts with the long sandwich knife, and smiled broadly.

"Godber's has come," announced Sadie, issuing out of the pantry. She had seen the man pass the window.

That meant the cream puffs had come. Godber's were famous for their cream puffs. Nobody ever thought of making them at home.

"Bring them in and put them on the table, my girl," ordered cook.

Sadie brought them in and went back to the door. Of course Laura and Jose were far too grown-up to really care about such things. All the same, they couldn't help agreeing that the puffs looked very attractive. Very. Cook began arranging them, shaking off the extra icing sugar.

"Don't they carry one back to all one's parties?" said Laura.

"I suppose they do," said practical Jose, who never liked to be carried back. "They look beautifully light and feathery, I must say."

"Have one each, my dears," said cook in her comfortable voice. "Yer ma won't know."

Oh, impossible. Fancy cream puffs so soon after breakfast. The very idea

made one shudder. All the same, two minutes later Jose and Laura were licking their fingers with that absorbed inward look that only comes from whipped cream.

"Let's go into the garden, out by the back way," suggested Laura. "I want to see how the men are getting on with the marquee. They're such awfully nice men."

But the back door was blocked by cook, Sadie, Godber's man and Hans. Something had happened.

"Tuk-tuk-tuk," clucked cook like an agitated hen. Sadie had her hand clapped to her cheek as though she had toothache. Hans's face was screwed up in the effort to understand. Only Godber's man seemed to be enjoying himself; it was his story.

"What's the matter? What's happened?"

"There's been a horrible accident," said cook. "A man killed."

"A man killed! Where? How? When?"

But Godber's man wasn't going to have his story snatched from under his very nose.

"Know those little cottages just below here, miss?" Know them? Of course, she knew them. "Well, there's a young chap living there, name of Scott, a carter. His horse shied at a traction-engine, corner of Hawke Street this morning, and he was thrown out on the back of his head. Killed."

"Dead!" Laura stared at Godber's man.

"Dead when they picked him up," said Godber's man with relish. "They were taking the body home as I come up here." And he said to the cook, "He's left a wife and five little ones."

"Jose, come here." Laura caught hold of her sister's sleeve and dragged her through the kitchen to the other side of the green baize door. There she paused and leaned against it. "Jose!" she said, horrified, "however are we going to stop everything?"

"Stop everything, Laura!" cried Jose in astonishment. "What do you mean?"

"Stop the garden-party, of course." Why did Jose pretend?

But Jose was still more amazed. "Stop the garden-party? My dear Laura, don't be so absurd. Of course we can't do anything of the kind. Nobody expects us to. Don't be so extravagant."

"But we can't possibly have a garden-party with a man dead just outside the front gate."

That really was extravagant, for the little cottages were in a lane to themselves at the very bottom of a steep rise that led up to the house. A broad road ran between. True, they were far too near. They were the greatest possible eyesore, and they had no right to be in that neighbourhood at all. They were little mean dwellings painted a chocolate brown. In the garden patches there was nothing but cabbage stalks, sick hens and tomato

cans. The very smoke coming out of their chimneys was poverty-stricken. Little rags and shreds of smoke, so unlike the great silvery plumes that uncurred from the Sheridans' chimneys. Washer-women lived in the lane and sweeps and a cobbler, and a man whose house-front was studded all over with minute bird-cages. Children swarmed. When the Sheridans were little they were forbidden to set foot there because of the revolting language and of what they might catch. But since they were grown up, Laura and Laurie on their prowls sometimes walked through. It was disgusting and sordid. They came out with a shudder. But still one must go everywhere; one must see everything. So through they went.

"And just think of what the band would sound like to that poor woman," said Laura.

"Oh, Laura!" Jose began to be seriously annoyed. "If you're going to stop a band playing every time some one has an accident, you'll lead a very strenuous life. I'm every bit as sorry about it as you. I feel just as sympathetic." Her eyes hardened. She looked at her sister just as she used to when they were little and fighting together. "You won't bring a drunken workman back to life by being sentimental," she said softly.

"Drunk! Who said he was drunk?" Laura turned furiously on Jose. She said, just as they had used to say on those occasions, "I'm going straight up to tell mother."

"Do, dear," cooed Jose.

"Mother, can I come into your room?" Laura turned the big glass door-knob.

"Of course, child. Why, what's the matter? What's given you such a colour?" And Mrs. Sheridan turned round from her dressing-table. She was trying on a new hat.

"Mother, a man's been killed," began Laura.

"*Not* in the garden?" interrupted her mother.

"No, no!"

"Oh, what a fright you gave me!" Mrs. Sheridan sighed with relief, and took off the big hat and held it on her knees.

"But listen, mother," said Laura. Breathless, half-choking, she told the dreadful story. "Of course, we can't have our party, can we?" she pleaded. "The band and everybody arriving. They'd hear us, mother: they're nearly neighbours!"

To Laura's astonishment her mother behaved just like Jose; it was harder to bear because she seemed amused. She refused to take Laura seriously.

"But, my dear child, use your common sense. It's only by accident we've heard of it. If some one had died there normally—and I can't undersand how they keep alive in those poky little holes—we should still be having our party, shouldn't we?"

Laura had to say "yes" to that, but she felt it was all wrong. She sat down on her mother's sofa and pinched the cushion frill.

"Mother, isn't it really terribly heartless of us?" she asked.

"Darling!" Mrs. Sheridan got up and came over to her, carrying the hat. Before Laura could stop her she had popped it on. "My child!" said her mother, "the hat is yours. It's made for you. It's much too young for me. I have never seen you look such a picture. Look at yourself!" And she held up her hand-mirror.

"But, mother," Laura began again. She couldn't look at herself; she turned aside.

This time Mrs. Sheridan lost patience just as Jose had done.

"You are being very absurd, Laura," she said coldly. "People like that don't expect sacrifices from us. And it's not very sympathetic to spoil everybody's enjoyment as you're doing now."

"I don't understand," said Laura, and she walked quickly out of the room into her own bedroom. There, quite by chance, the first thing she saw was this charming girl in the mirror, in her black hat trimmed with gold daisies, and a long black velvet ribbon. Never had she imagined she could look like that. Is mother right? she thought. And now she hoped her mother was right. Am I being extravagant? Perhaps it was extravagant. Just for a moment she had another glimpse of that poor woman and those little children, and the body being carried into the house. But it all seemed blurred, unreal, like a picture in the newspaper. I'll remember it again after the party's over, she decided. And somehow that seemed quite the best plan. . . .

Lunch was over by half-past one. By half-past two they were all ready for the fray. The green-coated band had arrived and was established in a corner of the tennis-court.

"My dear!" trilled Kitty Maitland, "aren't they too like frogs for words? You ought to have arranged them round the pond with the conductor in the middle on a leaf."

Laurie arrived and hailed them on his way to dress. At the sight of him Laura remembered the accident again. She wanted to tell him. If Laurie agreed with the others, then it was bound to be all right. And she followed him into the hall.

"Laurie!"

"Hallo!" He was half-way upstairs, but when he turned round and saw Laura he suddenly puffed out his cheeks and goggled his eyes at her. "My word, Laura! You do look stunning," said Laurie. "What an absolutely topping hat!"

Laura said faintly "Is it?" and smiled up at Laurie, and didn't tell him after all.

Soon after that people began coming in streams. The band struck up; the hired waiters ran from the house to the marquee. Wherever you looked there were couples strolling, bending to the flowers, greeting, moving on over the lawn. They were like bright birds that had alighted in the Sheridans'

garden for this one afternoon, on their way to—where? Ah, what happiness it is to be with people who all are happy, to press hands, press cheeks, smile into eyes.

“Darling Laura, how well you look!”

“What a becoming hat, child!”

“Laura, you look quite Spanish. I’ve never seen you look so striking.”

And Laura, glowing, answered softly, “Have you had tea? Won’t you have an ice? The passion-fruit ices really are rather special.” She ran to her father and begged him. “Daddy darling, can’t the band have something to drink?”

And the perfect afternoon slowly ripened, slowly faded, slowly its petals closed.

“Never a more delightful garden party . . .” “The greatest success . . .” “Quite the most . . .”

Laura helped her mother with the good-byes. They stood side by side in the porch till it was all over.

“All over, all over, thank heaven,” said Mrs. Sheridan. “Round up the others, Laura. Let’s go and have some fresh coffee. I’m exhausted. Yes, it’s been very successful. But oh, these parties, these parties! Why will you children insist on giving parties!” And they all of them sat down in the deserted marquee.

“Have a sandwich, daddy dear. I wrote the flag.”

“Thanks.” Mr. Sheridan took a bite and the sandwich was gone. He took another. “I suppose you didn’t hear of a beastly accident that happened to-day?” he said.

“My dear,” said Mrs. Sheridan, holding up her hand, “we did. It nearly ruined the party. Laura insisted we should put it off.”

“Oh, mother!” Laura didn’t want to be teased about it.

“It was a horrible affair all the same,” said Mr. Sheridan. “The chap was married too. Lived just below in the lane, and leaves a wife and half a dozen kiddies, so they say.”

An awkward little silence fell. Mrs. Sheridan fidgeted with her cup. Really, it was very tactless of father . . .

Suddenly she looked up. There on the table were all those sandwiches, cakes, puffs, all uneaten, all going to be wasted. She had one of her brilliant ideas.

“I know,” she said. “Let’s make up a basket. Let’s send that poor creature some of this perfectly good food. At any rate, it will be the greatest treat for the children. Don’t you agree? And she’s sure to have neighbours calling in and so on. What a point to have it all ready prepared. Laura!” She jumped up. “Get me the big basket out of the stairs cupboard.”

“But, mother, do you really think it’s a good idea?” said Laura.

Again, how curious, she seemed to be different from them all. To take scraps from their party. Would the poor woman really like that?

"Of course! What's the matter with you to-day? An hour or two ago you were insisting on us being sympathetic, and now—"

Oh, well! Laura ran for the basket. It was filled, it was heaped by her mother.

"Take it yourself, darling," said she. "Run down just as you are. No, wait, take the arum lilies too. People of that class are so impressed by arum lilies."

"The stems will ruin her lace frock," said practical Jose.

So they would. Just in time. "Only the basket, then. And, Laura!"—her mother followed her out of the marquise—"don't on any account—"

"What, mother?"

No, better not put such ideas into the child's head! "Nothing! Run along."

It was just growing dusky as Laura shut their garden gates. A big dog ran by like a shadow. The road gleamed white, and down below in the hollow the little cottages were in deep shade. How quiet it seemed after the afternoon. Here she was going down the hill to somewhere where a man lay dead, and she couldn't realize it. Why couldn't she? She stopped a minute. And it seemed to her that kisses, voices, tinkling spoons, laughter, the smell of crushed grass were somehow inside her. She had no room for anything else. How strange! She looked up at the pale sky, and all she thought was, "Yes, it was the most successful party."

Now the broad road was crossed. The lane began, smoky and dark. Women in shawls and men's tweed caps hurried by. Men hung over the palings; the children played in the doorways. A low hum came from the mean little cottages. In some of them there was a flicker of light, and a shadow, crab-like, moved across the window. Laura bent her head and hurried on. She wished now she had put on a coat. How her frock shone! And the big hat with the velvet streamer—if only it was another hat! Were the people looking at her? They must be. It was a mistake to have come; she knew all along it was a mistake. Should she go back even now?

No, too late. This was the house. It must be. A dark knot of people stood outside. Beside the gate an old, old woman with a crutch sat in a chair, watching. She had her feet on a newspaper. The voices stopped as Laura drew near. The group parted. It was as though she was expected, as though they had known she was coming here.

Laura was terribly nervous. Tossing the velvet ribbon over her shoulder, she said to a woman standing by, "Is this Mrs. Scott's house?" and the woman, smiling queerly, said, "It is, my lass."

Oh, to be away from this! She actually said, "Help me, God," as she walked up the tiny path and knocked. To be away from those staring eyes, or to be covered up in anything, one of those women's shawls even. I'll just leave the basket and go, she decided. I shan't even wait for it to be emptied.

Then the door opened. A little woman in black showed in the gloom.

Laura said, "Are you Mrs. Scott?" But to her horror the woman answered, "Walk in please, miss," and she was shut in the passage.

"No," said Laura, "I don't want to come in. I only want to leave this basket. Mother sent—"

The little woman in the gloomy passage seemed not to have heard her. "Step this way, please, miss," she said in an oily voice, and Laura followed her.

She found herself in a wretched little low kitchen, lighted by a smoky lamp. There was a woman sitting before the fire.

"Em," said the little creature who had let her in. "Em! It's a young lady." She turned to Laura. She said meaningly, "I'm 'er sister, Miss. You'll excuse 'er, won't you?"

"Oh, but of course!" said Laura. "Please, please don't disturb her. I—I only want to leave—"

But at that moment the woman at the fire turned round. Her face, puffed up, red, with swollen eyes and swollen lips, looked terrible. She seemed as though she couldn't understand why Laura was there. What did it mean? Why was this stranger standing in the kitchen with a basket? What was it all about? And the poor face puckered up again.

"All right, my dear," said the other. "I'll think the young lady."

And again she began, "You'll excuse her, miss, I'm sure," and her face, swollen too, tried an oily smile.

Laura only wanted to get out, to get away. She was back in the passage. The door opened. She walked straight through into the bedroom, where the dead man was lying.

"You'd like a look at 'im, wouldn't you?" said Em's sister, and she brushed past Laura over to the bed. "Don't be afraid, my lass,—” and now her voice sounded fond and sly, and fondly she drew down the sheet—" 'e looks a picture. There's nothing to show. Come along, my dear."

Laura came.

There lay a young man, fast asleep—sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away from them both. Oh, so remote, so peaceful. He was dreaming. Never wake him up again. His head was sunk in the pillow, his eyes were closed; they were blind under the closed eyelids. He was given up to his dream. What did garden-parties and baskets and lace frocks matter to him? He was far from all those things. He was wonderful, beautiful. While they were laughing and while the band was playing, this marvel had come to the lane. Happy . . . happy. . . . All is well, said that sleeping face. This is just as it should be. I am content.

But all the same you had to cry, and she couldn't go out of the room without saying something to him. Laura gave a loud childish sob

"Forgive my hat," she said.

And this time she didn't wait for Em's sister. She found her way out of the door, down the path, past all those dark people. At the corner of the lane she met Laurie.

He stepped out of the shadow. "Is that you, Laura?"

"Yes."

"Mother was getting anxious. Was it all right?"

"Yes, quite. Oh, Laurie!" She took his arm, she pressed up against him.

"I say, you're not crying, are you?" asked her brother.

Laura shook her head. She was.

Laurie put his arm round her shoulder. "Don't cry," he said in his warm, loving voice. "Was it awful?"

"No," sobbed Laura. "It was simply marvellous. But, Laurie—" She stopped, she looked at her brother. "Isn't life," she stammered, "isn't life—" But what life was she couldn't explain. No matter. He quite understood.

"Isn't it, darling?" said Laurie.

YOUNG MAN AXELBROD¹

by Sinclair Lewis

THE cottonwood is a tree of a slovenly and plebeian habit. Its woolly wisps turn gray the lawns and engender neighborhood hostilities about our town. Yet it is a mighty tree, a refuge and an inspiration; the sun flickers in its towering foliage, whence the tattoo of locusts enlivens our dusty summer afternoons. From the wheat-country out to the sagebrush plains between the buttes and the Yellowstone it is the cottonwood that keeps a little grateful shade for sweating homesteaders.

In Joralemon we called Knute Axelbrod "Old Cottonwood." As a matter of fact, the name was derived not so much from the quality of the man as from the wide grove about his gaunt, white house and red barn. He made a comely row of trees on each side of the country road, so that a humble, daily sort of man, driving beneath them in his lumber-wagon, might fancy himself lord of a private avenue. And at sixty-five Knute was like one of his own cottonwoods, his roots deep in the soil, his trunk weathered by rain and blizzard and baking August noons, his crown spread to the wide horizon of day and the enormous sky of a prairie night.

This immigrant was an American even in speech. Save for a weakness about his j's and w's, he spoke the twangy Yankee English of the land. He was the more American because in his native Scandinavia he had dreamed of America as a land of light. Always through disillusion and weariness he beheld America as the world's nursery for justice, for broad, fair towns, and eager talk; and always he kept a young soul that dared to desire beauty.

As a lad Knute Axelbrod had wished to be a famous scholar, to learn the

¹ From *Century Magazine*, 1917, by permission of the author.

ease of foreign tongues, the romance of history, to unfold in the graciousness of wise books. When he first came to America he worked in a sawmill all day and studied all evening. He mastered enough book-learning to teach district school for two terms; then, when he was only eighteen, a great-hearted pity for faded little Lena Wesselius moved him to marry her. Gay enough, doubtless, was their hike by prairie schooner to new farm-lands, but Knute was promptly caught in a net of poverty and family. From eighteen to fifty-eight he was always snatching children away from death or the farm away from mortgages.

He had to be content—and generously content he was—with the second-hand glory of his children's success and, for himself, with pilfered hours of reading—that reading of big, thick, dismal volumes of history and economics which the lone, mature learner chooses. Without ever losing his desire for strange cities and the dignity of towers he stuck to his farm. He acquired a half-section, free from debt, fertile, well-stocked, adorned with a cement silo, a chicken-run, a new windmill. He became comfortable, secure, and then he was ready, it seemed, to die; for at sixty-three his work was done, and he was unneeded and alone.

His wife was dead. His sons had scattered afar, one a dentist in Fargo, another a farmer in the Golden Valley. He had turned over his farm to his daughter and son-in-law. They had begged him to live with them, but Knute refused.

"No," he said, "you must learn to stand on your own feet. I will not give you the farm. You pay me four hundred dollars a year rent, and I live on that and watch you from my hill."

On a rise beside the lone cottonwood which he loved best of all his trees Knute built a tar-paper shack, and here he "bached it"; cooked his meals, made his bed—sometimes, sat in the sun, read many books from the Joralemon library, and began to feel that he was free of the yoke of citizenship which he had borne all his life.

For hours at a time he sat on a backless kitchen-chair before the shack, a wide shouldered man, white-bearded, motionless; a seer despite his grotesquely baggy trousers, his collarless shirt. He looked across the miles of stubble to the steeple of the Jack-rabbit Forks church and meditated upon the uses of life. At first he could not break the rigidity of habit. He rose at five, found work in cleaning his cabin and cultivating his garden, had dinner exactly at twelve, and went to bed by afterglow. But little by little he discovered that he could be irregular without being arrested. He stayed abed till seven or even eight. He got a large, deliberate, tortoise-shell cat, and played games with it; let it lap milk upon the table, called it the Princess, and confided to it that he had a "sneaking idee" that men were fools to work so hard. Around this coatless old man, his stained waistcoat flapping about a huge torso, in a shanty of rumpled bed and pine table covered with sheets of food-daubed newspaper, hovered all the passionate aspiration of youth and the dreams of ancient beauty.

He began to take long walks by night. In his necessitous life night had ever been a period of heavy slumber in close rooms. Now he discovered the mystery of the dark; saw the prairies wide flung and misty beneath the moon, heard the voices of grass and cottonwoods and drowsy birds. He tramped for miles. His hoots were dew-soaked, but he did not heed. He stopped upon hillocks, shyly threw wide his arms, and stood worshipping the naked, slumbering land.

These excursions he tried to keep secret, but they were bruited abroad. Neighbors, good, decent fellows with no nonsense about walking in the dew at night, when they were returning late from town, drunk, lashing their horses, and flinging whisky-bottles from their racing democrat wagons, saw him, and they spread the tidings that Old Cottonwood was "getting nutty since he give up his farm to that son-in-law of his and retired. Seen the old codger wandering around at midnight. Wish I had his chance to sleep. Wouldn't catch me out in the night air."

Any rural community from Todd Center to Seringapatam is resentful of any person who varies from its standard, and is morbidly fascinated by any hint of madness. The countryside began to spy on Knute Axelbrod, to ask him questions, and to stare from the road at his shack. He was sensitively aware of it, and inclined to be surly to inquisitive acquaintances. Doubtless that was the beginning of his great pilgrimage.

As a part of the general wild license of his new life,—really, he once roared at that startled cat, the Princess: "By gollied! I ain't going to brush my teeth tonight. All my life I've brushed 'em, and always wanted to skip a time vunce,"—Knute took considerable pleasure in degenerating in his taste in scholarship. He wilfully declined to finish *The Conquest of Mexico*, and began to read light novels borrowed from the Joralemon library. So he rediscovered the lands of dancing and light wines, which all his life he had desired. Some economics and history he did read, but every evening he would stretch out in his buffalo-horn chair, his feet on the cot and the Princess in his lap, and invade Zenda or fall in love with Trilby.

Among the novels he chanced upon a highly optimistic story of Yale in which a worthy young man "earned his way through" college, stroked the crew, won Phi Beta Kappa, and had the most entertaining, yet moral, conversations on or adjacent to "the dear old fence."

As a result of this chronicle, at about three o'clock one morning when Knute Axelbrod was sixty-four years of age, he decided that he would go to college! All his life he had wanted to. Why not do it?

When he awoke in the morning he was not so sure about it as when he had gone to sleep. He saw himself as ridiculous, a ponderous, oldish man among clean-limbed youths, like a dusty cottonwood among silver birches. But for months he wrestled and played with that idea of a great pilgrimage to the Mount of Muses; for he really supposed college to be that sort of place. He believed that all college students, except for the wealthy idlers,

burned to acquire learning. He pictured Harvard and Yale and Princeton as ancient groves set with marble temples, before which large groups of Grecian youths talked gently about astronomy and good government. In his picture they never cut classes or ate.

With a longing for music and books and graciousness such as the most ambitious boy could never comprehend, this thick-faced prairie farmer dedicated himself to beauty, and defied the unconquerable power of approaching old age. He sent for college catalogues and school-books, and diligently began to prepare himself for college.

He found Latin irregular verbs and the whimsicalities of algebra fiendish. They had nothing to do with actual life as he had lived it. But he mastered them; he studied twelve hours a day, as once he had plodded through eighteen hours a day in the hay-field. With history and English literature he had comparatively little trouble; already he knew much of them from his recreative reading. From German neighbors he had picked up enough Plattdeutsch to make German easy. The trick of study began to come back to him from his small school-teaching of forty-five years before. He began to believe that he could really put it through. He kept assuring himself that in college, with rare and sympathetic instructors to help him, there would not be this baffling search, this nervous strain.

But the unreality of the things he studied did disillusion him, and he tired of his new game. He kept it up chiefly because all his life he had kept up onerous labor without any taste for it. Toward the autumn of the second year of his eccentric life he no longer believed that he would ever go to college.

Then a busy little grocer stopped him on the street in Joralemon and quizzed him about his studies, to the delight of the informal club which always loafs at the corner of the hotel.

Knute was silent, but dangerously angry. He remembered just in time now he had once laid wrathful hands upon a hired man, and somehow the man's collarbone had been broken. He turned away and walked home, seven miles, still boiling. He picked up the Princess, and, with her mewling on his shoulder, tramped out again to enjoy the sunset.

He stopped at a reedy slough. He gazed at a hopping plover without seeing it. He plucked at his beard. Suddenly he cried:

"I am going to college. It opens next week. I t'ink that I can pass the examinations."

Two days later he had moved the Princess and his sticks of furniture to his son-in-law's house, had bought a new slouch hat, a celluloid collar, and a solemn suit of black, had wrestled with God in prayer through all of a star clad night, and had taken the train for Minneapolis, on the way to New Haven.

While he stared out of the car-window Knute was warning himself that the millionaires' sons would make fun of him. Perhaps they would haze

him. He bade himself avoid all these sons of Belial and cleave to his own people, those who "earned their way through."

At Chicago he was afraid with a great fear of the lightning flashes that the swift crowds made on his retina, the batteries of ranked motor-cars that charged at him. He prayed, and ran for his train to New York. He came at last to New Haven.

Not with gibing rudeness, but with politely quizzical eyebrows, Yale received him, led him through entrance examinations, which, after sweaty plowing with the pen, he barely passed, and found for him a room-mate. The room-mate was a large-browed, soft, white grub named Ray Gribble, who had been teaching school in New England, and seemed chiefly to desire college training so that he might make more money as a teacher. Ray Gribble was a hustler; he instantly got work tutoring the awkward son of a steel man, and for board he waited on table.

He was Knute's chief acquaintance. Knute tried to fool himself into thinking he liked the grub, but Ray couldn't keep his damp hands off the old man's soul. He had the skill of a professional exhorter of young men in finding out Knute's motives, and when he discovered that Knute had a hidden desire to dabble in gay, polite literature, Ray said in a shocked way:

"Strikes me a man like you, that's getting old, ought to be thinking more about saving your soul than about all these frills. You leave this poetry and stuff to these foreigners and artists, and you stick to Latin and math and the Bible. I tell you, I've taught school, and I've learned by experience."

With Ray Gribble, Knute lived grubbily, an existence of torn cornforters and a smelly lamp, of lexicons and logarithm tables. No leisurely loafing by fireplaces was theirs. They roomed in West Divinity, where gather the theologues, the lesser sort of law students, a whimsical genius or two, and a horde of unplaced freshmen and "scrub seniors."

Knute was shockingly disappointed, but he stuck to his room because outside of it he was afraid. He was a grotesque figure, and he knew it, a white polled giant squeezed into a small seat in a classroom, listening to instructors younger than his own sons. Once he tried to sit on the fence. No one but "ringers" sat on the fence any more, and at the sight of him trying to look athletic and young, two upper class men snickered, and he sneaked away.

He came to hate Ray Gribble and his voluble companions of the submerged tenth of the class, the hewers of tutorial wood. It is doubtless safer to mock the flag than to question that best established tradition of our democracy—that those who "earn their way through" college are necessarily stronger, braver, and more assured of success than the weaklings who talk by the fire. Every college story presents such a moral. But tremblingly the historian submits that Knute discovered that waiting on table did not make lads more heroic than did football or happy loafing. Fine fellows, cheerful and fearless, were many of the boys who "earned their way," and

able to talk to richer classmates without fawning; but just as many of them assumed an abject respectability as the most convenient pose. They were pickers up of unconsidered trifles; they toadied to the classmates whom they tutored; they wriggled before the faculty committee on scholarships; they looked pious at Dwight Hall prayer-meetings to make an impression on the serious-minded; and they drank one glass of beer at Jake's to show the light-minded that they meant nothing offensive by their piety. In revenge for cringing to the insolent athletics whom they tutored, they would, when safe among their own kind, yammer about the "lack of democracy in colleges today." Not that they were so indiscreet as to do anything about it. They lacked the stuff of really rebellious souls. Knute listened to them and marveled. They sounded like young hired men talking behind his barn at harvest-time.

This submerged tenth hated the dilettantes of the class even more than they hated the bloods. Against one Gilbert Washburn, a rich esthete with more manner than any freshman ought to have, they raged righteously. They spoke of seriousness and industry till Knute, who might once have desired to know lads like Washburn, felt ashamed of himself as a wicked, wasteful old man.

With the friends of his room-mate began Knute's series of disillusiones. Humbly though he sought, he found no inspiration and no comradeship. He was the freak of the class, and aside from the submerged tenth, his classmates were afraid of being "queered" by being seen with him.

As he was still powerful, one who could take up a barrel of pork on his knees, he tried to find friendship among the athletes. He sat at Yale Field, watching the football try-outs, and tried to get acquainted with the candidates. They stared at him and answered his questions grudgingly—beefy youths who in their simple-hearted way showed that they considered him plain crazy.

The place itself began to lose the haze of magic through which he had first seen it. Earth is earth, whether one sees it in Camelot or Joralemon or on the Yale campus—or possibly even in the Harvard yard! The buildings ceased to be temples to Knute; they became structures of brick or stone, filled with young men who lounged at windows and watched him amusedly as he tried to slip by.

The Gargantuan hall of Commons became a tri-daily horror because at the table where he dined were two youths who, having uncommonly penetrating minds, discerned that Knute had a beard, and courageously told the world about it. One of them, named Atchison, was a superior person, very industrious and scholarly, glib in mathematics and manners. He despised Knute's lack of definite purpose in coming to college. The other was a play-boy, a wit and a stealer of street-signs, who had a wonderful sense for a subtle jest; and his references to Knute's beard shook the table with jocund mirth three times a day. So these youths of gentle birth drove the shambling,

wistful old man away from Commons, and thereafter he ate at the lunch-counter at the Black Cat.

Lacking the stimulus of friendship, it was the harder for Knute to keep up the strain of studying the long assignments. What had been a week's pleasant reading in his shack was now thrown at him as a day's task. But he would not have minded the toil if he could have found one as young as himself. They were all so dreadfully old, the money-earners, the serious laborers at athletics, the instructors who worried over their life-work of putting marks in class-record books.

Then, on a sore, bruised day, Knute did meet one who was young.

Knute had heard that the professor who was the idol of the college had berated the too-earnest lads in his Browning class, and insisted that they read *Alice in Wonderland*. Knute floundered dustily about in a second-hand book-shop till he found an *Alice*, and he brought it home to read over his lunch of a hot-dog sandwich. Something in the grave absurdity of the book appealed to him, and he was chuckling over it when Ray Gribble came into the room and glanced at the reader.

"Huh!" said Mr. Gribble.

"That's a fine, funny book," said Knute.

"Huh! *Alice in Wonderland*! I've heard of it. Silly nonsense. Why don't you read something really fine, like Shakespeare or 'Paradise Lost'?"

"Vell—" said Knute, but that was all he could find to say.

With Ray Gribble's glassy eye on him, he could no longer roll and roar with the book. He wondered if indeed he ought not to be reading Milton's pompous anthropological misconceptions. He went unhappily out to an early history class, ably conducted by Blevins, Ph.D.

Knute admired Blevins, Ph.D. He was so tubbed and eye-glassed and terribly right. But most of Blevins's lambs did not like Blevins. They said he was a "crank." They read newspapers in his class and covertly kicked one another.

In the smug, plastered classroom, his arm leaning heavily on the broad tablet-arm of his chair, Knute tried not to miss one of Blevins's sardonic proofs that the correct date of the second marriage of Themistocles was two years and seven days later than the date assigned by that illiterate ass, Frutari of Padua. Knute admired young Blevins's performance, and he felt virtuous in application to these hard, un nonsensical facts.

He became aware that certain lewd fellows of the lesser sort were playing poker just behind him. His prairie-trained ear caught whispers of "Two to dole," and "Raise you two beans." Knute revolved, and frowned upon these mockers of sound learning. As he turned back he was aware that the offenders were chuckling, and continuing their game. He saw that Blevins, Ph.D., perceived that something was wrong; he frowned, but he said nothing. Knute sat in meditation. He saw Blevins as merely a boy. He was sorry for him. He would do the boy a good turn.

When class was over he hung about Blevins's desk till the other students had clattered out. He rumbled:

"Say, Professor, you're a fine fellow. I do something for you. If any of the boys make themselves a nuisance, you yust call on me, and I spank the son of a guns."

Blevins, Ph.D., spake in a manner of culture and nastiness:

"Thanks so much, Axelbrod, but I don't fancy that will ever be necessary. I am supposed to be a reasonably good disciplinarian. Good day. Oh, one moment. There's something I've been wishing to speak to you about. I do wish you wouldn't try quite so hard to show off whenever I call on you during quizzes. You answer at such needless length, and you smile as though there were something highly amusing about me. I'm quite willing to have you regard me as a humorous figure, privately, but there are certain classroom conventions, you know, certain little conventions."

"Why, Professor!" wailed Knute. "I never make fun of you! I didn't know I smile. If I do, I guess it's yust because I am so glad when my stupid old head gets the lesson good."

"Well, well, that's very gratifying, I'm sure. And if you will be a little more careful—"

Blevins, Ph.D., smiled a toothy, frozen smile, and trotted off to the Graduates' Club, to be witty about old Knute and his way of saying "yust," while in the deserted class room Knute sat chill, an old man and doomed. Through the windows came the light of Indian summer; clean, boyish cries rose from the campus. But the lover of autumn smoothed his baggy sleeve, stared at the blackboard, and there saw only the gray of October stubble about his distant shack. As he pictured the college watching him, secretly making fun of him and his smile, he was now faint and ashamed, now bull-anxious. He was lonely for his cat, his fine chair of buffalo horns, the sunny doorstep of his shack, and the understanding land. He had been in college for about one month.

Before he left the classroom he stepped behind the instructor's desk and looked at an imaginary class.

"I might have stood there as a prof if I could have come earlier," he said softly to himself.

Calmed by the liquid autumn gold that flowed through the streets, he walked out Whitney Avenue toward the butte-like hill of East Rock. He observed the caress of the light upon the scarped rock, heard the delicate music of leaves, breathed in air pregnant with tales of old New England. He exulted:

"I could write poetry now if I yust—if I yust could write poetry!"

He climbed to the top of East Rock, whence he could see the Yale buildings like the towers of Oxford, Long Island Sound, and the white glare of Long Island itself beyond the water. He marveled that Knute Axelbrod

of the cottonwood country was looking across an arm of the Atlantic to New York State.

He noticed a freshman on a bench at the edge of the rock, and he became irritated. The freshman was Gilbert Washburn, the snob, the dilettante, of whom Ray Gribble had once said. "That guy is the disgrace of the class. He doesn't go out for anything, high stand or Dwight Hall or anything else. Thinks he's so doggone much better than the rest of the fellows that he doesn't associate with anybody. Thinks he's literary, they say, and yet he doesn't even heel the 'Lit,' like the regular literary fellows! Got no time for a loafing, mooning snob like that."

As Knute stared at the unaware Gil, whose profile was fine in outline against the sky, he was terrifically public-spirited and disapproving and that sort of moral thing. Though Gil was much too well dressed, he seemed moodily discontented.

"What he needs is to vork in a thrashing crew and sleep in the hay," grumbled Knute almost in the virtuous manner of Gribble. "Then he would know when he vas vell off, and not look like he had the earache. Pff!"

Gil Washburn rose, trailed toward Knute, glanced at him, hesitated, sat down on Knute's bench.

"Great view!" he said. His smile was eager.

That smile symbolized to Knute all the art of life he had come to college to find. He tumbled out of his moral attitude with ludicrous haste, and every wrinkle of his weathered face creased deep as he answered:

"Yes, I t'ink the Acropolis must be like this here."

"Say, look here, Axelbrod; I've been thinking about you."

"Yas?"

"We ought to know each other. We two are the class scandal. We came here to dream, and these busy little goats like Atchison and Giblets, or whatever your room-mate's name is, think we're fools not to go out for marks. You may not agree with me, but I've decided that you and I are precisely alike."

"What makes you t'ink I come here to dream?" bristled Knute.

"Oh, I used to sit near you at Commons and hear you try to quell jolly old Atchison whenever he got busy discussing the reasons for coming to college. That old, moth-eaten topic! I wonder if Cain and Abel didn't discuss it at the Eden Agricultural College. You know, Abel the mark-grabber, very pious and high stand, and Cain wanting to read poetry."

"Yes," said Knute, "and I guess Prof Adam says, 'Cain, don't you read this poetry; it won't help you in algebray.'"

"Of course. Say, wonder if you'd like to look at this volume of Musset I was sentimental enough to lug up here today. Picked it up when I was abroad last year."

From his pocket Gil drew such a book as Knute had never seen before. a slender volume, in a strange language, bound in hand-tooled, crushed levant, an effeminate bibelot over which the prairie farmer gasped with

luxurious pleasure. The book almost vanished in his big hands. With a timid forefinger he stroked the levant, ran through the leaves.

"I can't read it, but that's the kind of book I always t'ought there must be some like it," he sighed.

"Let me read you a little. It's French, poetry."

Gil read aloud. He made of the alien verses a music which satisfied Knute's sixty-five years of longing for he had never known what.

"That's—that's fine," he said.

"Listen!" cried Gil. "Ysaye is playing up at Hartford tonight. Let's go hear him. We'll trolley up, make it in plenty of time. Tried to get some of the fellows to come, but they thought I was a nut."

What an Ysaye was, Knute Axelbrod had no notion; but "Sure!" he boomed.

When they got to Hartford they found that between them they had just enough money to get dinner, hear Ysaye from gallery seats, and return only as far as Meriden.

At Meriden Gil suggested:

"Let's walk back to New Haven, then. Can you make it?"

Knute had no knowledge as to whether it was four miles or forty back to the campus, but "Sure!" he said. For the last few months he had been noticing that, despite his bulk, he had to be careful, but tonight he could have flown.

In the music of Ysaye, the first real musician he had ever heard, Knute had found all the incredible things of which he had slowly been reading in William Morris and "Idylls of the King." Tall knights he had beheld, and slim princesses in white samite, the misty gates of forlorn towns, and the glory of the chivalry that never was.

They did walk, roaring down the road beneath the October moon, stopping to steal apples and to exclaim over silvered hills, taking a puerile and very natural joy in chasing a profane dog. It was Gil who talked, and Knute who listened, for the most part; but Knute was lured into tales of the pioneer days, of blizzards, of harvesting, and of the first flame of the green wheat. Regarding the Atchisons and Gribbles of the class both of them were youthfully bitter and supercilious. But they were not bitter long, for they were atavisms tonight. They were wandering minstrels, Gilbert the troubadour with his man-at-arms.

They reached the campus at about five in the morning.

Fumbling for words that would express his feeling, Knute stammered:

"Vell, it was fine. I go to bed now and I dream about—"

"Bed? Rats! Never believe in winding up a party when it's going strong. Too few good parties. Besides, it's only the shank of the evening. Besides, we're hungry. Besides—oh, besides! Wait here a second. I'm going up to my room to get some money, and we'll have some eats. Wait! Please do!"

Knute would have waited all night. He had lived sixty-five years and

traveled fifteen hundred miles and endured Ray Gribble to find Gil Washburn.

Policemen wondered to see the celluloid-collared old man and the expensive-looking boy rolling arm in arm down Chapel Street in search of a restaurant suitable to poets. They were all closed.

"The Ghetto will be awake by now," said Gil. "We'll go buy some cats and take 'em up to my room. I've got some tea there."

Knute shouldered through dark streets beside him as naturally as though he had always been a night-hawk, with an aversion to anything as rustic as beds. Down on Oak Street, a place of low shops, smoky lights, and alley mouths, they found the slum already astir. Gil contrived to purchase boxed biscuits, cream-cheese, chicken-loaf, a bottle of cream. While Gil was chaffering, Knute stared out into the street milkily lighted by wavering gas and the first feebleness of coming day; he gazed upon Kosher signs and advertisements in Russian letters, shawled women and bearded rabbis; and as he looked he gathered contentment which he could never lose. He had traveled abroad tonight.

The room of Gil Washburn was all the useless, pleasant things Knute wanted it to be. There was more of Gil's Paris days in it than of his freshmanhood: cloisonné on the mantelpiece, Persian rugs, a silver tea-service, etchings, and books. Knute Axelbrod of the tar-paper shack and piggy farm-yards gazed in satisfaction. Vast-bearded, sunk in an easy-chair, he clucked amiably while Gil lighted a fire and spread a wicker table.

Over supper they spoke of great men and heroic ideals. It was good talk, and not unsuspected with lively references to Gribble and Atchison and Blevins, all asleep now in their correct beds. Gil read snatches of Stevenson and Anatole France; then at last he read his own poetry.

It does not matter whether that poetry was good or bad. To Knute it was a miracle to find one who actually wrote it.

The talk grew slow, and they began to yawn. Knute was sensitive to the lowered key of their Indian-summer madness, and he hastily rose. As he said good-by he felt as though he had but to sleep a little while and return to this unending night of romance.

But he came out of the dormitory upon day. It was six-thirty of the morning, with a still, hard light upon red-brick walls.

"I can go to his room plenty times now; I find my friend," Knute said. He held tight the volume of Musset, which Gil had begged him to take.

As he started to walk the few steps to West Divinity Knute felt very tired. By daylight the adventure seemed more and more incredible.

As he entered the dormitory he sighed heavily:

"Age and youth, I guess they can't team together long." As he mounted the stairs he said: "If I saw the boy again, he would get tired of me. I tell him all I got to say." And as he opened his door, he added: "This is what I

come to college for—this one night; I live for it sixty-five years. I go away before I spoil it.”

He wrote a note to Gil, and began to pack his telescope. He did not even wake Ray Gribble, sonorously sleeping in the stale air.

At five that afternoon, on the day-coach of a westbound train, an old man sat smiling. A lasting content was in his eyes, and in his hands a small book in French, though the curious fact is that this man could not read French.

DROUGHT¹

by Phil Stong

THE river seemed hardly to move. It had been thinned, exhausted, until its ribs showed in every gravel bank and sand bar. In the spring it swept down to the Mississippi, spanning a good half mile from bank to bank; now, it was a fetid pond, a moist trickle of scum which drifted almost imperceptibly between the scorched hills. Catfish and carp, trapped in its dead capillaries, smothered and stank, and the stench was feeble.

Close to the river, in one of the few patches of lawn left between the green, deep-rooted willows, Devon Craig lay on Cass Leddering's arm and looked at the sky. It was the hour before supper and there was still a little mesh of sunlight through the willow leaves, but though they were only a dozen yards from the dusty road, they were quite concealed by the sharp bench of the river bank.

The willows were strangely lopped of their small branches. An hour before Cass had finished cutting the day's ration of twigs for the cattle; had bathed himself and his dust-crusts sweaty clothes in the river and stuck his ax vertically into the first tree of the next day's trimming. Pleasantly soapy, and more or less accurately combed, he had stretched himself out on this little fresh plot to wait for her. In these merciless days of more than a hundred degrees of midday heat, no one expected and no one could endure the ordinary twelve hours of labor.

The Leddering ice, from the winter cutting, had been gone for days and the Craig ice would soon be gone, but while it lasted Devon lavished it on Cass. There was nothing skimpy about the Craigs. They had grace, a kind of Scotch delicacy, but they were sturdy and generous and no one knew better than Cass—nor one-millionth so well—how far that promise was borne out in their hearts.

¹ From *Redbook Magazine*, December, 1934. Reprinted by permission of the Author

So he had not been surprised when a cool, moist handkerchief ran over his closed eyes and damp brow, and her voice, rich in the low register, quiet and strong, asked, "Tired, Cass, child?"

He opened his eyes slowly to sip at her downbent face. One did not gulp wine like that. The eyes which would, by God, always be a happy young girl's eyes—somehow dark and warm now, with affection, with an utterly unreasonable solicitude for him which gave him a deep, uninterpretable urge to valiance and loyalty; her dark, full color, the soft wave of her brown hair—all a soft, twilight, devoted loveliness. Next to her concern for his tired hulk of stiffening muscle, the invariable good humor of her face touched him most. Had she been a Christian martyr she would have scratched the lions behind the ears.

That feeling, and his conviction that she must be led to confine her caresses to less dangerous animals, accounted for many things between Cass Leddering and Devon Craig.

"You've got a smudge of dust on your chin—at the left—just below the dimple—oh! so you know where the dimple is!"

"Who hasn't got a smudge of dust this summer?" she asked with dignity. She touched her face with her handkerchief and then ran her fingers down his cheeks.

He had had to speak of the smudge because he had to say something gruff and male. He was tired to death. He had been cutting enough light willow branches to keep the cattle, all day—chopping from the ground with his ax, climbing the trees to cut upper branches with his hatchet. Then the hired man came and raked them up behind him and they pitched them in a wagon and fed them to the cattle. When men starve they can eat grass and when cattle starve they can nibble the leaves and soft twigs of willow. The cattle and the brave men of this Iowa country broke his heart every day. The cattle grew thin without seeming anxious and the men fed them weeds and twigs with an over-elaborate carelessness—a "here, old fellow, here's something new I'm sure you'll like much better than the old hay and corn"—and the cattle showed their thoroughbred quality by pretending that it was quite all right.

The farm was denuded. The six hundred acres had produced a trifle of green corn forage, twenty-one bushels of wheat, a ton or so of alfalfa. There was no pasture—the hills were dead and brown and would have to be plowed to corn in the spring because the grass roots had died. Four hundred acres of dead grass. Trees a hundred years old dying. No pleasant, comic cry of important bullfrogs from the caked mud of the ponds or long dried springs.

The pigs were plebeian—they rooted in the dust until their noses were dry, with obvious discontent, and whoofed with contempt at the mudhole which was painfully created by hauling barrels of water from the river every morning. They had to be kept cool if they were to flourish—though they weren't worth anything. Even the chickens, with their pin-sized brains, scratched at the loose earth dutifully but cynically. They knew this was not worm country.

"I brought lemonade."

That was a fiction that they understood. She poured out a purple drink into the cup of the vacuum bottle—grapejuice and blackberry juice with water, since no farmer in that Iowa County was going to be silly enough to pay 3½ cents for a lemon. The battered, ridiculous, tin cylinder was covered with cold sweat. The bottle was not very efficient but that was quite as well because it enabled her to gather the cool dew for his forehead on her handkerchief. However, any cold beverage made from fruits was "lemonade."

Cass considered the drink with a little indecision. If he took a long drink of warmish water from the jug first the lemonade wouldn't taste as good; if he drank the lemonade first, he'd drink it right down without appreciating the flavor.

"Go ahead," she urged, mysteriously aware, as always, of his conflicts. "There's a whole bottleful. Go ahead, Cass."

He drank the cup off and she poured another. He waved it aside.

"It's your turn."

"No, sweet, I had a lot up at the house. You've worked hard and you're not used to it."

He drank the second cup and, as she would have poured a third into the shabby little container, he reached up, lazily and lightly, and grasped her wrists. "Not now, not just before supper—in a minute. Don't want to cool off my stomach too fast with supper coming."

His fingers tightened. He was a tan blond—the sun could not permanently affect the cool gray of his eyes and the lightness of his skin, like old pine. Admiring and adoring the lean, thoughtful face, she tried to loosen her hands to lie down near him. He clung to her arms and stopped her for a moment.

He looked up again at her face, loved it and enjoyed it. It was warm as always but steady, not flushed. His fingers, the trained fingers of a surgeon, relaxed slowly and loosed her.

"Your pulse is—funny," he said. "You been much out in the sun to-day?"

"No," she said, and she smiled with pride at his wisdom which she recognized in two swift gestures of his hands and his glance. He must be a very good doctor.

They lay very quietly with her head on his arm and her arm holding his head to her shoulder. The evening breeze came up the river so tempered by the water that it seemed cool. They heard the softly reproachful remarks of the hired man as he opened the Creek gap and was disappointed again by the undignified eagerness of the cattle to get to the river water. The heifers snuffled the water and drank deep and audibly. They trod in the mud and munched the coarse weeds and reedy snake grass.

"Hee-yoh, there," the hired man directed. "Come out of there, you sotten ol' fool. You mire down this next time, I'm lettin' you stay. Ain't you ever goin' to know that there mud bed? Hee-yoh! Up'n outta here. Yoh! Yoh up!"

They slogged up the muddy creek mouth at a funeral pace and their hoofs

struck dully on the dried black earth beyond. Heath, the hired man, continued to shout at them as if they were rambunctious, fat-fed creatures. Occasionally, to please him, they tossed their heads and pretended to trot out of hand. Then the skin rubbed up and down their ribs.

"Only a high-bred man and a high-bred cow could do that," Cass said gravely. "He won't let on in front of them and they won't let on in front of him. Damn it."

"Cass!"

"Sorry, Devil." Since her name was Devon he called her Devil—she even referred to herself as Devil—in their nearest moments. He picked up a willow leaf that had blown down from his day's cutting. There was some juice in it but the flavor was high and mouldy—the flavor which even the freshest willow leaves take from alluvium.

"They've got to eat that."

She lifted his fingers to her heart for a moment. "They'll eat it." She smiled with quiet confidence in these other stoics. "I've got to go now, Cass. Your Dad'll be up from the mail in a minute. I suppose you won't go back to Des Moines right away?"

"I'm sorry I swore." She smiled and he smiled. "When I leave you another time you'll know about it."

"Don't worry about it. I'd like to know, that's all." She had a good one-sided smile. "I've done on—willow leaves."

"Not again—not again!"

She hardly touched his hand as she went up the steep bank. The fibre of the Craigs was hard; they could do with their circumstances without interrupting the continuing grace of their postures, or leaning on anyone.

II

Aside from his one mildly reprehensible peculiarity—Sid Leddering was a Democrat—there wasn't a steadier farmer in Van Buren County than Cass Leddering's father. One could easily see this by his moustache which hung far down in a depressed handlebar style on each side of his thin, eloquent mouth. Any Democrat in Van Buren County, Iowa, is certain to be eloquent by the time he is fifty-five.

More significant than these two impressive stabilizers of whisker were his blue-gray eyes and the cheerfully curious arch of the thin, sandy brows above them. Sid Leddering had never been rich and he had hardly been poor; he waited in this median stage, hopefully, for some development. Brunswick was proud of him, in a somewhat patronizing fashion, for he had put his son through medical schools, which proved that farmers could put their sons through medical schools, though none of the rest of them chose to behave in this eccentrically extravagant fashion.

"Good news from Des Moines?" the Postmaster in the little country grocery inquired. He had seen the hospital letterhead on Cass's letter, of

course. The farmers who had come in for their mail were straggling out but those who remained paused for a moment.

"Don't know—have to wait till Cass opens it. Probably be tellin' him to come on back." Sid sighed.

"Mighty good worker, that boy," Colin Craig said, reluctantly acknowledging that a college graduate could be a good farm worker.

"I don't know what I'd've done without him, this summer," Sid said slowly, and did not add that he did not know what he would do without him now.

Condensing his interruption to the customary brevity of country compliments, Devon's father went on with his argument. "You think God don't notice when you kill bearin' sows and cut down your corn plantin', you're crazy. Why's it the dryest year since weather bureau? I can tell you in one word—Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

"That's three words," someone, quite in agreement with the speaker, objected automatically.

"It's one name. What God gaveth God'll take away mighty quick if you don't use it the way He intended. Leavin' good corn ground for cockle-burrs!"

"I seeded my corn contract down to clover," Sid remonstrated. "It needed a rest, anyway, and the morning glories cleaned out."

Colin snorted. "A lot o' clover you got, even if you could've cut it under the contract."

"Well, the field got the rest and the morning glories are cleaned out—just as dead as the clover. I tell you, Colin Craig," he added, mildly, "if you're goin' to bring Divinity into this argument, I'll add my own little slocum—'Thank God this drought didn't happen to the farmer while the Republicans was in.'"

He gathered up his bundles before he looked at his antagonist again. "I can run you up to your house."

"Thanks, Sid." The grizzled, sturdy old man went out to the car.

The storekeeper coughed at Sid. He said in a low voice, "Say, Sid, I ain't dunnin' you after thirty years of dealin' between you and me, but the jobbers are kind of on me—everybody's runnin' up bills—and if you just happened to have a little spot of money on hand you didn't need—your credit's just as good as ever, understand, and I hope you won't think it's a dun—"

For a bare instant the dim, ragged brows drooped and the hopefulness wavered. Sid fished into his pocket and produced a silver dollar and less than a dollar in small change. "You're welcome to the dollar, for the time bein', Oss."

His creditor suggested that the jobbers would never be the subjects of God's grace, and the following phrase stated that he approved of their consequent destiny.

"Where's your oysters?" Oss asked fiercely.

In the fairly good days when Sid and Lyd' were first married they had formed the genteel and elegantly luxurious habit of eating a can of Cove

Oysters, with pepper sauce, with crackers, for Sunday night supper, sitting together in the decorous early nuptial intimacy and awe which is more sacred than virginal privacy. Lyd' had been dead ten years but Sid had preserved the custom, even when oysters went to fourteen cents.

For a moment the beaten face, deep-tanned with forty summers under the hard sun, quivered and worked. Then the brows returned to their ordinary ingenuous cheerfulness.

"I just got to thinkin', Oss—I don't really need them oysters."

In a flash Oss remembered old days—the time when the farm hands dropped in, Saturday nights, and ate cheese and crackers and then made the hard choice between a can of tomatoes, or a can of oysters, or a can of pears or peaches, for the indulgence of the evening—all the canned stuff was ten cents then. He virtually threw the oysters at Sid—everything couldn't go to Hell, even if the country did.

"You'll take them blankety-blank oysters and you'll like them, Sid Leddering, and don't say a blankety word, and get out. No Leddering's went back on a bill in ninety years and it's about time even if anything happened."

"Thanks, Oss—and—thanks, Oss."

"You got plenty of crackers?" Oss inquired violently.

III

"The question ain't that," Sid told Colin soberly as the 1925 model yanked and yodelled across the Creek bridge. "I wouldn't give the place up. But if Cass can get me this watching man job in the hospital I could get somebody to winter the cattle and come back for spring plantin' with two dimes to jingle."

"That's a lie, Sid," Colin said quietly. "I know what's in your mind. Once you get in Des Moines the Land Bank'll have your farm in no time and you'll never come back. And at our age, Sid, you'll never get used to workin' on a job where somebody always tells you what to do."

"Well, it can cost a man too much to be independent—"

"No, it can't," Colin said firmly.

"Well, maybe it can't—I didn't say I was goin'—but I just can't bear to sit and see the heifers suffer." He was silent for a moment and then confessed his shame. "You know what happened to me this evening? Oss told me the jobbers was pressin' him for money and I didn't have any money to pay my bill."

There was a moment's silence. Colin said softly, "Oss mentioned something like that to me about two weeks ago. I didn't have nothing, either."

They drove on between the rustling rows of dead roadside weeds. The dust seemed to anticipate the coming of the car and coated anew their sweat-soaked hickory shirts and built up the dirty furrows in their faces. Dust and sweat and the hot sky and the racked groaning of the car, shouting of past poverty and famine to come, seemed to fill full the measure of God's pitilessness.

"I ain't going to stand it any longer," Sid said, with sudden and evidently irrevocable determination. "I don't have to. The Land Bank can have the farm. I'll sell the heifers to them that can feed them or'll put 'em out of their misery. It's just plain sentimental foolish to hang on to land that won't keep you—"

"It's kept you."

"—just because your folks and your folks' folk had it—and it's cruel. What right have we got," he asked bitterly, "to ask them to go through all this just on the chance we can pull them through?"

"It's you complainin'—not them."

"I know—but it's sentimental foolish." He liked the phrase. "I'm goin'."

"I'll hate to see you go," Colin said quietly as he got off at his lane.

"Besides," Sid said lamely, "Cass's all I got and he's a doctor. He won't need no farm."

This struck Colin. "That's so. Seems a pity. But you never know when you might want a farm."

IV

Cass and Sid had washed and wiped the supper dishes and Sid, sitting on the front steps, was about equally engaged in trying to work a catfish bone from between his teeth with his tongue, and packing his pipe with a variety of guncotton known as "Miners' and Farmers'" which defiantly advertised that it was "A fine smoking mixture—made of the choicest tobaccos." It sold for about twenty five cents a pound and lasted a long, long time.

It was definitely cooler. It was so cool, in the low nineties, that Cass looked hopefully at the sky. "If the weather ever changed," he said, "I'd say it was about to change."

"If it did, me too," his father said, economically.

"Oh, thunderations," he added. "It's *bound* to change—I say it's *bound* to change. It always does."

He was more comfortable than he cared to admit. "Cass," he said suddenly, "can you get catfish in Des Moines—good catfish?"

"I guess so, Dad. Why'd you ask?"

Sid stared thoughtfully down the long slope to the river from which a warm but not unpleasant evening breeze had sprung up. He had stared down that slope and across to the hills almost every evening for fifty-five years. He knew he had because his Ma must have nursed him either here on the porch in the evening, or else in the parlor, with its big bay window. The Church Tree, near the river edge, fed its green leaves with roots that had prepared for this drought for two centuries.

His family had been here for one of them.

He shrugged his shoulders. Once he made up his mind, he made up his mind. He rose and went to his rocking chair. He liked to rock even though a tradition had lately grown up in Brunswick that it was not considered exactly polite by the best people. Heck with the best people. He couldn't

worry about what they did in Newport and the Biltmore and those places. They could rock or set, just as they darn pleased. Why'd the aylect *have* rockers if they didn't use them?

Cass had forgotten his question. "I got a letter this evening."

Sid looked up slowly. He had delivered the letter so that that was no surprise but the faint bitterness of his son's tone was a surprise. "You going back?"

The young man spoke slowly and carefully, a clinical habit which gave good presage for his future as a doctor. "I might as well tell you, Dad, there was a reason why I got this summer's leave of absence."

Sid puzzled at this. "But you were doin' good—they couldn't have let you out." He bristled. "If they did it's plenty good enough for them." He shook his head and smiled shrewdly and comfortingly, his own intentions forgotten. "Couldn't spare you from here, anyhow. Doc Sherrell over in Pittsville's gettin' mighty old—I bet you could help me out a while and then buy in to help him mighty cheap—mighty cheap. I got an oak piece—" he waved aside his son's attempted interruption—"the Rock Island's been tryin' to buy the timber off of for ever since the war started—"

"They didn't let me out, Dad. They let a lot of the boys out but they're keeping me—on half-pay."

Sid calculated swiftly. "Twelve dollars and a half a week and your meals! I wish I could earn twelve dollars and a half a week and my keep—" He threw back his shoulders vigorously. "I tell you, Cass, I just decided to-day—"

"That isn't all of it, Dad."

The older man paused again at his tone.

"Part of the rest of it is that Devon and I are married, Dad."

Sid's mouth opened and shut once or twice and then he seized his son's hand. "Well—well—that's fine! Me and that damned old standpatter Colin used to talk about you two bein' married—that was before you went away to school." He turned his head away for a moment. "I'd of kind of liked to of been there, Cass, if you don't mind me sayin' so, 'cause your Ma would of liked to of been and so I would of."

"We were married before I went away to school, Dad—"

"Huh!"

The young man bowed his head. "We were in love and we were kids. We thought everybody'd say we were too young. So the day before I went to Iowa U. we sneaked off in the car."

"But you ain't said anything till now."

Cass nodded. "We wrote and pretty soon we didn't write. It looked like it would be all right to let it drift until one of us wanted to get divorced on some account—"

"Divorced? Huh!" The young man's father pulled his moustache. "You—you didn't want to stay married, you mean? You didn't even see each other—oh, you mean you just kind of forgot—"

Cass's voice, when he was apologetic, always reminded Sid of the time he had caught his son throwing rotten eggs at the pigs from the barn window. "We didn't forget, Dad. I did and she pretended to. I had to see her again to remember—when I first got home this summer." He said, with a certain contempt and bitterness for himself, "You see, a wife is just a stumbling block in a young doctor's way."

"Umm." Sid sat for a moment remembering things which had happened before this boy was born. The hard times when once he had happened to think that one mouth is easier to feed than two—just for a second but it was one of those cursed thoughts that never grow dimmer in the soul and return, sharp as a knife, at the worst moments—for instance, when your son's mother is dying of some strange eating at the breast that fed the boy. This must be swept over, erased from Cass's mind.

"Huh-uh," he murmured, with interested, rather than amused, laughter. "The way things turn out! Now there you go and think you ain't in love with Devon any more, and then you get your first vacation since you started workin' through school and you see her again, and then you find out you was right all the time, and this time you find out for sure—"

"Yes, Dad," Cass said in a low voice, "this time for sure."

"Of course, for sure," Sid said heartily. "A man don't make a mistake about that more'n once—I mean, a man like us." His mind worked at desperate speed. Watching men got fifteen dollars; fifteen and twelve and a half—gosh, a fortune, and Cass with his keep—

"I tell you, son," old Sid said, and let his fingers wander behind him, as they had wandered ten thousand times, over the soft, uneven, homemade brick of the house wall. The luxurious four-room block of the Leddering mansion had been added to the frame rooms in 1852. "I tell you," he continued slowly and stopped. That was the hand-wrought nail Pa had stuck in the mortar to see how long it would last. It had lasted.

"There's one other thing, Dad."

Sid didn't pay much attention. Everything certainly worked out fine. Devon could keep house for them. They'd come back every summer and see that the farm was running right—. Sid forced from his mind the certain knowledge that if the farm's meager profits were divided with a renter, next March would see it in the hands of the Joint Land Bank. What if it did? They'd be making out.

"The other thing," Cass said gently, "is that Devon's going to have a baby."

It was an instant before the thunder of crashing projects quieted in Sid's brain. Then he seized his son by the shoulders and shook him soundly. "No, now! You an' Devon! Why, you son-of-a-gun, you! Like as not a boy, too—they're mighty often boys—w'y, I'll be shot for a horse-thief—"

Then he chuckled at a sudden thought. "Wait till that danged old G.O.P.'er hears about this. Jus' promise me one thing, Cass—that baby's got to be brung up in the bosom of the Democratic party."

"Dad," Cass said, considering very carefully, "I think we could get you

that job up at the hospital. I think if we managed mighty hard, the three of us—and four—could make out somehow—”

Sid regarded his son with startled incredulity. “An’ let the place go to the Land Bank?” He tried to glower at his son. “That baby comes from good farm stock on both sides. That baby might need a farm.”

v

They met in the darkness under the willows, the darkness that was good and hid the ugliness of decay and despair all about them. Occasionally a fish stirred the water; the weeds and reedy grass were filled with the indomitable creepings of life.

“What did your Dad say?”

She put her soft, strong arms about him and he could feel her smile against his cheek. “The same thing yours did.”

vi

On the porch, Sid Leddering rocked and puffed, rocked and puffed. His heart was overfilled with that serene joy that almost brings tears to men’s eyes. An awful odor came from the cob pipe under his nose and he enjoyed it very much.

The night was so clear that the Milky Way swept over his head like a sparkling vapor. Nowhere, he knew, was night so beautiful as here in his Iowa. He looked proudly out at the considerable piece of Iowa that he owned and that his grandchild would own.

By and by he rose, still moved by his deep happiness, and tapped out his pipe on the porch column. He looked up at the stars more scientifically.

“No rain tomorrow,” he determined to himself. “Gosh, it’s a turrible drought.”

He considered for a moment and nodded his head. “Bad as 1901, when Cass was born.”

I CAN’T BREATHE¹

by Ring Lardner

July 12

I AM staying here at the Inn for two weeks with my Uncle Nat and Aunt Jule and I think I will keep a kind of a diary while I am here to help pass the time and so I can have a record of things that happen though goodness knows there isn’t likely to anything happen, that is anything exciting with Uncle Nat and Aunt Jule making the plans as they are both at least 35 years old and maybe older.

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Dad and mother are abroad to be gone a month and me coming here is supposed to be a recompence for them not taking me with them. A fine recompence to be left with old people that come to a place like this to rest. Still it would be a heavenly place under different conditions, for instance if Walter were here, too. It would be heavenly if he were here, the very thought of it makes my heart stop.

I can't stand it. I won't think about it.

This is our first seperation since we have been engaged, nearly 17 days. It will be 17 days tomorrow. And the hotel orchestra at dinner this evening played that old thing "Oh how I miss you tonight" and it seemed as if they must be playing it for my benefit though of course the person in that song is talking about how they miss their mother though of course I miss mother too, but a person gets used to missing their mother and it isn't like Walter or the person you are engaged to.

But there won't be any more seperations much longer, we are going to be married in December even if mother does laugh when I talk to her about it because she says I am crazy to even think of getting married at 18.

She got married herself when she was 18, but of course that was "different," she wasn't crazy like I am, she knew whom she was marrying. As if Walter were a policeman or a foreigner or something. And she says she was only engaged once while I have been engaged at least five times a year since I was 14, of course it really isn't as bad as that and I have really only been really what I call engaged six times altogether, but is getting engaged my fault when they keep insisting and hammering at you and if you didn't say yes they would never go home.

But it is different with Walter. I honestly believe if he had not asked me I would have asked him. Of course I wouldn't have, but I would have died. And this is the first time I have ever been engaged to be really married. The other times when they talked about when should we get married I just laughed at them, but I hadn't been engaged to Walter ten minutes when he brought up the subject of marriage and I didn't laugh. I wouldn't be engaged to him unless it was to be married. I couldn't stand it.

Anyway mother may as well get used to the idea because it is "No Foolin'" this time and we have got our plans all made and I am going to be married at home and go out to California and Hollywood on our honeymoon. December, five months away. I can't stand it. I can't wait.

There were a couple of awfully nice looking boys sitting together alone in the dining-room tonight. One of them wasn't so much, but the other was cute. And he—

There's the dance orchestra playing "Always," what they played at the Biltmore the day I met Walter. "Not for just an hour not for just a day." I can't live. I can't breathe.

July 13

This has been a much more exciting day than I expected under the circumstances. In the first place I got two long night letters, one from Walter

and one from Gordon Flint. I don't see how Walter ever had the nerve to send his, there was everything in it and it must have been horribly embarrassing for him while the telegraph operator was reading it over and counting the words to say nothing of embarrassing for the operator.

But the one from Gordon was a kind of a shock. He just got back from a trip around the world, left last December to go on it and got back yesterday and called up our house and Helga gave him my address, and his telegram, well it was nearly as bad as Walter's. The trouble is that Gordon and I were engaged when he went away, or at least he thought so and he wrote to me right along all the time he was away and sent cables and things and for a while I answered his letters, but then I lost track of his itinerary and couldn't write to him any more and when I got really engaged to Walter I couldn't let Gordon know because I had no idea where he was besides not wanting to spoil his trip.

And now he still thinks we are engaged and he is going to call me up tomorrow from Chicago and how in the world can I explain things and get him to understand because he is really serious and I like him ever and ever so much and in lots of ways he is nicer than Walter, not really nicer but better looking and there is no comparison between their dancing. Walter simply can't learn to dance, that is really dance. He says it is because he is flat footed, he says that as a joke, but it is true and I wish to heavens it wasn't.

All forenoon I thought and thought and thought about what to say to Gordon when he calls up and finally I couldn't stand thinking about it any more and just made up my mind I wouldn't think about it any more. But I will tell the truth though it will kill me to hurt him.

I went down to lunch with Uncle Nat and Aunt Jule and they were going out to play golf this afternoon and were insisting that I go with them, but I told them I had a headache and then I had a terrible time getting them to go without me. I didn't have a headache at all and just wanted to be alone to think about Walter and besides when you play with Uncle Nat he is always correcting your stance or your swing or something and always puts his hands on my arms or shoulders to show me the right way and I can't stand it to have old men touch me, even if they are your uncle.

I finally got rid of them and I was sitting watching the tennis when that boy that I saw last night, the cute one, came and sat right next to me and of course I didn't look at him and I was going to smoke a cigarette and found I had left my lighter upstairs and I started to get up and go after it when all of a sudden he was offering me his lighter and I couldn't very well refuse it without being rude. So we got to talking and he is even cuter than he looks, the most original and wittiest person I believe I ever met and I haven't laughed so much in I don't know how long.

For one thing he asked me if I had heard Rockefeller's song and I said no and he began singing "Oil alone." Then he asked me if I knew the orange juice song and I told him no again and he said it was "Orange juice sorry you made me cry." I was in hysterics before we had been together ten minutes.

His name is Frank Caswell and he has been out of Dartmouth a year and is 24 years old. That isn't so terribly old, only two years older than Walter and three years older than Gordon. I hate the name Frank, but Caswell is all right and he is so cute.

He was out in California last winter and visited Hollywood and met everybody in the world and it is fascinating to listen to him. He met Norma Shearer and he said he thought she was the prettiest thing he had ever seen. What he said was "I did think she was the prettiest girl in the world, till today." I was going to pretend I didn't get it, but I finally told him to be sensible or I would never be able to believe anything he said.

Well, he wanted me to dance with him tonight after dinner and the next question was how to explain how we had met each other to Uncle Nat and Aunt Jule. Frank said he would fix that all right and sure enough he got himself introduced to Uncle Nat when Uncle Nat came in from golf and after dinner Uncle Nat introduced him to me and Aunt Jule too and we danced together all evening, that is not Aunt Jule. They went to bed, thank heavens.

He is a heavenly dancer, as good as Gordon. One dance we were dancing and for one of the encores the orchestra played "In a cottage small by a waterfall" and I simply couldn't dance to it. I just stopped still and said "Listen, I can't bear it, I can't breathe" and poor Frank thought I was sick or something and I had to explain that that was the tune the orchestra played the night I sat at the next table to Jack Barrymore at Barney Gallant's.

I made him sit out that encore and wouldn't let him talk till they got through playing it. Then they played something else and I was all right again and Frank told me about meeting Jack Barrymore. Imagine meeting him I couldn't live.

I promised Aunt Jule I would go to bed at eleven and it is way past that now, but I am all ready for bed and have just been writing this. Tomorrow Gordon is going to call up and what will I say to him? I just won't think about it.

July 14

Gordon called up this morning from Chicago and it was wonderful to hear his voice again though the connection was terrible. He asked me if I still loved him and I tried to tell him no, but I knew that would mean an explanation and the connection was so bad that I never could make him understand so I said yes, but I almost whispered it purposely, thinking he wouldn't hear me, but he heard me all right and he said that made everything all right with the world. He said he thought I had stopped loving him because I had stopped writing.

I wish the connection had been decent and I could have told him how things were, but now it is terrible because he is planning to get to New York the day I get there and heaven knows what I will do because Walter will be there, too. I just won't think about it.

Aunt Jule came in my room just after I was through talking to Gordon, thank heavens. The room was full of flowers. Walter had sent me some

and so had Frank. I got another long night letter from Walter, just as silly as the first one. I wish he would say those things in letters instead of night letters so everybody in the world wouldn't see them. Aunt Jule wanted me to read it aloud to her. I would have died.

While she was still in the room, Frank called up and asked me to play golf with him and I said all right and Aunt Jule said she was glad my headache was gone. She was trying to be funny.

I played golf with Frank this afternoon. He is a beautiful golfer and it is thrilling to watch him drive, his swing is so much more graceful than Walter's. I asked him to watch me swing and tell me what was the matter with me, but he said he couldn't look at anything but my face and there wasn't anything the matter with that.

He told me the boy who was here with him had been called home and he was glad of it because I might have liked him, the other boy, better than himself. I told him that couldn't be possible and he asked me if I really meant that and I said of course, but I smiled when I said it so he wouldn't take it too seriously.

We danced again tonight and Uncle Nat and Aunt Jule sat with us a while and danced a couple of dances themselves, but they were really there to get better acquainted with Frank and see if he was all right for me to be with. I know they certainly couldn't have enjoyed their own dancing, no old people really can enjoy it because they can't really *do* anything.

They were favorably impressed with Frank I think, at least Aunt Jule didn't say I must be in bed at eleven, but just not to stay up too late. I guess it is a big surprise to a girl's parents and aunts and uncles to find out that the boys you go around with are all right, they always seem to think that if I seem to like somebody and the person pays a little attention to me, why he must be a convict or a policeman or a drunkard or something queer.

Frank had some more songs for me tonight. He asked me if I knew the asthma song and I said I didn't and he said "Oh, you must know that. It goes yes, sir, asthma baby." Then he told me about the underwear song, "I underwear my baby is tonight." He keeps you in hysterics and yet he has his serious side, in fact he was awfully serious when he said good night to me and his eyes simply shown. I wish Walter were more like him in some ways, but I mustn't think about that.

July 15

I simply can't live and I know I'll never sleep tonight. I am in a terrible predicament or rather I won't know whether I really am or not till tomorrow and that is what makes it so terrible.

After we had danced two or three dances, Frank asked me to go for a ride with him and we went for a ride in his car and he had had some cocktails and during the ride he had some drinks out of a flask and finally he told me he loved me and I said not to be silly, but he said he was perfectly serious and he certainly acted that way. He asked me if I loved anybody else and I said yes and he asked if I didn't love him more than anybody else and I said yes,

but only because I thought he had probably had too much to drink and wouldn't remember it anyway and the best thing to do was humor him under the circumstances.

Then all of a sudden he asked me when I could marry him and I said, just as a joke, that I couldn't possibly marry him before December. He said that was a long time to wait, but I was certainly worth waiting for and he said a lot of other things and maybe I humored him a little too much, but that is just the trouble, I don't know.

I was absolutely sure he was tight and would forget the whole thing, but that was early in the evening, and when we said good night he was a whole lot more sober than he had been and now I am not sure how it stands. If he doesn't remember anything about it, of course I am all right. But if he does remember and if he took me seriously, I will simply have to tell him about Walter and maybe about Gordon, too. And it isn't going to be easy. The suspense is what is maddening and I know I'll never live through this night.

July 16

I can't stand it, I can't breathe, life is impossible. Frank remembered everything about last night and firmly believes we are engaged and going to be married in December. His people live in New York and he says he is going back when I do and have them meet me.

Of course it can't go on and tomorrow I will tell him about Walter or Gordon or both of them. I know it is going to hurt him terribly, perhaps spoil his life and I would give anything in the world not to have had it happen. I hate so to hurt him because he is so nice besides being so cute and attractive.

He sent me the loveliest flowers this morning and called up at ten and wanted to know how soon he could see me and I hope the girl wasn't listening in because the things he said were, well, like Walter's night letters.

And that is another terrible thing, today I didn't get a night letter from Walter, but there was a regular letter instead and I carried it around in my purse all this afternoon and evening and never remembered to read it till ten minutes ago when I came up in the room. Walter is worried because I have only sent him two telegrams and written him one letter since I have been here, he would be a lot more worried if he knew what has happened now, though of course it can't make any difference because he is the one I am really engaged to be married to and the one I told mother I was going to marry in December and I wouldn't dare tell her it was somebody else.

I met Frank for lunch and we went for a ride this afternoon and he was so much in love and so lovely to me that I simply did not have the heart to tell him the truth, I am surely going to tell him tomorrow and telling him today would have just meant one more day of unhappiness for both of us.

He said his people had plenty of money and his father had offered to take him into partnership and he might accept, but he thinks his true vocation is journalism with a view to eventually writing novels and if I was willing to undergo a few hardships just at first we would probably both be happier later

on if he was doing something he really liked. I didn't know what to say, but finally I said I wanted him to suit himself and money wasn't everything.

He asked me where I would like to go on my honeymoon and I suppose I ought to have told him my honeymoon was all planned, that I was going to California, with Walter, but all I said was that I had always wanted to go to California and he was enthusiastic and said that is where we would surely go and he would take me to Hollywood and introduce me to all those wonderful people he met there last winter. It nearly takes my breath away to think of it, going there with someone who really knows people and has the entrée.

We danced again tonight, just two or three dances, and then went out and sat in the tennis-court, but I came upstairs early because Aunt Jule had acted kind of funny at dinner. And I wanted to be alone, too, and think, but the more I think the worse it gets.

Sometimes I wish I were dead, maybe that is the only solution and it would be best for everyone concerned. I *will* die if things keep on the way they have been. But of course tomorrow it will be all over, with Frank I mean, for I must tell him the truth no matter how much it hurts us both. Though I don't care how much it hurts me. The thought of hurting him is what is driving me mad. I can't bear it.

July 18

I have skipped a day. I was busy every minute of yesterday and so exhausted when I came upstairs that I was tempted to fall into bed with all my clothes on. First Gordon called me up from Chicago to remind me that he would be in New York the day I got there and that when he comes he wants me all to himself all the time and we can make plans for our wedding. The connection was bad again and I just couldn't explain to him about Walter.

I had an engagement with Frank for lunch and just as we were going in another long distance call came, from Walter this time. He wanted to know why I haven't written more letters and sent him more telegrams and asked me if I still loved him and of course I told him yes because I really do. Then he asked if I had met any men here and I told him I had met one, a friend of Uncle Nat's. After all it was Uncle Nat who introduced me to Frank. He reminded me that he would be in New York on the 25th which is the day I expect to get home, and said he would have theater tickets for that night and we would go somewhere afterwards and dance.

Frank insisted on knowing who had kept me talking so long and I told him it was a boy I had known a long while, a very dear friend of mine and a friend of my family's. Frank was jealous and kept asking questions till I thought I would go mad. He was so serious and kind of cross and gruff that I gave up the plan of telling him the truth till some time when he is in better spirits.

I played golf with Frank in the afternoon and we took a ride last night and I wanted to get in early because I had promised both Walter and Gordon that I would write them long letters, but Frank wouldn't bring me back to the Inn till I had named a definite date in December. I finally told him the

10th and he said all right if I was sure that wasn't a Sunday. I said I would have to look it up, but as a matter of fact I know the 10th falls on a Friday because the date Walter and I have agreed on for our wedding is Saturday the 11th.

Today has just been the same thing over again, two more night letters, a long distance call from Chicago, golf and a ride with Frank, and the room full of flowers. But tomorrow I am going to tell Frank and I am going to write Gordon a long letter and tell him, too, because this simply can't go on any longer. I can't breathe. I can't live.

July 21

I wrote to Gordon yesterday, but I didn't say anything about Walter because I don't think it is a thing a person ought to do by letter. I can tell him when he gets to New York and then I will be sure that he doesn't take it too hard and I can promise him that I will be friends with him always and make him promise not to do anything silly, while if I told it to him in a letter there is no telling what he would do, there all alone.

And I haven't told Frank because he hasn't been feeling well, he is terribly sunburned and it hurts him terribly so he can hardly play golf or dance, and I want him to be feeling his best when I do tell him, but whether he is all right or not I simply must tell him tomorrow because he is actually planning to leave here on the same train with us Saturday night and I can't let him do that.

Life is so hopeless and it could be so wonderful. For instance how heavenly it would be if I could marry Frank first and stay married to him five years and he would be the one who would take me to Hollywood and maybe we could go on parties with Norman Kerry and Jack Barrymore and Buster Collier and Marion Davies and Lois Moran.

And at the end of five years Frank could go into journalism and write novels and I would only be 23 and I could marry Gordon and he would be ready for another trip around the world and he could show me things better than someone who had never seen them before.

Gordon and I would separate at the end of five years and I would be 28 and I know of lots of women that never even got married the first time till they were 28 though I don't suppose that was their fault, but I would marry Walter then, for after all he is the one I really love and want to spend most of my life with and I wouldn't care whether he could dance or not when I was that old. Before long we would be as old as Uncle Nat and Aunt Jule and I certainly wouldn't want to dance at their age when all you can do is just hobble around the floor. But Walter is so wonderful as a companion and we would enjoy the same things and be pals and maybe we would begin to have children.

But that is all impossible though it wouldn't be if older people just had sense and would look at things the right way.

It is only half past ten, the earliest I have gone to bed in weeks, but I am

worn out and Frank went to bed early so he could put cold cream on his sunburn.

Listen, diary, the orchestra is playing "Limehouse Blues." The first tune I danced to with Merle Oliver, two years ago. I can't stand it. And how funny that they should play that old tune tonight of all nights, when I have been thinking of Merle off and on all day, and I hadn't thought of him before in weeks and weeks. I wonder where he is, I wonder if it is just an accident or if it means I am going to see him again. I simply mustn't think about it or I'll die.

July 22

I knew it wasn't an accident. I knew it must mean something, and it did.

Merle is coming here today, here to this Inn, and just to see me. And there can only be one reason. And only one answer. I knew that when I heard his voice calling from Boston. How could I ever had thought I loved anyone else? How could he ever have thought I meant it when I told him I was engaged to George Morse?

A whole year and he still cares and I still care. That shows we were always intended for each other and for no one else. I won't make *him* wait till December. I doubt if we even wait till dad and mother get home. And as for a honeymoon I will go with him to Long Beach or the Bronx Zoo, wherever he wants to take me.

After all this is the best way out of it, the only way. I won't have to say anything to Frank, he will guess when he sees me with Merle. And when I get home Sunday and Walter and Gordon call me up, I will invite them both to dinner and Merle can tell them himself, with two of them there it will only hurt each one half as much as if they were alone.

The train is due at 2:40, almost three hours from now. I can't wait. And what if it should be late? I can't stand it.

THE END OF SOMETHING¹

by Ernest Hemingway

IN the old days Hortons Bay was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. The lumber schooners came into the bay and were loaded with the cut of the mill that stood stacked in the yard. All the piles of lumber were carried away. The big mill building had all its machinery that was removable taken out and hoisted on board

¹ From *In Our Time*, copyright, 1925, Charles Scribner's Sons, by permission.

one of the schooners by the men who had worked in the mill. The schooner moved out of the bay toward the open lake carrying the two great saws, the traveling carriage that hurled the logs against the revolving, circular saws and all the rollers, wheels, belts and iron piled on a hull-deep load of lumber. Its open hold covered with canvas and lashed tight, the sails of the schooner filled and it moved out into the open lake, carrying with it everything that had made the mill a mill and Hortons Bay, a town.

The one-story bunk houses, the eating-house, the company store, the mill offices, and the big mill itself stood deserted in the acres of sawdust that covered the swampy meadow by the shore of the bay.

Ten years later there was nothing of the mill left except the broken white limestone of its foundations showing through the swampy second growth as Nick and Marjorie rowed along the shore. They were trolling along the edge of the channel-bank where the bottom dropped off suddenly from sandy shallows to twelve feet of dark water. They were trolling on their way to the point to set night lines for rainbow trout.

"There's our old ruin, Nick," Marjorie said.

Nick, rowing, looked at the white stone in the green trees.

"There it is," he said.

"Can you remember when it was a mill?" Marjorie asked.

"I can just remember," Nick said.

"It seems more like a castle," Marjorie said.

Nick said nothing. They rowed on out of sight of the mill, following the shore line. Then Nick cut across the bay.

"They aren't striking," he said.

"No," Marjorie said. She was intent on the rod all the time they trolled, even when she talked. She loved to fish. She loved to fish with Nick.

Close beside the boat a big trout broke the surface of the water. Nick pulled hard on one oar so the boat would turn and the bait spinning far behind would pass where the trout was feeding. As the trout's back came up out of the water the minnows jumped wildly. They sprinkled the surface like a handful of shot thrown into the water. Another trout broke water, feeding on the other side of the boat.

"They're feeding," Marjorie said.

"But they won't strike," Nick said.

He rowed the boat around to troll past both the feeding fish, then headed it for the point. Marjorie did not reel in until the boat touched the shore.

They pulled the boat up the beach and Nick lifted out a pail of live perch. The perch swam in the water in the pail. Nick caught three of them with his hands and cut their heads off and skinned them while Marjorie chased with her hands in the bucket, finally caught a perch, cut its head off and skinned it. Nick looked at her fish.

"You don't want to take the ventral fin out," he said. "It'll be all right for bait but it's better with the ventral fin in."

He hooked each of the skinned perch through the tail. There were two

hooks attached to a leader on each rod. Then Marjorie rowed the boat out over the channel-bank, holding the line in her teeth, and looking toward Nick, who stood on the shore holding the rod and letting the line run out from the reel.

"That's about right," he called.

"Should I let it drop?" Marjorie called back, holding the line in her hand.

"Sure. Let it go." Marjorie dropped the line overboard and watched the baits go down through the water.

She came in with the boat and ran the second line out the same way. Each time Nick set a heavy slab of driftwood across the butt of the rod to hold it solid and propped it up at an angle with a small slab. He reeled in the slack line so the line ran taut out to where the bait rested on the sandy floor of the channel and set the click on the reel. When a trout, feeding on the bottom, took the bait it would run with it, taking line out of the reel in a rush and making the reel sing with the click on.

Marjorie rowed up the point a little way so she would not disturb the line. She pulled hard on the oars and the boat went way up the beach. Little waves came in with it. Marjorie stepped out of the boat and Nick pulled the boat high up on the beach.

"What's the matter, Nick?" Marjorie asked.

"I don't know," Nick said, getting wood for a fire.

They made a fire with driftwood. Marjorie went to the boat and brought a blanket. The evening breeze blew the smoke toward the point, so Marjorie spread the blanket out between the fire and the lake.

Marjorie sat on the blanket with her back to the fire and waited for Nick. He came over and sat down beside her on the blanket. In back of them was the close second-growth timber of the point and in front was the bay with the mouth of Hortons Creek. It was not quite dark. The firelight went as far as the water. They could both see the two steel rods at an angle over the dark water. The fire glinted on the reels.

Marjorie unpacked the basket of supper.

"I don't feel like eating," said Nick.

"Come on and eat, Nick."

"All right."

They ate without talking, and watched the two rods and the fire-light in the water.

"There's going to be a moon tonight," said Nick. He looked across the bay to the hills that were beginning to sharpen against the sky. Beyond the hills he knew the moon was coming up.

"I know it," Marjorie said happily.

"You know everything," Nick said.

"Oh, Nick, please cut it out! Please, please don't be that way!"

"I can't help it," Nick said. "You do. You know everything. That's the trouble. You know you do."

Marjorie did not say anything.

"I've taught you everything. You know you do. What don't you know, anyway?"

"Oh, shut up," Marjorie said. "There comes the moon."

They sat on the blanket without touching each other and watched the moon rise.

"You don't have to talk silly," Marjorie said; "what's really the matter?"

"I don't know."

"Of course you know."

"No I don't."

"Go on and say it."

Nick looked on at the moon, coming up over the hills.

"It isn't fun any more."

He was afraid to look at Marjorie. He looked at Marjorie. She sat there with her back toward him. He looked at her back. "It isn't fun any more. Not any of it."

She didn't say anything. He went on. "I feel as though everything was gone to hell inside of me. I don't know, Marge. I don't know what to say."

He looked on at her back.

"Isn't love any fun?" Marjorie said.

"No," Nick said. Marjorie stood up. Nick sat there, his head in his hands.

"I'm going to take the boat," Marjorie called to him. "You can walk back around the point."

"All right," Nick said. "I'll push the boat off for you."

"You don't need to," she said. She was afloat in the boat on the water with the moonlight on it. Nick went back and lay down with his face in the blanket by the fire. He could hear Marjorie rowing on the water.

He lay there for a long time. He lay there while he heard Bill come into the clearing, walking around through the woods. He felt Bill coming up to the fire. Bill didn't touch him, either.

"Did she go all right?" Bill said.

"Oh, yes." Nick said, lying, his face on the blanket.

"Have a scene?"

"No, there wasn't any scene."

"How do you feel?"

"Oh, go away, Bill! Go away for a while."

Bill selected a sandwich from the lunch basket and walked over to have a look at the rods.

NIGHT CLUB¹*by Katharine Brush*

PROMPTLY at quarter of ten P.M. Mrs. Brady descended the steps of the Elevated. She purchased from the newsdealer in the cubbyhole beneath them a next month's magazine and a to-morrow morning's paper and, with these tucked under one plump arm, she walked. She walked two blocks north on Sixth Avenue; turned and went west. But not far west. Westward half a block only, to the place where the gay green awning marked *Club Français* paints a stripe of shade across the glimmering sidewalk. Under this awning Mrs. Brady halted briefly, to remark to the six-foot doorman that it looked like rain and to await his performance of his professional duty. When the small green door yawned open she sighed deeply and plodded in.

The foyer was a blackness, an airless velvet blackness like the inside of a jeweler's box. Four drum-shaped lamps of golden silk suspended from the ceiling gave it light (a very little) and formed the jewels: gold signets, those, or cuff-links for a giant. At the far end of the foyer there were black stairs, faintly dusty, rippling upward toward an amber radiance. Mrs. Brady approached and ponderously mounted the stairs, clinging with one fist to the mangy velvet rope that railed their edge.

From the top, Miss Lena Levin observed the ascent. Miss Levin was the checkroom girl. She had dark-at-the-roots blond hair and slender hips upon which, in moments of leisure she wore her hands, like buckles of ivory loosely attached. This was a moment of leisure. Miss Levin waited behind her counter. Row upon row of hooks, empty as yet, and seeming to beckon—wee curved fingers of iron—waited behind her.

"Late," said Miss Levin, "again."

"Go wan!" said Mrs. Brady. "It's only ten to ter. *Whew! Them stairs!*"

She leaned heavily, sideways, against Miss Levin's counter and, applying one palm to the region of her heart, appeared at once to listen and to count. "Feel!" she cried then in a pleased voice.

Miss Levin obediently felt.

"Them stairs," continued Mrs. Brady darkly, "with my bad heart, will be the death of me. *Whew! Well, dearie! What's the news?*"

"You got a paper," Miss Levin languidly reminded her.

"Yeah!" agreed Mrs. Brady with sudden vehemence. "I got a paper!" She slapped it upon the counter. "An' a lot of time I'll get to *read* my paper, won't I now? On a Saturday night!" she moaned. "Other nights is bad enough, dear knows—but *Saturday* nights! How I dread 'em! Every Saturday night I say to my daughter, I say, 'Geraldine, I can't,' I say, 'I can't go through it

¹ From *Harper's Magazine*, 1927. By permission of the author.

again, an' that's all there is to it,' I say. 'I'll *quit*,' I say, An' I *will*, too!" added Mrs. Brady firmly, if indefinitely.

Miss Levin, in defense of Saturday nights, mumbled some vague something about tips.

"Tips!" Mrs. Brady hissed it. She almost spat it. Plainly money was nothing, nothing at all, to this lady. "I just wish," said Mrs. Brady and glared at Miss Levin, "I just wish *you* had to spend one Saturday night, just one, in that dressing room! Bein' pushed an' stepped on and near knocked down by that gang of hussies, an' them orderin' an' bossin' you 'round like you was *black*, an' usin' your things an' then sayin' they're sorry, they got no change, they'll be back. Yah! They *never* come back!"

"There's Mr. Costello," whispered Miss Levin through lips that, like a ventriloquist's, scarcely stirred.

"An' as I was sayin'," Mrs. Brady said at once brightly, "I got to leave you. Ten to ten, time I was on the job."

She smirked at Miss Levin, nodded, and right-about-faced. There, indeed, Mr. Costello was. Mr. Billy Costello, manager, proprietor, monarch of all he surveyed. From the doorway of the big room, where the little tables herded in a ring around the waxen floor, he surveyed Mrs. Brady, and in such a way that Mrs. Brady, momentarily forgetting her bad heart, walked fast, scurried faster, almost ran.

The door of her domain was set politely in an alcove, beyond silken curtains looped up at the sides. Mrs. Brady reached it breathless, shouldered it open, and groped for the electric switch. Lights sprang up, a bright white blaze, intolerable for an instant to the eyes, like sun on snow. Blinking, Mrs. Brady shut the door.

The room was a spotless, white-tiled place, half beauty shop, half dressing room. Along one wall stood washstands, sturdy triplets in a row, with pale-green liquid soap in glass balloons afloat above them. Against the opposite wall there was a couch. A third wall backed an elongated glass-topped dressing table; and over the dressing table and over the washstands long rectangular sheets of mirror reflected lights, doors, glossy tiles, lights multiplied. . . .

Mrs. Brady moved across this glitter like a thick dark cloud in a hurry. At the dressing table she came to a halt, and upon it she laid her newspaper, her magazine, and her purse—a black purse worn gray with much clutching. She divested herself of a rusty black coat and a hat of the mushroom persuasion, and hung both up in a corner cupboard which she opened by means of one of a quite preposterous bunch of keys. From a nook in the cupboard she took down a lace-edged handkerchief with long streamers. She untied the streamers and tied them again around her chunky black alpaca waist. The handkerchief became an apron's baby cousin.

Mrs. Brady relocked the cupboard door, fumbled her keyring over, and unlocked a capacious drawer of the dressing table. She spread a fresh towel on the plate-glass top, in the geometrical center, and upon the towel she arranged with care a procession of things fished from the drawer. Things for the hair

Things for the complexion. Things for the eyes, the lashes, the brows, the lips, and the finger nails. Things in boxes and things in jars and things in tubes and tins. Also, an ash tray, matches, pins, a tiny sewing kit, a pair of scissors. Last of all, a hand-printed sign, a nudging sort of sign:

NOTICE!

These articles, placed here for your convenience, are the property of the *maid*.

And directly beneath the sign, propping it up against the looking-glass, a china saucer, in which Mrs. Brady now slyly laid decoy money: two quarters and two dimes, in four-leaf-clover formation.

Another drawer of the dressing table yielded a bottle of bromo seltzer, a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia, a tin of sodium bicarbonate, and a teaspoon. These were lined up on a shelf above the couch.

Mrs. Brady was now ready for anything. And (from the grim, thin pucker of her mouth) expecting it.

Music came to her ears. Rather, the beat of music, muffled, rhythmic, remote. *Umpa-um, umpa-um, umpa-um-mm*— Mr. "Fiddle" Baer and his band, hard at work on the first fox-trot of the night. It was teasing, foot-tapping music; but the large solemn feet of Mrs. Brady were still. She sat on the couch and opened her newspaper; and for some moments she read uninterruptedly, with special attention to the murders, the divorces, the breaches of promise, the funnies.

Then the door swung inward, admitting a blast of Mr. "Fiddle" Baer's best, a whiff of perfume, and a girl.

Mrs. Brady put her paper away.

The girl was *petite* and darkly beautiful; wrapped in fur and mounted on tall jeweled heels. She entered humming the ragtime song the orchestra was playing, and while she stood near the dressing table, stripping off her gloves, she continued to hum it softly to herself:

"Oh, I know my baby loves me,
I can tell my baby loves me."

Here the dark little girl got the left glove off, and Mrs. Brady glimpsed a platinum wedding ring.

"Cause there ain't no maybe
In my baby's
Eyes."

The right glove came off. The dark little girl sat down in one of the chairs that faced the dressing table. She doffed her wrap, casting it carelessly over the chair-back. It had a cloth-of-gold lining, and "Paris" was embroidered in curlicues on the label. Mrs. Brady hovered solicitously near.

The dark little girl, still humming, looked over the articles "placed here for your convenience," and picked up the scissors. Having cut off a very small hangnail with the air of one performing a perilous major operation, she

seized and used the manicure buffer, and after that the eyebrow pencil. Mrs. Brady's mind, hopefully calculating the tip, jumped and jumped again like a taximeter.

"Oh, I know my baby loves me. . . ."

The dark little girl applied powder and lipstick belonging to herself. She examined the result searchingly in the mirror and sat back, satisfied. She cast some silver *Klink! Klink!* into Mrs. Brady's saucer, and half rose. Then, remembering something, she settled down again.

The ensuing thirty seconds were spent by her in pulling off her platinum wedding ring, tying it in a corner of a lace handkerchief, and tucking the handkerchief down the bodice of her tight white-velvet gown.

"There!" she said.

She swooped up her wrap and trotted toward the door, jeweled heels merrily twinkling.

"Cause there ain't no maybe——"

The door fell shut.

Almost instantly it opened again, and another girl came in. A blonde, this. She was pretty in a round-eyed babyish way; but Mrs. Brady, regarding her, mentally grabbed the spirits of ammonia bottle. For she looked terribly ill. The round eyes were dull, the pretty, silly little face was drawn. The thin hands, picking at the fastenings of a spacious bag, trembled and twitched.

Mrs. Brady cleared her throat. "Can I do something for you, Miss?"

Evidently the blonde girl had believed herself alone in the dressing room. Panic, and something else. Something very like murderous hate—but for an instant only, so that Mrs. Brady, whose perceptions were never quick, missed it altogether.

"A glass of water?" suggested Mrs. Brady.

"No," said the girl, "no." She had one hand in the beaded bag now. Mrs. Brady could see it moving, causing the bag to squirm like a live thing, and the fringe to shiver. "Yes!" she cried abruptly. "A glass of water—please—you get it for me."

She dropped onto the couch. Mrs. Brady scurried to the water cooler in the corner, pressed the spigot with a determined thumb. Water trickled out thinly. Mrs. Brady pressed harder, and scowled, and thought, "Something's wrong with this thing. I mustn't forget, next time I see Mr. Costello——"

When again she faced her patient, the patient was sitting erect. She was thrusting her clenched hand back into the beaded bag again.

She took only a sip of the water, but it seemed to help her quite miraculously. Almost at once color came to her cheeks, life to her eyes. She grew young again—as young as she was. She smiled up at Mrs. Brady.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "What do you know about that!" She shook her honey-colored head. "I can't imagine what came over me."

"Are you better now?" inquired Mrs. Brady.

"Yes. Oh, yes, I'm better now. You see," said the blonde girl confidentially, "we were at the theater, my boy friend and I, and it was hot and stuffy—I

guess that must have been the trouble." She paused, and the ghost of her recent distress crossed her face. "God! I thought that last act *never* would end!" she said.

While she attended to her hair and complexion she chattered gayly to Mrs. Brady, chattered on with scarcely a stop for breath, and laughed much. She said, among other things, that she and her "boy friend" had not known one another very long, but that she was "ga-ga" about him. "He is about me, too," she confessed. "He thinks I'm grand."

She fell silent then, and in the looking-glass her eyes were shadowed, haunted. But Mrs. Brady, from where she stood, could not see the looking-glass; and half a minute later the blonde girl laughed and began again. When she went out she seemed to dance out on little winged feet; and Mrs. Brady, sighing, thought it must be nice to be young . . . and happy like that.

The next arrivals were two. A tall, extremely smart young woman in black chiffon entered first, and held the door open for her companion; and the instant the door was shut, she said, as though it had been on the tip of her tongue for hours, "Amy, what under the sun *happened?*"

Amy, who was brown-eyed, brown-bobbed-haired, and patently annoyed with something, crossed to the dressing table and flopped into a chair before she made reply.

"Nothing," she said wearily then.

"That's nonsense!" snorted the other. "Tell me. Was it something she said? She's a tactless ass, of course. Always was."

"No, not anything she said. It was——" Amy bit her lip. "All right! I'll tell you. Before we left your apartment I just happened to notice that Tom had disappeared. So I went to look for him—I wanted to ask him if he'd remembered to tell the maid where we were going—Skippy's subject to croup, you know, and we always leave word. Well, so I went into the kitchen, thinking Tom might be there mixing cocktails—and there he was—and there *she* was!"

The full red mouth of the other young woman pursed itself slightly. Her arched brows lifted. "Well?"

Her matter-of-factness appeared to infuriate Amy. "He was *kissing* her!" she flung out.

"Well?" said the other again. She chuckled softly and patted Amy's shoulder, as if it were the shoulder of a child. "You're surely not going to let *that* spoil your whole evening? Amy *dear!* Kissing may once have been serious and significant—but it isn't nowadays. Nowadays, it's like shaking hands. It means nothing."

But Amy was not consoled. "I hate her!" she cried desperately. "Red-headed *thing!* Calling me 'darling' and 'honey', and s-sending me handkerchiefs for C-Christmas—and then sneaking off behind closed doors and k-Kissing my h-h-husband. . . ."

At this point Amy quite broke down, but she recovered herself sufficiently to add with venom, "I'd like to slap her!"

"Oh, oh, oh," smiled the tall young woman, "I wouldn't do that!"

Amy wiped her eyes with what might well have been one of the Christmas handkerchiefs, and confronted her friend. "Well, what *would* you do, Claire? If you were I?"

"I'd forget it," said Claire, "and have a good time. I'd kiss somebody myself. You've no idea how much better you'd feel!"

"I don't do——" Amy began indignantly; but as the door behind her opened and a third young woman—red-headed, earringed, exquisite—lilted in, she changed her tone. "Oh, hello!" she called sweetly, beaming at the newcomer via the mirror. "We were wondering what had become of you!"

The red-headed girl, smiling easily back, dropped her cigarette on the floor and crushed it out with a silver-shod toe. "Tom and I were talking to 'Fiddle' Baer," she explained. "He's going to play 'Clap Yo' Hands' next, because it's my favorite. Lend me a comb, will you, somebody?"

"There's a comb there," said Claire, indicating Mrs. Brady's business comb.

"But imagine using it!" murmured the red-headed girl. "Amy darling, haven't you one?"

Amy produced a tiny comb from her rhinestone purse. "Don't forget to bring it when you come," she said, and stood up. "I'm going on out; I want to tell Tom something."

She went.

The red-headed young woman and the tall black-chiffon one were alone, except for Mrs. Brady. The red-headed one beaded her incredible lashes. The tall one, the one called Claire, sat watching her. Presently she said, "Sylvia, look here." And Sylvia looked. Anybody, addressed in that tone, would have.

"There is one thing," Claire went on quietly, holding the other's eyes, "that I want understood. And that is, '*Hands off!*' Do you hear me?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You do know what I mean!"

The red-headed girl shrugged her shoulders. "Amy told you she saw us, I suppose."

"Precisely. And," went on Claire, gathering up her possessions and rising, "as I said before, you're to keep away." Her eyes blazed sudden white-hot rage. "Because, as you very well know, he belongs to me," she said and departed, slamming the door.

Between eleven o'clock and one Mrs. Brady was very busy indeed. Never for more than a moment during those two hours was the dressing room empty. Often it was jammed, full to overflowing with curled cropped heads, with ivory arms and shoulders, with silk and lace and chiffon, with legs. The door flapped in and back, in and back. The mirrors caught and held—and lost—a hundred different faces. Powder veiled the dressing table with a thin white dust; cigarette stubs, scarlet at the tips, choked the ash-receiver. Dimes and quarters clattered into Mrs. Brady's saucer—and were transferred to Mrs.

Brady's purse. The original seventy cents remained. That much, and no more, would Mrs. Brady gamble on the integrity of womankind.

She earned her money. She threaded needles and took stitches. She powdered the backs of necks. She supplied towels for soapy, dripping hands. She removed a speck from a teary blue eye and pounded the heel on a slipper. She curled the straggling ends of a black bob and a gray bob, pinned a velvet flower on a lithe round waist, mixed three doses of bicarbonate of soda, took charge of a shed pink-satin girdle, collected, on hands and knees, several dozen fake pearls that had wept from a broken string.

She served chorus girls and school girls, gay young matrons and gayer young mistresses, a lady who had divorced four husbands, and a lady who had poisoned one, the secret (more or less) sweetheart of a Most Distinguished Name, and the Brains of a bootleg gang—She saw things. She saw a yellow check, with the ink hardly dry. She saw four tiny bruises, such as fingers might make, on an arm. She saw a girl strike another girl, not playfully. She saw a bundle of letters some man wished he had not written, safe and deep in a brocaded handbag.

About midnight the door flew open and at once was pushed shut, and a gray-eyed, lovely child stood backed against it, her palms flattened on the panels at her sides, the draperies of her white chiffon gown settling lightly to rest around her.

There were already five damsels of varying ages in the dressing room. The latest arrival marked their presence with a flick of her eyes, and, standing just where she was, she called peremptorily, "Maid!"

Mrs. Brady, standing just where *she* was, said, "Yes, Miss?"

"Please come here," said the girl.

Mrs. Brady, as slowly as she dared, did so.

The girl lowered her voice to a tense half-whisper. "Listen! Is there any way I can get out of here except through this door I came in?"

Mrs. Brady stared at her stupidly.

"Any window?" persisted the girl. "Or anything?"

Here they were interrupted by the exodus of two of the damsels-of-varying ages. Mrs. Brady opened the door for them—and in so doing caught a glimpse of a man who waited in the hall outside, a debonair, old young man with a girl's furry wrap hung over his arm, and his hat in his hand.

The door clicked. The gray-eyed girl moved out from the wall, against which she had flattened herself—for all the world like one eluding pursuit in a cinema.

"What about that window?" she demanded, pointing.

"That's all the farther it opens," said Mrs. Brady.

"Oh! And it's the only one— isn't it?"

"It is."

"Damn," said the girl. "Then there's *no* way out?"

"No way but the door," said Mrs. Brady testily.

The girl looked at the door. She seemed to look *through* the door, and to despise and to fear what she saw. Then she looked at Mrs. Brady. "Well," she said, "then I s'pose the only thing to do is to stay in here."

She stayed. Minutes ticked by. Jazz crooned distantly, stopped, struck up again. Other girls came and went. Still the gray-eyed girl sat on the couch, with her back to the wall and her shapely legs crossed, smoking cigarettes, one from the stub of another.

After a long while she said, "Maid!"

"Yes, Miss?"

"Peek out that door, will you, and see if there's anyone standing there."

Mrs. Brady peeked, and reported that there was. There was a gentleman with a little bit of a black mustache standing there. The same gentleman, in fact, who was standing there "just after you come in."

"Oh, Lord," sighed the gray-eyed girl. "Well . . . I can't stay here all *night*, that's one sure thing."

She slid off the couch, and went listlessly to the dressing table. There she occupied herself for a minute or two. Suddenly, without a word, she darted out.

Thirty seconds later Mrs. Brady was elated to find two crumpled one-dollar bills lying in her saucer. Her joy, however, died a premature death. For she made an almost simultaneous second discovery. A saddening one. Above all, a puzzling one.

"Now what for," marveled Mrs. Brady, "did she want to walk off with them *scissors*?"

This at twelve-twenty-five.

At twelve-thirty a quartette of excited young things burst in, babbling madly. All of them had their evening wraps with them; all talked at once. One of them, a Dresden-china girl with a heart-shaped face, was the center of attention. Around her the rest fluttered like monstrous butterflies; to her they addressed their shrill exclamatory cries. "Babe," they called her.

Mrs. Brady heard snatches: "Not in this state unless. . . ." "Well, you can in Maryland, Jimmy says." "Oh, there must be some place nearer than. . . ." "Isn't this *marvelous*?" "When did it happen, Baby? When did you decide?"

"Just now," the girl with the heart-shaped face sang softly, "when we were dancing."

The babble resumed. "But listen, Babe, what'll your mother and father? . . ." "Oh, never mind, let's hurry." "Shall we be warm enough with just these thin wraps, do you think? Babe, will you be warm enough? Sure?"

Powder flew and little pocket combs marched through bright marcel's. Flushed cheeks were painted pinker still.

"My pearls," said Babe, "are *old*. And my dress and my slippers are *new*. Now let's see—what can I *borrow*?"

A lace handkerchief, a diamond bar-pin, a pair of earrings were proffered. She chose the bar-pin, and its owner unpinned it proudly, gladly.

"I've got blue garters!" exclaimed another girl.

"Give me one, then," directed Babe. "I'll trade with you. . . . There! That fixes that."

More babbling, "Hurry! Hurry up!" . . . "Listen, are you *sure* we'll be warm enough? Because we can stop at my house, there's nobody home." "Give me that puff, Babe, I'll powder your back." "And just to think a week ago you'd never even met each other!" "Oh, hurry *up*, let's get *started*!" "I'm ready." "So'm I." "Ready, Babe? You look adorable." "Come on, everybody."

They were gone again, and the dressing room seemed twice as still and vacant as before.

A minute of grace, during which Mrs. Brady wiped the spilled powder away with a damp gray rag. Then the door jumped open again. Two evening gowns appeared and made for the dressing table in a bee line. Slim tubular gowns they were, one silver, one palest yellow. Yellow hair went with the silver gown, brown hair with the yellow. The silver-gowned, yellow-haired girl wore orchids on her shoulder, three of them, and a flashing bracelet on each fragile wrist. The other girl looked less prosperous; still, you would rather have looked at her.

Both ignored Mrs. Brady's cosmetic display as utterly as they ignored Mrs. Brady, producing full filled equipment of their own.

"Well," said the girl with the orchids, rouging energetically, "how do you like him?"

"Oh-h—all right."

"Meaning, 'Not any,' hmm? I suspected as much!" The girl with the orchids turned in her chair and scanned her companion's profile with disapproval. "See here, Marilee," she drawled, "are you going to be a damn fool *all* your life?"

"He's fat," said Marilee dreamily. "Fat, and—greasy, sort of. I mean, greasy in his mind. Don't you know what I mean?"

"I know one thing," declared the girl with orchids. "I know Who He Is! And if I were you, that's all I'd need to know. *Under the circumstances.*"

The last three words, stressed meaningly, affected the girl called Marilee curiously. She grew grave. Her lips and lashes drooped. For some seconds she sat frowning a little, breaking a black-sheathed lipstick in two and fitting it together again.

"She's worse," she said finally, low.

"Worse?"

Marilee nodded.

"Well," said the girl with orchids, "there you are. It's the climate. She'll never be anything *but* worse, if she doesn't get away. Out West, or some *where*."

"I know," murmured Marilee.

The other girl opened a tin of eye shadow. "Of course," she said dryly, "suit yourself. She's not *my* sister."

Marilee said nothing. Quiet she sat, breaking the lipstick, mending it, breaking it.

"Oh, well," she breathed finally, wearily, and straightened up. She propped her elbows on the plate glass dressing table top and leaned toward the mirror, and with the lipstick she began to make her coral-pink mouth very red and gay and reckless and alluring.

Nightly at one o'clock Vane and Moreno dance for the *Club Français*. They dance a tango, they dance a waltz; then, by way of encore, they do a Black Bottom, and a trick of their own called the Wheel. They dance for twenty, thirty minutes. And while they dance you do not leave your table—for this is what you came to see. Vane and Moreno. The new New York thrill. The sole justification for the five-dollar couvert extorted by Billy Costello.

From one until half past, then, was Mrs. Brady's recess. She had been looking forward to it all the evening long. When it began—when the opening chords of the tango music sounded stirringly from the room outside—Mrs. Brady brightened. With a right good will she sped the parting guests.

Alone, she unlocked her cupboard and took out her magazine—the magazine she had bought three hours before. Heaving a great breath of relief and satisfaction, she plumped herself on the couch and fingered the pages. Immediately she was absorbed, her eyes drinking up printed lines, her lips moving soundlessly.

The magazine was Mrs. Brady's favorite. Its stories were true stories, taken from life (so the Editor said); and to Mrs. Brady they were live, vivid threads in the dull, drab pattern of her night.

PAUL'S CASE¹

by Willa Cather

IT was Paul's afternoon to appear before the faculty of the Pittsburgh High School to account for his various misdemeanors. He had been suspended a week ago, and his father had called at the Principal's office and confessed his perplexity about his son. Paul entered the faculty room suave and smiling. His clothes were a trifle outgrown, and the tan velvet on the collar of his open overcoat was frayed and worn; but for all that there was something of the dandy about him, and he wore an opal pin in his neatly knotted black four-in-hand, and a red carnation in his buttonhole. This latter adornment the faculty somehow felt was not properly significant of the contrite spirit befitting a boy under the ban of suspension.

¹ From *Youth and the Bright Medusa* by Willa Cather by and with permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

Paul was tall for his age and very thin, with high, cramped shoulders and a narrow chest. His eyes were remarkable for a certain hysterical brilliancy, and he continually used them in a conscious, theatrical sort of way, peculiarly offensive in a boy. The pupils were abnormally large, as though he were addicted to belladonna, but there was a glassy glitter about them which that drug does not produce.

When questioned by the Principal as to why he was there, Paul stated, politely enough, that he wanted to come back to school. This was a lie, but Paul was quite accustomed to lying; found it, indeed, indispensable for overcoming friction. His teachers were asked to state their respective charges against him, which they did with such a rancour and aggrievedness as evinced that this was not a usual case. Disorder and impertinence were among the offenses named, yet each of his instructors felt that it was scarcely possible to put into words the real cause of the trouble, which lay in a sort of hysterically defiant manner of the boy's, in the contempt which they all knew he felt for them, and which he seemingly made not the least effort to conceal. Once, when he had been making a synopsis of a paragraph at the blackboard, his English teacher had stepped to his side and attempted to guide his hand. Paul had started back with a shudder and thrust his hands violently behind him. The astonished woman could scarcely have been more hurt and embarrassed had he struck at her. The insult was so involuntary and definitely personal as to be unforgettable. In one way and another, he had made all his teachers, men and women alike, conscious of the same feeling of physical aversion. In one class he habitually sat with his hand shading his eyes, in another he always looked out of the window during the recitation, in another he made a running commentary on the lecture, with humorous intent.

His teachers felt this afternoon that his whole attitude was symbolized by his shrug and his flippantly red carnation flower, and they fell upon him with out mercy, his English teacher leading the pack. He stood through it smiling, his pale lips parted over his white teeth. (His lips were continually twitching, and he had a habit of raising his eyebrows that was contemptuous and irritating to the last degree.) Older boys than Paul had broken down and shed tears under that ordeal, but his set smile did not once desert him, and his only sign of discomfort was the nervous trembling of the fingers that toyed with the buttons of his overcoat, and an occasional jerking of the other hand which held his hat. Paul was always smiling, always glancing about him, seeming to feel that people might be watching him and trying to detect something. This conscious expression, since it was as far as possible from boyish mirthfulness, was usually attributed to insolence or "smartness."

As the inquisition proceeded, one of his instructors repeated an impertinent remark of the boy's, and the Principal asked him whether he thought that a courteous speech to make to a woman. Paul shrugged his shoulders slightly and his eyebrows twitched.

"I don't know," he replied. "I didn't mean to be polite or impolite, either. I guess it's a sort of way I have of saying things regardless."

The Principal asked him whether he didn't think that a way it would be well to get rid of. Paul grinned and said he guessed so. When he was told that he could go, he bowed gracefully and went out. His bow was like a repetition of the scandalous red carnation.

His teachers were in despair, and his drawing master voiced the feeling of them all when he declared there was something about the boy which none of them understood. He added: "I don't believe that smile of his comes altogether from insolence; there's something sort of haunted about it. The boy is not strong, for one thing. There is something wrong about the fellow."

The drawing master had come to realize that, in looking at Paul, one saw only his white teeth and the forced animation of his eyes. One warm afternoon the boy had gone to sleep at his drawing-board, and his master had noted with amazement what a white, blue-veined face it was; drawn and wrinkled like an old man's about the eyes, the lips twitching even in his sleep.

His teachers left the building dissatisfied and unhappy; humiliated to have felt so vindictive toward a mere boy, to have uttered this feeling in cutting terms, and to have set each other on, as it were, in the gruesome game of intemperate reproach. One of them remembered having seen a miserable street cat set at bay by a ring of tormentors.

As for Paul, he ran down the hill whistling the Soldiers' Chorus from *Faust*, looking wildly behind him now and then to see whether some of his teachers were not there to witness his light-heartedness. As it was now late in the afternoon and Paul was on duty that evening as usher at Carnegie Hall, he decided that he would not go home to supper.

When he reached the concert hall the doors were not yet open. It was chilly outside, and he decided to go up into the picture gallery—always deserted at this hour—where there were some of Raffelli's gay studies of Paris streets and an airy blue Venetian scene or two that always exhilarated him. He was delighted to find no one in the gallery but the old guard, who sat in the corner, a newspaper on his knee, a black patch over one eye and the other closed. Paul possessed himself of the place and walked confidently up and down, whistling under his breath. After a while he sat down before a blue Rico and lost himself. When he bethought him to look at his watch, it was after seven o'clock, and he rose with a start and ran downstairs, making a face at Augustus Cæsar, peering out from the cast-room, and an evil gesture at the Venus of Milo as he passed her on the stairway.

When Paul reached the ushers' dressing-room half-a-dozen boys were there already, and he began excitedly to tumble into his uniform. It was one of the few that at all approached fitting, and Paul thought it very becoming—though he knew the tight, straight coat accentuated his narrow chest, about which he was exceedingly sensitive. He was always excited while he dressed, twanging all over to the tuning of the strings and the preliminary flourishes of the horns in the music-room; but tonight he seemed quite beside himself, and he teased and plagued the boys until, telling him that he was crazy, they put him down on the floor and sat on him.

Somewhat calmed by his suppression, Paul dashed out to the front of the house to seat the early comers. He was a model usher. Gracious and smiling he ran up and down the aisles. Nothing was too much trouble for him; he carried messages and brought programs as though it were his greatest pleasure in life, and all the people in his section thought him a charming boy, feeling that he remembered and admired them. As the house filled, he grew more and more vivacious and animated, and the colour came to his cheeks and lips. It was very much as though this were a great reception and Paul were the host. Just as the musicians came out to take their places, his English teacher arrived with checks for the seats which a prominent manufacturer had taken for the season. She betrayed some embarrassment when she handed Paul the tickets, and a *hauteur* which subsequently made her feel very foolish. Paul was startled for a moment, and had the feeling of wanting to put her out; what business had she here among all these fine people and gay colours? He looked her over and decided that she was not appropriately dressed and must be a fool to sit downstairs in such togs. The tickets had probably been sent her out of kindness, he reflected, as he put down a seat for her, and she had about as much right to sit there as he had.

When the symphony began Paul sank into one of the rear seats with a long sigh of relief, and lost himself as he had done before the Rico. It was not that symphonies, as such, meant anything in particular to Paul, but the first sigh of the instruments seemed to free some hilarious spirit within him; something that struggled there like the Genius in the bottle found by the Arab fisherman. He felt a sudden zest of life; the lights danced before his eyes and the concert hall blazed into unimaginable splendor. When the soprano soloist came on, Paul forgot even the nastiness of his teacher's being there, and gave himself up to the peculiar intoxication such personages always had for him. The soloist chanced to be a German woman, by no means in her first youth, and the mother of many children; but she wore a satin gown and a tiara, and she had that indefinable air of achievement, that world-shine upon her, which always blinded Paul to any possible defects.

After a concert was over, Paul was often irritable and wretched until he got to sleep,—and tonight he was even more than usually restless. He had the feeling of not being able to let down; of its being impossible to give up this delicious excitement which was the only thing that could be called living at all. During the last number he withdrew and, after hastily changing his clothes in the dressing-room, slipped out to the side door where the singer's carriage stood. Here he began pacing rapidly up and down the walk, waiting to see her come out.

Over yonder the Schenley, in its vacant stretch, loomed big and square through the fine rain, the windows of its twelve stories glowing like those of a lighted cardboard house under a Christmas tree. All the actors and singers of any importance stayed there when they were in the city, and a number of the big manufacturers of the place lived there in the winter. Paul had often

nung about the hotel, watching the people go in and out, longing to enter and leave school-masters and dull care behind him forever.

At last the singer came out, accompanied by the conductor, who helped her into her carriage and closed the door with a cordial "*Auf Wiedersehen*"—which set Paul to wondering whether she were not an old sweetheart of his. Paul followed the carriage over to the hotel, walking so rapidly as not to be far from the entrance when the singer alighted and disappeared behind the swinging glass doors which were opened by a negro in a tall hat and a long coat. In the moment that the door was ajar, it seemed to Paul that he, too, entered. He seemed to feel himself go after her up the steps, into the warm, lighted building, into an exotic, a tropical world of shiny, glistening surfaces and basking ease. He reflected upon the mysterious dishes that were brought into the dining-room, the green bottles in buckets of ice, as he had seen them in the supper party pictures of the Sunday supplement. A quick gust of wind brought the rain down with sudden vehemence, and Paul was startled to find that he was still outside in the slush of the gravel driveway; that his boots were letting in the water and his scanty overcoat was clinging wet about him; that the lights in front of the concert hall were out, and that the rain was driving in sheets between him and the orange glow of the windows above him. There it was, what he wanted—tangibly before him like the fairy world of a Christmas pantomime; as the rain beat in his face, Paul wondered whether he were destined always to shiver in the black night outside, looking up at it.

He turned and walked reluctantly toward the car tracks. The end had to come some time; his father in his night-clothes at the top of the stairs, explanations that did not explain, hastily improvised fictions that were forever tripping him up, his upstairs room and its horrible yellow wall-paper, the creaking bureau with the greasy plush collar-box, and over his painted wooden bed the pictures of George Washington and John Calvin, and the framed motto, "Feed my Lambs," which had been worked in red worsted by his mother, whom Paul could not remember.

Half an hour later Paul alighted from the Negley Avenue car and went slowly down one of the side streets off the main thoroughfare. It was a highly respectable street, where all the houses were exactly alike, and where business men of moderate means begot and reared large families of children, all of whom went to Sabbath-school and learned the shorter catechism, and were interested in arithmetic; all of whom were as exactly alike as their homes, and of a piece with the monotony in which they lived. Paul never went up Cordelia Street without a shudder of loathing. His home was next the house of the Cumberland minister. He approached it tonight with the nerveless sense of defeat, the hopeless feeling of sinking back forever into ugliness and commonness that he had always had when he came home. The moment he turned into Cordelia Street he felt the waters close above his head. After each of these orgies of living, he experienced all the physical depression which follows a debauch; the loathing of respectable beds, of common food, of a house permeated by kitchen odors; a shuddering repulsion for the flavorless, colorless

mass of everyday existence; a morbid desire for cool things and soft lights and fresh flowers.

The nearer he approached the house, the more absolutely unequal Paul felt to the sight of it all; his ugly sleeping chamber; the cold bath-room with the grimy zinc tub, the cracked mirror, the dripping spigots; his father, at the top of the stairs, his hairy legs sticking out from his night-shirt, his feet thrust into carpet slippers. He was so much later than usual that there would certainly be inquiries and reproaches. Paul stopped short before the door. He felt that he could not be accosted by his father tonight; that he could not toss again on that miserable bed. He would not go in. He would tell his father that he had no car-fare, and it was raining so hard he had gone home with one of the boys and stayed all night.

Meanwhile, he was wet and cold. He went around to the back of the house and tried one of the basement windows, found it open, raised it cautiously, and scrambled down the cellar wall to the floor. There he stood, holding his breath, terrified by the noise he had made; but the floor above him was silent, and there was no creak on the stairs. He found a soap-box, and carried it over to the soft ring of light that streamed from the furnace door, and sat down. He was horribly afraid of rats, so he did not try to sleep, but sat looking distrustfully at the dark, still terrified lest he might have awakened his father. In such reactions, after one of the experiences which made days and nights out of the dreary blanks of the calendar, when his senses were deadened, Paul's head was always singularly clear. Suppose his father had heard him getting in at the window and had come down and shot him for a burglar? Then, again, suppose his father had come down, pistol in hand, and he had cried out in time to save himself, and his father had been horrified to think how nearly he had killed him? Then, again, suppose a day should come when his father would remember that night, and wish there had been no warning cry to stay his hand? With this last supposition Paul entertained himself until daybreak.

The following Sunday was fine; the sodden November chill was broken by the last flash of autumnal summer. In the morning Paul had to go to church and Sabbath-school, as always. On seasonable Sunday afternoons the burghers of Cordelia Street usually sat out on their front "stoops," and talked to their neighbors on the next stoop, or called to those across the street in neighborly fashion. The men sat placidly on gay cushions placed upon the steps that led down to the sidewalk, while the women, in their Sunday "waists," sat in rockers on the cramped porches, pretending to be greatly at their ease. The children played in the streets; there were so many of them that the place resembled the recreation grounds of a kindergarten. The men on the steps—all in their shirt sleeves, their vests unbuttoned—sat with their legs well apart, their stomachs comfortably protruding, and talked of the prices of things, or told anecdotes of the sagacity of their various chiefs and overlords. They occasionally looked over the multitude of squabbling children, listened affectionately to their high-pitched, nasal voices, smiling to see their own

proclivities reproduced in their offspring, and interspersed their legends of the iron kings with remarks about their sons' progress at school, their grades in arithmetic, and the amounts they had saved in their toy banks.

On this last Sunday of November, Paul sat all the afternoon on the lowest step of his "stoop," staring into the street, while his sisters, in their rockers, were talking to the minister's daughters next door about how many shirt-waists they had made in the last week, and how many waffles some one had eaten at the last church supper. When the weather was warm, and his father was in a particularly jovial frame of mind, the girls made lemonade, which was always brought out in a red-glass pitcher, ornamented with forget-me-nots in blue enamel. This the girls thought very fine, and the neighbors joked about the suspicious color of the pitcher.

Today Paul's father, on the top step, was talking to a young man who shifted a restless baby from knee to knee. He happened to be the young man who was daily held up to Paul as a model, and after whom it was his father's dearest hope that he would pattern. This young man was of a ruddy complexion, with a compressed, red mouth, and faded, near-sighted eyes, over which he wore thick spectacles, with gold bows that curved about his ears. He was clerk to one of the magnates of a great steel corporation, and was looked upon in Cordelia Street as a young man with a future. There was a story that, some five years ago—he was now barely twenty-six—he had been a trifle "dissipated," but in order to curb his appetites and save the loss of time and strength that a sowing of wild oats might have entailed, he had taken his chief's advice, oft reiterated to his employés, and at twenty-one had married the first woman whom he could persuade to share his fortunes. She happened to be an angular school-mistress, much older than he, who also wore thick glasses, and who had now borne him four children, all near-sighted, like herself.

The young man was relating how his chief, now cruising in the Mediterranean, kept in touch with all the details of the business, arranging his office hours on his yacht just as though he were at home, and "knocking off work enough to keep two stenographers busy." His father told, in turn, the plan his corporation was considering, of putting in an electric railway plant at Cairo. Paul snapped his teeth; he had an awful apprehension that they might spoil it all before he got there. Yet he rather liked to hear these legends of the iron kings, that were told and retold on Sundays and holidays; these stories of palaces in Venice, yachts on the Mediterranean, and high play at Monte Carlo appealed to his fancy, and he was interested in the triumphs of cash boys who had become famous, though he had no mind for the cash boy stage.

After supper was over, and he had helped to dry the dishes, Paul nervously asked his father whether he could go to George's to get some help in his geometry, and still more nervously asked for car-fare. This latter request he had to repeat, as his father, on principle, did not like to hear requests for money, whether much or little. He asked Paul whether he could not go to some boy who lived nearer, and told him that he ought not to leave his school

work until Sunday; but he gave him the dime. He was not a poor man, but he had a worthy ambition to come up in the world. His only reason for allowing Paul to usher was that he thought a boy ought to be earning a little.

Paul bounded upstairs, scrubbed the greasy odor of dish-water from his hands with the ill-smelling soap he hated, and then shook over his fingers a few drops of violet water from the bottle he kept hidden in his drawer. He left the house with his geometry conspicuously under his arm, and the moment he got out of Cordelia Street and boarded a downtown car, he shook off the lethargy of two deadening days, and began to live again.

The leading juvenile of the permanent stock company which played at one of the downtown theaters was an acquaintance of Paul's, and the boy had been invited to drop in at the Sunday-night rehearsals whenever he could. For more than a year Paul had spent every available moment loitering about Charley Edwards' dressing-room. He had won a place among Edwards' following not only because the young actor, who could not afford to employ a dresser, often found him useful, but because he recognized in Paul something akin to what churchmen term "vocation."

It was at the theater and at Carnegie Hall that Paul really lived; the rest was but a sleep and a forgetting. This was Paul's fairy tale, and it had for him all the allurements of a secret love. The moment he inhaled the gassy, painty, dusty odor behind the scenes, he breathed like a prisoner set free, and felt within him the possibility of doing or saying splendid, brilliant things. The moment the cracked orchestra beat out the overture from *Martha*, or jerked at the serenade from *Rigoletto*, all stupid and ugly things slid from him, and his senses were deliciously, yet delicately fired.

Perhaps it was because, in Paul's world, the natural nearly always wore the guise of ugliness, that a certain element of artificiality seemed to him necessary in beauty. Perhaps it was because his experience of life elsewhere was so full of Sabbath-school picnics, petty economies, wholesome advice as to how to succeed in life, and the unescapable odors of cooking, that he found this existence so alluring, these smartly clad men and women so attractive, that he was so moved by these starry apple orchards that bloomed perennially under the lime-light.

It would be difficult to put it strongly enough how convincingly the stage entrance of that theater was for Paul the actual portal of Romance. Certainly none of the company ever suspected it, least of all Charley Edwards. It was very like the old stories that used to float about London of fabulously rich Jews, who had subterranean halls, with palms, and fountains, and soft lamps and richly appressed women who never saw the disenchanting light of London day. So, in the midst of that smoke-palled city, enamored of figures and grimy toil, Paul had his secret temple, his wishing-carpet, his bit of blue-and-white Mediterranean shore bathed in perpetual sunshine.

Several of Paul's teachers had a theory that his imagination had been perverted by garish fiction; but the truth was, he scarcely ever read at all. The books at home were not such as would either tempt or corrupt a youthful

mind, and as for reading the novels that some of his friends urged upon him—well, he got what he wanted much more quickly from music; any sort of music, from an orchestra to a barrel organ. He needed only the spark, the indescribable thrill that made his imagination master of his senses, and he could make plots and pictures enough of his own. It was equally true that he was not stage-struck—not, at any rate, in the usual acceptance of that expression. He had no desire to become an actor, any more than he had to become a musician. He felt no necessity to do any of these things; what he wanted was to see, to be in the atmosphere, float on the wave of it, to be carried out, blue league after blue league, away from everything.

After a night behind the scenes, Paul found his school-room more than ever repulsive; the hard floors and naked walls; the prosy men who never wore frock coats, or violets in their button-holes; the women with their dull gowns, shrill voices, and pitiful seriousness about prepositions that govern the dative. He could not bear to have the other pupils think, for a moment, that he took these people seriously; he must convey to them that he considered it all trivial, and was there only by way of a joke, anyway. He had autograph pictures of all the members of the stock company which he showed his classmates, telling them the most incredible stories of his familiarity with these people, of his acquaintance with the soloists who came to Carnegie Hall, his suppers with them and the flowers he sent them. When these stories lost their effect, and his audience grew listless, he would bid all the boys good-bye, announcing that he was going to travel for a while; going to Naples, to California, to Egypt. Then, next Monday, he would slip back, conscious and nervously smiling; his sister was ill, and he would have to defer his voyage until spring.

Matters went steadily worse with Paul at school. In the itch to let his instructors know how heartily he despised them, and how thoroughly he was appreciated elsewhere, he mentioned once or twice that he had no time to fool with theorems; adding—with a twitch of the eyebrows and a touch of that nervous bravado which so perplexed them—that he was helping the people down at the stock company; they were old friends of his.

The upshot of the matter was, that the Principal went to Paul's father, and Paul was taken out of school and put to work. The manager at Carnegie Hall was told to get another usher in his stead; the doorkeeper at the theater was warned not to admit him to the house; and Charley Edwards remorsefully promised the boy's father not to see him again.

The members of the stock company were vastly amused when some of Paul's stories reached them—especially the women. They were hard-working women, most of them supporting indolent husbands or brothers, and they laughed rather bitterly at having stirred the boy to such fervid and florid inventions. They agreed with the faculty and with his father, that Paul's was a bad case.

The east-bound train was plowing through a January snow-storm; the dull dawn was beginning to show gray when the engine whistled a mile out

of Newark. Paul started up from the seat where he had lain curled in uneasy slumber, rubbed the breath-misted window glass with his hand, and peered out. The snow was whirling in curling eddies above the white bottom lands, and the drifts lay already deep in the fields and along the fences, while here and there the long dead grass and dried weed stalks protruded black above it. Lights shone from the scattered houses, and a gang of laborers who stood beside the track waved their lanterns.

Paul had slept very little, and he felt grimy and uncomfortable. He had made the all-night journey in a day coach because he was afraid if he took a Pullman he might be seen by some Pittsburgh business man who had noticed him in Denny & Carson's office. When the whistle woke him, he clutched quickly at his breast pocket, glancing about him with an uncertain smile. But the little, clay-bespattered Italians were still sleeping, the slatternly women across the aisle were in open-mouthed oblivion, and even the crumbly, crying babies were for the nonce stilled. Paul settled back to struggle with his impatience as best he could.

When he arrived at the Jersey City Station, he hurried through his breakfast, manifestly ill at ease and keeping a sharp eye about him. After he reached the Twenty-third Street Station, he consulted a cabman, and had himself driven to a men's furnishing establishment which was just opening for the day. He spent upward of two hours there, buying with endless reconsidering and great care. His new street suit he put on in the fitting-room; the frock coat and dress clothes he had bundled into the cab with his new shirts. Then he drove to a hatter's and a shoe house. His next errand was at Tiffany's, where he selected silver-mounted brushes and a scarf-pin. He would not wait to have his silver marked, he said. Lastly, he stopped at a trunk shop on Broadway, and had his purchases packed into various traveling bags.

It was a little after one o'clock when he drove up to the Waldorf, and, after settling with the cabman, went into the office. He registered from Washington; said his mother and father had been abroad, and that he had come down to await the arrival of their steamer. He told his story plausibly and had no trouble, since he offered to pay for them in advance, in engaging his rooms; a sleeping-room, sitting-room and bath.

Not once, but a hundred times Paul had planned this entry into New York. He had gone over every detail of it with Charley Edwards, and in his scrap book at home there were pages of description about New York hotels, cut from the Sunday papers.

When he was shown to his sitting-room on the eighth floor, he saw at a glance that everything was as it should be; there was but one detail in his mental picture that the place did not realize, so he rang for the bell boy and sent him down for flowers. He moved about nervously until the boy returned, putting away his new linen and fingering it delightedly as he did so. When the flowers came, he put them hastily into water, and then tumbled into a hot bath. Presently he came out of his white bath-room, resplendent in his

new silk underwear, and playing with the tassels of his red robe. The snow was whirling so fiercely outside his windows that he could scarcely see across the street; but within, the air was deliciously soft and fragrant. He put the violets and jonquils on the tabouret beside the couch, and threw himself down with a long sigh, covering himself with a Roman blanket. He was thoroughly tired; he had been in such haste, he had stood up to such a strain, covered so much ground in the last twenty-four hours, that he wanted to think how it had all come about. Lulled by the sound of the wind, the warm air, and the cool fragrance of the flowers, he sank into deep, drowsy retrospection.

It had been wonderfully simple; when they had shut him out of the theater and concert hall, when they had taken away his bone, the whole thing was virtually determined. The rest was a mere matter of opportunity. The only thing that at all surprised him was his own courage—for he realized well enough that he had always been tormented by fear, a sort of apprehensive dread that, of late years, as the meshes of the lies he had told closed about him, had been pulling the muscles of his body tighter and tighter. Until now, he could not remember a time when he had not been dreading something. Even when he was a little boy, it was always there—behind him, or before, or on either side. There had always been the shadowed corner, the dark place into which he dared not look, but from which something seemed always to be watching him—and Paul had done things that were not pretty to watch, he knew.

But now he had a curious sense of relief, as though he had at last thrown the gauntlet to the thing in the corner.

Yet it was but a day since he had been sulking in the traces; but yesterday afternoon that he had been sent to the bank with Denny & Carson's deposit as usual—but this time he was instructed to leave the book to be balanced. There was above two thousand dollars in checks, and nearly a thousand in the bank notes which he had taken from the book and quietly transferred to his pocket. At the bank he had made out a new deposit slip. His nerves had been steady enough to permit of his returning to the office, where he had finished his work and asked for a full day's holiday tomorrow, Saturday, giving a perfectly reasonable pretext. The bank book, he knew, would not be returned before Monday or Tuesday, and his father would be out of town for the next week. From the time he slipped the bank notes into his pocket until he boarded the night train for New York, he had not known a moment's hesitation.

How astonishingly easy it had all been; here he was, the thing done; and this time there would be no awakening, no figure at the top of the stairs. He watched the snowflakes whirling by his window until he fell asleep.

When he awoke, it was four o'clock in the afternoon. He bounded up with a start; one of his precious days gone already! He spent nearly an hour in dressing, watching every stage of his toilet carefully in the mirror. Everything was quite perfect; he was exactly the kind of boy he had always wanted to be.

When he went downstairs, Paul took a carriage and drove up Fifth Avenue toward the Park. The snow had somewhat abated; carriages and tradesmen's wagons were hurrying soundlessly to and fro in the winter twilight; boys in woolen mufflers were shoveling off the doorsteps; the avenue stages made fine spots of color against the white street. Here and there on the corners were stands, with whole flower gardens blooming behind glass windows, against which the snowflakes stuck and melted; violets, roses, carnations, lilies of the valley—somehow vastly more lovely and alluring that they blossomed thus unnaturally in the snow. The Park itself was a wonderful stage winter piece.

When he returned, the pause of the twilight had ceased, and the tune of the streets had changed. The snow was falling faster, lights streamed from the hotels that reared their many stories fearlessly up into the storm, defying the raging Atlantic winds. A long, black stream of carriages poured down the avenue, intersected here and there by other streams, tending horizontally. There were a score of cabs about the entrance of his hotel, and his driver had to wait. Boys in livery were running up and down the red velvet carpet laid from the door to the street. Above, about, within it all, was the rumble and roar, the hurry and toss of thousands of human beings as hot for pleasure as himself, and on every side of him towered the glaring affirmation of the omnipotence of wealth.

The boy set his teeth and drew his shoulders together in a spasm of realization; the plot of all dramas, the text of all romances, the nerve-stuff of all sensations was whirling about him like the snowflakes. He burnt like a faggot in a tempest.

When Paul came down to dinner, the music of the orchestra floated up the elevator shaft to greet him. As he stepped into the thronged corridor, he sank back into one of the chairs against the wall to get his breath. The lights, the chatter, the perfumes, the bewildering medley of color—he had, for a moment, the feeling of not being able to stand it. But only for a moment; these were his own people, he told himself. He went slowly about the corridors, through the writing-rooms, smoking-rooms, reception-rooms, as though he were exploring the chambers of an enchanted palace, built and peopled for him alone.

When he reached the dining-room he sat down at a table near a window. The flowers, the white linen, the many-colored wine glasses, the gay toilettes of the women, the low popping of corks, the undulating repetitions of the *Blue Danube* from the orchestra, all flooded Paul's dream with bewildering radiance. When the roseate tinge of his champagne was added—that cold, precious bubbling stuff that creamed and foamed in his glass—Paul wondered that there were honest men in the world at all. This was what all the world was fighting for, he reflected; this was what all the struggle was about. He doubted the reality of his past. Had he ever known a place called Cordelia Street, a place where fagged-looking business men boarded the early car? Mere rivets in a machine they seemed to Paul,—sickening men, with combings

of children's hair always hanging to their coats, and the smell of cooking in their clothes. Cordelia Street—ah, that belonged to another time and country! Had he not always been thus, had he not sat here night after night, from as far back as he could remember, looking pensively over just such shimmering textures, and slowly twirling the stem of a glass like this one between his thumb and middle finger? He rather thought he had.

He was not in the least abashed or lonely. He had no especial desire to meet or to know any of these people; all he demanded was the right to look on and conjecture, to watch the pageant. The mere stage properties were all he contended for. Nor was he lonely later in the evening, in his loge at the Opera. He was entirely rid of his nervous misgivings, of his forced aggressiveness, of the imperative desire to show himself different from his surroundings. He felt now that his surroundings explained him. Nobody questioned his purple; he had only to wear it passively. He had only to glance down at his dress coat to reassure himself that here it would be impossible for any one to humiliate him.

He found it hard to leave his beautiful sitting-room to go to bed that night, and sat long watching the raging storm from his turret window. When he went to sleep, it was with the lights turned on in his bedroom; partly because of his old timidity, and partly so that, if he should wake in the night, there would be no wretched moment of doubt, no horrible suspicion of yellow wall-paper, or of Washington and Calvin above his bed.

On Sunday morning the city was practically snowbound. Paul breakfasted late, and in the afternoon he fell in with a wild San Francisco boy, a freshman at Yale, who said he had run down for a "little flyer" over Sunday. The young man offered to show Paul the night side of the town, and the two boys went off together after dinner, not returning to the hotel until seven o'clock the next morning. They had started out in the confiding warmth of a champagne friendship, but their parting in the elevator was singularly cool. The freshman pulled himself together to make his train, and Paul went to bed. He awoke at two o'clock in the afternoon, very thirsty and dizzy, and rang for ice-water, coffee, and the Pittsburgh paper.

On the part of the hotel management, Paul excited no suspicion. There was this to be said for him, that he wore his spoils with dignity and in no way made himself conspicuous. His chief greediness lay in his ears and eyes, and his excesses were not offensive ones. His dearest pleasures were the gray winter twilights in his sitting-room; his quiet enjoyment of his flowers, his clothes, his wide divan, his cigarette and his sense of power. He could not remember a time when he had felt so at peace with himself. The mere release from the necessity of petty lying, lying every day and every day, restored his self-respect. He had never lied for pleasure, even at school; but to make himself noticed and admired, to assert his difference from other Cordelia Street boys; and he felt a good deal more manly, more honest, even, now that he had no need for boastful pretensions, now that he could, as his actor friends used to say, "dress the part." It was characteristic that remorse did

not occur to him. His golden days went by without a shadow, and he made each as perfect as he could.

On the eighth day after his arrival in New York, he found the whole affair exploited in the Pittsburgh papers, exploited with a wealth of detail which indicated that local news of a sensational nature was at a low ebb. The firm of Denny & Carson announced that the boy's father had refunded the full amount of his theft, and that they had no intention of prosecuting. The Cumberland minister had been interviewed, and expressed his hope of yet reclaiming the motherless lad, and Paul's Sabbath-school teacher declared that she would spare no effort to that end. The rumor had reached Pittsburgh that the boy had been seen in a New York hotel, and his father had gone East to find him and bring him home.

Paul had just come in to dress for dinner; he sank into a chair, weak in the knees, and clasped his head in his hands. It was to be worse than jail, even; the tepid waters of Cordelia Street were to close over him finally and forever. The gray monotony stretched before him in hopeless, unrelieved years; Sabbath-school, Young People's Meeting, the yellow-papered room, the damp dish-towels; it all rushed back upon him with sickening vividness. He had the old feeling that the orchestra had suddenly stopped, the sinking sensation that the play was over. The sweat broke out on his face, and he sprang to his feet, looked about him with his white, conscious smile, and winked at himself in the mirror. With something of the childish belief in miracles with which he had so often gone to class, all his lessons unlearned, Paul dressed and dashed whistling down the corridor to the elevator.

He had no sooner entered the dining-room and caught the measure of the music, than his remembrance was lightened by his old elastic power of claiming the moment, mounting with it, and finding it all-sufficient. The glare and glitter about him, the mere scenic accessories had again, and for the last time, their old potency. He would show himself that he was game, he would finish the thing splendidly. He doubted, more than ever, the existence of Cordelia Street, and for the first time he drank his wine recklessly. Was he not, after all, one of these fortunate beings? Was he not still himself, and in his own place? He drummed a nervous accompaniment to the music and looked about him, telling himself over and over that it had paid.

He reflected drowsily, to the swell of the violin and the chill sweetness of his wine, that he might have done it more wisely. He might have caught an outbound steamer and been well out of their clutches before now. But the other side of the world had seemed too far away and too uncertain then; he could not have waited for it; his need had been too sharp. If he had to choose over again, he would do the same thing tomorrow. He looked affectionately about the dining-room, now gilded with a soft mist. Ah, it had paid indeed!

Paul was awakened next morning by a painful throbbing in his head and feet. He had thrown himself across the bed without undressing, and had slept with his shoes on. His limbs and hands were lead-heavy, and his tongue and throat were parched. There came upon him one of those fateful attacks of

clear-headedness that never occurred except when he was physically exhausted and his nerves hung loose. He lay still and closed his eyes and let the tide of his realities wash over him.

His father was in New York; "stopping at some joint or other," he told himself. The memory of successive summers on the front stoop fell upon him like a weight of black water. He had not a hundred dollars left; and he knew now, more than ever, that money was everything, the wall that stood between all he loathed and all he wanted. The thing was winding itself up; he had thought of that on his first glorious day in New York, and had even provided a way to snap the thread. It lay on his dressing-table now; he had got it out last night when he came blindly up from dinner,—but the shiny metal hurt his eyes, and he disliked the look of it, anyway.

He rose and moved about with a painful effort, succumbing now and again to attacks of nausea. It was the old depression exaggerated; all the world had become Cordelia Street. Yet somehow he was not afraid of anything, was absolutely calm; perhaps because he had looked into the dark corner at last, and knew. It was bad enough, what he saw there; but somehow not so bad as his long fear of it had been. He saw everything clearly now. He had a feeling that he had made the best of it, that he had lived the sort of life he was meant to live, and for half an hour he sat staring at the revolver. But he told himself that was not the way, so he went downstairs and took a cab to the ferry.

When Paul arrived at Newark, he got off the train and took another cab, directing the driver to follow the Pennsylvania tracks out of the town. The snow lay heavy on the roadways and had drifted deep in the open fields. Only here and there the dead grass or dried weed stalks projected, singularly black, above it. Once well into the country, Paul dismissed the carriage and walked, floundering along the tracks, his mind a medley of irrelevant things. He seemed to hold in his brain an actual picture of everything he had seen that morning. He remembered every feature of both his drivers, the toothless old woman from whom he had bought the red flowers in his coat, the agent from whom he had got his ticket, and all of his fellow-passengers on the ferry. His mind, unable to cope with vital matters near at hand, worked feverishly and deftly at sorting and grouping these images. They made for him a part of the ugliness of the world, of the ache in his head, and the bitter burning on his tongue. He stooped and put a handful of snow into his mouth as he walked, but that, too, seemed hot. When he reached a little hillside, where the tracks ran through a cut some twenty feet below him, he stopped and sat down.

The carnations in his coat were drooping with the cold, he noticed; all their red glory over. It occurred to him that all the flowers he had seen in the show windows that first night must have gone the same way, long before this. It was only one splendid breath they had, in spite of their brave mockery at the winter outside the glass. It was a losing game in the end, it seemed, this revolt against the homilies by which the world is run. Paul took one of

the blossoms carefully from his coat and scooped a little hole in the snow, where he covered it up. Then he dozed a while, from his weak condition, seeming insensible to the cold.

The sound of an approaching train woke him, and he started to his feet, remembering only his resolution, and afraid lest he should be too late. He stood watching the approaching locomotive, his teeth chattering, his lips drawn away from them in a frightened smile; once or twice he glanced nervously sidewise, as though he were being watched. When the right moment came, he jumped. As he fell, the folly of his haste occurred to him with merciless clearness, the vastness of what he had left undone. There flashed through his brain, clearer than ever before, the blue of Adriatic water, the yellow of Algerian sands.

He felt something strike his chest,—his body was being thrown swiftly through the air, on and on, immeasurably far and fast, while his limbs gently relaxed. Then, because the picture-making mechanism was crushed, the disturbing visions flashed into black, and Paul dropped back into the immense design of things.

THE DISINHERITED¹

by Jo Pagano

It was pretty dark by the time I got to the jungle, a mile or so outside of town. Walking along the tracks, I could see the flare of the fire rising above the edge of the gully, and I could hear the mutter of men's voices. I stepped to the edge of the gully and looked down. Heads and eyes turned up to me. There were perhaps a dozen men around the fire, including a couple of kids not over fifteen years old. I felt the quick, sharp appraisal of scrutinizing eyes as I made my way down to them. A five-gallon oil can was set on an oven of rocks over the fire, and I could smell the pungent odor of cooking stew. Bent over the can was a big red-headed man with a scar running down his right cheek. I went up to him and held out the spuds and the one onion I had lifted off the Jap's wagon back in town.

"Have you got enough spuds?" I said, with a mild attempt at jocularity.

He looked at the spuds and then at me.

"Put 'em in," he said.

I pulled out my pocket-knife and peeled the spuds and the onion, then cut them up and threw them into the can. Then I sat down on the ground with my back against a big rock. The smell of the stew made my stomach jump, I hadn't eaten since morning.

¹ From *Scribner's Magazine*, November, 1933. By permission of the author.

Pretty soon it was ready and we all crowded around. The two kids hung in the background. They had white, hungry faces beneath their grime, and I felt sorry for them. We heaped the stew on whatever we had to hold it with, tin cans, cups—some of the old-timers had army plates that they put away very carefully in their bundles after the meal—and sat down to eat. The stew had a sour taste but I wolfed it down. What did I care how it tasted? This time tomorrow I would be home.

After we had eaten—I could have eaten more, but there was nothing more to eat—we washed out the big can and cached it back of some rocks. I rolled a cigarette and leaned back against the rock and looked the other men over. They did not differ essentially from a thousand men I had looked at in jungles and on freights and in flop-houses during the past year. All men who are on the bum have a certain general similarity, regardless of their individual differences. They have all a lean, sullen look about them, and this lean sullenness stamps them like a label. In this group I was looking at now there were, besides the two kids and the scar-faced man, a gaunt old fellow with gray hair and the face of a grocer, a skinny, pimply-faced youth with a couple of teeth missing out of the front of his mouth, two or three Mexicans, a big buck nigger with his chin all broken out in sores, and a hatchet-faced man whom I immediately recognized to be what is known, among men on the bum, as a wolf. A wolf is a man who picks up young boys on the road, for various reasons it is not necessary to go into here. There are hundreds of wolves on the road, and there are thousands of boys who fall prey to them. I mention these things because I want to give a true picture of that group around the fire. It would be easy to make them sound colorful and picturesque. The truth of it is, there was nothing colorful or picturesque or poetic about them. They were just a gang of hungry and filthy men banded together like the remnants of some bedraggled, defeated army; and in their faces you could read the story of malnutrition and desperation, of viciousness and hardship and disease.

I turned my face from them and, lying on my back, folded my hands beneath my head and looked at the stars. And I thought of home. For a year I had been on the bum and now I was sick of it, and I was going home. In that year I had gone a long, long way from home—oh, not so much in actual distance, though I had covered plenty of miles at that. But home is a place that means something clean and decent and sweet, and I had gone a long way from those things in the year I had been away. And now I was going back. For months I had ached to return home, and I had fought against the desire, but now I could not hold out any longer. I lay there and looked at the stars and thought of home, and I said to myself: "What's the use? What's the use of going back there?" But something inside of me refused to listen to all the reasons why I could not go back. I kept saying to myself: "I am going home," and I saw my mother and sister before me, and a warm happy feeling poured through me.

A whistle floated out over the tracks.

"There she is."

We all got up except those who were heading north. The two kids, the big buck nigger, the wolf, and a couple of others stayed. As we went up the side of the gully I glanced back and saw the kids looking up at us, their faces red in the fire-light. One of them waved. I waved back and ran down the tracks toward the water tank, raising my coat-collar against the wind.

II

As luck would have it, we found an open box-car and piled inside. I curled up in a corner and went to sleep almost immediately. I woke up with the dawn slipping in through the crack in the door. The men were sprawled out all over the car, and I could smell the close, sour smell of their bodies, and I could hear snores and wheezes from chapped, open lips. I went to the door and looked outside. We were coming down through Glendale. Morning hung like a mist over houses, and once I saw a milk-wagon turning the corner of a street. It seemed strange to see these houses and streets and the milk-wagon, to know that life still went on in houses, that people still slept in beds and had fresh milk delivered to their doors.

The sun was well up by the time we pulled into Los Angeles, and you could hear roosters crowing and you could see people moving about in yards and houses. The freight was pulling in slowly and I dropped off it as we were going beneath a bridge in the north end of town. Up above the bridge was a park, wet and green beneath the sun, and at the base of a road that wound up through the park was a red and white service station. I went into the toilet and washed my hands and face good and clean and then shaved. After I had shaved I felt a lot better, and shivers of excitement were darting through me as I started for home.

But when I turned into our street my legs got suddenly weak and I ducked back of a tree and rolled a cigarette. There was still time to turn back. I could see the lawn and the front of the house and my heart started pounding. At last I threw the cigarette down and started for the house, walking quickly so that I would get there before I lost my nerve. The front door was open but the screen was latched. I rang the bell. In a couple of seconds footsteps came down the hall. It was my sister, Louise.

"Bill!" she cried, fumbling at the latch and throwing the door open.

"Hello, sis," I said, trying to act calm.

"Bill!" she repeated, her voice catching; then suddenly she threw her arms about me. My throat choked up and I blinked my eyes to hold back the tears.

"Where's mother?"

"In the kitchen. Mamma, mamma!"

"Yes dear; what is it?"

"It's Bill, mamma. Bill's come home!"

"Bill? Bill?"

She came running out into the hall wiping her hands on her apron, her hair bouncing over her ears.

"Oh, my boy, my darling boy!" she moaned, throwing her arms about me and holding me close. She was crying and Louise was sniffing and I felt hot tears flooding my own eyes.

"Where have you been? Why didn't you write? Have you been sick?"

"No, I'm all right," I said, wiping my eyes on my sleeve. "Please don't cry, mom. What's the use of me coming home if you're going to act like that?"

"Oh. You look so thin. Are you hungry?"

"No," I lied. "But I'm a little tired," I added. "Have you got any coffee?"

We went into the kitchen. My mother had got a lot older in the year I had been away. Her hair was almost completely gray, now, and her forehead was full of wrinkles. And there was something else, too, a kind of uncertainty about her that I had never seen before. Suddenly I realized that my mother had become an old woman, and there was something strange and unfamiliar about her.

And not only she had changed. The house itself seemed different. The furniture was the same, and the rooms were the same rooms I used to know, but yet some indefinable change had taken place in the house, and I could not understand exactly what it was, but it was like something that is dying. The furniture was getting old now—the kitchen table was badly scratched and the tile on the sink had a big crack running through its side; the window curtains looked a little shabby, and the plaster on the wall above the stove was peeling badly. My mother had on an old dress, and her apron looked as if it had been washed and rewashed until the very grain in the cloth was visible. And even Louise looked old and worn. She is only twenty-two, but she looked at least twenty-six or seven. She was considerably thinner than she used to be and her hair was not kept as pretty as she used to keep it. Louise had always been proud of her hair, I remembered; but now it was done up with a couple of pins in the back and the short hairs on her neck looked unkempt. She had no makeup on and her face looked dry and sallow, and her lips chapped. And her eyes were nervous and uncertain too: she kept looking away from me, as though ashamed that I should see her like this, and at the same time there was something defensive in her attitude, as if she were saying: "Well, I can't help it, can I?"

My mother sat beside me at the table while Louise heated the coffee, and all the time I felt this strange thing that was like death in the house. It was a horrible sensation and I kept trying to fight it off. I kept trying to feel happy that I was home, that I was seeing my mother and sister again, but I did not feel happy. I could hardly look at my mother. I looked everywhere but at her and I felt so awkward and self-conscious that I wanted to get up and run out. But I sat there at the table and tried to whip up some response. I tried again and again to feel "I'm home."

"How's dad?" I asked my mother.

"He's—all right."

"Is he still working for McClelland?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's good. It's better than nothing."

I had some bread and butter with the coffee and then went upstairs to take a bath. I wanted to get out of their sight as quickly as possible, but my mother came upstairs with me. In my room she pulled open a drawer of the dresser and I saw my shirts, all washed and ironed. I glanced at her standing there beside the dresser looking up at me with that dazed, fumbling look in her eyes, and a sick feeling went over me. I wanted to say something—anything, to break this horrible strangeness I felt toward her; but I could not think of anything to say. I put my arm around her shoulder.

"Thanks, mom."

"Your suit is hanging in the closet," she said. "I fixed the lining, so it's all right to wear. If there's anything else you want, just call. I'll be waiting downstairs."

She kissed me—a little uncertainly, as if she were not quite sure whether I would welcome the caress—and went out.

The hot-water knob in the bathtub was broken off at one side and I wondered if things were so bad they couldn't even afford to buy a water-knob. Things couldn't be that bad. But still, the old man wasn't making much, and he owed everybody in town, and there was a mortgage on the house. I looked at the broken knob and felt ashamed of myself. I ought to be home helping. That's what other people would say about me, and that was what, standing looking at the knob, I said about myself; but out of twelve months before I left home I had worked exactly six weeks. I hadn't brought in enough to pay for my own board, let alone help the folks out. It was almost impossible to find work. And what little work I did find was all temporary; a day here, a day there. If I remember right, I made about forty dollars in something like eight months. I had looked everywhere for work, and I would have done anything. It is hard, I know, for those who have not confronted such a situation to realize that it can be possible for a man to want work and still not be able to find it. I have heard people say: "If these men really wanted work they could find it." On the bum I have gone to houses and asked to work for a meal and people have looked at me as if I were a criminal because I didn't have a job. Jesus Christ, they must think we like to live like stinking hungry rats.

It looked funny to see myself in regular clothes again. The suit looked as if it didn't belong on me. My neck stuck up skinnily out of the shirt collar, and my hands seemed twice as big as they ought to be, and my knuckles looked like walnuts. Sun and wind had burned my face to a dark, rough brown, and my hair was bleached almost yellow in spots and the skin along the edge of my ears was rough and red. In my overalls these things weren't so noticeable, but in this regular suit and white shirt I looked like a monkey in store clothes. I started to laugh, but suddenly I did not feel like laughing.

I turned and was about to start out of the room when I noticed my books, stuck in the bookcase beside the bed. The moment I saw them Janice bubbled to my mind, as if she had been waiting to be remembered. I stood stock-still and looked at the books. I wanted to go over and take out my old "Piersol's Anatomy" and run through it, but forced myself not to. There was no use, I thought, in rubbing it in. I looked at the books for a moment longer, then closed the door softly and went downstairs. There was one thing more I had to do, now that I was home.

III

It took me about a half-hour to get out to the U. I borrowed a quarter from my mother and rode there on the street car. It was too far to walk. An empty feeling went through me as I approached the campus. It all looked the same, bright and green beneath the sun. They were kicking a football around on the athletic field. I watched them for a minute or two. It was like watching something from a long way off. I wondered what kids in school thought about now. How could they take the playing of games seriously? How could they take their studies seriously? Sitting in their rooms poring over textbooks—how could they confine eyes to the pages? Printed words, printed little dead words telling of dead things: Greece and Rome and the Italy of the Renaissance. George Washington and the British; Lincoln and the Civil War. Dates and names; words and words; and all the time a paralyzed world gasping for breath outside the door. Could they not feel this world, those kids poring over their books inside the classrooms? I wondered what they thought of the future. I wondered what they thought when they read in newspapers of the millions of unemployed, of farmers threatening to defend their homes with shotguns against foreclosures, of the miners' children barefoot in the snow; of the breadlines in the great cities, and the disease and helplessness afflicting millions. What did they think about, reading the dead words in their books?

I stood watching them kicking the football beneath the sun, then turned and started across the campus. The buildings seemed abnormally quiet. It was as though I had been expecting some kind of movement, of vibration in the air, and instead I felt the lack of movement; there was an emptiness that I cannot exactly describe, but it was there nevertheless; it was in the great stone buildings, in the windows, in the grass and benches and trees. I went down a shady walk and came out facing the Arts and Science building. Where I stood was a big elm tree and the tree cut off some of my view of the building but I could see the wide stone steps leading up to the entrance. Something choking closed about my heart. It was on those steps that I had seen Janice for the first time. That was a long time ago that Janice stood on those steps with me looking up at her but right now it seemed as if it might have been only yesterday.

It seemed a millions years since I had been a student here, but some of the things that happened to me were like yesterday. I thought of old class-

mates, of my profs, of the study rooms; I thought of crisp afternoons in the fall, and football rallies, and the whistle of the referee floating up over the stands at the opening of a big game. And I thought of other things. I thought of Janice with her blue eyes, coming in a yellow sweater to meet me; I thought of afternoons walking her home from school, the big front porch of her house, and her kid brother Tommy with his fox-terrier and his bicycle with the taped handle-bars. And all the time it was like remembering something from a long, long way off, something out of another life, a life that was dead.

What was I looking for? I stared at the buildings and there was something I wanted out of them, but I could not get it. I didn't know what it was I wanted the buildings to give me, but I longed to feel as if I had come back to something that meant something to me, something that had reality and familiarity, something that would *recognize* me; but it was not there. The buildings were just a group of old stone buildings standing on a green campus with a lot of trees around it, and I was a stranger wandering about looking.

It was late in the afternoon when I got back to the house. I felt weak and tired, all drained out, and my temples were throbbing so hard I could barely see. As soon as I got in the house I said hello to my mother and went right on up to my room. I could not stand being with her. It was a horrible feeling to look at my mother and see that tired face, the tired wavering eyes. I lay down on the bed and tried to go to sleep but I could not sleep. If I could only get to sleep I could forget for awhile. You can't think when you're sleeping. I lay there and said to myself: "Sleep, sleep." I said it over and over again but the word got mixed up with other words and I thought of all kinds of crazy things. I thought of that Mexican whose legs got sheared off when he fell beneath the train that hot morning going into San Diego. I saw him as plainly as if he were right in front of me, with his hands sticking up in the air like pitchforks and the sickening scream he let out. I jumped involuntarily when I thought of him and something icy trickled through my stomach and I turned over on my side. "Sleep, sleep," I said to myself. And then I thought of Janice. All of a sudden—like that—I thought of her, and something calm and sweet flowed through me. I tried to fill myself with the thought of her. I tried to fill my head and my body and the room with her. I tried to close out everything but the memory of her, but even while I tried something else in me was saying: "What's the use?"

And suddenly I could not stand it any more. "God damn it, God damn it!" I yelled, heating the pillow: and then I stopped short, surprised at the sound of my voice. I looked at the pillow stupidly, and then I got up off the bed and went to the window. Outside children were playing on the street. The sun was going down and the sky was filled with a red glow. Shadows were spreading along the sidewalk. I stood and watched the shadows and the playing children. Janice had loved children. She had always talked about the children we would have when we got married. She had always

talked about the children we would have when I finished school and had my degree in medicine and had got started. I looked at the shadows and thought of the children Janice and I would have had if my dad's business had not failed and I had been able to finish school. Looking out the window at the playing children my thoughts kept reaching back into this other world, and something inside of me was squirming and squirming. Suddenly I wanted to run. I turned abruptly from the window and started across the room, but when I got to the door I paused. Where was I going? I stared at the knob, then turned and went slowly back to the bed. "Jesus Christ," I prayed, burying my head in the pillow. "Oh, Jesus, Jesus Christ!"

IV

I must have dozed off a little because when I heard the door slamming downstairs it startled me wide-awake. The old man was home. In a few moments I heard voices, and then silence. They were telling him now, I thought. I saw my father with his big shoulders and cold eyes, not saying much but looking and listening, and my stomach twitched nervously. I dreaded the thought of facing him. He is not an easy man to face, with those cold eyes that look straight at you and his bluff, belligerent manner. I rolled a cigarette and sucked at it, trying to get up nerve enough to go downstairs. The door opened. I turned my head and saw Louise, come to call me to dinner.

"Papa's home," she said, looking at me, then at the floor self-consciously.

"I know—I heard him come in."

"Dinner's about ready. Mamma said to come down if you're ready."

She looked up at me from beneath her lashes and I thought I saw her lips quiver a little, but I could not be sure. I wanted to put my arms around her, to tell her how pretty she looked, but the words stuck in my throat. She stood looking at me like that from beneath her lashes for a moment; then went out of the room.

After a few moments I got up and went downstairs. My mother came out of the kitchen. She too had changed her dress and powdered her face a little, but her eyes looked red and swollen.

"Your father's home," she said.

"I know. Louise told me."

"He's in there," nodding toward the living-room.

I turned from her and went in. The sooner this was over the better, I thought. He was seated in his deep chair beside the floor lamp with his back turned partly toward me. The evening paper was lifted up in front of his face but I could tell he was not reading. I saw his huge shoulders, and his big hands on the paper, and I felt smaller and smaller as I went toward him.

"Hello, dad."

The paper rustled and then his body shifted and he turned around. And what I saw was this: I saw an old man with sunken, furtive eyes.

"Hello, son," he said, half-rising wearily and putting his hand out. I shook his hand with my eyes on the floor and sat down on a chair opposite him. And what I felt in those few seconds I cannot put down. There are no words to express the numb, choking feeling it gave me to see what had become of my father.

"Well, how is everything, dad?" I said. I had to say something.

"So-so," he said. "Just so-so."

"Well, it'll pick up," I said. "It's bound to pick up."

"Yes," he said, looking at me out of those wavering eyes. "It's bound to pick up"; but in his voice was neither hope nor conviction.

My mother came to the door and called us to dinner, and we rose and followed her into the dining room. My father's tread was slow and heavy.

My mother had fried a chicken and as she set it on the table my father looked at it and then at her, but she avoided his glance. And she had fried some sweet potatoes, too, and baked some summer squash. They were all my favorite dishes and she had prepared them all for me, but I found it difficult to eat. I thought of other meals I had eaten, the meals I had eaten on the bum, the watery soup and stale bread in relief agencies, the hand-out, the stews in jungles: I thought of the jails I had slept in, and the flop-houses, of fast and slow freights, and the army of wandering men and boys running like homeless ghosts across the face of America.

"What's the matter, dear? Don't you like the chicken?"

"What? Oh; oh, sure, it's great."

V

After the meal was over and the last dish had been washed and dried I asked Louise to come out with me on the porch. Now the darkness had completely fallen and lights bloomed in houses and the air was filled with the indescribable, nostalgic scent of the summer night.

"Sit down," I said. "I want to ask you something."

She sat down on the old wicker porch-seat with its sagging back and looked up at me.

"I want you to tell me the truth," I said. "Just how bad are things?"

"Pretty bad," she said, and a kind of grim look came into her dark eyes.

"I gathered that," I said. "But just how bad? Aren't you working?"

"Working! I haven't worked a month since you left. They're hiring stenographers for ten dollars a week, and even then you can't find a job."

"What about the old man? Is he making enough for you all to get by?"

"He gets twenty dollars a week. Mr. McClelland had to cut him last month. He said he just couldn't help it, business is so bad. But he told papa not to worry; he said he'll always have a job with him, if it's only night watchman. He's been wonderful to us—I don't know what we would have done if it hadn't been for him."

"Yeah, I know," I said. "But suppose something should happen to the old man; what would mother do? Have they been able to save anything?"

"I don't think so, but there's his insurance. I heard them talking about it the other night. Papa said thank God his insurance is all paid for."

"Hell!" I said. "Do they talk about that?"

"Yes. Oh, Bill!" she said suddenly. "You have no idea how terrible it is to feel a burden on them. Sometimes I think I'll go crazy if I don't find a job. I've thought of leaving like you did, but where could I go? I'm not a man like you."

"I know," I said. "I know how you feel. Tell me, has mamma been crying? I mean, this afternoon? Her eyes looked red when I came downstairs."

She did not answer at once, and then she nodded.

"What about?"

"You," she said, looking at me. "She's so worried about you. She says she doesn't know what's going to become of you."

"Hasn't she got enough to worry about without worrying about me?"

"Well, you know how she is," she said

"Yeah, I know how she is" I sucked at my cigarette and looked off down the street. A few yards away a dog was sniffing at something in the gutter. I watched him for a moment, when suddenly I heard a bird call. Once, twice; and a whole submerged world of sensations whirled into being. I thought of fields in the night, of the fields of strawberries in Oregon beneath the stars. It was a fleeting recollection and it vanished as swiftly as it had come.

"Do you think I'll be able to find a job?" I asked.

"I don't know where. It's worse than before you left. That's one of the things mamma was crying about this afternoon, she's so worried. There just isn't any work. Both the Jarvis boys have been out of work for months, and they go out every morning looking. I don't know what's going to become of people if something doesn't happen pretty soon."

"They'll get drunk on beer," I said.

"What?"

"Nothing." I took another drag of the cigarette, then looked at her. "It's pretty tough on you, isn't it, kid?"

"Me? Oh! I'm all right. Only I feel so helpless."

"Yeah," I said. "I know."

I finished my cigarette and we went inside. I went up to my room and took off my shoes and lay down in the dark and tried to keep from thinking. After awhile I heard the sounds of the family going to bed. Presently the sounds ceased, and a profound silence fell over the house. I rolled a cigarette and lay in the dark smoking. Twenty dollars a week, I thought. By the time they paid the grocery bill and the taxes and the interest on the mortgage and bought clothes and carfare there would not be much left over. I thought of the year before I went away, that year when I had not been able to find more than a few weeks' work. If things were even that bad now, let alone worse like Louise had said, it might be months before I could find anything to do. A sick, tangled feeling went through me. "I can't sponge on them,"

I thought. "Hell, they're having it tough enough as it is." And suddenly, I thought of Louise when she had come into my room to call me to dinner: I saw her standing before me in her worn dress looking shamefacedly at the floor.

I lay for a moment longer on the bed, watching the way the cigarette smoke curled upward; then I put the cigarette out and got up and went in my bare feet to the window. I held the curtain aside and looked out at the street, cold and grey beneath the street-lamp. The houses all around seemed dead as graves. Somewhere a man was coughing, a dry, rasping cough. That was the only sound. I stood looking out at the street for a few moments, then let the curtain fall and turned back into the room and pulled on my shoes.

At the corner I turned and looked back, but an intervening tree cut off my view of the house. I lifted my coat collar and went on down the street.

THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER¹

by Stephen Vincent Benét

IT'S a story they tell in the border country, where Massachusetts joins Vermont and New Hampshire.

Yes, Dan'l Webster's dead—or, at least, they buried him. But every time there's a thunderstorm around Marshfield, they say you can hear his rolling voice in the hollows of the sky. And they say that if you go to his grave and speak loud and clear, "Dan'l Webster—Dan'l Webster!" the ground'll begin to shiver and the trees begin to shake. And after a while you'll hear a deep voice saying, "Neighbor, how stands the Union?" Then you better answer the Union stands as she stood, rock-bottomed and copper-sheathed, one and indivisible, or he's liable to rear right out of the ground. At least, that's what I was told when I was a youngster.

You see, for a while, he was the biggest man in the country. He never got to be President, but he was the biggest man. There were thousands that trusted in him right next to God Almighty, and they told stories about him and all the things that belonged to him that were like the stories of patriarchs and such. They said, when he stood up to speak, stars and stripes came right out in the sky, and once he spoke against a river and made it sink into the ground. They said, when he walked the woods with his fishing rod, Killall, the trout would jump out of the streams right into his pockets, for they knew it was no use putting up a fight against him; and, when he argued a case, he could turn on the harps of the blessed and the shaking of the earth underground. That was the kind of man he was, and his big farm up at Marshfield was suitable to him. The chickens he raised were all white meat down through the drumsticks, the cows were tended like children, and the

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big ram he called Goliath had horns with a curl like a morning-glory vine and could butt through an iron door. But Dan'l wasn't one of your gentlemen farmers; he knew all the ways of the land, and he'd be up by candlelight to see that the chores got done. A man with a mouth like a mastiff, a brow like a mountain and eyes like burning anthracite—that was Dan'l Webster in his prime. And the biggest case he argued never got written down in the books, for he argued it against the devil, nip and tuck, and no holds barred. And this is the way I used to hear it told.

There was a man named Jabez Stone, lived at Cross Corners, New Hampshire. He wasn't a bad man to start with, but he was an unlucky man. If he planted corn, he got borers; if he planted potatoes, he got blight. He had good-enough land, but it didn't prosper him; he had a decent wife and children, but the more children he had, the less there was to feed them. If stones cropped up in his neighbor's field, boulders boiled up in his; if he had a horse with the spavins, he'd trade it for one with the staggers and give something extra. There's some folks bound to be like that, apparently. But one day Jabez Stone got sick of the whole business.

He'd been plowing that morning and he'd just broke the plowshare on a rock that he could have sworn hadn't been there yesterday. And, as he stood looking at the plowshare, the off horse began to cough—that ropy kind of cough that means sickness and horse doctors. There were two children down with the measles, his wife was ailing, and he had a whitlow on his thumb. It was about the last straw for Jabez Stone. "I vow," he said, and he looked around him kind of desperate—"I vow it's enough to make a man want to sell his soul to the devil! And I would, too, for two cents!"

Then he felt a kind of queerness come over him at having said what he'd said; though, naturally, being a New Hampshireman, he wouldn't take it back. But, all the same, when it got to be evening and, as far as he could see, no notice had been taken, he felt relieved in his mind, for he was a religious man. But notice is always taken, sooner or later, just like the Good Book says. And, sure enough, next day, about suppertime, a soft-spoken, dark-dressed stranger drove up in a handsome buggy and asked for Jabez Stone.

Well, Jabez told his family it was a lawyer, come to see him about a legacy. But he knew who it was. He didn't like the looks of the stranger, nor the way he smiled with his teeth. They were white teeth, and plentiful—some say they were filed to a point, but I wouldn't vouch for that. And he didn't like it when the dog took one look at the stranger and ran away howling, with his tail between his legs. But having passed his word, more or less, he stuck to it, and they went out behind the barn and made their bargain. Jabez Stone had to prick his finger to sign, and the stranger lent him a silver pin. The wound healed clean, but it left a little white scar.

After that, all of a sudden, things began to pick up and prosper for Jabez Stone. His cows got fat and his horses sleek, his crops were the envy of the neighborhood, and lightning might strike all over the valley, but it wouldn't strike his barn. Pretty soon, he was one of the prosperous people of the country; they asked him to stand for selectman, and he stood for it; there

began to be talk of running him for state senate. All in all, you might say the Stone family was as happy and contented as cats in a dairy. And so they were, except for Jabez Stone.

He'd been contented enough, the first few years. It's a great thing when bad luck turns; it drives most other things out of your head. True, every now and then, especially in rainy weather, the little white scar on his finger would give him a twinge. And once a year, punctual as clockwork, the stranger with the handsome buggy would come driving by. But the sixth year, the stranger lighted, and, after that, his peace was over for Jabez Stone.

The stranger came up through the lower field, switching his boots with a cane—they were handsome black boots, but Jabez Stone never liked the look of them, particularly the toes. And, after he'd passed the time of day, he said, "Well, Mr. Stone, you're a hummer! It's a very pretty property you've got here, Mr. Stone."

"Well, some might favor it and others might not," said Jabez Stone, for he was a New Hampshireman.

"Oh, no need to decry your industry!" said the stranger, very easy, showing his teeth in a smile. "After all, we know what's been done, and it's been according to contract and specifications. So when—ahem—the mortgage falls due next year, you shouldn't have any regrets."

"Speaking of that mortgage, mister," said Jabez Stone, and he looked around for help to the earth and the sky, "I'm beginning to have one or two doubts about it."

"Doubts?" said the stranger, not quite so pleasantly.

"Why, yes," said Jabez Stone. "This being the U. S. A. and me always having been a religious man." He cleared his throat and got bolder. "Yes, sir," he said, "I'm beginning to have considerable doubts as to that mortgage holding in court."

"There's courts and courts," said the stranger, clicking his teeth. "Still, we might as well have a look at the original document." And he hauled out a big black pocketbook, full of papers. "Sherman, Slater, Stevens, Stone," he muttered. "I, Jabez Stone, for a term of seven years— Oh, it's quite in order, I think."

But Jabez Stone wasn't listening, for he saw something else flutter out of the black pocketbook. It was something that looked like a moth, but it wasn't a moth. And as Jabez Stone stared at it, it seemed to speak to him in a small sort of piping voice, terrible small and thin, but terrible human. "Neighbor Stone!" it squeaked. "Neighbor Stone! Help me! For God's sake, help me!"

But before Jabez Stone could stir hand or foot, the stranger whipped out a big bandanna handkerchief, caught the creature in it, just like a butterfly, and started tying up the ends of the bandanna.

"Sorry for the interruption," he said. "As I was saying—"

But Jabez Stone was shaking all over like a scared horse.

"That's Miser Stevens' voice!" he said, in a croak. "And you've got him in your handkerchief!"

The stranger looked a little embarrassed.

"Yes, I really should have transferred him to the collecting box," he said with a simper, "but there were some rather unusual specimens there and I didn't want them crowded. Well, well, these little contretemps will occur."

"I don't know what you mean by contertan," said Jabez Stone, "but that was Miser Stevens' voice! And he ain't dead! You can't tell me he is! He was just as spry and mean as a woodchuck, Tuesday!"

"In the midst of life—" said the stranger, kind of pious. "Listen!" Then a bell began to toll in the valley and Jabez Stone listened, with the sweat running down his face. For he knew it was tolled for Miser Stevens and that he was dead.

"These long-standing accounts," said the stranger with a sigh; "one really hates to close them. But business is business."

He still had the bandanna in his hand, and Jabez Stone felt sick as he saw the cloth struggle and flutter.

"Are they all as small as that?" he asked hoarsely.

"Small?" said the stranger. "Oh, I see what you mean. Why, they vary." He measured Jabez Stone with his eyes, and his teeth showed. "Don't worry, Mr. Stone," he said. "You'll go with a very good grade. I wouldn't trust you outside the collecting box. Now, a man like Dan'l Webster, of course—well, we'd have to build a special box for him, and even at that, I imagine the wing spread would astonish you. He'd certainly be a prize. I wish we could see our way clear to him. But, in your case, as I was saying—"

"Put that handkerchief away!" said Jabez Stone, and he began to beg and to pray. But the best he could get at the end was a three years' extension, with conditions.

But till you make a bargain like that, you've got no idea of how fast four years can run. By the last months of these years, Jabez Stone's known all over the state and there's talk of running him for governor—and it's dust and ashes in his mouth. For every day, when he gets up, he thinks, "There's one more night gone," and every night when he lies down, he thinks of the black pocketbook and the soul of Miser Stevens, and it makes him sick at heart. Till, finally, he can't bear it any longer, and, in the last days of the last year, he hitches up his horse and drives off to seek Dan'l Webster. For Dan'l was born in New Hampshire, only a few miles from Cross Corners, and it's well known that he has a particular soft spot for old neighbors.

It was early in the morning when he got to Marshfield, but Dan'l was up already, talking Latin to the farm hands and wrestling with the ram, Goliath, and trying out a new trotter and working up speeches to make against John C. Calhoun. But when he heard a New Hampshireman had come to see him, he dropped everything else he was doing, for that was Dan'l's way. He gave Jabez Stone a breakfast that five men couldn't eat, went into the living history of every man and woman in Cross Corners, and finally asked him how he could serve him.

Jabez Stone allowed that it was a kind of mortgage case.

"Well, I haven't pleaded a mortgage case in a long time, and I don't generally plead now, except before the Supreme Court," said Dan'l, "but if I can, I'll help you."

"Then I've got hope for the first time in ten years," said Jabez Stone, and told him the details.

Dan'l walked up and down as he listened, hands behind his back, now and then asking a question, now and then plunging his eyes at the floor, as if they'd bore through it like gimlets. When Jabez Stone had finished, Dan'l puffed out his cheeks and blew. Then he turned to Jabez Stone and a smile broke over his face like the sunrise over Monadnock.

"You've certainly given yourself the devil's own row to hoe, Neighbor Stone," he said, "but I'll take your case."

"You'll take it?" said Jabez Stone, hardly daring to believe.

"Yes," said Dan'l Webster. "I've got about seventy-five other things to do and the Missouri Compromise to straighten out, but I'll take your case. For if two New Hampshiremen aren't a match for the devil, we might as well give the country back to the Indians."

Then he shook Jabez Stone by the hand and said, "Did you come down here in a hurry?"

"Well, I admit I made time," said Jabez Stone.

"You'll go back faster," said Dan'l Webster, and he told 'em to hitch up Constitution and Constellation to the carriage. They were matched grays with one white forefoot, and they stepped like greased lightning.

Well, I won't describe how excited and pleased the whole Stone family was to have the great Dan'l Webster for a guest, when they finally got there. Jabez Stone had lost his hat on the way, blown off when they overtook a wind, but he didn't take much account of that. But after supper he sent the family off to bed, for he had most particular business with Mr. Webster. Mrs. Stone wanted them to sit in the front parlor, but Dan'l Webster knew front parlors and said he preferred the kitchen. So it was there they sat, waiting for the stranger, with a jug on the table between them and a bright fire on the hearth—the stranger being scheduled to show up on the stroke of midnight, according to specification.

Well, most men wouldn't have asked for better company than Dan'l Webster and a jug. But with every tick of the clock Jabez Stone got sadder and sadder. His eyes roved round, and though he sampled the jug, you could see he couldn't taste it. Finally, on the stroke of 11:30, he reached over and grabbed Dan'l Webster by the arm.

"Mr. Webster, Mr. Webster!" he said, and his voice was shaking with fear and a desperate courage. "For God's sake, Mr. Webster, harness your horses and get away from this place while you can!"

"You've brought me a long way, neighbor, to tell me you don't like my company," said Dan'l Webster, quite peaceable, pulling at the jug.

"Miserable wretch that I am!" groaned Jabez Stone. "I've brought you a devilish way, and now I see my folly. Let him take me if he wills. I don't hanker after it, I must say, but I can stand it. But you're the Union's stay

and New Hampshire's pride! He mustn't get you, Mr. Webster! He mustn't get you!"

Dan'l Webster looked at the distracted man, all gray and shaking in the firelight, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm obliged to you, Neighbor Stone," he said gently. "It's kindly thought of. But there's a jug on the table and a case in hand. And I never left a jug or a case half finished in my life."

And just at that moment there was a sharp rap on the door.

"Ah," said Dan'l Webster, very coolly, "I thought your clock was a trifle slow, Neighbor Stone." He stepped to the door and opened it. "Come in!" he said.

The stranger came in—very dark and tall he looked in the firelight. He was carrying a box under his arm—a black, japanned box with little air holes in the lid.

At the sight of the box, Jabez Stone gave a low cry and shrank into a corner of the room.

"Mr. Webster, I presume," said the stranger, very polite, but with his eyes glowing like a fox's deep in the woods.

"Attorney of record for Jabez Stone," said Dan'l Webster, but his eyes were glowing too. "Might I ask your name?"

"I've gone by a good many," said the stranger carelessly. "Perhaps Scratch will do for the evening. I'm often called that in these regions."

Then he sat down at the table and poured himself a drink from the jug. The liquor was cold in the jug, but it came steaming into the glass.

"And now," said the stranger, smiling and showing his teeth, "I shall call upon you, as a law-abiding citizen, to assist me in taking possession of my property."

Well, with that the argument began—and it went hot and heavy. At first, Jabez Stone had a flicker of hope, but when he saw Dan'l Webster being forced back at point after point, he just sat scrunched in his corner, with his eyes on that japanned box. For there wasn't any doubt as to the deed or the signature—that was the worst of it. Dan'l Webster twisted and turned and thumped his fist on the table, but he couldn't get away from that. He offered to compromise the case; the stranger wouldn't hear of it. He pointed out the property had increased in value, and state senators ought to be worth more; the stranger stuck to the letter of the law. He was a great lawyer, Dan'l Webster, but we know who's the King of Lawyers, as the Good Book tells us, and it seemed as if, for the first time, Dan'l Webster had met his match.

Finally, the stranger yawned a little. "Your spirited efforts on behalf of your client do you credit, Mr. Webster," he said, "but if you have no more arguments to adduce, I'm rather pressed for time—" and Jabez Stone shuddered.

Dan'l Webster's brow looked dark as a thundercloud.

"Pressed or not, you shall not have this man!" he thundered. "Mr. Stone is an American citizen, and no American citizen may be forced into the ser-

vice of a foreign prince. We fought England for that in '12 and we'll fight all hell for it again!"

"Foreign?" said the stranger. "And who calls me a foreigner?"

"Well, I never yet heard of the dev—of your claiming American citizenship," said Dan'l Webster, with surprise.

"And who with better right?" said the stranger, with one of his terrible smiles. "When the first wrong was done to the first Indian, I was there. When the first slaver put out for the Congo, I stood on her deck. Am I not in your books and stories and beliefs, from the first settlements on? Am I not spoken of, still, in every church in New England? 'Tis true the North claims me for a Southerner and the South for a Northerner, but I am neither. I am merely an honest American like yourself—and of the best descent—for, to tell the truth, Mr. Webster, though I don't like to boast of it, my name is older in this country than yours."

"Aha!" said Dan'l Webster, with the veins standing out in his forehead. "Then I stand on the Constitution! I demand a trial for my client!"

"The case is hardly one for an ordinary court," said the stranger, his eyes flickering. "And, indeed, the lateness of the hour—"

"Let it be any court you choose, so it is an American judge and an American jury!" said Dan'l Webster in his pride. "Let it be the quick or the dead; I'll abide the issue!"

"You have said it," said the stranger, and pointed his finger at the door. And with that, and all of a sudden, there was a rushing of wind outside and a noise of footsteps. They came, clear and distinct, through the night. And yet, they were not like the footsteps of living men.

"In God's name, who comes by so late?" cried Jabez Stone, in an ague of fear.

"The jury Mr. Webster demands," said the stranger, sipping at his boiling glass. "You must pardon the rough appearance of one or two; they will have come a long way."

And with that the fire burned blue and the door blew open and twelve men entered, one by one.

If Jabez Stone had been sick with terror before, he was blind with terror now. For there was Walter Butler, the loyalist, who spread fire and horror through the Mohawk Valley in the times of the Revolution; and there was Simon Girty, the renegade, who saw white men burned at the stake and whooped with the Indians to see them burn. His eyes were green, like a catamount's, and the stains on his hunting shirt did not come from the blood of the deer. King Philip was there, wild and proud as he had been in life, with the great gash in his head that gave him his death wound, and cruel Governor Dale, who broke men on the wheel. There was Morton of Merry Mount, who so vexed the Plymouth Colony, with his flushed, loose, handsome face and his hate of the godly. There was Teach, the bloody pirate, with his black beard curling on his breast. The Reverend John Smeet, with his strangler's hands and his Geneva gown, walked as daintily as he had to the gallows. The red print of the rope was still around his neck, but he carried

a perfumed handkerchief in one hand. One and all, they came into the room with the fires of hell still upon them, and the stranger named their names and their deeds as they came, till the tale of twelve was told. Yet the stranger had told the truth—they had all played a part in America.

"Are you satisfied with the jury, Mr. Webster?" said the stranger mockingly, when they had taken their places.

The sweat stood upon Dan'l Webster's brow, but his voice was clear.

"Quite satisfied," he said. "Though I miss General Arnold from the company."

"Benedict Arnold is engaged upon other business," said the stranger, with a glower. "Ah, you asked for a justice, I believe."

He pointed his finger once more, and a tall man, soberly clad in Puritan garb, with the burning gaze of the fanatic, stalked into the room and took his judge's place.

"Justice Hathorne is a jurist of experience," said the stranger. "He presided at certain witch trials once held in Salem. There were others who repented of the business later, but not he."

"Repent of such notable wonders and undertakings?" said the stern old justice. "Nay, hang them—hang them all!" And he muttered to himself in a way that struck ice into the soul of Jabez Stone.

Then the trial began, and, as you might expect, it didn't look anyways good for the defense. And Jabez Stone didn't make much of a witness in his own behalf. He took one look at Simon Girty and screeched, and they had to put him back in his corner in a kind of swoon.

It didn't halt the trial, though; the trial went on, as trials do. Dan'l Webster had faced some hard juries and hanging judges in his time, but this was the hardest he'd ever faced, and he knew it. They sat there with a kind of glitter in their eyes, and the stranger's smooth voice went on and on. Every time he'd raise an objection, it'd be "Objection sustained," but whenever Dan'l objected, it'd be "Objection denied." Well, you couldn't expect fair play from a fellow like this Mr. Scratch.

It got to Dan'l in the end, and he began to heat, like iron in the forge. When he got up to speak, he was going to flay that stranger with every trick known to the law, and the judge and jury too. He didn't care if it was contempt of court or what would happen to him for it. He didn't care any more what happened to Jabez Stone. He just got madder and madder, thinking of what he'd say. And yet, curiously enough, the more he thought about it, the less he was able to arrange his speech in his mind.

Till, finally, it was time for him to get up on his feet, and he did so, all ready to bust out with lightnings and denunciations. But before he started he looked over the judge and jury for a moment, such being his custom. And he noticed the glitter in their eyes was twice as strong as before, and they all leaned forward. Like hounds just before they get the fox, they looked, and the blue mist of evil in the room thickened as he watched them. Then he saw what he'd been about to do, and he wiped his forehead, as a man might who's just escaped falling into a pit in the dark.

For it was him they'd come for, not only Jabez Stone. He read it in the glitter of their eyes and in the way the stranger hid his mouth with one hand. And if he fought them with their own weapons, he'd fall into their power; he knew that, though he couldn't have told you how. It was his own anger and horror that burned in their eyes; and he'd have to wipe that out or the case was lost. He stood there for a moment, his black eyes burning like anthracite. And then he began to speak.

He started off in a low voice, though you could hear every word. They say he could call on the harps of the blessed when he chose. And this was just as simple and easy as a man could talk. But he didn't start out by condemning or reviling. He was talking about the things that make a country a country, and a man a man.

And he began with the simple things that everybody's known and felt—the freshness of a fine morning when you're young, and the taste of food when you're hungry, and the new day that's every day when you're a child. He took them up and he turned them in his hands. They were good things for any man. But without freedom, they sickened. And when he talked of those enslaved, and the sorrows of slavery, his voice got like a big bell. He talked of the early days of America and the men who had made those days. It wasn't a spread-eagle speech, but he made you see it. He admitted all the wrong that had ever been done. But he showed how, out of the wrong and the right, the suffering and the starvations, something new had come. And everybody had played a part in it, even the traitors.

Then he turned to Jabez Stone, and showed him as he was—an ordinary man who'd had hard luck and wanted to change it. And, because he'd wanted to change it, now he was going to be punished for all eternity. And yet there was good in Jabez Stone, and he showed that good. He was hard and mean, in some ways, but he was a man. There was sadness in being a man, but it was a proud thing too. And he showed what the pride of it was till you couldn't help feeling it. Yes, even in hell, if a man was a man, you'd know it. And he wasn't pleading for any one person any more, though his voice rang like an organ. He was telling the story and the failures and the endless journey of mankind. They got tricked and trapped and bamboozled, but it was a great journey. And no demon that was ever foaled could know the inwardness of it—it took a man to do that.

The fire began to die on the hearth and the wind before morning to blow. The light was getting gray in the room when Dan'l Webster finished. And his words came back at the end to New Hampshire ground, and the one spot of land that each man loves and clings to. He painted a picture of that, and to each one of that jury he spoke of things long forgotten. For his voice could search the heart, and that was his gift and his strength. And to one, his voice was like the forest and its secrecy, and to another like the sea and the storms of the sea; and one heard the cry of his lost nation in it, and another saw a little harmless scene he hadn't remembered for years. But each saw something. And when Dan'l Webster finished, he didn't know whether or not he'd saved Jabez Stone. But he knew he'd done a miracle. For the

glitter was gone from the eyes of judge and jury, and, for the moment, they were men again, and knew they were men.

"The defense rests," said Dan'l Webster, and stood there like a mountain. His ears were still ringing with his speech, and he didn't hear anything else till he heard Judge Hathorne say, "The jury will retire to consider its verdict."

Walter Butler rose in his place and his face had a dark, gay pride on it.

"The jury has considered its verdict," he said, and looked the stranger full in the eye. "We find for the defendant, Jabez Stone."

With that, the smile left the stranger's face, but Walter Butler did not flinch.

"Perhaps 'tis not strictly in accordance with the evidence," he said, "but even the damned may salute the eloquence of Mr. Webster."

With that, the long crow of a rooster split the gray morning sky, and judge and jury were gone from the room like a puff of smoke and as if they had never been there. The stranger turned to Dan'l Webster, smiling wryly.

"Major Butler was always a bold man," he said. "I had not thought him quite so bold. Nevertheless, my congratulations, as between two gentlemen."

"I'll have that paper first, if you please," said Dan'l Webster, and he took it and tore it into four pieces. It was queerly warm to the touch. "And now," he said, "I'll have you!" and his hand came down like a bear trap on the stranger's arm. For he knew that once you bested anybody like Mr. Scratch in fair fight, his power on you was gone. And he could see that Mr. Scratch knew it too.

The stranger twisted and wriggled, but he couldn't get out of that grip. "Come, come, Mr. Webster," he said, smiling palely. "This sort of thing is ridic—ouch!—is ridiculous. If you're worried about the costs of the case, naturally, I'd be glad to pay—"

"And so you shall!" said Dan'l Webster, shaking him till his teeth rattled. "For you'll sit right down at that table and draw up a document, promising never to bother Jabez Stone nor his heirs or assigns nor any other New Hampshireman till doomsday! For any hades we want to raise in this state, we can raise ourselves, without assistance from strangers."

"Ouch!" said the stranger. "Ouch! Well, they never did run very big to the barrel, but—ouch!—I agree!"

So he sat down and drew up the document. But Dan'l Webster kept his hand on his coat collar all the time.

"And, now, may I go?" said the stranger, quite humble, when Dan'l'd seen the document's in proper and legal form.

"Go?" said Dan'l, giving him another shake. "I'm still trying to figure out what I'll do with you. For you've settled the costs of the case, but you haven't settled with me. I think I'll take you back to Marshfield," he said, kind of reflective. "I've got a ram there named Goliath that can butt through an iron door. I'd kind of like to turn you loose in his field and see what he'd do."

Well, with that the stranger began to beg and to plead. And he begged and he pled so humbly that, finally, Dan'l, who was naturally kindhearted, agreed to let him go. The stranger seemed terrible grateful for that and said,

just to show they were friends, he'd tell Dan'l's fortune before leaving. So Dan'l agreed to that, though he didn't take much stock in fortune-tellers ordinarily. But, naturally, the stranger was a little different.

Well, he pried and he peered at the lines in Dan'l's hands. And he told him one thing and another that was quite remarkable. But they were all in the past.

"Yes, all that's true, and it happened," said Dan'l Webster. "But what's to come in the future?"

The stranger grinned, kind of happily, and shook his head.

"The future's not as you think it," he said. "It's dark. You have a great ambition, Mr. Webster."

"I have," said Dan'l firmly, for everybody knew he wanted to be President.

"It seems almost within your grasp," said the stranger, "but you will not attain it. Lesser men will be made President and you will be passed over."

"And, if I am, I'll still be Daniel Webster," said Dan'l. "Say on."

"You have two strong sons," said the stranger, shaking his head. "You look to found a line. But each will die in war and neither reach greatness."

"Live or die, they are still my sons," said Dan'l Webster. "Say on."

"You have made great speeches," said the stranger. "You will make more."

"Ah," said Dan'l Webster.

"But the last great speech you make will turn many of your own against you," said the stranger. "They will call you Ichabod; they will call you by other names. Even in New England, some will say you have turned your coat and sold your country, and their voices will be loud against you till you die."

"So it is an honest speech, it does not matter what men say," said Dan'l Webster. Then he looked at the stranger and their glances locked.

"One question," he said. "I have fought for the Union all my life. Will I see that fight won against those who would tear it apart?"

"Not while you live," said the stranger, grimly, "but it will be won. And after you are dead, there are thousands who will fight for your cause, because of words that you spoke."

"Why, then, you long-barreled, slab-sided, lantern-jawed, fortune-telling note shaver!" said Dan'l Webster, with a great roar of laughter, "be off with you to your own place before I put my mark on you! For, by the thirteen original colonies, I'd go to the Pit itself to save the Union!"

And with that he drew back his foot for a kick that would have stunned a horse. It was only the tip of his shoe that caught the stranger, but he went flying out of the door with his collecting box under his arm.

"And now," said Dan'l Webster, seeing Jabez Stone beginning to rouse from his swoon, "let's see what's left in the jug, for it's dry work talking all night. I hope there's pie for breakfast, Neighbor Stone."

But they say that whenever the devil comes near Marshfield, even now, he gives it a wide berth. And he hasn't been seen in the state of New Hampshire from that day to this. I'm not talking about Massachusetts or Vermont.

PLAYS

Riders to the Sea, <i>by John Millington Synge</i>	529
The Fall of the City, <i>by Archibald MacLeish</i>	538
Beyond the Horizon, <i>by Eugene O'Neill</i>	562
Green Pastures, <i>by Marc Connelly</i>	623
Both Your Houses, <i>by Maxwell Anderson</i>	680

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PLAYS

NOVELS, stories, and poems are written to be read. But a play is written to be played by actors, on a stage, and before an audience. A radio play is played by actors to the ears of its listeners. Consequently the experience of reading a play is quite different from the experience of reading a story and more difficult. The reader, with the help of the lines and the stage directions, must imaginatively visualize the action on the stage as it would appear if actors were speaking the lines as they move about. But at best a play reader can never completely capture the experience he would have if he were a member of an audience. Both laughter and tears are contagious. The emotional experiences of the theater are more heightened than those of the study.

The plays chosen for inclusion in this volume represent a variety of lengths and types. *Beyond the Horizon* and *Riders to the Sea* involve death and frustration. The outcomes are tragic or pathetic. *Both Your Houses* is comedy—but a comedy of serious import and like all great comedy from Aristophanes to the present, satirizes folly, corruption, and vice. *The Green Pastures* may be called a chronicle history play. It endeavors to put on the stage episodes from Old Testament story, episodes that run from comedy to tragedy to satire to mysticism. Hence we should not expect it to have close-knit dramatic structure. Like Shakespeare's historical plays it is a loosely constructed pageant. MacLeish's *Fall of the City* represents the newest aspect of drama, born of the peculiar necessities of radio presentation to the ear alone. Will the new form be a permanent addition to dramatic types? Or will television make it obsolete?

RIDERS TO THE SEA¹*by John Millington Synge*

CHARACTERS

MAURYA, *an old woman.*BARTLEY, *her son.*CATHLEEN, *her daughter.*NORA, *a younger daughter.*

MEN AND WOMEN.

SCENE: *An island off the West of Ireland. Cottage kitchen, with nets, oilskins, spinning-wheel, some new boards standing by the wall, etc.*
 CATHLEEN, *a girl of about twenty, finishes kneading cake, and puts it down in the pot-oven by the fire; then wipes her hands, and begins to spin at the wheel.* NORA, *a young girl, puts her head in at the door.*

NORA [*In a low voice*]. Where is she?

CATHLEEN. She's lying down, God help her, and maybe sleeping, if she's able.

[*NORA comes in softly, and takes a bundle from under her shawl*]CATHLEEN [*Spinning the wheel rapidly*]. What is it you have?

NORA. The young priest is after bringing them. It's a shirt and a plain stocking were got off a drowned man in Donegal.

[*CATHLEEN stops her wheel with a sudden movement, and leans out to listen*]

NORA. We're to find out if it's Michael's they are; some time herself will be down looking by the sea.

CATHLEEN. How would they be Michael's, Nora? How would he go the length of that way to the far north?

NORA. The young priest says he's known the like of it. "If it's Michael's they are," says he, "you can tell herself he's got a clean burial by the grace of God, and if they're not his, let no one say a word about them, for she'll be getting her death," says he, "with crying and lamenting."

[*The door which NORA half closed is blown open by a gust of wind*]CATHLEEN [*Looking out anxiously*]. Did you ask him would he stop Bartley going this day with the horses to the Galway fair?

NORA. "I won't stop him," says he, "but let you not be afraid. Herself

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does be saying prayers half through the night, and the Almighty God won't leave her destitute," says he, "with no son living."

CATHLEEN. Is the sea bad by the white rocks, Nora?

NORA. Middling bad, God help us. There's a great roaring in the west, and it's worse it'll be getting when the tide's turned to the wind. [*She goes over to the table with the bundle*] Shall I open it now?

CATHLEEN. Maybe she'd wake up on us, and come in before we'd done. [*Coming to the table*] It's a long time we'll be, and the two of us crying.

NORA [*Goes to the inner door and listens*]. She's moving about on the bed. She'll be coming in a minute.

CATHLEEN. Give me the ladder, and I'll put them up in the turf-loft, the way she won't know of them at all, and maybe when the tide turns she'll be going down to see would he be floating from the east.

[*They put the ladder against the gable of the chimney; CATHLEEN goes up a few steps and hides the bundle in the turf-loft. MAURYA comes from the inner room*]

MAURYA [*Looking up at CATHLEEN and speaking querulously*]. Isn't it turf enough you have for this day and evening?

CATHLEEN. There's a cake baking at the fire for a short space [*throwing down the turf*] and Bartley will want it when the tide turns if he goes to Connemara.

[*NORA picks up the turf and puts it round the pot-oven*]

MAURYA [*Sitting down on a stool at the fire*]. He won't go this day with the wind rising from the south and west. He won't go this day, for the young priest will stop him surely.

NORA. He'll not stop him, mother, and I heard Eamon Simon and Stephen Pheety and Colum Shawn saying he would go.

MAURYA. Where is he itself?

NORA. He went down to see would there be another boat sailing in the week, and I'm thinking it won't be long till he's here now, for the tide's turning at the green head, and the hooker's tacking from the east.

CATHLEEN. I hear some one passing the big stones.

NORA [*Looking out*]. He's coming now, and he in a hurry.

BARTLEY [*Comes in and looks round the room; speaking sadly and quietly*]. Where is the bit of new rope, Cathleen, was bought in Connemara?

CATHLEEN [*Coming down*]. Give it to him, Nora; it's on a nail by the white boards. I hung it up this morning, for the pig with the black feet was eating it.

NORA [*Giving him a rope*]. Is that it, Bartley?

MAURYA. You'd do right to leave that rope, Bartley, hanging by the boards. [*BARTLEY takes the rope*] It will be wanting in this place, I'm telling you, if Michael is washed up tomorrow morning, or the next morning, or any morning in the week, for it's a deep grave we'll make him by the grace of God.

BARTLEY [*Beginning to work with the rope*]. I've no halter the way I can ride down on the mare, and I must go now quickly. This is the one boat going for two weeks or beyond it, and the fair will be a good fair for horses, I heard them saying below.

MAURYA. It's a hard thing they'll be saying below if the body is washed up and there's no man in it to make the coffin, and I after giving a big price for the finest white boards you'd find in Connemara.

[*She looks round at the boards*]

BARTLEY. How would it be washed up, and we after looking each day for nine days, and a strong wind blowing a while back from the west and south?

MAURYA. If it wasn't found itself, that wind is raising the sea, and there was a star up against the moon, and it rising in the night. If it was a hundred horses, or a thousand horses you had itself, what is the price of a thousand horses against a son where there is one son only?

BARTLEY [*Working at the halter, to CATHLEEN*]. Let you go down each day, and see the sheep aren't jumping in on the rye, and if the jobber comes you can sell the pig with the black feet if there is a good price going.

MAURYA. How would the like of her get a good price for a pig?

BARTLEY [*To CATHLEEN*]. If the west wind holds with the last bit of the moon let you and Nora get up weed enough for another cock for the kelp. It's hard set we'll be from this day with no one in it but one man to work.

MAURYA. It's hard set we'll be surely the day you're drown'd with the rest. What way will I live and the girls with me, and I an old woman looking for the grave?

[*BARTLEY lays down the halter, takes off his old coat, and puts on a newer one of the same flannel*]

BARTLEY [*To NORA*]. Is she coming to the pier?

NORA [*Looking out*]. She's passing the green head and letting fall her sails.

BARTLEY [*Getting his purse and tobacco*]. I'll have half an hour to go down, and you'll see me coming again in two days, or in three days, or maybe in four days if the wind is bad.

MAURYA [*Turning round to the fire, and putting her shawl over her head*]. Isn't it a hard and cruel man won't hear a word from an old woman, and she holding him from the sea?

CATHLEEN. It's the life of a young man to be going on the sea, and who would listen to an old woman with one thing and she saying it over?

BARTLEY [*Taking the halter*]. I must go now quickly. I'll ride down on the red mare, and the gray pony'll run behind me. The blessing of God on you.

[*He goes out*]

MAURYA [*Crying out as he is in the door*]. He's gone now, God spare us, and we'll not see him again. He's gone now, and when the black night is falling I'll have no son left me in the world.

CATHLEEN. Why wouldn't you give him your blessing and he looking round in the door? Isn't it sorrow enough is on every one in this house without your sending him out with an unlucky word behind him, and a hard word in his ear?

[MAURYA *takes up the tongs and begins raking the fire aimlessly without looking round*]

NORA [*Turning towards her*]. You're taking away the turf from the cake.

CATHLEEN [*Crying out*]. The Son of God forgives us, Nora, we're after forgetting his bit of bread.

[*She comes over to the fire*]

NORA. And it's destroyed he'll be going till dark night, and he after eating nothing since the sun went up.

CATHLEEN [*Turning the cake out of the oven*]. It's destroyed he'll be, surely. There's no sense left on any person in a house where an old woman will be talking forever.

[MAURYA *sways herself on her stool*]

CATHLEEN [*Cutting off some of the bread and rolling it in a cloth, to MAURYA*]. Let you go down now to the spring-well and give him this and he passing. You'll see him then and the dark word will be broken, and you can say, "God speed you," the way he'll be easy in his mind.

MAURYA [*Taking the bread*]. Will I be in it as soon as himself?

CATHLEEN. If you go now quickly.

MAURYA [*Standing up unsteadily*]. It's hard set I am to walk.

CATHLEEN [*Looking at her anxiously*]. Give her the stick, Nora, or maybe she'll slip on the big stones.

NORA. What stick?

CATHLEEN. The stick Michael brought from Connemara.

MAURYA [*Taking a stick NORA gives her*]. In the big world the old people do be leaving things after them for their sons and children, but in this place it is the young men do be leaving things behind for them that do be old.

[*She goes out slowly. NORA goes over to the ladder*]

CATHLEEN. Wait, Nora, maybe she'd turn back quickly. She's that sorry, God help her, you wouldn't know the thing she'd do.

NORA. Is she gone round by the bush?

CATHLEEN [*Looking out*]. She's gone now. Throw it down quickly, for the Lord knows when she'll be out of it again.

NORA [*Getting the bundle from the loft*]. The young priest said he'd be passing tomorrow, and we might go down and speak to him below if it's Michael's they are surely.

CATHLEEN [*Taking the bundle*]. Did he say what way they were round?

NORA [*Coming down*]. "There were two men," says he, "and they rowing

round with poteen before the cocks crowed, and the oar of one of them caught the body, and they passing the black cliffs of the north."

CATHLEEN [*Trying to open the bundle*]. Give me a knife, Nora; the string's perished with the salt water, and there's a black knot on it you wouldn't loosen in a week.

NORA [*Giving her a knife*]. I've heard tell it was a long way to Donegal.

CATHLEEN [*Cutting the string*]. It is surely. There was a man in here a while ago—the man sold us that knife—and he said if you set off walking from the rocks beyond, it would be seven days you'd be in Donegal.

NORA. And what time would a man take, and he floating?

[CATHLEEN *opens the bundle and takes out a bit of a stocking. They look at them eagerly*]

CATHLEEN [*In a low voice*]. The Lord spare us, Nora! isn't it a queer hard thing to say if it's his they are surely?

NORA. I'll get his shirt off the hook the way we can put the one flannel on the other. [*She looks through some clothes hanging in the corner*] It's not with them, Cathleen, and where will it be?

CATHLEEN. I'm thinking Bartley put it on him in the morning, for his own shirt was heavy with the salt in it. [*Pointing to the corner*] There's a bit of a sleeve was of the same stuff. Give me that and it will do.

[NORA *brings it to her and they compare the flannel*]

CATHLEEN. It's the same stuff, Nora; but if it is itself, aren't there great rolls of it in the shops of Galway, and isn't it many another man may have a shirt of it as well as Michael himself?

NORA [*Who has taken up the stocking and counted the stitches, crying out*]. It's Michael, Cathleen, it's Michael; God spare his soul, and what will herself say when she hears this story, and Bartley on the sea?

CATHLEEN [*Taking the stocking*]. It's a plain stocking.

NORA. It's the second one of the third pair I knitted, and I put up three score stitches, and I dropped four of them.

CATHLEEN [*Counts the stitches*]. It's that number is in it. [*Crying out*] Ah, Nora, isn't it a bitter thing to think of him floating that way to the far north, and no one to keen him but the black hags that do be flying on the sea?

NORA [*Swinging herself round, and throwing out her arms on the clothes*]. And isn't it a pitiful thing when there is nothing left of a man who was a great rower and fisher, but a bit of an old shirt and a plain stocking?

CATHLEEN [*After an instant*]. Tell me is herself coming, Nora? I hear a little sound on the path.

NORA [*Looking out*]. She is, Cathleen. She's coming up to the doo..

CATHLEEN. Put these things away before she'll come in. Maybe it's easier she'll be after giving her blessing to Bartley, and we won't let on we've heard anything the time he's on the sea.

NORA [*Helping CATHLEEN to close the bundle*]. We'll put them here in the corner.

[*They put them into a hole in the chimney corner. CATHLEEN goes back to the spinning-wheel*]

NORA. Will she see it was crying I was?

CATHLEEN. Keep your back to the door the way the light'll not be on you.

[*NORA sits down at the chimney corner, with her back to the door. MAURYA comes in very slowly, without looking at the girls, and goes over to the stool at the other side of the fire. The cloth with the bread is still in her hand. The girls look at each other, and NORA points to the bundle of bread*]

CATHLEEN [*After spinning for a moment*]. You didn't give him his bit of bread?

[*MAURYA begins to keen softly, without turning round*]

CATHLEEN. Did you see him riding down?

[*MAURYA goes on keening*]

CATHLEEN [*A little impatiently*]. God forgive you; isn't it a better thing to raise your voice and tell what you seen, than to be making lamentation for a thing that's done? Did you see Bartley, I'm saying to you.

MAURYA [*With a weak voice*]. My heart's broken from this day.

CATHLEEN [*As before*]. Did you see Bartley?

MAURYA. I seen the fearfulest thing.

CATHLEEN [*Leaves her wheel and looks out*]. God forgive you; he's riding the mare now over the green head, and the gray pony behind him.

MAURYA [*Starts, so that her shawl falls back from her head and shows her white tossed hair; with a frightened voice*]. The gray pony behind him.

CATHLEEN [*Coming to the fire*]. What is it ails you, at all?

MAURYA [*Speaking very slowly*]. I've seen the fearfulest thing any person has seen, since the day Bride Dara seen the dead man with the child in his arms.

CATHLEEN and NORA. Uah.

[*They crouch down in front of the old woman at the fire*]

NORA. Tell us what it is you seen.

MAURYA. I went down to the spring-well, and I stood there saying a prayer to myself. Then Bartley came along, and he riding on the red mare with the gray pony behind him. [*She puts up her hands, as if to hide something from her eyes*] The Son of God spare us, Nora!

CATHLEEN. What is it you seen?

MAURYA. I seen Michael himself.

CATHLEEN [*Speaking softly*]. You did not, mother; it wasn't Michael you seen, for his body is after being found in the far north, and he's got a clean burial by the grace of God.

MAURYA [*A little defiantly*]. I'm after seeing him this day, and he riding and galloping. Bartley came first on the red mare; and I tried to say "God speed you," but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly; and, "The blessing of God on you," says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the gray pony, and there was Michael upon it—with fine clothes on him, and new shoes on his feet.

CATHLEEN [*Begins to keen*]. It's destroyed we are from this day. It's destroyed, surely.

NORA. Didn't the young priest say the Almighty God wouldn't leave her destitute with no son living?

MAURYA [*In a low voice, but clearly*]. It's little the like of him knows of the sea. . . . Bartley will be lost now, and let you call in Eamon and make me a good coffin out of the white boards, for I won't live after them. I've had a husband, and a husband's father, and six sons in this house—six fine men, though it was a hard birth I had with every one of them and they coming to the world—and some of them were found and some of them were not found, but they're gone now, the lot of them. . . . There were Stephen, and Shawn, were lost in the great wind, and found after in the Bay of Gregory of the Golden Mouth, and carried up the two of them on the one plank, and in by that door.

[*She pauses for a moment, the girls start as if they heard something through the door that is half open behind them*]

NORA [*In a whisper*]. Did you hear that, Cathleen? Did you hear a noise in the northeast?

CATHLEEN [*In a whisper*]. There's some one after crying out by the seashore.

MAURYA [*Continues without hearing anything*]. There was Sheamus and his father, and his own father again, were lost in a dark night, and not a stick or sign was seen of them when the sun went up. There was Patch after was drowned out of a curagh that turned over. I was sitting here with Bartley, and he a baby, lying on my two knees, and I seen two women, and three women, and four women coming in, and they crossing themselves, and not saying a word. I looked out then, and there were men coming after them, and they holding a thing in the half of a red sail, and water dripping out of it—it was a dry day, Nora—and leaving a track to the door.

[*She pauses again with her hand stretched out towards the door. It opens softly and old women begin to come in, crossing themselves on the threshold, and kneeling down in front of the stage with red petticoats over their heads*]

MAURYA [*Half in a dream, to CATHLEEN*]. Is it Patch, or Michael, or what is it at all?

CATHLEEN. Michael is after being found in the far north, and when he is found there how could he be here in this place?

MAURYA. There does be a power of young men floating round in the sea, and what way would they know if it was Michael they had, or another man like him, for when a man is nine days in the sea, and the wind blowing, it's hard set his own mother would be to say what man was it.

CATHLEEN. It's Michael, God spare him, for they're after sending us a bit of his clothes from the far north.

[*She reaches out and hands MAURYA the clothes that belonged to MICHAEL. MAURYA stands up slowly, and takes them in her hands. NORA looks out*]

NORA. They're carrying a thing among them and there's water dripping out of it and leaving a track by the big stones.

CATHLEEN [*In a whisper to the women who have come in*]. Is it Bartley it is?

ONE OF THE WOMEN. It is surely, God rest his soul.

[*Two younger women come in and pull out the table. Then men carry in the body of BARTLEY, laid on a plank, with a bit of a sail over it, and lay it on the table*]

CATHLEEN [*To the women, as they are doing so*]. What way was he drowned?

ONE OF THE WOMEN. The gray pony knocked him into the sea, and he was washed out where there is a great surf on the white rocks.

[*MAURYA has gone over and knelt down at the head of the table. The women are keening softly and swaying themselves with a slow movement. CATHLEEN and NORA kneel at the other end of the table. The men kneel near the door*]

MAURYA [*Raising her head and speaking as if she did not see the people around her*]. They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening. [*To NORA*] Give me the Holy Water, Nora; there's a small cup still on the dresser.

[*NORA gives it to her*]

MAURYA [*Drops MICHAEL's clothes across BARTLEY's feet, and sprinkles the Holy Water over him*]. It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely. It's a great rest I'll have now, and great sleeping in the long nights after Samhain, if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, and maybe a fish that would be stinking.

[*She kneels down again, crossing herself, and saying prayers under her breath*]

CATHLEEN [*To an old man*]. Maybe yourself and Eamon would make a coffin when the sun rises. We have fine white boards herself bought, God help her, thinking Michael would be found, and I have a new cake you can eat while you'll be working.

THE OLD MAN [*Looking at the boards*]. Are there nails with them?

CATHLEEN. There are not, Colum; we didn't think of the nails.

ANOTHER MAN. It's a great wonder she wouldn't think of the nails, and all the coffins she's seen made already.

CATHLEEN. It's getting old she is, and broken.

[*MAURYA stands up again very slowly and spreads out the pieces of MICHAEL'S clothes beside the body, sprinkling them with the last of the Holy Water*]

NORA [*In a whisper to CATHLEEN*]. She's quiet now and easy; but the day Michael was drowned you could hear her crying out from this to the spring-well. It's fonder she was of Michael, and would any one have thought that?

CATHLEEN [*Slowly and clearly*]. An old woman will be soon tired with anything she will do, and isn't it nine days herself is after crying and keening, and making great sorrow in the house?

MAURYA [*Puts the empty cup mouth downwards on the table, and lays her hands together on BARTLEY'S feet*]. They're all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Sheamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn [*bending her head*]; and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of every one is left living in the world.

[*She pauses, and the keening rises a little more loudly from the women, then sinks away*]

MAURYA [*Continuing*]. Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied.

[*She kneels down again, and the curtain falls slowly*]

THE FALL OF THE CITY¹*A Verse Play for Radio**by Archibald MacLeish*

FOREWORD

ANY introduction is a confession of weakness. This one is no exception. It is written because I am anxious to persuade American poets to experiment with verse plays for radio and because I am quite certain the radio verse play I have written will not persuade them of itself.

The argument for radio as a stage for verse is neither long nor sensational. It consists largely in asserting what everyone knows. But such is the character of what everyone knows that no one knows it with enthusiasm. On the basis of the most obvious and elementary facts every poet with a dramatic leaning—and what poet ever lived who was really satisfied with writing the thin little books to lie on the front parlor tables?—should have been storming the studios for years. And yet actually the storming has been thin and infrequent. The British Broadcasting Corporation has presented a few verse plays written expressly for radio and one of them, Geoffrey Bridson's *March of the '45*, is said to have been both interesting and exciting. But the American slate is still approximately clean.

The first fact which everyone knows is that radio is a mechanism which carries to an audience sounds and nothing but sounds. A radio play consists of words and word equivalents and nothing else. There is no visible actor disguised to assume a part. There is no stage-set contrived to resemble a place. There is only the spoken word—an implement which poets have always claimed to use with a special authority. There is only the word-excited imagination—a theater in which poets have always claimed peculiar rights to play. Nothing exists save as the word creates it. The word dresses the stage. The word brings on the actors. The word supplies their look, their clothes, their gestures. The more packed and allusive the word, the more illuminating its rhythms, the more perfectly is the scene prepared, the more convincingly is the play enacted. On the stage, verse is often an obstacle because the artifice of the verse and the physical reality of the scene do not

¹ Reprinted by permission of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. The first performance over the air occurred Sunday Evening, April 11, 1937, over the Columbia Broadcasting System Network.

harmonize; it is for this reason that verse is easily accepted on the stage only where the scene is made remote in time and therefore artificial to begin with, or where the verse is blurred out and made to sound as much as possible like prose. But over the radio verse is not an obstacle. Over the radio verse has no visual presence to compete with. Only the ear is engaged and the ear is already half poet. It believes at once: creates and believes. It is the eye which is the realist. It is the eye which must fit everything together, must see everything before and behind. It is the eye and not the ear which refuses to believe in the lovely girlhood of the middle-aged soprano who sings *Isolde*, or the delicate, water-troubling slenderness of the three fat Rhine maidens ridiculously paddling at the ends of three steel ropes. With the eye closed or staring at nothing verse has every power over the ear. The ear accepts, accepts and believes, accepts and creates. The ear is the poet's perfect audience, his only true audience. And it is radio and only radio which can give him public access to this perfect friend.

The second fact which everyone knows and no one observes is the fact that the technique of radio, the ordinary, commercial technique, has developed tools which could not have been more perfectly adapted to the poet's uses had he devised them himself. Writers of prose plays for radio have practically unanimously ignored these tools. They have written for radio precisely as they would write for stage and many, if not most, radio plays have been nothing but stage plays adapted to the microphone. The tools nevertheless exist and the chief of them is the Announcer. The Announcer is the most useful dramatic personage since the Greek Chorus. For years modern poets writing for the stage have felt the necessity of contriving some sort of chorus, some sort of commentator. There is no occasion here to go into the reasons: they are compelling enough. But this chorus, this commentator, has always presented an extremely awkward practical problem. How justify its existence dramatically? How get it on? How get it off again? In radio this difficulty is removed before it occurs. The commentator is an integral part of radio technique. His presence is as natural as it is familiar. And his presence, without more, restores to the poet that obliquity, that perspective, that three-dimensional depth without which great poetic drama cannot exist.

Over and above all this there is the great question of audience. No man who has had the experience of presenting plays first before Broadway audiences and thereafter before such audiences as the radical theaters provide would ever of his own choice return to the Broadway audience. Radio will not of course provide the immediate sense of the live and vigorous audience which the radical theaters give. But radio will reach an infinitely greater number of people and should be capable, in time and with adequate materials, of shaping sections of that greater number into a living audience which the poet and his actors can feel. This consideration alone should deeply move the American poet whose present tragedy is his isolation from any audience vigorous enough to demand his strongest work.

A. MacL.

CHARACTERS

VOICE OF STUDIO DIRECTOR

VOICE OF ANNOUNCER

VOICE OF DEAD WOMAN

VOICE OF 1ST MESSENGER

VOICE OF ORATOR

VOICE OF 2ND MESSENGER

VOICE OF PRIEST

VOICE OF GENERAL

VOICES OF ANTIPHONAL CHORUS

Citizens, dancers, priests, soldiers, etc.

THE FALL OF THE CITY

VOICE OF THE STUDIO DIRECTOR [*orotund and professional*]

Ladies and gentlemen:

This broadcast comes to you from the city.

Listeners over the curving air have heard

From furthest-off frontiers of foreign hours—

Mountain Time: Ocean Time: of the islands:

Of waters after the islands—some of them waking

Where noon here is the night there: some

Where noon is the first few stars they see or the last one.

For three days the world has watched this city—

Not for the common occasions of brutal crime

Or the usual violence of one sort or another

Or coronations of kings or popular festivals:

No: for stranger and disturbing reasons—

The resurrection from death and the tomb of a dead woman.

Each day for three days there has come

To the door of her tomb at noon a woman buried!

The terror that stands at the shoulder of our time

Touches the cheek with this: the flesh winces.

There have been other omens in other cities

But never of this sort and never so credible.

In a time like ours seemings and portents signify.

Ours is a generation when dogs howl and the

Skin crawls on the skull with its beast's foreboding.
 All men now alive with us have feared.
 We have smelled the wind in the street that changes weather.
 We have seen the familiar room grow unfamiliar:
 The order of numbers alter: the expectation
 Cheat the expectant eye. The appearance defaults with us.

Here in this city the wall of the time cracks.

We take you now to the great square of this city. . . .

*[The shuffle and hum of a vast patient crowd
 gradually rises: swells: fills the background.]*

VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER [*matter-of-fact*]

We are here on the central plaza.
 We are well off to the eastward edge.
 There is a kind of terrace over the crowd here.
 It is precisely four minutes to twelve.
 The crowd is enormous: there might be ten thousand:
 There might be more: the whole square is faces.
 Opposite over the roofs are the mountains.
 It is quite clear: there are birds circling.
 We think they are kites by the look: they are very high. . . .

The tomb is off to the right somewhere—
 We can't see for the great crowd.
 Close to us here are the cabinet ministers:
 They stand on a raised platform with awnings.
 The farmers' wives are squatting on the stones:
 Their children have fallen asleep on their shoulders.
 The heat is harsh: the light dazzles like metal.
 It dazes the air as the clang of a gong does. . . .

News travels in this nation:
 There are people here from away off—
 Horse-raisers out of the country with brooks in it:
 Herders of cattle from up where the snow stays—
 The kind that cook for themselves mostly:
 They look at the girls with their eyes hard
 And a hard grin and their teeth showing. . . .

It is one minute to twelve now:
 There is still no sign: they are still waiting:
 No one doubts that she will come:
 No one doubts that she will speak too:
 Three times she has not spoken.

*[The murmur of the crowd changes—
not louder but more intense: higher.]*

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER *[low but with increasng excitement]*

Now it is twelve: now they are rising:
Now the whole plaza is rising:
Fathers are lifting their small children:
The plumed fans on the platform are motionless. . . .

There is no sound but the shuffle of shoe leather . . .

Now even the shoes are still. . . .

We can hear the hawks: it is quiet as that now. . . .

It is strange to see such throngs so silent. . . .

Nothing yet: nothing has happened. . . .

Wait! There's a stir here to the right of us:
They're turning their heads: the crowd turns:
The cabinet ministers lean from their balcony:
There's no sound: only the turning. . . .

*[A woman's voice comes over the silence of
the crowd: it is a weak voice but penetrating:
it speaks slowly and as though with difficulty.]*

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD WOMAN

First the waters rose with no wind. . . .

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER *[whispering]*

Listen: that is she! She's speaking!

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD WOMAN

Then the stones of the temple kindled
Without flame or tinder of maize-leaves. . . .

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER *[whispering]*

They see her beyond us: the crowd sees her. . . .

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD WOMAN

Then there were cries in the night haze:
Words in a once-heard tongue: the air
Rustling above us as at dawn with herons.

Now it is I who must bring fear:
I who am four days dead: the tears
Still unshed for me—all of them: I
For whom a child still calls at nightfall.

Death is young in me to fear!
My dress is kept still in the press in my bedchamber:
No one has broken the dish of the dead woman.

Nevertheless I must speak painfully:
I am to stand here in the sun and speak:

*[There is a pause. Then her voice comes
again loud, mechanical, speaking as by rote.]*

The city of masterless men
Will take a master.
There will be shouting then:
Blood after!

*[The crowd stirs. Her voice goes
on weak and slow as before.]*

Do not ask what it means: I do not know:
Only sorrow and no hope for it.

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

She has gone. . . . No, they are still looking.

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD WOMAN

It is hard to return from the time past. I have come
In the dream we must learn to dream where the crumbling of
Time like the ash from a burnt string has
Stopped for me. For you the thread still burns:
You take the feathery ash upon your fingers.
You bring yourselves from the time past as it pleases you.

It is hard to return to the old nearness . . .

Harder to go again. . . .

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

She is gone.

We know because the crowd is closing.

All we can see is the crowd closing.

We hear the releasing of held breath—

The weight shifting; the lifting of shoe leather.

The stillness is broken as surface of water is broken—

The sound circling from in outward.

[*The murmur of the crowd rises.*]

Small wonder they feel fear.

Before the murders of the famous kings—

Before imperial cities burned and fell—

The dead were said to show themselves and speak.

When dead men came disaster came. Presentiments

That let the living on their beds sleep on

Woke dead men out of death and gave them voices.

All ancient men in every nation knew this.

A VOICE OVER THE CROWD

Masterless men . . .

A VOICE OVER THE CROWD

When shall it be . . .

A VOICE OVER THE CROWD

Masterless men

Will take a master . . .

A VOICE OVER THE CROWD

What has she said to us . . .

A VOICE OVER THE CROWD

When shall it be . . .

A VOICE OVER THE CROWD

Masterless men

Will take a master.

Blood after . . .

A VOICE OVER THE CROWD

What has she said to us . . .

VOICES TOGETHER

Blood after!

[The voices run together into the excited roar of the crowd. The Announcer's voice is loud over it.]

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

They are milling around us like cattle that smell death.
The whole square is whirling and turning and shouting.
One of the ministers raises his arms on the platform.
No one is listening: now they are sounding drums:
Trying to quiet them likely: No! No!
Something is happening: there in the far corner:
A runner: a messenger: staggering: people are helping him;
People are calling: he comes through the crowd: they are quieter.
Only those on the far edge are still shouting:
Listen! He's here by the ministers now! He is speaking. . . .

THE VOICE OF THE MESSENGER

There has come the conqueror!
I am to tell you.
I have raced over sea land:
I have run over cane land:
I have climbed over cone land.
It was laid on my shoulders
By shall and by shan't
That standing by day
And staying by night
Were not for my lot
Till I came to the sight of you.
Now I have come.

Be warned of this conqueror!
This one is dangerous!
Word has out-oared him.
East over sea-cross has
All taken—
Every country.
No men are free there.
Ears overhear them.

Their words are their murderers.
Judged before judgment
Tried after trial
They die as do animals:—
Offer their throats
As the goat to her slaughterer.
Terror has taught them this!

Now he is here!

He was violent in his vessel:
He was steering in her stern:
He was watching in her waist:
He was peering in her prow:
And he dragged her up
Nine lengths
Till her keel lodged
On this nation.

Now he is here
Waylaying and night-lying.
If they hide before dark
He comes before sunup.
Where hunger is eaten
There he sits down:
Where fear sleeps
There he arises.

I tell you beware of him!
All doors are dangers.
The warders of wealth
Will admit him by stealth.
The lovers of men
Will invite him as friend.
The drinkers of blood
Will drum him in suddenly.
Hope will unlatch to him:
Hopelessness open.

I say and say truly
To all men in honesty
Such is this conqueror!
Shame is his people.
Lickers of spittle
Their lives are unspeakable:
Their dying indecent.

Be well warned!
He comes to you slightly
Slanting and sprinting
Hinting and shadowing:
Sly is his hiding:—
A hard lot:
A late rider:

Watch! I have said to you!

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

They are leading him out: his legs give:
Now he is gone in the crowd: they are silent:
No one has spoken since his speaking:

They stand still circling the ministers.
No one has spoken or called out:—
There is no stir at all nor movement:
Even the farthest have stood patiently:
They wait trusting the old men:
They wait faithfully trusting the answer.
Now the huddle on the platform opens:
A minister turns to them raising his two arms. . . .

THE VOICE OF THE ORATOR

Freemen of this nation!
The persuasion of your wills against your wisdom is not dreamed of.
We offer themes for your consideration.

What is the surest defender of liberty?
Is it not liberty?

A free people resists by freedom:
Not locks! Not blockhouses!

The future is a mirror where the past
Marches to meet itself. Go armed toward arms!
Peaceful toward peace! Free and with music toward freedom!
Face tomorrow with knives and tomorrow's a knife-blade.
Murder your foe and your foe will be murder!—
Even your friends suspected of false-speaking:
Hands on the door at night and the floor boards squeaking.

Those who win by the spear are the spear-toters.
And what do they win? Spears! What else is there?
If their hands let go they have nothing to hold by.
They are no more free than a paralytic propped against a tree is.

With the armored man the arm is upheld by the weapon:
The man is worn by the knife.

Once depend on iron for your freedom and your
Freedom's iron!

Once overcome your resisters with force and your
Force will resist you!—

You will never be free of force.

Never of arms unarmed

Will the father return home:

The lover to her loved:

The mature man to his fruit orchard

Walking at peace in that beauty—

The years of his trees to assure him.

Force is a greater enemy than this conqueror—
A treacherous weapon.

Nevertheless my friends there *is* a weapon!
Weakness conquers!

Against chainlessness who breaks?

Against wall-lessness who vaults?

Against forcelessness who forces?

Against the feather of the thistle

Is blunted sharpest metal.

No edge cuts seed-fluff.

This conqueror unresisted

Will conquer no longer: a posturer

Beating his blows upon burdocks—

Shifting his guard against shadows.

Snickers will sound among road-menders:

Titters be stifled by laundresses:

Coarse guffaws among chambermaids.

Reddened with rage he will roar.

He will sweat in his uniform foolishly.

He will disappear: no one hear of him!

There *is* a weapon my friends.
Scorn conquers!

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER [*the Orator's voice unintelligible under it*]

I wish you could all see this as we do—
The whole plaza full of these people—
Their colorful garments—the harsh sunlight—
The water-sellers swinging enormous gourds—
The orator there on the stone platform—
The temple behind him: the high pyramid—
The hawks overhead in the sky teetering
Slow to the windward: swift to the down-wind—
The houses blind with the blank sun on them. . . .

THE VOICE OF THE ORATOR

There is a weapon.
Reason and truth are that weapon.

Let this conqueror come!
Show him no hindrance!
Suffer his flag and his drum!
Words . . . win!

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

There's the shout now: he's done:
He's climbing down: a great speech:
They're all smiling and pressing around him:
The women are squatting in full sunlight:
They're opening packages: bread we'd say by the look—
Yes: bread: bread wrapped between corn leaves:
They're squatting to eat: they're quite contented and happy:
Women are calling their men from the sunny stones:
There are flutes sounding away off:
We can't see for the shifting and moving—
Yes: there are flutes in the cool shadow:
Children are dancing in intricate figures.

[*A drum and flute are
heard under the voice.*]

Even a few old men are dancing.
You'd say they'd never feared to see them dancing.
A great speech! really great!

Men forget these truths in passion:
They oppose the oppressors with blind blows:
They make of their towns tombs: of their roofs burials:
They build memorial ruins to liberty:
But liberty is not built from ruins:
Only in peace is the work excellent. . . .

That's odd! The music has stopped. There's something—
It's a man there on the far side: he's pointing:
He seems to be pointing back through the farthest street:
The people are twisting and rising: bread in their fists. . . .
We can't see what it is. . . . Wait! . . . it's a messenger.
It must be a messenger. Yes. It's a message—another.
Here he is at the turn of the street trotting:
His neck's back at the nape: he looks tired:
He winds through the crowd with his mouth open: laboring:
People are offering water: he pushes away from them:
Now he has come to the stone steps: to the ministers:
Stand by: we're edging in. . . .

*[There are sounds of people close by: coughs:
murmurs. The Announcer's voice is lowered.]*

Listen: he's leaning on the stone: he's speaking.

THE VOICE OF THE MESSENGER

There has come . . . the Conqueror. . . .

I am to tell you . . .

I have run over corn land:
I have climbed over cone land:
I have crossed over mountains. . . .

It was laid on my shoulders
By shall and by shan't
That standing by day
And staying by night
Were not for my lot
Till I came to the sight of you. . . .

Now I have come.

I bear word:
Beware of this conqueror!

The fame of his story
Like flame in the winter-grass
Widens before him.
Beached on our shore
With the dawn over shoulder
The lawns were still cold
When he came to the sheep meadows:—
Sun could not keep with him
So was he forward.

Fame is his sword.

No man opposing him
Still grows his glory.
He needs neither foeman nor
Thicket of blows to
Gather his victories—
Nor a foe's match
To earn him his battles.

He brings his own enemy!

He baggages with him
His closet antagonist—
His private opposer.
He's setting him up
At every road corner—
A figure of horror
With blood for his color:
Fist for his hand:
Reek where he stands:
Hate for his heat:
Sneers for his mouth:
Clouts for his clothes:
Oaths if he speak:—
And he's knocking him down
In every town square
Till hair's on his blade
And blood's all about
Like dust in a drouth
And the people are shouting
Flowers him flinging
Music him singing
And bringing him gold

And holding his heels
And feeling his thighs
Till their eyes start
And their hearts swell
And they're telling his praises
Like lays of the heroes
And chiefs of antiquity.

Such are his victories!
So does he come:
So he approaches. . . .

*[A whisper rustles
through the crowd.]*

No man to conquer
Yet as a conqueror
Marches he forward. . . .

[The whisper is louder.]

Stands in your mountains. . . .

[A murmur of voices.]

Soon to descend on you!

[A swelling roar.]

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

That touched them! That frightened them!
Some of them point to the east hills:
Some of them mock at the ministers: 'Freedom!'
'Freedom for what? To die in a rat trap?'
They're frantic with anger and plain fear.
They're sold out they say. You can hear them.
'Down with the government! Down with the orators!
'Down with liberal learned minds!
'Down with the mouths and the loose tongues in them!
'Down with the lazy lot! They've sold us!
'We're sold out! Talking has done for us!'. . .
They're boiling around us like mullet that smell shark.
We can't move for the mob: they're crazy with terror. . . .

A LOUD VOICE [*distant*]

God-lovers!
Think of your gods!

Earth-masters!
Taste your disasters!

Men!
Remember!

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

There's a voice over the crowd somewhere.
They hear it: they're quieting down. . . . It's the priests!
We see them now: it's the priests on the pyramid!
There might be ten of them: black with their hair tangled.
The smoke of their fire is flat in the quick wind:
They stand in the thick of the smoke by the stone of the victims:
Their knives catch in the steep sun: they are shouting:
Listen!—

VOICES OF THE PRIESTS

Turn to your gods rememberers!

A SINGLE VOICE

Let the world be saved by surrendering the world:
Not otherwise shall it be saved.

VOICES OF THE PRIESTS

Turn to your gods rememberers!

A SINGLE VOICE

Let evil be overcome by the coming over of evil:
Your hearts shall be elsewhere.

VOICES OF THE PRIESTS

Turn to your gods rememberers!

VOICES OF THE PRIESTS [*antiphonally*]

Turn to your gods!
The conqueror cannot take you!

Turn to your gods!
The narrow dark will keep you!

Turn to your gods!
In god's house is no breaking!

Turn to your gods!
In god's silences sleep is!

Lay up your will with the gods!
Stones cannot still you!

Lay up your mind with the gods!
Blade cannot blind you!

Lay up your heart with the gods!
Danger departs from you!

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

It's a wonderful thing to see this crowd responding.
Even the simplest citizens feel the emotion.
There's hardly a sound now in the square. It's wonderful:
Really impressive: the priests there on the pyramid:
The smoke blowing: the bright sun: the faces—

A SINGLE VOICE

In the day of confusion of reason when all is delusion:
In the day of the tyrants of tongues when the truth is for hire:
In the day of deceit when ends meet:
Turn to your gods!

In the day of division of nations when hope is derision:
In the day of the supping of hate when the soul is corrupted:
In the day of despair when the heart's bare:
Turn to your gods!

[*A slow drum beat.*]

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

A kind of dance is beginning: a serpent of people:
A current of people coiling and curling through people:
A circling of people through people like water through water. . . .

CHANTING VOICES [*to the drums*]

Out of the stir of the sun
 Out of the shout of the thunder
 Out of the hush of the star . . .
 Withdraw the heart.

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER [*the chant and drums under*]

A very young girl is leading them:
 They have torn the shawl from her bare breast:
 They are giving her flowers: her mouth laughs:
 Her eyes are not laughing. . . .

CHANTING VOICES

Leave now the lovely air
 To the sword and the sword-wearer—
 Leave to the marksman the mark—
 Withdraw the heart.

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER [*the chant and drums louder*]

She's coming . . . the drums pound . . . the crowd
 Shrieks . . . she's reaching the temple . . . she's climbing it. . . .
 Others are following: five: ten . . .
 Hundreds are following . . . crowding the stairway. . . .
 She's almost there . . . her flowers have fallen . . .
 She looks back . . . the priests are surrounding her. . . .

[*The drums suddenly stop: there is an instant's
 silence: then an angry shout from the crowd.*]

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

Wait! Wait! Something has happened!
 One of the ministers: one of the oldest:
 The general: the one in the feathered coat:—
 He's driving them down with the staff of a banner:
 He's climbed after them driving them down:
 There's shouting and yelling enough but they're going:
 He's telling them off too: you can hear him—

A DEEP VOICE [*chatter of the crowd under it*]

Men! Old men! Listen!
 Twist your necks on your nape bones!
 The knife will wait in the fist for you.
 There is a time for everything—

Time to be thinking of heaven:
Time of your own skins!

Cock your eyes to the windward!

Do you see smoke on those mountains?
The smoke is the smoke of towns.
And who makes it? The conqueror!
And where will he march now? Onward!
The heel of the future descends on you!

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

He has them now: even the priests have seen it:
They're all looking away here to the east.
There's smoke too: filling the valleys; like thunderheads! . . .

THE VOICE OF THE GENERAL

You are foolish old men.

You ought to be flogged for your foolishness.
Your grandfathers died to be free
And you—you juggle with freedom!
Do you think you're free by a law
Like the falling of apples in autumn?

You thought you were safe in your liberties!
You thought you could always quibble!
You can't! You take my word for it.
Freedom's the rarest bird!
You risk your neck to snare it—
It's gone while your eyeballs stare!

Those who'd lodge with a tyrant
Thinking to feed at his fire
And leave him again when they're fed are
Plain fools or were bred to it—
Brood of the servile races
Born with the hang-dog face. . . .

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

They're all pointing and pushing together:
The women are shouldering baskets: bread: children. . . .
They smell smoke in the air: they smell terror. . . .

THE VOICE OF THE GENERAL [*louder over the increasing sound*]

There's nothing in this world worse—
Empty belly or purse or the
Pitiful hunger of children—
Than doing the Strong Man's will!

The free will fight for their freedom.
They're free men first. They feed
Meager or fat but as free men.
Everything else comes after—
Food: roof: craft—
Even the sky and the light of it!

[*The voices of the crowd rise to a
tumult of sounds—drums: shouts: cries.*]

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

The sun is yellow with smoke . . . the town's burning. . . .
The war's at the broken bridge. . . .

THE VOICE OF THE GENERAL [*shouting*]

You! Are you free? Will you fight?

There are still inches for fighting!

There is still a niche in the streets!

You can stand on the stairs and meet him!

You can hold in the dark of a hall!

You can die!

or your children will crawl for it!

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER [*over the tumult*]

They won't listen. They're shouting and screaming and circling.
The square is full of deserters with more coming.
Every street from the bridge is full of deserters.
They're rolling in with the smoke blowing behind them.

The plaza's choked with the smoke and the struggling of stragglers.
They're climbing the platform: driving the ministers: shouting—
One speaks and another:

THE VOICES OF CITIZENS

The city is doomed!
• There's no holding it!

Let the conqueror have it! It's his!

The age is his! It's his century!

Our institutions are obsolete.
He marches a mile while we sit in a meeting.

Opinions and talk!
Deliberative walks beneath the ivy and the creepers!

The age demands a made-up mind.
The conqueror's mind is decided on everything.

His doubt comes after the deed or never.

He knows what he wants for his want's what he knows.
He's gone before they say he's going.
He's come before you've barred your house.

He's one man: we are but thousands!

Who can defend us from one man?

Bury your arms! Break your standards!

Give him the town while the town stands!

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

They're throwing their arms away: their bows are in bonfires. The plaza is littered with torn plumes: spear-handles. . . .

THE VOICES OF CITIZENS

Masterless men! . . .

Masterless men
Must take a master! . . .

Order must master us! . . .

Freedom's for fools:
Force is the certainty!

Freedom has eaten our strength and corrupted our virtues!

Men must be ruled!

Fools must be mastered!

Rigor and fast
Will restore us our dignity!

Chains will be liberty!

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER

The last defenders are coming: they whirl from the streets like
Wild leaves on a wind: the square scatters them.

Now they are fewer—ten together or five:
They come with their heads turned: their eyes back.

Now there are none. The street's empty—in shadow.
The crowd is retreating—watching the empty street:
The shouts die.

The voices are silent.

They're watching. . . .

They stand in the slant of the sunlight silent and watching.
The silence after the drums echoes the drum beat.

Now there's a sound. They see him. They must see him!
They're shading their eyes from the sun: there's a rustle of whispering:
We can't see for the glare of it. . . . Yes! . . . Yes! . . .
He's there in the end of the street in the shadow. We see him!
He looks huge—a head taller than anyone:
Broad as a brass door; a hard hero:
Heavy of heel on the brick: clanking with metal:
The helm closed on his head: the eyeholes hollow.

He's coming! . . .

He's clear of the shadow! . . .

The sun takes him.

They cover their faces with fingers. They cower before him.
They fall: they sprawl on the stone. He's alone where he's walking.
He marches with rattle of metal. He tramples his shadow.
He mounts by the pyramid—stamps on the stairway—turns—
His arm rises—his visor is opening. . . .

*[There is an instant's breathless silence: then the
voice of the Announcer low—almost a whisper.]*

There's no one! . . .

There's no one at all! . . .

No one! . . .

The helmet is hollow!

The metal is empty! The armor is empty! I tell you
There's no one at all there: there's only the metal:
The barrel of metal: the bundle of armor. It's empty!

The push of a stiff pole at the nipple would topple it.

They don't see! They lie on the paving. They lie in the
Burnt spears: the ashes of arrows. They lie there . . .
They don't see or they won't see. They are silent. . . .

The people invent their oppressors: they wish to believe in them.
They wish to be free of their freedom: released from their liberty:—
The long labor of liberty ended!

They lie there!

*[There is a whisper of sound.
The Announcer's voice is louder.]*

Look! It's his arm! It is rising! His arm's rising!
They're watching his arm as it rises. They stir. They cry.
They cry out. They are shouting. They're shouting with happiness.
Listen! They're shouting like troops in a victory. Listen—
'The city of masterless men has found a master!'
You'd say it was they were the conquerors: they that had conquered.

A ROAR OF VOICES

The city of masterless men has found a master!
The city has fallen!
The city has fallen!

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER [*flat*]

The city has fallen. . . .

BEYOND THE HORIZON¹

by Eugene O'Neill

CHARACTERS

JAMES MAYO, *a farmer*

KATE MAYO, *his wife.*

CAPTAIN DICK SCOTT, *of the bark "SUNDA," her brother.*

ANDREW MAYO } *sons of JAMES MAYO.*
ROBERT MAYO }

RUTH ATKINS.

MRS. ATKINS, *her widowed mother.*

MARY.

BEN, *a farm hand.*

DOCTOR FAWCETT.

SCENES

Act One

Scene I: The Road. Sunset of a day in Spring.

Scene II: The Farm House. The same night.

Act Two

(Three years later)

Scene I: The Farm House. Noon of a Summer day.

Scene II: The top of a hill on the farm overlooking the sea
The following day.

Act Three

(Five years later)

Scene I: The Farm House. Dawn of a day in late Fall.

Scene II: The Road. Sunrise.

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ACT ONE: SCENE ONE

A SECTION of country highway. The road runs diagonally from the left, forward, to the right, rear, and can be seen in the distance winding toward the horizon like a pale ribbon between the low, rolling hills with their freshly plowed fields clearly divided from each other, checkerboard fashion, by the lines of stone walls and rough snake fences.

The forward triangle cut off by the road is a section of a field, from the dark earth of which myriad bright-green blades of fall-sown rye are sprouting. A straggling line of piled rocks, too low to be called a wall, separates this field from the road.

To the rear of the road is a ditch with a sloping, grassy bank on the far side. From the center of this an old, gnarled apple tree, just budding into leaf, strains its twisted branches heavenwards, black against the pallor of distance. A snake fence sidles from left to right along the top of the bank, passing beneath the apple tree.

The hushed twilight of a day in May is just beginning. The horizon hills are still rimmed by a faint line of flame, and the sky above them glows with the crimson flush of the sunset. This fades gradually as the action of the scene progresses.

At the rise of the curtain, ROBERT MAYO is discovered sitting on the fence. He is a tall, slender young man of twenty-three. There is a touch of the poet about him expressed in his high forehead and wide, dark eyes. His features are delicate and refined, leaning to weakness in the mouth and chin. He is dressed in gray corduroy trousers pushed into high laced boots, and blue flannel shirt with a bright colored tie. He is reading a book by the fading sunset light. He shuts this, keeping a finger in to mark the place, and turns his head toward the horizon, gazing out over the fields and hills. His lips move as if he were reciting something to himself.

His brother ANDREW comes along the road from the right, returning from his work in the fields. He is twenty-seven years old, an opposite type to ROBERT—husky, sun-bronzed, handsome in a large-featured, manly fashion—a son of the soil, intelligent in a shrewd way, but with nothing of the intellectual about him. He wears overalls, leather boots, a gray flannel shirt open at the neck, and a soft, mud-stained hat pushed back on his head. He stops to talk to ROBERT, leaning on the hoe he carries.

ANDREW [Seeing ROBERT has not noticed his presence—in a loud shout]. Hey there! [ROBERT turns with a start. Seeing who it is, he smiles] Gosh, you do take the prize for day-dreaming! And I see you've toted one of the old books along with you. [He crosses the ditch and sits on the fence near his brother] What is it this time—poetry, I'll bet. [He reaches for the book] Let me see.

ROBERT [*Handing it to him rather reluctantly*]. Look out you don't get it full of dirt.

ANDREW [*Glancing at his hands*]. That isn't dirt—it's good clean earth. [*He turns over the pages. His eyes read something and he gives an exclamation of disgust*] Hump! [*With a provoking grin at his brother he reads aloud in a doleful, sing-song voice*] "I have loved wind and light and the bright sea. But holy and most sacred night, not as I love and have loved thee." [*He hands the book back*] Here! Take it and bury it. I suppose it's that year in college gave you a liking for that kind of stuff. I'm darn glad I stopped at high school, or maybe I'd been crazy too. [*He grins and slaps ROBERT on the back affectionately*] Imagine me reading poetry and plowing at the same time! The team'd run away, I'll bet.

ROBERT [*Laughing*]. Or picture me plowing.

ANDREW. You should have gone back to college last fall, like I know you wanted to. You're fitted for that sort of thing—just as I ain't.

ROBERT. You know why I didn't go back, Andy. Pa didn't like the idea, even if he didn't say so; and I know he wanted the money to use improving the farm. And besides, I'm not keen on being a student, just because you see me reading books all the time. What I want to do now is keep on moving so that I won't take root in any one place.

ANDREW. Well, the trip you're leaving on tomorrow will keep you moving all right. [*At this mention of the trip they both fall silent. There is a pause. Finally ANDREW goes on, awkwardly, attempting to speak casually*] Uncle says you'll be gone three years.

ROBERT. About that, he figures.

ANDREW [*Moodily*]. That's a long time.

ROBERT. Not so long when you come to consider it. You know the *Sunda* sails around the Horn for Yokohama first, and that's a long voyage on a sailing ship; and if we go to any of the other places Uncle Dick mentions—India, or Australia, or South Africa, or South America—they'll be long voyages, too.

ANDREW. You can have all those foreign parts for all of me. [*After a pause*] Ma's going to miss you a lot, Rob.

ROBERT. Yes—and I'll miss her.

ANDREW. And Pa ain't feeling none too happy to have you go—though he's been trying not to show it.

ROBERT. I can see how he feels.

ANDREW. And you can bet that I'm not giving any cheers about it. [*He puts one hand on the fence near ROBERT*]

ROBERT [*Putting one hand on top of ANDREW's with a gesture almost of shyness*]. I know that, too, Andy.

ANDREW. I'll miss you as much as anybody, I guess. You see, you and I ain't like most brothers—always fighting and separated a lot of the time, while we've always been together—just the two of us. It's different with us. That's why it hits so hard, I guess.

ROBERT [*With feeling*]. It's just as hard for me, Andy—believe that! I hate to leave you and the old folks—but—I feel I've got to. There's something calling me— [*He points to the horizon*] Oh, I can't just explain it to you, Andy.

ANDREW. No need to, Rob. [*Angry at himself*] Hell! You want to go—that's all there is to it; and I wouldn't have you miss this chance for the world.

ROBERT. It's fine of you to feel that way, Andy.

ANDREW. Huh! I'd be a nice son-of-a-gun if I didn't, wouldn't I? When I know how you need this sea trip to make a new man of you—in the body, I mean—and give you your full health back.

ROBERT [*A trifle impatiently*]. All of you seem to keep harping on my health. You were so used to seeing me lying around the house in the old days that you never will get over the notion that I'm a chronic invalid. You don't realize how I've bucked up in the past few years. If I had no other excuse for going on Uncle Dick's ship but just my health, I'd stay right here and start in plowing.

ANDREW. Can't be done. Farming ain't your nature. There's all the difference shown in just the way us two feel about the farm. You—well, you like the home part of it, I expect; but as a place to work and grow things, you hate it. Ain't that right?

ROBERT. Yes, I suppose it is. For you it's different. You're a Mayo through and through. You're wedded to the soil. You're as much a product of it as an ear of corn is, or a tree. Father is the same. This farm is his life-work, and he's happy in knowing that another Mayo, inspired by the same love, will take up the work where he leaves off. I can understand your attitude, and Pa's; and I think it's wonderful and sincere. But I—well, I'm not made that way.

ANDREW. No, you ain't; but when it comes to understanding, I guess I realize that you've got your own angle of looking at things.

ROBERT [*Musingly*]. I wonder if you do, really.

ANDREW [*Confidently*]. Sure I do. You've seen a bit of the world, enough to make the farm seem small, and you've got the itch to see it all.

ROBERT. It's more than that, Andy.

ANDREW. Oh, of course. I know you're going to learn navigation, and all about a ship, so's you can be an officer. That's natural, too. There's fair pay in it, I expect, when you consider that you've always got a home and grub thrown in; and if you're set on traveling, you can go anywhere you're a mind to without paying fare.

ROBERT [*With a smile that is half sad*]. It's more than that, Andy.

ANDREW. Sure it is. There's always a chance of a good thing coming your way in some of those foreign ports or other. I've heard there are great opportunities for a young fellow with his eyes open in some of those new countries that are just being opened up. [*Jovially*] I'll bet that's what you've been turning over in your mind under all your quietness! [*He slaps his brother*

on the back with a laugh] Well, if you get to be a millionaire all of a sudden, call 'round once in a while and I'll pass the plate to you. We could use a lot of money right here on the farm without hurting it any.

ROBERT [*Forced to laugh*]. I've never considered that practical side of it for a minute, Andy.

ANDREW. Well, you ought to.

ROBERT. No, I oughtn't. [*Pointing to the horizon—dreamily*] Supposing I was to tell you that it's just Beauty that's calling me, the beauty of the far off and unknown, the mystery and spell of the East which lures me in the books I've read, the need of the freedom of great wide spaces, the joy of wandering on and on—in quest of the secret which is hidden over there, beyond the horizon? Suppose I told you that was the one and only reason for my going?

ANDREW. I should say you were nutty.

ROBERT [*Frowning*]. Don't, Andy. I'm serious.

ANDREW. Then you might as well stay here, because we've got all you're looking for right on this farm. There's wide space enough, Lord knows; and you can have all the sea you want by walking a mile down to the beach; and there's plenty of horizon to look at, and beauty enough for anyone, except in the winter. [*He grins*] As for the mystery and spell, I haven't met 'em yet, but they're probably lying around somewhere. I'll have you understand this is a first-class farm with all the fixings. [*He laughs*]

ROBERT [*Joining in the laughter in spite of himself*]. It's no use talking to you, you chump!

ANDREW. You'd better not say anything to Uncle Dick about spells and things when you're on the ship. He'll likely chuck you overboard for a Jonah. [*He jumps down from fence*] I'd better run along. I've got to wash up some as long as Ruth's Ma is coming over for supper.

ROBERT [*Pointedly—almost bitterly*]. And Ruth.

ANDREW [*Confused—looking everywhere except at ROBERT—trying to appear unconcerned*]. Yes, Ruth'll be staying too. Well, I better hustle, I guess, and— [*He steps over the ditch to the road while he is talking*]

ROBERT [*Who appears to be fighting some strong inward emotion—impulsively*]. Wait a minute, Andy! [*He jumps down from the fence*] There is something I want to— [*He stops abruptly, biting his lips, his face coloring*]

ANDREW [*Facing him; half-defiantly*]. Yes?

ROBERT [*Confusedly*]. No—never mind—it doesn't matter, it was nothing.

ANDREW [*After a pause, during which he stares fixedly at ROBERT's averted face*]. Maybe I can guess—what you were going to say—but I guess you're right not to talk about it. [*He pulls ROBERT's hand from his side and grips it tensely; the two brothers stand looking into each other's eyes for a minute*] We can't help those things, Rob. [*He turns away, suddenly releasing ROBERT's hand*] You'll be coming along shortly, won't you?

ROBERT [*Dully*]. Yes.

ANDREW. See you later, then.

[*He walks off down the road to the left. ROBERT stares after him for a moment; then climbs to the fence rail again, and looks out over the hills, an expression of deep grief on his face. After a moment or so, RUTH enters hurriedly from the left. She is a healthy, blonde, out-of-door girl of twenty, with a graceful, slender figure. Her face, though inclined to roundness, is undeniably pretty, its large eyes of a deep blue set off strikingly by the sun-bronzed complexion. Her small, regular features are marked by a certain strength—an underlying, stubborn fixity of purpose hidden in the frankly-appealing charm of her fresh youthfulness. She wears a simple white dress but no hat*]

RUTH [*Seeing him*]. Hello, Rob!

ROBERT [*Startled*]. Hello, Ruth!

RUTH [*Jumps the ditch and perches on the fence beside him*]. I was looking for you.

ROBERT [*Pointedly*]. Andy just left here.

RUTH. I know. I met him on the road a second ago. He told me you were here. [*Tenderly playful*] I wasn't looking for Andy, Smarty, if that's what you mean. I was looking for *you*.

ROBERT. Because I'm going away tomorrow?

RUTH. Because your mother was anxious to have you come home and asked me to look for you. I just wheeled Ma over to your house.

ROBERT [*Perfunctorily*]. How is your mother?

RUTH [*A shadow coming over her face*]. She's about the same. She never seems to get any better or any worse. Oh, Rob, I do wish she'd try to make the best of things that can't be helped.

ROBERT. Has she been nagging at you again?

RUTH [*Nods her head, and then breaks forth rebelliously*]. She never stops nagging. No matter what I do for her she finds fault. If only Pa was still living— [*She stops as if ashamed of her outburst*] I suppose I shouldn't complain this way. [*She sighs*] Poor Ma, Lord knows it's hard enough for her. I suppose it's natural to be cross when you're not able ever to walk a step. Oh, I'd like to be going away some place—like you!

ROBERT. It's hard to stay—and equally hard to go, sometimes.

RUTH. There! If I'm not the stupid body! I swore I wasn't going to speak about your trip—until after you'd gone; and there I go, first thing!

ROBERT. Why didn't you want to speak of it?

RUTH. Because I didn't want to spoil this last night you're here. Oh, Rob, I'm going to—we're all going to miss you so awfully. Your mother is going around looking as if she'd burst out crying any minute. You ought to know how I feel. Andy and you and I—why it seems as if we'd always been together.

ROBERT [*With a wry attempt at a smile*]. You and Andy will still have each other. It'll be harder for me without anyone.

RUTH. But you'll have new sights and new people to take your mind off;

while we'll be here with the old, familiar place to remind us every minute of the day. It's a shame you're going—just at this time, in spring, when everything is getting so nice. [*With a sigh*] I oughtn't to talk that way when I know going's the best thing for you. You're bound to find all sorts of opportunities to get on, your father says.

ROBERT [*Heatedly*]. I don't give a damn about that! I wouldn't take a voyage across the road for the best opportunity in the world of the kind Pa thinks of. [*He smiles at his own irritation*] Excuse me, Ruth, for getting worked up over it; but Andy gave me an overdose of the practical considerations.

RUTH [*Slowly, puzzled*]. Well, then if it isn't— [*With sudden intensity*] Oh, Rob, why do you want to go?

ROBERT [*Turning to her quickly, in surprise—slowly*]. Why do you ask that, Ruth?

RUTH [*Dropping her eyes before his searching glance*]. Because— [*Lamely*] It seems such a shame.

ROBERT [*Insistently*]. Why?

RUTH. Oh, because—everything.

ROBERT. I could hardly back out now, even if I wanted to. And I'll be forgotten before you know it.

RUTH [*Indignantly*]. You won't! I'll never forget— [*She stops and turns away to hide her confusion*]

ROBERT [*Softly*]. Will you promise me that?

RUTH [*Evasively*]. Of course. It's mean of you to think that any of us would forget so easily.

ROBERT [*Disappointedly*]. Oh!

RUTH [*With an attempt at lightness*]. But you haven't told me your reason for leaving yet?

ROBERT [*Moodily*]. I doubt if you'll understand. It's difficult to explain, even to myself. Either you feel it, or you don't. I can remember being conscious of it first when I was only a kid—you haven't forgotten what a sickly specimen I was then, in those days, have you?

RUTH [*With a shudder*]. Let's not think about them.

ROBERT. You'll have to, to understand. Well, in those days, when Ma was fixing meals, she used to get me out of the way by pushing my chair to the west window and telling me to look out and be quiet. That wasn't hard. I guess I was always quiet.

RUTH [*Compassionately*]. Yes, you always were—and you suffering so much, too!

ROBERT [*Musingly*]. So I used to stare out over the fields to the hills, out there— [*He points to the horizon*] and somehow after a time I'd forget any pain I was in, and start dreaming. I knew the sea was over beyond those hills—the folks had told me—and I used to wonder what the sea was like, and try to form a picture of it in my mind. [*With a smile*] There was all the mystery in the world to me then about that—far-off sea—and there still is!

It called to me then just as it does now. [*After a slight pause*] And other times my eyes would follow this road, winding off into the distance, toward the hills, as if it, too, was searching for the sea. And I'd promise myself that when I grew up and was strong, I'd follow that road, and it and I would find the sea together. [*With a smile*] You see, my making this trip is only keeping that promise of long ago.

RUTH [*Charmed by his low, musical voice telling the dreams of his childhood*]. Yes, I see.

ROBERT. Those were the only happy moments of my life then, dreaming there at the window. I liked to be all alone—those times. I got to know all the different kinds of sunsets by heart. And all those sunsets took place over there— [*He points*] beyond the horizon. So gradually I came to believe that all the wonders of the world happened on the other side of those hills. There was the home of the good fairies who performed beautiful miracles. I believed in fairies then. [*With a smile*] Perhaps I still do believe in them. Anyway, in those days they were real enough, and sometimes I could actually hear them calling to me to come out and play with them, dance with them down the road in the dusk in a game of hide-and-seek to find out where the sun was hiding himself. They sang their little songs to me, songs that told of all the wonderful things they had in their home on the other side of the hills; and they promised to show me all of them, if I'd only come, come! But I couldn't come then, and I used to cry sometimes and Ma would think I was in pain. [*He breaks off suddenly with a laugh*] That's why I'm going now, I suppose. For I can still hear them calling. But the horizon is as far away and as luring as ever. [*He turns to her—softly*] Do you understand now, Ruth?

RUTH [*Spellbound, in a whisper*]. Yes.

ROBERT. You feel it then?

RUTH. Yes, yes, I do! [*Unconsciously she snuggles close against his side. His arm steals about her as if he were not aware of the action*] Oh, Rob, how could I help feeling it? You tell things so beautifully!

ROBERT [*Suddenly realizing that his arm is around her, and that her head is resting on his shoulder, gently takes his arm away. RUTH, brought back to herself, is overcome with confusion*]. So now you know why I'm going. It's for that reason—that and one other.

RUTH. You've another? Then you must tell me that, too.

ROBERT [*Looking at her searchingly. She drops her eyes before his gaze*]. I wonder if I ought to! You'll promise not to be angry—whatever it is?

RUTH [*Softly, her face still averted*]. Yes, I promise.

ROBERT [*Simply*]. I love you. That's the other reason.

RUTH [*Hiding her face in her hands*]. Oh, Rob!

ROBERT. I wasn't going to tell you, but I feel I have to. It can't matter now that I'm going so far away, and for so long—perhaps forever. I've loved you all these years, but the realization never came till I agreed to go away with Uncle Dick. Then I thought of leaving you, and the pain of that thought

revealed to me in a flash—that I loved you, had loved you as long as I could remember. [*He gently pulls one of RUTH's hands away from her face*] You mustn't mind my telling you this, Ruth. I realize how impossible it all is—and I understand; for the revelation of my own love seemed to open my eyes to the love of others. I saw Andy's love for you—and I knew that you must love him.

RUTH [*Breaking out stormily*]. I don't! I don't love Andy! I don't! [ROBERT *stares at her in stupid astonishment*. RUTH *weeps hysterically*] Whatever—put such a fool notion into—into your head? [*She suddenly throws her arms about his neck and hides her head on his shoulder*] Oh, Rob! Don't go away! Please! You mustn't, now! You can't! I won't let you! It'd break my—my heart!

ROBERT [*The expression of stupid bewilderment giving way to one of overwhelming joy. He presses her close to him—slowly and tenderly*]. Do you mean that—that you love me?

RUTH [*Sobbing*]. Yes, yes—of course I do—what d'you s'pose? [*She lifts up her head and looks into his eyes with a tremulous smile*] You stupid thing! [*He kisses her*] I've loved you right along.

ROBERT [*Mystified*]. But you and Andy were always together!

RUTH. Because you never seemed to want to go any place with me. You were always reading an old book, and not paying any attention to me. I was too proud to let you see I cared because I thought the year you had away to college had made you stuck-up, and you thought yourself too educated to waste any time on me.

RUTH [*Kissing her*]. And I was thinking— [*With a laugh*] What fools we've both been!

RUTH [*Overcome by a sudden fear*]. You won't go away on the trip, will you, Rob? You'll tell them you can't go on account of me, won't you? You can't go now! You can't!

ROBERT [*Bewildered*]. Perhaps—you can come too.

RUTH. Oh, Rob, don't be so foolish. You know I can't. Who'd take care of Ma? Don't you see I couldn't go—on her account? [*She clings to him imploringly*] Please don't go—not now. Tell them you've decided not to. They won't mind. I know your mother and father'll be glad. They'll all be. They don't want you to go so far away from them. Please, Rob! We'll be so happy here together where it's natural and we know things. Please tell me you won't go!

ROBERT [*Face to face with a definite, final decision, betrays the conflict going on within him*]. But—Ruth—I—Uncle Dick—

RUTH. He won't mind when he knows it's for your happiness to stay. How could he? [*As ROBERT remains silent she bursts into sobs again*] Oh, Rob! And you said—you loved me!

ROBERT [*Conquered by this appeal—an irrevocable decision in his voice*]. I won't go, Ruth. I promise you. There! Don't cry! [*He presses her to him, stroking her hair tenderly. After a pause he speaks with happy hope-*

fulness] Perhaps after all Andy was right—righter than he knew—when he said I could find all the things I was seeking for here, at home on the farm. I think love must have been the secret—the secret that called to me from over the world's rim—the secret beyond every horizon; and when I did not come, it came to me. [*He clasps RUTH to him fiercely*] Oh, Ruth, our love is sweeter than any distant dream! [*He kisses her passionately and steps to the ground, lifting RUTH in his arms and carrying her to the road where he puts her down*]

RUTH [*With a happy laugh*]. My, but you're strong!

ROBERT. Come! We'll go and tell them at once.

RUTH [*Dismayed*]. Oh, no, don't, Rob, not till after I've gone. There'd be bound to be such a scene with them all together.

ROBERT [*Kissing her—gayly*]. As you like—little Miss Common Sense!

RUTH. Let's go, then. [*She takes his hand, and they start to go off left.*

ROBERT *suddenly stops and turns as though for a last look at the hills and the dying sunset flush*]

ROBERT [*Looking upward and pointing*]. See! The first star. [*He bends down and kisses her tenderly*] Our star!

RUTH [*In a soft murmur*]. Yes. Our very own star. [*They stand for a moment looking up at it, their arms around each other. Then RUTH takes his hand again and starts to lead him away*] Come, Rob, let's go. [*His eyes are fixed again on the horizon as he half turns to follow her. RUTH urges*] We'll be late for supper, Rob.

ROBERT [*Shakes his head impatiently, as though he were throwing off some disturbing thought—with a laugh*]. All right. We'll run then. Come on! [*They run off laughing as the curtain falls*]

ACT ONE: SCENE TWO

THE sitting room of the Mayo farm house about nine o'clock the same night. On the left, two windows looking out on the fields. Against the wall between the windows, an old-fashioned walnut desk. In the left corner, rear, a sideboard with a mirror. In the rear wall to the right of the sideboard, a window looking out on the road. Next to the window a door leading out into the yard. Farther right, a black horse-hair sofa, and another door opening on a bedroom. In the corner, a straight-backed chair. In the right wall, near the middle, an open doorway leading to the kitchen. Farther forward a double-heater stove with coal scuttle, etc. In the center of the newly carpeted floor, an oak dining-room table with a red cover. In the center of the table, a large oil reading lamp. Four chairs, three rockers with crocheted tidies on their backs, and one straight-backed, are placed about the table. The walls are papered a dark red with a scrolly-figured pattern.

Everything in the room is clean, well-kept, and in its exact place, yet there is

no suggestion of primness about the whole. Rather the atmosphere is one of the orderly comfort of a simple, hard-earned prosperity, enjoyed and maintained by the family as a unit.

JAMES MAYO, *his wife, her brother, CAPTAIN DICK SCOTT, and ANDREW are discovered. MAYO is his son ANDREW over again in body and face—an ANDREW sixty-five years old with a short, square, white beard. MRS. MAYO is a slight, round-faced, rather prim-looking woman of fifty-five who had once been a school teacher. The labors of a farmer's wife have bent but not broken her, and she retains a certain refinement of movement and expression foreign to the MAYO part of the family. Whatever of resemblance ROBERT has to his parents may be traced to her. Her brother, the CAPTAIN, is short and stocky, with a weather-beaten, jovial face and a white mustache—a typical old salt, loud of voice and given to gesture. He is fifty-eight years old.*

JAMES MAYO *sits in front of the table. He wears spectacles, and a farm journal which he has been reading lies in his lap. The CAPTAIN leans forward from a chair in the rear, his hands on the table in front of him. ANDREW is tilted back on the straight-backed chair to the left, his chin sunk forward on his chest, staring at the carpet, preoccupied and frowning.*

As the curtain rises the CAPTAIN is just finishing the relation of some sea episode. The others are pretending an interest which is belied by the absent-minded expressions on their faces.

THE CAPTAIN [*Chuckling*]. And that mission woman, she hails me on the dock as I was acomin' ashore, and she says—with her silly face all screwed up serious as judgment—"Captain," she says, "would you be so kind as to tell me where the sea-gulls sleeps at nights?" Blow me if them warn't her exact words! [*He slaps the table with the palm of his hands and laughs loudly. The others force smiles*] Ain't that just like a fool woman's question? And I looks at her serious as I could, "Ma'm," says I, "I couldn't rightly answer that question. I ain't never seed a sea-gull in his bunk yet. The next time I hears one snorin'," I says, "I'll make a note of where he's turned in, and write you a letter 'bout it." And then she calls me a fool real spiteful and tacks away from me quick. [*He laughs again uproariously*] So I got rid of her that way. [*The others smile but immediately relapse into expressions of gloom again*]

MRS. MAYO [*Absent-mindedly—feeling that she has to say something*]. But when it comes to that, where do sea-gulls sleep, Dick?

SCOTT [*Slapping the table*]. Ho! Ho! Listen to her, James. 'Nother one! Well, if that don't beat all hell—'scuse me for cussin', Kate.

MAYO [*With a twinkle in his eyes*]. They unhitch their wings, Katey, and spreads 'em out on a wave for a bed.

SCOTT. And then they tells the fish to whistle to 'em when it's time to turn out. Ho! Ho!

MRS. MAYO [*With a forced smile*]. You men folks are too smart to live.

aren't you? [*She resumes her knitting. MAYO pretends to read his paper; ANDREW stares at the floor*]

SCOTT [*Looks from one to the other of them with a puzzled air. Finally he is unable to bear the thick silence a minute longer, and blurts out*]. You folks look as if you was settin' up with a corpse. [*With exaggerated concern*] God A'mighty, there ain't anyone dead, be there?

MAYO [*Sharply*]. Don't play the dunce, Dick! You know as well as we do there ain't no great cause to be feelin' chipper.

SCOTT [*Argumentatively*]. And there ain't no cause to be wearin' mourning, either, I can make out.

MRS. MAYO [*Indignantly*]. How can you talk that way, Dick Scott, when you're taking our Robbie away from us, in the middle of the night, you might say, just to get on that old boat of yours on time! I think you might wait until morning when he's had his breakfast.

SCOTT [*Appealing to the others hopelessly*]. Ain't that a woman's way o' seein' things for you? God A'mighty, Kate, I can't give orders to the tide that it's got to be high just when it suits me to have it. I ain't gettin' no fun out o' missin' sleep and leavin' here at six bells myself. [*Protestingly*] And the *Sunda* ain't an old ship—leastways, not very old—and she's good's she ever was.

MRS. MAYO [*Her lips trembling*]. I wish Robbie weren't going.

MAYO [*Looking at her over his glasses—consolingly*]. There, Katey!

MRS. MAYO [*Rebelligiously*]. Well, I *do* wish he wasn't!

SCOTT. You shouldn't be taking it so hard, 's far as I kin see. This vige'll make a man of him. I'll see to it he learns how to navigate, 'n' study for a mate's c'tificate right off—and it'll give him a trade for the rest of his life, if he wants to travel.

MRS. MAYO. But I don't want him to travel all his life. You've got to see he comes home when this trip is over. Then he'll be all well, and he'll want to—to marry— [ANDREW sits forward in his chair with an abrupt movement] —and settle down right here. [*She stares down at the knitting in her lap—after a pause*] I never realized how hard it was going to be for me to have Robbie go—or I wouldn't have considered it a minute.

SCOTT. It ain't no good goin' on that way, Kate, now it's all settled.

MRS. MAYO [*On the verge of tears*]. It's all right for you to talk. You've never had any children. You don't know what it means to be parted from them—and Robbie my youngest, too. [ANDREW frowns and fidgets in his chair]

ANDREW [*Suddenly turning to them*]. There's one thing none of you seem to take into consideration—that Rob wants to go. He's dead set on it. He's been dreaming over this trip ever since it was first talked about. It wouldn't be fair to him not to have him go. [*A sudden uneasiness seems to strike him*] At least, not if he still feels the same way about it he did when he was talking to me this evening.

MAYO [*With an air of decision*]. Andy's right, Katey. That ends all

argument, you can see that. [*Looking at his big silver watch*] Wonder what's happened to Robert? He's been gone long enough to wheel the widdler to home, certain. He can't be out dreamin' at the stars his last night.

MRS. MAYO [*A bit reproachfully*]. Why didn't you wheel Mrs. Atkins back tonight, Andy? You usually do when she and Ruth come over.

ANDREW [*Avoiding her eyes*]. I thought maybe Robert wanted to tonight. He offered to go right away when they were leaving.

MRS. MAYO. He only wanted to be polite.

ANDREW [*Gets to his feet*]. Well, he'll be right back, I guess. [*He turns to his father*] Guess I'll go take a look at the black cow, Pa—see if she's ailing any.

MAYO. Yes—better had, son. [*ANDREW goes into the kitchen on the right*]

SCOTT [*As he goes out—in a low tone*]. There's the boy that would make a good, strong sea-farin' man—if he'd a mind to.

MAYO [*Sharply*]. Don't you put no such fool notions in Andy's head, Dick—or you 'n' me's goin' to fall out. [*Then he smiles*] You couldn't tempt him, no ways. Andy's a Mayo bred in the bone, and he's a born farmer, and a damn good one, too. He'll live and die right here on this farm, like I expect to. [*With proud confidence*] And he'll make this one of the slickest, best-payin' farms in the state, too, afore he gits through!

SCOTT. Seems to me it's a pretty slick place right now.

MAYO [*Shaking his head*]. It's too small. We need more land to make it amount to much, and we ain't got the capital to buy it.

[*ANDREW enters from the kitchen. His hat is on, and he carries a lighted lantern in his hand. He goes to the door in the rear leading out*]

ANDREW [*Opens the door and pauses*]. Anything else you can think of to be done, Pa?

MAYO. No, nothin' I know of. [*ANDREW goes out, shutting the door*]

MRS. MAYO [*After a pause*]. What's come over Andy tonight, I wonder? He acts so strange.

MAYO. He does seem sort o' glum and out of sorts. It's 'count o' Robert leavin', I s'pose. [*To scott*] Dick, you wouldn't believe how them boys o' mine sticks together. They ain't like most brothers. They've been thick as thieves all their lives, with nary a quarrel I kin remember.

SCOTT. No need to tell me that. I can see how they take to each other.

MRS. MAYO [*Pursuing her train of thought*]. Did you notice, James, how queer everyone was at supper? Robert seemed stirred up about something; and Ruth was so flustered and giggly; and Andy sat there dumb, looking as if he'd lost his best friend; and all of them only nibbled at their food.

MAYO. Guess they was all thinkin' about tomorrow, same as us.

MRS. MAYO [*Shaking her head*]. No. I'm afraid somethin's happened—somethin' else.

MAYO. You mean—"bout Ruth?

MRS. MAYO. Yes.

MAYO [*After a pause—frowning*]. I hope her and Andy ain't had a serious fallin'-out. I always sorter hoped they'd hitch up together sooner or later. What d'you say, Dick? Don't you think them two'd pair up well?

SCOTT [*Nodding his head approvingly*]. A sweet, wholesome couple they'd make.

MAYO. It'd be a good thing for Andy in more ways than one. I ain't what you'd call calculatin' generally, and I b'lieve in lettin' young folks run their affairs to suit themselves; but there's advantages for both o' them in this match you can't overlook in reason. The Atkins farm is right next to ourn. Jined together they'd make a jim-dandy of a place, with plenty o' room to work in. And bein' a widder with only a daughter, and laid up all the time to boot, Mrs. Atkins can't do nothin' with the place as it ought to be done. She needs a man, a first-class farmer, to take hold o' things; and Andy's just the one.

MRS. MAYO [*Abruptly*]. I don't think Ruth loves Andy.

MAYO. You don't? Well, maybe a woman's eyes is sharper in such things, but—they're always together. And if she don't love him now, she'll likely come around to it in time. [*As MRS. MAYO shakes her head*] You seem mighty fixed in your opinion, Katey. How d'you know?

MRS. MAYO. It's just—what I feel.

MAYO [*A light breaking over him*]. You don't mean to say—[*MRS. MAYO nods. MAYO chuckles scornfully*] Shucks! I'm losin' my respect for your eyesight, Katey. Why, Robert ain't got no time for Ruth, 'cept as a friend!

MRS. MAYO [*Warningly*]. Sss-h-h! [*The door from the yard opens, and ROBERT enters. He is smiling happily, and humming a song to himself, but as he comes into the room an undercurrent of nervous uneasiness manifests itself in his bearing*]

MAYO. So here you be at last! [*ROBERT comes forward and sits on ANDY's chair. MAYO smiles slyly at his wife*] What have you been doin' all this time—countin' the stars to see if they all come out right and proper?

ROBERT. There's only one I'll ever look for any more, Pa.

MAYO [*Reproachfully*]. You might've even not wasted time lookin' for that one—your last night.

MRS. MAYO [*As if she were speaking to a child*]. You ought to have worn your coat a sharp night like this, Robbie.

SCOTT [*Disgustedly*]. God A'mighty, Kate, you treat Robert as if he was one year old!

MRS. MAYO [*Notices ROBERT's nervous uneasiness*]. You look all worked up over something, Robbie. What is it?

ROBERT [*Swallowing hard, looks quickly from one to the other of them—then begins determinedly*]. Yes, there is something—something I must tell you—all of you. [*As he begins to talk ANDREW enters quietly from the rear, closing the door behind him, and setting the lighted lantern on the floor. He remains standing by the door, his arms folded, listening to ROBERT with a repressed expression of pain on his face. ROBERT is so much taken up with*

what he is going to say that he does not notice ANDREW'S presence] Something I discovered only this evening—very beautiful and wonderful—something I did not take into consideration previously because I hadn't dared to hope that such happiness could ever come to me. [*Appealingly*] You must all remember that fact, won't you?

MAYO [*Frowning*]. Let's get to the point, son.

ROBERT [*With a trace of defiance*]. Well, the point is this, Pa: I'm not going—I mean—I can't go tomorrow with Uncle Dick—or at any future time, either.

MRS. MAYO [*With a sharp sigh of joyful relief*]. Oh, Robbie, I'm so glad!

MAYO [*Astounded*]. You ain't serious, be you, Robert? [*Severely*] Seems to me it's a pretty late hour in the day for you to be upsettin' all your plans so sudden!

ROBERT. I asked you to remember that until this evening I didn't know myself. I had never dared to dream—

MAYO [*Irritably*]. What is this foolishness you're talkin' of?

ROBERT [*Flushing*]. Ruth told me this evening that—she loved me. It was after I'd confessed I loved her. I told her I hadn't been conscious of my love until after the trip had been arranged, and I realized it would mean—leaving her. That was the truth. I *didn't* know until then. [*As if justifying himself to the others*] I hadn't intended telling her anything but—suddenly—I felt I must. I didn't think it would matter, because I was going away. And I thought she loved—someone else. [*Slowly—his eyes shining*] And then she cried and said it was I she'd loved all the time, but I hadn't seen it.

MRS. MAYO [*Rushes over and throws her arms about him*]. I knew it! I was just telling your father when you came in—and, oh, Robbie, I'm so happy you're not going!

ROBERT [*Kissing her*]. I knew you'd be glad, Ma.

MAYO [*Bewilderedly*]. Well, I'll be damned! You do beat all for gettin' folks' minds all tangled up, Robert. And Ruth too! Whatever got into her of a sudden? Why, I was thinkin'—

MRS. MAYO [*Hurriedly—in a tone of warning*]. Never mind what you were thinking, James. It wouldn't be any use telling us that now. [*Meaningly*] And what you were hoping for turns out just the same almost, doesn't it?

MAYO [*Thoughtfully—beginning to see this side of the argument*]. Yes; I suppose you're right, Katey. [*Scratching his head in puzzlement*] But how it ever come about! It do beat anything ever I heard. [*Finally he gets up with a sheepish grin and walks over to ROBERT*] We're glad you ain't goin', your Ma and I, for we'd have missed you terrible, that's certain and sure; and we're glad you've found happiness. Ruth's a fine girl and'll make a good wife to you.

ROBERT [*Much moved*]. Thank you, Pa. [*He grips his father's hand in his*

ANDREW [*His face tense and drawn comes forward and holds out his hand, forcing a smile*]. I guess it's my turn to offer congratulations, isn't it?

ROBERT [*With a startled cry when his brother appears before him so suddenly*]. Andy! [*Confused*] Why—I—I didn't see you. Were you here when—

ANDREW. I heard everything you said; and here's wishing you every happiness, you and Ruth. You both deserve the best there is.

ROBERT [*Taking his hand*]. Thanks, Andy, it's fine of you to—[*His voice dies away as he sees the pain in ANDREW's eyes*]

ANDREW [*Giving his brother's hand a final grip*]. Good luck to you both! [*He turns away and goes back to the rear where he bends over the lantern, fumbling with it to hide his emotion from the others*]

MRS. MAYO [*To the CAPTAIN, who has been too flabbergasted by ROBERT's decision to say a word*]. What's the matter, Dick? Aren't you going to congratulate Robbie?

SCOTT [*Embarrassed*]. Of course I be! [*He gets to his feet and shakes ROBERT's hand, muttering a vague*] Luck to you, boy. [*He stands beside ROBERT as if he wanted to say something more but doesn't know how to go about it*]

ROBERT. Thanks, Uncle Dick.

SCOTT. So you're not acomin' on the *Sunda* with me? [*His voice indicates disbelief*]

ROBERT. I can't, Uncle—not now. I wouldn't miss it for anything else in the world under any other circumstances. [*He sighs unconsciously*] But you see I've found—a bigger dream. [*Then with joyous high spirits*] I want you all to understand one thing—I'm not going to be a loafer on your hands any longer. This means the beginning of a new life for me in every way. I'm going to settle right down and take a real interest in the farm, and do my share. I'll prove to you, Pa, that I'm as good a Mayo as you are—or Andy, when I want to be.

MAYO [*Kindly but skeptically*]. That's the right spirit, Robert. Ain't none of us doubts you willin'ness, but you ain't never learned—

ROBERT. Then I'm going to start learning right away, and you'll teach me, won't you?

MAYO [*Mollifyingly*]. Of course I will, boy, and be glad to, only you'd best go easy at first.

SCOTT [*Who has listened to this conversation in mingled consternation and amazement*]. You don't mean to tell me you're goin' to let him stay, do you, James?

MAYO. Why, things bein' as they be, Robert's free to do as he's a mind to.

MRS. MAYO. Let him! The very idea!

SCOTT [*More and more ruffled*]. Then all I got to say is, you're a soft, weak-willed critter to be permittin' a boy—and women, too—to be layin' your course for you wherever they damn please.

MAYO [*Slyly amused*]. It's just the same with me as 'twas with you, Dick. You can't order the tides on the seas to suit you, and I ain't pretendin' I can reg'late love for young folks.

SCOTT [*Scornfully*]. Love! They ain't old enough to know love when they sight it! Love! I'm ashamed of you, Robert, to go lettin' a little huggin' and kissin' in the dark spoil your chances to make a man out o' yourself. It ain't common sense—no sircce, it ain't—not by a hell of a sight! [*He pounds the table with his fists in exasperation*]

MRS. MAYO [*Laughing provokingly at her brother*]. A fine one you are to be talking about love, Dick—an old cranky bachelor like you. Goodness sakes!

SCOTT [*Exasperated by their joking*]. I've never been a damn fool like most, if that's what you're steerin' at.

MRS. MAYO [*Tauntingly*]. Sour grapes, aren't they, Dick? [*She laughs. ROBERT and his father chuckle. SCOTT sputters with annoyance*] Good gracious, Dick, you do act silly, flying into a temper over nothing.

SCOTT [*Indignantly*]. Nothin'! You talk as if I wasn't concerned nohow in this here business. Seems to me I've got a right to have my say. Ain't I made all arrangements with the owners and stocked up with some special grub all on Robert's account?

ROBERT. You've been fine, Uncle Dick; and I appreciate it. Truly.

MAYO. 'Course; we all does, Dick.

SCOTT [*Unplacated*]. I've been countin' sure on havin' Robert for company on this vige—to sorta talk to and show things to, and teach, kinda, and I got my mind so set on havin' him I'm goin' to be double lonesome this vige. [*He pounds on the table, attempting to cover up this confession of weakness*] Darn all this silly lovin' business, anyway. [*Irritably*] But all this talk ain't tellin' me what I'm to do with that sta'b'd cabin I fixed up. It's all painted white, an' a bran' new mattress on the bunk, 'n' new sheets 'n' blankets 'n' things. And Chips built in a book-case so's Robert could take his books along—with a slidin' bar fixed across't it, mind, so's they couldn't fall out no matter how she rolled. [*With excited consternation*] What d'you suppose my officers is goin' to think when there's no one comes aboard to occupy that sta'b'd cabin? And the men what did the work on it—what'll they think? [*He shakes his finger indignantly*] They're liable as not to suspicion it was a woman I'd planned to ship along, and that she gave me the go-by at the last moment! [*He wipes his perspiring brow in anguish at this thought*] Gawd A'mighty! They're only lookin' to have the laugh on me for something like that. They're liable to b'lieve anything, those fellers is!

MAYO [*With a wink*]. Then there's nothing to it but for you to get right out and hunt up a wife somewheres for that spick 'n' span cabin. She'll have to be a pretty one, too, to match it. [*He looks at his watch with exaggerated concern*] You ain't got much time to find her, Dick.

SCOTT [*As the others smile—sulkily*]. You kin go to thunder, Jim Mayo!

ANDREW [*Comes forward from where he has been standing by the door, rear, brooding. His face is set in a look of grim determination*] You needn't worry about that spare cabin, Uncle Dick, if you've a mind to take me in Robert's place.

ROBERT [*Turning to him quickly*]. Andy! [*He sees at once the fixed resolve in his brother's eyes, and realizes immediately the reason for it—in consternation*] Andy, you mustn't!

ANDREW. You've made your decision, Rob, and now I've made mine. You're out of this, remember.

ROBERT [*Hurt by his brother's tone*]. But Andy—

ANDREW. Don't interfere, Rob—that's all I ask. [*Turning to his uncle*] You haven't answered my question, Uncle Dick.

SCOTT [*Clearing his throat, with an uneasy side glance at JAMES MAYO who is staring at his elder son as if he thought he had suddenly gone mad*] O' course, I'd be glad to have you, Andy.

ANDREW. It's settled then. I can pack the little I want to take in a few minutes.

MRS. MAYO. Don't be a fool, Dick. Andy's only joking you.

SCOTT [*Disgruntledly*]. It's hard to tell who's jokin' and who's not in this house.

ANDREW [*Firmly*]. I'm not joking, Uncle Dick. [*As SCOTT looks at him uncertainly*] You needn't be afraid I'll go back on my word.

ROBERT [*Hurt by the insinuation he feels in ANDREW's tone*]. Andy! That isn't fair!

MAYO [*Frowning*]. Seems to me this ain't no subject to joke over—not for Andy.

ANDREW [*Facing his father*]. I agree with you, Pa, and I tell you again, once and for all, that I've made up my mind to go.

MAYO [*Dumbfounded—unable to doubt the determination in ANDREW's voice—helplessly*]. But why, son? Why?

ANDREWS [*Evasively*]. I've always wanted to go.

ROBERT. Andy!

ANDREW [*Half angrily*]. You shut up, Rob! [*Turning to his father again*] I didn't ever mention it because as long as Rob was going I knew it was no use; but now Rob's staying on here, there isn't any reason for me not to go.

MAYO [*Breathing hard*]. No reason? Can you stand there and say that to me, Andrew?

MRS. MAYO [*Hastily—seeing the gathering storm*]. He doesn't mean a word of it, James.

MAYO [*Making a gesture to her to keep silence*]. Let me talk, Katey. [*In a more kindly tone*] What's come over you so sudden, Andy? You know's well as I do that it wouldn't be fair o' you to run off at a moment's notice right now when we're up to our necks in hard work.

ANDREW [*Avoiding his eyes*]. Rob'll hold his end up as soon as he learns.

MAYO. Robert was never cut out for a farmer, and you was.

ANDREW. You can easily get a man to do my work.

MAYO [*Restraining his anger with an effort*]. It sounds strange to hear you, Andy, that I always thought had good sense, talkin' crazy like that. [*Scornfully*] Get a man to take your place! You ain't been workin' here

for no hire, Andy, that you kin give me your notice to quit like you've done. The farm is yourn as well as mine. You've always worked on it with that understanding; and what you're 'sayin' you intend doin' is just skulkin' out o' your rightful responsibility.

ANDREW [*Looking at the floor—simply*]. I'm sorry, Pa. [*After a slight pause*] It's no use talking any more about it.

MRS. MAYO [*In relief*]. There! I knew Andy'd come to his senses!

ANDREW. Don't get the wrong idea, Ma. I'm not backing out.

MAYO. You mean you're goin' in spite of—everythin'?

ANDREW. Yes. I'm going. I've got to. [*He looks at his father defiantly*] I feel I oughtn't to miss this chance to go out into the world and see things, and—I want to go.

MAYO [*With bitter scorn*]. So—you want to go out into the world and see thin's! [*His voice raised and quivering with anger*] I never thought I'd live to see the day when a son o' mine 'd look me in the face and tell a bare-faced lie! [*Bursting out*] You're a liar, Andy Mayo, and a mean one to boot!

MRS. MAYO. James!

ROBERT. Pa!

SCOTT. Steady there, Jim!

MAYO [*Waving their protests aside*]. He is and he knows it.

ANDREW [*His face flushed*]. I won't argue with you, Pa. You can think as badly of me as you like.

MAYO [*Shaking his finger at ANDY, in a cold rage*]. You know I'm speakin' truth—that's why you're afraid to argy! You lie when you say you want to go 'way—and see thin's! You ain't got no likin' in the world to go. I've watched you grow up, and I know your ways, and they're my ways. You're runnin' against your own nature, and you're goin' to be a'mighty sorry for it if you do. 'S if I didn't know your real reason for runnin' away! And runnin' away's the only words to fit it. You're runnin' away 'cause you're put out and riled 'cause your own brother's got Ruth 'stead o' you, and—

ANDREW [*His face crimson—tensely*]. Stop, Pa! I won't stand hearing that—not even from you!

MRS. MAYO [*Rushing to ANDY and putting her arms about him protectingly*]. Don't mind him, Andy dear. He don't mean a word he's saying! [*ROBERT stands rigidly, his hands clenched, his face contracted by pain. SCOTT sits dumbfounded and open-mouthed. ANDREW soothes his mother who is on the verge of tears*]

MAYO [*In angry triumph*]. It's the truth, Andy Mayo! And you ought to be bowed in shame to think of it!

ROBERT [*Protestingly*]. Pa!

MRS. MAYO [*Coming from ANDREW to his father; puts her hands on his shoulders as though to try and push him back in the chair from which he has risen*]. Won't you be still, James? Please won't you?

MAYO [*Looking at ANDREW over his wife's shoulder—stubbornly*]. The truth—God's truth!

MRS. MAYO. Sh-h-h! [*She tries to put a finger across his lips, but he twists his head away*]

ANDREW [*Who has regained control over himself*]. You're wrong, Pa, it isn't truth. [*With defiant assertiveness*] I don't love Ruth. I never loved her, and the thought of such a thing never entered my head.

MAYO [*With an angry snort of disbelief*]. Hump! You're pilin' lie on lie!

ANDREW [*Losing his temper—bitterly*]. I suppose it'd be hard for you to explain anyone's wanting to leave this blessed farm except for some outside reason like that. But I'm sick and tired of it—whether you want to believe me or not—and that's why I'm glad to get a chance to move on.

ROBERT. Andy! Don't! You're only making it worse.

ANDREW [*Sulkily*]. I don't care. I've done my share of work here. I've earned my right to quit when I want to. [*Suddenly overcome with anger and grief; with rising intensity*] I'm sick and tired of the whole damn business. I hate the farm and every inch of ground in it. I'm sick of digging in the dirt and sweating in the sun like a slave without getting a word of thanks for it. [*Tears of rage starting to his eyes—hoarsely*] I'm through, through for good and all; and if Uncle Dick won't take me on his ship, I'll find another. I'll get away somewhere, somehow.

MRS. MAYO [*In a frightened voice*]. Don't you answer him, James. He doesn't know what he's saying. Don't say a word to him 'til he's in his right senses again. Please James, don't—

MAYO [*Pushes her away from him; his face is drawn and pale with the violence of his passion. He glares at ANDREW as if he hated him*]. You dare to—you dare to speak like that to me? You talk like that 'bout this farm—the Mayo farm—where you was born—you—you [*He clenches his fist above his head and advances threateningly on ANDREW*] You damned whelp!

MRS. MAYO [*With a shriek*]. James! [*She covers her face with her hands and sinks weakly into MAYO's chair. ANDREW remains standing motionless, his face pale and set*]

SCOTT [*Starting to his feet and stretching his arms across the table toward MAYO*]. Easy there, Jim!

ROBERT [*Throwing himself between father and brother*]. Stop! Are you mad?

MAYO [*Grabs ROBERT's arm and pushes him aside—then stands for a moment gasping for breath before ANDREW. He points to the door with a shaking finger*]. Yes—go!—go!—You're no son o' mine—no son o' mine! You can go to hell if you want to! Don't let me find you here—in the mornin'—or—or—I'll throw you out!

ROBERT. Pa! For God's sake! [*MRS. MAYO bursts into noisy sobbing*]

MAYO [*Gulps convulsively and glares at ANDREW*]. You go—tomorrow mornin'—and by God—don't come back—don't dare come back—by God,

not while I'm livin'—or I'll—I'll—[*He shakes over his muttered threat and strides toward the door rear, right*]

MRS. MAYO [*Rising and throwing her arms around him—hysterically*]. James! James! Where are you going?

MAYO [*Incoherently*]. I'm goin'—to bed, Katey. It's late, Katey—it's late. [*He goes out*]

MRS. MAYO [*Following him, pleading hysterically*]. James! Take back what you've said to Andy. James! [*She follows him out. ROBERT and the CAPTAIN stare after them with horrified eyes. ANDREW stands rigidly looking straight in front of him, his fists clenched at his sides*]

SCOTT [*The first to find his voice—with an explosive sigh*]. Well, if he ain't the devil himself when he's roused! You oughtn't to have talked to him that way, Andy 'bout the damn farm, knowin' how touchy he is about it. [*With another sigh*] Well, you won't mind what he's said in anger. He'll be sorry for it when he's calmed down a bit.

ANDREW [*In a dead voice*]. You don't know him. [*Defiantly*] What's said is said and can't be unsaid; and I've chosen.

ROBERT [*With violent protest*]. Andy! You can't go! This is all so stupid—and terrible!

ANDREW [*Coldly*]. I'll talk to you in a minute, Rob. [*Crushed by his brother's attitude ROBERT sinks down into a chair, holding his head in his hands*]

SCOTT [*Comes and slaps ANDREW on the back*]. I'm damned glad you're shippin' on, Andy. I like your spirit, and the way you spoke up to him. [*Lowering his voice to a cautious whisper*] The sea's the place for a young feller like you that isn't half dead 'n' alive. [*He gives ANDY a final approving slap*] You 'n' me'll get along like twins, see if we don't. I'm goin' aloft to turn in. Don't forget to pack your dunnage. And git some sleep, if you kin. We'll want to sneak out extra early b'fore they're up. It'll do away with more argyments. Robert can drive us down to the town, and bring back the team. [*He goes to the door in the rear, left*] Well, good night.

ANDREW. Good night. [*SCOTT goes out. The two brothers remain silent for a moment. Then ANDREW comes over to his brother and puts a hand on his back. He speaks in a low voice, full of feeling*] Buck up, Rob. It ain't any use crying over spilt milk; and it'll all turn out for the best—let's hope. It couldn't be helped—what's happened.

ROBERT [*Wildly*]. But it's a lie, Andy, a lie!

ANDREW. Of course it's a lie. You know it and I know it,—but that's all ought to know it.

ROBERT. Pa'll never forgive you. Oh, the whole affair is so senseless—tragic. Why did you think you must go away?

ANDREW. You know better than to ask that. You know why. [*Fiercely*] I can wish you and Ruth all the good luck in the world, and I do, and I mean it; but you can't expect me to stay around here and watch you two together, day after day—and me alone. I couldn't stand it—not after all the

plans I'd made to happen on this place thinking—[*his voice breaks*] thinking she cared for me.

ROBERT [*Putting a hand on his brother's arm*]. God! It's horrible! I feel so guilty—to think that I should be the cause of your suffering, after we've been such pals all our lives. If I could have foreseen what'd happen, I swear to you I'd have never said a word to Ruth. I swear I wouldn't have, Andy!

ANDREW. I know you wouldn't; and that would've been worse, for Ruth would've suffered then. [*He pats his brother's shoulder*] It's best as it is. It had to be, and I've got to stand the gaff, that's all. Pa'll see how I felt—after a time. [*As ROBERT shakes his head*]-and if he don't—well, it can't be helped.

ROBERT. But think of Ma! God, Andy, you can't go! You can't!

ANDREW [*Fiercely*]. I've got to go—to get away! I've got to, I tell you. I'd go crazy here, bein' reminded every second of the day what a fool I'd made of myself. I've got to get away and try and forget, if I can. And I'd hate the farm if I stayed, hate it for bringin' things back. I couldn't take interest in the work any more, work with no purpose in sight. Can't you see what a hell it'd be? You love her too, Rob. Put yourself in my place, and remember, I haven't stopped loving her, and couldn't if I was to stay. Would that be fair to you or to her? Put yourself in my place. [*He shakes his brother fiercely by the shoulder*] What'd you do then? Tell me the truth! You love her. What'd you do?

ROBERT [*Chokingly*]. I'd—I'd go, Andy! [*He buries his face in his hands with a shuddering sob*] God!

ANDREW [*Seeming to relax suddenly all over his body—in a low, steady voice*]. Then you know why I got to go; and there's nothing more to be said.

ROBERT [*In a frenzy of rebellion*]. Why did this have to happen to us? It's damnable! [*He looks about him wildly, as if his vengeance were seeking the responsible fate*].

ANDREW [*Soothingly—again putting his hands on his brother's shoulder*]. It's no use fussing any more, Rob. It's done. [*Forcing a smile*] I guess Ruth's got a right to have who she likes. She made a good choice—and God bless her for it!

ROBERT. Andy! Oh, I wish I could tell you half I feel of how fine you are!

ANDREW [*Interrupting him quickly*]. Shut up! Let's go to bed. I've got to be up long before sun-up. You, too, if you're going to drive us down.

ROBERT. Yes. Yes.

ANDREW [*Turning down the lamp*]. And I've got to pack yet. [*He yawns with utter weariness*] I'm as tired as if I'd been plowing twenty-four hours at a stretch. [*Dully*] I feel—dead. [*ROBERT covers his face again with his hands. ANDREW shakes his head as if to get rid of his thoughts, and continues with a poor attempt at cheery briskness*] I'm going to douse the light. Come on. [*He slaps his brother on the back. ROBERT does not move. ANDREW bends over and blows out the lamp. His voice comes from the darkness*] Don't sit there mourning, Rob. It'll all come out in the wash. Come on and get

some sleep. Everything'll turn out all right in the end. [ROBERT can be heard stumbling to his feet, and the dark figures of the two brothers can be seen groping their way toward the doorway in the rear as

The Curtain Falls.]

ACT TWO: SCENE ONE

SAME as Act One, Scene Two. Sitting room of the farm house about half past twelve in the afternoon of a hot, sun-baked day in mid-summer, three years later. All the windows are open, but no breeze stirs the soiled white curtains. A patched screen door is in the rear. Through it the yard can be seen, its small stretch of lawn divided by the dirt path leading to the door from the gate in the white picket fence which borders the road.

The room has changed, not so much in its outward appearance as in its general atmosphere. Little significant details give evidence of carelessness, of inefficiency, of an industry gone to seed. The chairs appear shabby from lack of paint; the table cover is spotted and askew; holes show in the curtains; a child's doll, with one arm gone, lies under the table; a hoe stands in a corner; a man's coat is slung on the couch in the rear; the desk is cluttered up with odds and ends, a number of books are piled carelessly on the side-board. The noon enervation of the sultry, scorching day seems to have penetrated indoors, causing even inanimate objects to wear an aspect of despondent exhaustion.

A place is set at the end of the table, left, for someone's dinner. Through the open door to the kitchen comes the clatter of dishes being washed, interrupted at intervals by a woman's irritated voice and the peevish whining of a child.

At the rise of the curtain MRS. MAYO and MRS. ATKINS are discovered sitting facing each other, MRS. MAYO to the rear, MRS. ATKINS to the right of the table. MRS. MAYO's face has lost all character, disintegrated, become a weak mask wearing a helpless, doleful expression of being constantly on the verge of comfortless tears. She speaks in an uncertain voice, without assertiveness, as if all power of willing had deserted her. MRS. ATKINS is in her wheel chair. She is a thin, pale-faced, unintelligent-looking woman of about forty-eight, with hard, bright eyes. A victim of partial paralysis for many years, condemned to be pushed from day to day of her life in a wheel chair, she has developed the selfish, irritable nature of the chronic invalid. Both women are dressed in black. MRS. ATKINS knits nervously as she talks. A ball of unused yarn, with needles stuck through it, lies on the table before MRS. MAYO.

MRS. ATKINS [With a disapproving glance at the place set on the table]. Robert's late for his dinner again, as usual. I don't see why Ruth puts up with it. and I've told her so. Many's the time I've said to her "It's about time you

put a stop to his nonsense. Does he suppose you're runnin' a hotel— with no one to help with things?" But she don't pay no attention. She's as bad as he is, a'most—thinks she knows better than an old, sick body like me.

MRS. MAYO [*Dully*]. Robbie's always late for things. He can't help it, Sarah.

MRS. ATKINS [*With a snort*]. Can't help it! How you do go on, Kate, findin' excuses for him! Anybody can help anything they've a mind to—as long as they've got health, and ain't rendered helpless like me—[*She adds as a pious afterthought*]*—through the will of God.*

MRS. MAYO. Robbie can't.

MRS. ATKINS. Can't! It do make me mad, Kate Mayo, to see folks that God gave all the use of their limbs to potterin' round and wastin' time doin' everything the wrong way—and me powerless to help and at their mercy, you might say. And it ain't that I haven't pointed the right way to 'em. I've talked to Robert thousands of times and told him how things ought to be done. You know that, Kate Mayo. But d'you s'pose he takes any notice of what I say? Or Ruth, either—my own daughter? No, they think I'm a crazy, cranky old woman, half dead a'ready, and the sooner I'm in the grave and out o' the way the better it'd suit them.

MRS. MAYO. You mustn't talk that way, Sarah. They're not as wicked as that. And you've got years and years before you.

MRS. ATKINS. You're like the rest, Kate. You don't know how near the end I am. Well, at least I can go to my eternal rest with a clear conscience. I've done all a body could do to avert ruin from this house. On their heads be it!

MRS. MAYO [*With hopeless indifference*]. Things might be worse. Robert never had any experience in farming. You can't expect him to learn in a day.

MRS. ATKINS [*Snappily*]. He's had three years to learn, and he's gettin' worse 'stead of better. Not on'y your place but mine too is driftin' to rack and ruin, and I can't do nothin' to prevent.

MRS. MAYO [*With a spark of assertiveness*]. You can't say but Robbie works hard, Sarah.

MRS. ATKINS. What good's workin' hard if it don't accomplish anythin', I'd like to know?

MRS. MAYO. Robbie's had bad luck against him.

MRS. ATKINS. Say what you've a mind to, Kate, the proof of the puddin's in the eatin'; and you can't deny that things have been goin' from bad to worse ever since your husband died two years back.

MRS. MAYO [*Wiping tears from her eyes with her handkerchief*]. It was God's will that he should be taken.

MRS. ATKINS [*Triumphantly*]. It was God's punishment on James Mayo for the blaspheming and denyin' of God he done all his sinful life! [MRS. MAYO *begins to weep softly*] There, Kate, I shouldn't be remindin' you, I know. He's at peace, poor man, and forgiven, let's pray.

MRS. MAYO [*Wiping her eyes—simply*]. James was a good man.

MRS. ATKINS [*Ignoring this remark*]. What I was sayin' was that since Robert's been in charge things've been goin' down hill steady. You don't know *how* bad they are. Robert don't let on to you what's happenin'; and you'd never see it yourself if 'twas under your nose. But, thank the Lord, Ruth still comes to me once in a while for advice when she's worried near out of her senses by his goin's-on. Do you know what she told me last night? But I forgot, she said not to tell you—still I think you've got a right to know, and it's my duty not to let such things go on behind your back.

MRS. MAYO [*Wearily*]. You can tell me if you want to.

MRS. ATKINS [*Bending over toward her—in a low voice*]. Ruth was almost crazy about it. Robert told her he'd have to mortgage the farm—said he didn't know how he'd pull through till harvest without it, and he can't get money any other way. [*She straightens up—indignantly*] Now what do you think of your Robert?

MRS. MAYO [*Resignedly*]. If it has to be—

MRS. ATKINS. You don't mean to say you're goin' to sign away your farm, Kate Mayo—after me warnin' you?

MRS. MAYO. I'll do what Robbie says is needful.

MRS. ATKINS [*Holding up her hands*]. Well, of all the foolishness!—well, it's your farm, not mine, and I've nothin' more to say.

MRS. MAYO. Maybe Robbie'll manage till Andy gets back and sees to things. It can't be long now.

MRS. ATKINS [*With keen interest*]. Ruth says Andy ought to turn up any day. When does Robert figger he'll get here?

MRS. MAYO. He says he can't calculate exactly on account o' the *Sunda* being a sail boat. Last letter he got was from England, the day they were sailing for home. That was over a month ago, and Robbie thinks they're overdue now.

MRS. ATKINS. We can give praise to God then that he'll be back in the nick o' time. He ought to be tired of travelin' and anxious to get home and settle down to work again.

MRS. MAYO. Andy *has* been working. He's head officer on Dick's boat, he wrote Robbie. You know that.

MRS. ATKINS. That foolin' on ships is all right for a spell, but he must be right sick of it by this.

MRS. MAYO [*Musingly*]. I wonder if he's changed much. He used to be so fine-looking and strong. [*With a sigh*] Three years! It seems more like three hundred. [*Her eyes filling—piteously*] Oh, if James could only have lived till he came back—and forgiven him!

MRS. ATKINS. He never would have—not James Mayo! Didn't he keep his heart hardened against him till the last in spite of all you and Robert did to soften him?

MRS. MAYO [*With a feeble flush of anger*]. Don't you dare say that! [*Brokenly*] Oh, I know deep down in his heart he forgave Andy, though he was too stubborn ever to own up to it. It was that brought on his death—

breaking his heart just on account of his stubborn pride. [*She wipes her eyes with her handkerchief and sobs*].

MRS. ATKINS [*Piously*]. It was the will of God. [*The whining crying of the child sounds from the kitchen. MRS. ATKINS frowns irritably*] Drat that young one! Seems as if she cries all the time on purpose to set a body's nerves on edge.

MRS. MAYO [*Wiping her eyes*]. It's the heat upsets her. Mary doesn't feel any too well these days, poor little child!

MRS. ATKINS. She gets it right from her Pa—bein' sickly all the time. You can't deny Robert was always ailin' as a child. [*She sighs heavily*] It was a crazy mistake for them two to get married. I argyed against it at the time, but Ruth was so spelled with Robert's wild poetry notions she wouldn't listen to sense. Andy was the one would have been the match for her.

MRS. MAYO. I've often thought since it might have been better the other way. But Ruth and Robbie seem happy enough together.

MRS. ATKINS. At any rate it was God's work—and His will be done. [*The two women sit in silence for a moment. RUTH enters from the kitchen, carrying in her arms her two-year-old daughter, MARY, a pretty but sickly and anæmic-looking child with a tear-stained face. RUTH has aged appreciably. Her face has lost its youth and freshness. There is a trace in her expression of something hard and spiteful. She sits in the rocker in front of the table and sighs wearily. She wears a gingham dress with a soiled apron tied around her waist*]

RUTH. Land sakes, if this isn't a scorcher! That kitchen's like a furnace. Phew! [*She pushes the damp hair back from her forehead*]

MRS. MAYO. Why didn't you call me to help with the dishes?

RUTH [*Shortly*]. No. The heat in there'd kill you.

MARY [*Sees the doll under the table and struggles on her mother's lap*]. Dolly, Mama! Dolly!

RUTH [*Pulling her back*]. It's time for your nap. You can't play with Dolly now.

MARY [*Commencing to cry whiningly*]. Dolly!

MRS. ATKINS [*Irritably*]. Can't you keep that child still? Her racket's enough to split a body's ears. Put her down and let her play with the doll if it'll quiet her.

RUTH [*Lifting MARY to the floor*]. There! I hope you'll be satisfied and keep still. [*MARY sits down on the floor before the table and plays with the doll in silence. RUTH glances at the place set on the table*]. It's a wonder Rob wouldn't try to get to meals on time once in a while.

MRS. MAYO [*Dully*]. Something must have gone wrong again.

RUTH [*Wearily*]. I s'pose so. Something's always going wrong these days, it looks like.

MRS. ATKINS [*Snappily*]. It wouldn't if you possessed a bit of spunk. The idea of you permittin' him to come in to meals at all hours—and you doin'

the work! I never heard of such a thin'. You're too easy goin', that's the trouble.

RUTH. Do stop your nagging at me, Ma! I'm sick of hearing you. I'll do as I please about it; and thank you for not interfering. [*She wipes her moist forehead—wearily*] Phew! It's too hot to argue. Let's talk of something pleasant. [*Curiously*] Didn't I hear you speaking about Andy a while ago?

MRS. MAYO. We were wondering when he'd get home.

RUTH [*Brightening*]. Rob says any day now he's liable to drop in and surprise us—him and the Captain. It'll certainly look natural to see him around the farm again.

MRS. ATKINS. Let's hope the farm'll look more natural, too, when he's had a hand at it. The way thin's are now!

RUTH [*Irritably*]. Will you stop harping on that, Ma? We all know things aren't as they might be. What's the good of your complaining all the time?

MRS. ATKINS. There, Kate Mayo! Ain't that just what I told you? I can't say a word of advice to my own daughter even, she's that stubborn and self-willed.

RUTH [*Putting her hands over her ears—in exasperation*]. For goodness sakes, Ma!

MRS. MAYO [*Dully*]. Never mind. Andy'll fix everything when he comes.

RUTH [*Hopefully*]. Oh, yes, I know he will. He always did know just the right thing ought to be done. [*With weary vexation*] It's a shame for him to come home and have to start in with things in such a topsy-turvy.

MRS. MAYO. Andy'll manage.

RUTH [*Sighing*]. I s'pose it isn't Rob's fault things go wrong with him.

MRS. ATKINS [*Scornfully*]. Hump! [*She fans herself nervously*] Land o' Goshen, but it's bakin' in here! Let's go out in under the trees in back where there's a breath of fresh air. Come, Kate. [*MRS. MAYO gets up obediently and starts to wheel the invalid's chair toward the screen door*] You better come too, Ruth. It'll do you good. Learn him a lesson and let him get his own dinner. Don't be such a fool.

RUTH [*Going and holding the screen door open for them—listlessly*]. He wouldn't mind. He doesn't eat much. But I can't go anyway. I've got to put baby to bed.

MRS. ATKINS. Let's go, Kate. I'm boilin' in here. [*MRS. MAYO wheels her out and off left. RUTH comes back and sits down in her chair*]

RUTH [*Mechanically*]. Come and let me take off your shoes and stockings, Mary, that's a good girl. You've got to take your nap now. [*The child continues to play as if she hadn't heard, absorbed in her doll. An eager expression comes over RUTH's tired face. She glances toward the door furtively—then gets up and goes to the desk. Her movements indicate a guilty fear of discovery. She takes a letter from a pigeon-hole and retreats swiftly to her chair with it. She opens the envelope and reads the letter with great interest, a flush of excitement coming to her cheeks. ROBERT walks up the path*

and opens the screen door quietly and comes into the room. He, too, has aged. His shoulders are stooped as if under too great a burden. His eyes are dull and lifeless, his face burned by the sun and unshaven for days. Streaks of sweat have smudged the layer of dust on his cheeks. His lips drawn down at the corners, give him a hopeless, resigned expression. The three years have accentuated the weakness of his mouth and chin. He is dressed in overalls, laced boots, and a flannel shirt open at the neck]

ROBERT [*Throwing his hat over on the sofa—with a great sigh of exhaustion*]. Phew! The sun's hot today! [RUTH is startled. At first she makes an instinctive motion as if to hide the letter in her bosom. She immediately thinks better of this and sits with the letter in her hands looking at him with defiant eyes. He bends down and kisses her]

RUTH [*Feeling of her cheek—irritably*]. Why don't you shave? You look awful.

ROBERT [*Indifferently*]. I forgot—and it's too much trouble this weather.

MARY [*Throwing aside her doll, runs to him with a happy cry*]. Dada! Dada!

ROBERT [*Swinging her up above his head—lovingly*]. And how's this little girl of mine this hot day, eh?

MARY [*Screeching happily*]. Dada! Dada!

RUTH [*In annoyance*]. Don't do that to her! You know it's time for her nap and you'll get her all waked up; then I'll be the one that'll have to sit beside her till she falls asleep.

ROBERT [*Sitting down in the chair on the left of table and cuddling MARY on his lap*]. You needn't bother. I'll put her to bed.

RUTH [*Shortly*]. You've got to get back to your work, I s'pose.

ROBERT [*With a sigh*]. Yes, I was forgetting. [*He glances at the open letter on RUTH's lap*] Reading Andy's letter again? I should think you'd know it by heart by this time.

RUTH [*Coloring as if she's been accused of something—defiantly*]. I've got a right to read it, haven't I? He says it's meant for all of us.

ROBERT [*With a trace of irritation*]. Right? Don't be so silly. There's no question of right. I was only saying that you must know all that's in it after so many readings.

RUTH. Well, I don't. [*She puts the letter on the table and gets wearily to her feet*] I s'pose you'll be wanting your dinner now.

ROBERT [*Listlessly*]. I don't care. I'm not hungry.

RUTH. And here I been keeping it hot for you!

ROBERT [*Irritably*]. Oh, all right then. Bring it in and I'll try to eat.

RUTH. I've got to get her to bed first. [*She goes to lift MARY off his lap*] Come, dear. It's after time and you can hardly keep your eyes open now.

MARY [*Crying*]. No, no! [*Appealing to her father*] Dada! No!

RUTH [*Accusingly to ROBERT*]. There! Now see what you've done! I told you not to—

ROBERT [*Shortly*]. Let her alone, then. She's all right where she is. She'll fall asleep on my lap in a minute if you'll stop bothering her.

RUTH [*Hotly*]. She'll not do any such thing! She's got to learn to mind me! [*Shaking her finger at MARY*] You naughty child! Will you come with Mama when she tells you for your own good?

MARY [*Clinging to her father*]. No, Dada!

RUTH [*Losing her temper*]. A good spanking's what you need, my young lady—and you'll get one from me if you don't mind better, d'you hear? [*MARY starts to whimper frightenedly*]

ROBERT [*With sudden anger*]. Leave her alone! How often have I told you not to threaten her with whipping? I won't have it. [*Soothing the wailing MARY*] There! There, little girl! Baby mustn't cry. Dada won't like you if you do. Dada'll hold you and you must promise to go to sleep like a good little girl. Will you when Dada asks you?

MARY [*Cuddling up to him*]. Yes, Dada.

RUTH [*Looking at them, her pale face set and drawn*]. A fine one you are to be telling folks how to do things! [*She bites her lips. Husband and wife look into each other's eyes with something akin to hatred in their expressions; then RUTH turns away with a shrug of affected indifference*] All right, take care of her then, if you think it's so easy. [*She walks away into the kitchen*]

ROBERT [*Smoothing MARY's hair—tenderly*]. We'll show Mama you're a good little girl, won't we?

MARY [*Crooning drowsily*]. Dada, Dada.

ROBERT. Let's see: Does your mother take off your shoes and stockings before your nap?

MARY [*Nodding with half-shut eyes*]. Yes, Dada.

ROBERT [*Taking off her shoes and stockings*]. We'll show Mama we know how to do those things, won't we? There's one old shoe off—and there's the other old shoe—and here's one old stocking—and there's the other old stocking. There we are, all nice and cool and comfy. [*He bends down and kisses her*] And now will you promise to go right to sleep if Dada takes you to bed? [*MARY nods sleepily*] That's the good little girl.

[*He gathers her up in his arms carefully and carries her into the bedroom. His voice can be heard faintly as he lulls the child to sleep. RUTH comes out of the kitchen and gets the plate from the table. She hears the voice from the room and tiptoes to the door to look in. Then she starts for the kitchen but stands for a moment thinking, a look of ill-concealed jealousy on her face. At a noise from inside she hurriedly disappears into the kitchen. A moment later ROBERT re-enters. He comes forward and picks up the shoes and stockings which he shoves carelessly under the table. Then, seeing no one about, he goes to the sideboard and selects a book. Coming back to his chair, he sits down and immediately becomes absorbed in reading. RUTH returns from the kitchen bringing his plate heaped with food,*

and a cup of tea. She sets those before him and sits down in her former place. ROBERT continues to read, oblivious to the food on the table]

RUTH [*After watching him irritably for a moment*]. For heaven's sakes, put down that old book! Don't you see your dinner's getting cold?

ROBERT [*Closing his book*]. Excuse me, Ruth. I didn't notice. [*He picks up his knife and fork and begins to eat gingerly, without appetite*]

RUTH. I should think you might have some feeling for me, Rob, and not always be late for meals. If you think it's fun sweltering in that oven of a kitchen to keep things warm for you, you're mistaken.

ROBERT. I'm sorry, Ruth, really I am. Something crops up every day to delay me. I mean to be here on time.

RUTH [*With a sigh*]. Mean-tos don't count.

ROBERT [*With a conciliating smile*]. Then punish me, Ruth. Let the food get cold and don't bother about me.

RUTH. I'd have to wait just the same to wash up after you.

ROBERT. But I can wash up.

RUTH. A nice mess there'd be then!

ROBERT [*With an attempt at lightness*]. The food is lucky to be able to get cold this weather. [*As RUTH doesn't answer or smile he opens his book and resumes his reading, forcing himself to take a mouthful of food every now and then. RUTH stares at him in annoyance*]

RUTH. And besides, you've got your own work that's got to be done.

ROBERT [*Absent-mindedly, without taking his eyes from the book*]. Yes, of course.

RUTH [*Spitefully*]. Work you'll never get done by reading books all the time.

ROBERT [*Shutting the book with a snap*]. Why do you persist in nagging at me for getting pleasure out of reading? Is it because— [*He checks himself abruptly*]

RUTH [*Coloring*]. Because I'm too stupid to understand them, I s'pose you were going to say.

ROBERT [*Shamefacedly*]. No—no. [*In exasperation*] Why do you goad me into saying things I don't mean? Haven't I got my share of troubles trying to work this cursed farm without you adding to them? You know how hard I've tried to keep things going in spite of bad luck—

RUTH [*Scornfully*]. Bad luck!

ROBERT. And my own very apparent unfitness for the job, I was going to add; but you can't deny there's been bad luck to it, too. Why don't you take things into consideration? Why can't we pull together? We used to. I know it's hard on you also. Then why can't we help each other instead of hindering?

RUTH [*Sullenly*]. I do the best I know how.

ROBERT [*Gets up and puts his hand on her shoulder*]. I know you do

But let's both of us try to do better. We can both improve. Say a word of encouragement once in a while when things go wrong, even if it is my fault. You know the odds I've been up against since Pa died. I'm not a farmer. I've never claimed to be one. But there's nothing else I can do under the circumstances, and I've got to pull things through somehow. With your help, I can do it. With you against me— [*He shrugs his shoulders. There is a pause. Then he bends down and kisses her hair—with an attempt at cheerfulness*] So you promise that; and I'll promise to be here when the clock strikes—and anything else you tell me to. Is it a bargain?

RUTH [*Dully*]. I s'pose so. [*They are interrupted by the sound of a loud knock at the kitchen door*] There's someone at the kitchen door. [*She hurries out. A moment later she reappears*] It's Ben.

ROBERT [*Frowning*]. What's the trouble now, I wonder? [*In a loud voice*] Come on in here, Ben. [*BEN slouches in from the kitchen. He is a hulking, awkward young fellow with a heavy, stupid face and shifty, cunning eyes. He is dressed in overalls, boots, etc., and wears a broad-brimmed hat of coarse straw pushed back on his head*] Well, Ben, what's the matter?

BEN [*Drawlingly*]. The mowin' machine's bust.

ROBERT. Why, that can't be. The man fixed it only last week.

BEN. It's bust just the same.

ROBERT. And can't you fix it?

BEN. No. Don't know what's the matter with the goll-darned thing. 'Twon't work, anyhow.

ROBERT [*Getting up and going for his hat*]. Wait a minute and I'll go look it over. There can't be much the matter with it.

BEN [*Impudently*]. Don't make no diff'rence t' me whether there be or not. I'm quittin'.

ROBERT [*Anxiously*]. You don't mean you're throwing up your job here?

BEN. That's what! My month's up today and I want what's owin' t' me.

ROBERT. But why are you quitting now, Ben, when you know I've so much work on hand? I'll have a hard time getting another man at such short notice.

BEN. That's for you to figger. I'm quittin'.

ROBERT. But what's your reason? You haven't any complaint to make about the way you've been treated, have you?

BEN. No. 'Tain't that. [*Shaking his finger*] Look-a-here. I'm sick o' being made fun at, that's what; an' I got a job up to Timms' place; an' I'm quittin' here.

ROBERT. Being made fun of? I don't understand you. Who's making fun of you?

BEN. They all do. When I drive down with the milk in the mornin' they all laughs and jokes at me—that boy up to Harris' and the new feller up to Slocum's, and Bill Evans down to Meade's, and all the rest on 'em.

ROBERT. That's a queer reason for leaving me flat. Won't they laugh at you just the same when you're working for Timms?

BEN. They wouldn't dare to. Timms is the best farm hereabouts. They was laughin' at me for workin' for *you*, that's what! "How're things up to the Mayo place?" they hollers every mornin'. "What's Robert doin' now—pasturin' the cattle in the cornlot? Is he seasonin' his hay with rain this year, same as last?" they shouts. "Or is he inventin' some 'lectrical milkin' engine to fool them dry cows o' his into givin' hard cider?" [*Very much ruffled*] That's like they talks; and I ain't goin' to put up with it no longer. Everyone's always knowed me as a first-class hand hereabouts, and I ain't wantin' 'em to get no different notion. So I'm quittin' you. And I wants what's comin' to me.

ROBERT [*Coldly*]. Oh, if that's the case, you can go to the devil. You'll get your money tomorrow when I get back from town—not before!

BEN [*Turning to doorway to kitchen*]. That suits me. [*As he goes out he speaks back over his shoulder*] And see that I do get it, or there'll be trouble. [*He disappears and the slamming of the kitchen door is heard*]

ROBERT [*As RUTH comes from where she has been standing by the doorway and sits down dejectedly in her old place*]. The stupid damn fool! And now what about the haying? That's an example of what I'm up against. No one can say I'm responsible for that.

RUTH. He wouldn't dare act that way with anyone else! [*Spitefully, with a glance at ANDREW's letter on the table*] It's lucky Andy's coming back.

ROBERT [*Without resentment*]. Yes, Andy'll see the right thing to do in a jiffy. [*With an affectionate smile*] I wonder if the old chump's changed much? He doesn't seem to from his letters, does he? [*Shaking his head*] But just the same I doubt if he'll want to settle down to a humdrum farm life, after all he's been through.

RUTH [*Resentfully*]. Andy's not like you. He likes the farm.

ROBERT [*Immersed in his own thoughts—enthusiastically*]. Gad, the things he's seen and experienced! Think of the places he's been! All the wonderful far places I used to dream about! God, how I envy him! What a trip! [*He springs to his feet and instinctively goes to the window and stares out at the horizon*]

RUTH [*Bitterly*]. I s'pose you're sorry now you didn't go?

ROBERT [*Too occupied with his own thoughts to hear her—vindictively*] Oh, those cursed hills out there that I used to think promised me so much! How I've grown to hate the sight of them! They're like the walls of a narrow prison yard shutting me in from all the freedom and wonder of life! [*He turns back to the room with a gesture of loathing*] Sometimes I think if it wasn't for you, Ruth, and— [*His voice softening*]—little Mary, I'd chuck everything up and walk down the road with just one desire in my heart—to put the whole rim of the world between me and those hills, and be able to breathe freely once more! [*He sinks down into his chair and smiles with bitter self-scorn*] There I go dreaming again—my old fool dreams.

RUTH [*In a low, repressed voice—her eyes smoldering*]. You're not the only one!

ROBERT [*Buried in his own thoughts—bitterly*]. And Andy, who's had the chance—what has he got out of it? His letters read like the diary of a—of a farmer! "We're in Singapore now. It's a dirty hole of a place and hotter than hell. Two of the crew are down with fever and we're short-handed on the work. I'll be damn glad when we sail again, although tacking back and forth in these blistering seas is a rotten job too!" [*Scornfully*] That's about the way he summed up his impressions of the East.

RUTH [*Her repressed voice trembling*]. You needn't make fun of Andy.

ROBERT. When I think—but what's the use? You know I wasn't making fun of Andy personally, but his attitude toward things is—

RUTH [*Her eyes flashing—bursting into uncontrollable rage*]. You was too making fun of him! And I ain't going to stand for it! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! [*ROBERT stares at her in amazement. She continues furiously*] A fine one to talk about anyone else—after the way you've ruined everything with your lazy loafing!—and the stupid way you do things!

ROBERT [*Angrily*]. Stop that kind of talk, do you hear?

RUTH. You findin' fault—with your own brother who's ten times the man you ever was or ever will be! You're jealous, that's what! Jealous because he's made a man of himself, while you're nothing but a—but a— [*She stutters incoherently, overcome by rage*]

ROBERT. Ruth! Ruth! You'll be sorry for talking like that.

RUTH. I won't! I won't never be sorry! I'm only saying what I've been thinking for years.

ROBERT [*Aghast*]. Ruth! You can't mean that!

RUTH. What do you think—living with a man like you—having to suffer all the time because you've never been man enough to work and do things like other people. But no! You never own up to that. You think you're so much better than other folks, with your college education, where you never learned a thing, and always reading your stupid books instead of working. I s'pose you think I ought to be *proud* to be your wife—a poor, ignorant thing like me! [*Fiercely*] But I'm not. I hate it! I hate the sight of you. Oh, if I'd only known! If I hadn't been such a fool to listen to your cheap, silly, poetry talk that you learned out of books! If I could have seen how you were in your true self—like you are now—I'd have killed myself before I'd have married you! I was sorry for it before we'd been together a month. I knew what you were really like—when it was too late.

ROBERT [*His voice raised loudly*]. And now—I'm finding out what you're really like—what a—a creature I've been living with. [*With a harsh laugh*] God! It wasn't that I haven't guessed how mean and small you are—but I've kept on telling myself that I must be wrong—like a fool!—like a damned fool!

RUTH. You were saying you'd go out on the road if it wasn't for me. Well, you can go, and the sooner the better! I don't care! I'll be glad to get rid of you! The farm'll be better off too. There's been a curse on it ever since you took hold. So go! Go and be a tramp like you've always wanted.

It's all you're good for. I can get along without you, don't you worry. [*Exulting fiercely*] Andy's coming back, don't forget that! He'll attend to things like they should be. He'll show what a man can do! I don't need you. Andy's coming!

ROBERT [*They are both standing. ROBERT grabs her by the shoulders and glares into her eyes*]. What do you mean? [*He shakes her violently*] What are you thinking of? What's in your evil mind, you—you— [*His voice is a harsh shout*]

RUTH [*In a defiant scream*]. Yes I do mean it! I'd say it if you was to kill me! I do love Andy. I do! I do! I always loved him. [*Exultantly*] And he loves me! He loves me! I know he does. He always did! And you know he did, too! So go! Go if you want to!

ROBERT [*Throwing her away from him. She staggers back against the table—thickly*] You—you slut!

[*He stands glaring at her as she leans back, supporting herself by the table, gasping for breath. A loud frightened whimper sounds from the awakened child in the bedroom. It continues. The man and woman stand looking at one another in horror, the extent of their terrible quarrel brought home to them. A pause. The noise of a horse and carriage comes from the road before the house. The two, suddenly struck by the same premonition, listen to it breathlessly, as to a sound heard in a dream. It stops. They hear ANDY'S voice from the road shouting a long hail—"Ahoy there!"*]

RUTH [*With a strangled cry of joy*]. Andy! Andy! [*She rushes and grabs the knob of the screen door, about to fling it open*]

ROBERT [*In a voice of command that forces obedience*]. Stop! [*He goes to the door and gently pushes the trembling RUTH away from it. The child's crying rises to a louder pitch*] I'll meet Andy. You better go in to Mary, Ruth. [*She looks at him defiantly for a moment, but there is something in his eyes that makes her turn and walk slowly into the bedroom*]

ANDY'S VOICE [*In a louder shout*]. Ahoy there, Rob!

ROBERT [*In an answering shout of forced cheeriness*]. Hello, Andy! [*He opens the door and walks out as*

The Curtain Falls.]

ACT TWO: SCENE TWO

THE top of a hill on the farm. It is about eleven o'clock the next morning. The day is hot and cloudless. In the distance the sea can be seen.

The top of the hill slopes downward slightly toward the left. A big boulder stands in the center toward the rear. Further right, a large oak tree. The

faint trace of a path leading upward to it from the left foreground can be detected through the bleached, sun-scorched grass.

ROBERT *is discovered sitting on the boulder, his chin resting on his hands, staring out toward the horizon seaward. His face is pale and haggard, his expression one of utter despondency.* MARY *is sitting on the grass near him in the shade, playing with her doll, singing happily to herself. Presently she casts a curious glance at her father, and, propping her doll up against the tree, comes over and clambers to his side.*

MARY [*Pulling at his hand—solicitously*]. Dada sick?

ROBERT [*Looking at her with a forced smile*]. No, dear. Why?

MARY. Play wif Mary.

ROBERT [*Gently*]. No, dear, not today. Dada doesn't feel like playing today.

MARY [*Protestingly*]. Yes, Dada!

ROBERT. No, dear. Dada does feel sick—a little. He's got a bad headache.

MARY. Mary see. [*He bends his head. She pats his hair*] Bad head.

ROBERT [*Kissing her—with a smile*]. There! It's better now, dear, thank you. [*She cuddles up close against him. There is a pause during which each of them looks out seaward. Finally ROBERT turns to her tenderly*] Would you like Dada to go away?—far, far away?

MARY [*Tearfully*]. No! No! No, Dada, no!

ROBERT. Don't you like Uncle Andy—the man that came yesterday—not the old man with the white mustache—the other?

MARY. Mary loves Dada.

ROBERT [*With fierce determination*]. He won't go away, baby. He was only joking. He couldn't leave his little Mary. [*He presses the child in his arms*]

MARY [*With an exclamation of pain*]. Oh! Hurt!

ROBERT. I'm sorry, little girl. [*He lifts her down to the grass*] Go play with Dolly, that's a good girl; and be careful to keep in the shade. [*She reluctantly leaves him and takes up her doll again. A moment later she points down the hill to the left*]

MARY. Mans, Dada.

ROBERT [*Looking that way*]. It's your Uncle Andy.

[*A moment later ANDREW comes up from the left, whistling cheerfully. He has changed but little in appearance, except for the fact that his face has been deeply bronzed by his years in the tropics; but there is a decided change in his manner. The old easy-going good-nature seems to have been partly lost in a breezy, business-like briskness of voice and gesture. There is an authoritative note in his speech as though he were accustomed to give orders and have them obeyed as a matter of course. He is dressed in the simple blue uniform and cap of a merchant ship's officer*]

ANDREW. Here you are, eh?

ROBERT. Hello, Andy.

ANDREW [*Going over to MARY*]. And who's this young lady I find you all alone with, eh? Who's this pretty young lady? [*He tickles the laughing, squirming MARY, then lifts her up at arm's length over his head*] Upsy-daisy! [*He sets her down on the ground again*] And there you are! [*He walks over and sits down on the boulder beside ROBERT who moves to one side to make room for him*] Ruth told me I'd probably find you up top-side here; but I'd have guessed it, anyway. [*He digs his brother in the ribs affectionately*] Still up to your old tricks, you old beggar! I can remember how you used to come up here to mope and dream in the old days.

ROBERT [*With a smile*]. I come up here now because it's the coolest place on the farm. I've given up dreaming.

ANDREW [*Grinning*]. I don't believe it. You can't have changed that much. [*After a pause—with boyish enthusiasm*] Say, it sure brings back old times to be up here with you having a chin all by our lonesomes again. I feel great being back home.

ROBERT. It's great for us to have you back.

ANDREW [*After a pause—meaningly*]. I've been looking over the old place with Ruth. Things don't seem to be—

ROBERT [*His face flushing—interrupts his brother shortly*]. Never mind the damn farm! Let's talk about something interesting. This is the first chance I've had to have a word with you alone. Tell me about your trip.

ANDREW. Why, I thought I told you everything in my letters.

ROBERT [*Smiling*]. Your letters were—sketchy, to say the least.

ANDREW. Oh, I know I'm no author. You needn't be afraid of hurting my feelings. I'd rather go through a typhoon again than write a letter.

ROBERT [*With eager interest*]. Then you were through a typhoon?

ANDREW. Yes—in the China sea. Had to run before it under bare poles for two days. I thought we were bound down for Davy Jones, sure. Never dreamed waves could get so big or the wind blow so hard. If it hadn't been for Uncle Dick being such a good skipper we'd have gone to the sharks, all of us. As it was we came out minus a main top-mast and had to beat back to Hong-Kong for repairs. But I must have written you all this.

ROBERT. You never mentioned it.

ANDREW. Well, there was so much dirty work getting things ship-shape again I must have forgotten about it.

ROBERT [*Looking at ANDREW—marveling*]. Forget a typhoon? [*With a trace of scorn*] You're a strange combination, Andy. And is what you've told me all you remember about it?

ANDREW. Oh, I could give you your bellyful of details if I wanted to turn loose on you. It was all-wool-and-a-yard-wide-Hell, I'll tell you. You ought to have been there. I remember thinking about you at the worst of it, and saying to myself: "This'd cure Rob of them ideas of his about the beautiful

sea, if he could see it." And it would have too, you bet! [*He nods emphatically*]

ROBERT [*Dryly*]. The sea doesn't seem to have impressed you very favorably.

ANDREW. I should say it didn't! I'll never set foot on a ship again if I can help it—except to carry me some place I can't get to by train.

ROBERT. But you studied to become an officer!

ANDREW. Had to do something or I'd gone mad. The days were like years. [*He laughs*] And as for the East you used to rave about—well, you ought to see it, and *smell* it! One walk down one of their filthy narrow streets with the tropic sun beating on it would sicken you for life with the "wonder and mystery" you used to dream of.

ROBERT [*Shrinking from his brother with a glance of aversion*]. So all you found in the East was a stench?

ANDREW. A stench! Ten thousand of them!

ROBERT. But you did like some of the places, judging from your letters—Sydney, Buenos Aires—

ANDREW. Yes, Sydney's a good town. [*Enthusiastically*] But Buenos Aires—there's the place for you. Argentine's a country where a fellow has a chance to make good. You're right I like it. And I'll tell you, Rob, that's right where I'm going just as soon as I've seen you folks a while and can get a ship. I can get a berth as second officer, and I'll jump the ship when I get there. I'll need every cent of the wages Uncle's paid me to get a start at something in B. A.

ROBERT [*Staring at his brother—slowly*]. So you're not going to stay on the farm?

ANDREW. Why sure not! Did you think I was? There wouldn't be any sense. One of us is enough to run this little place.

ROBERT. I suppose it does seem small to you now.

ANDREW [*Not noticing the sarcasm in ROBERT's tone*]. You've no idea, Rob, what a splendid place Argentine is. I had a letter from a marine insurance chap that I'd made friends with in Hong-Kong to his brother, who's in the grain business in Buenos Aires. He took quite a fancy to me, and what's more important, he offered me a job if I'd come back there. I'd have taken it on the spot, only I couldn't leave Uncle Dick in the lurch, and I'd promised you folks to come home. But I'm going back there, you bet, and then you watch me get on! [*He slaps ROBERT on the back*] But don't you think it's a big chance, Rob?

ROBERT. It's fine—for you, Andy.

ANDREW. We call this a farm—but you ought to hear about the farms down there—ten square miles where we've got an acre. It's a new country where big things are opening up—and I want to get in on something big before I die. I'm no fool when it comes to farming, and I know something about grain. I've been reading up a lot on it, too, lately. [*He notices ROBERT's absent-minded expression and laughs*] Wake up, you old poetry book worm, you! I know my talking about business makes you want to choke me, doesn't it?

ROBERT [*With an embarrassed smile*]. No, Andy, I—I just happened to think of something else. [*Frowning*] There've been lots of times lately that I've wished I had some of your faculty for business.

ANDREW [*Soberly*]. There's something I want to talk about, Rob,—the farm. You don't mind, do you?

ROBERT. No.

ANDREW. I walked over it this morning with Ruth—and she told me about things— [*Evasively*] I could see the place had run down; but you mustn't blame yourself. When luck's against anyone—

ROBERT. Don't, Andy! It *is* my fault. You know it as well as I do. The best I've ever done was to make ends meet.

ANDREW [*After a pause*]. I've got over a thousand saved, and you can have that.

ROBERT [*Firmly*]. No. You need that for your start in Buenos Aires.

ANDREW. I don't. I can—

ROBERT [*Determinedly*]. No, Andy! Once and for all, no! I won't hear of it!

ANDREW [*Protestingly*]. You obstinate old son of a gun!

ROBERT. Oh, everything'll be on a sound footing after harvest. Don't worry about it.

ANDREW [*Doubtfully*]. Maybe. [*After a pause*] It's too bad Pa couldn't have lived to see things through. [*With feeling*] It cut me up a lot—hearing he was dead. He never—softened up, did he—about me, I mean?

ROBERT. He never understood, that's a kinder way of putting it. He does now.

ANDREW [*After a pause*]. You've forgotten all about what—caused me to go, haven't you, Rob? [ROBERT *nods but keeps his face averted*] I was a slushier damn fool in those days than you were. But it was an act of Providence I did go. It opened my eyes to how I'd been fooling myself. Why, I'd forgotten all about—that—before I'd been at sea six months.

ROBERT [*Turns and looks into ANDREW's eyes searchingly*]. You're speaking of—Ruth?

ANDREW [*Confused*]. Yes. I didn't want you to get false notions in your head, or I wouldn't say anything. [*Looking ROBERT squarely in the eyes*] I'm telling you the truth when I say I'd forgotten long ago. It don't sound well for me, getting over things so easy, but I guess it never really amounted to more than a kid idea I was letting rule me. I'm certain now I never was in love—I was getting fun out of thinking I was—and being a hero to myself. [*He heaves a great sigh of relief*] There! Gosh, I'm glad that's off my chest. I've been feeling sort of awkward ever since I've been home, thinking of what you two might think. [*A trace of appeal in his voice*] You've got it all straight now, haven't you, Rob?

ROBERT [*In a low voice*]. Yes, Andy.

ANDREW. And I'll tell Ruth, too, if I can get up the nerve. She must feel

kind of funny having me round—after what used to be—and not knowing how I feel about it.

ROBERT [*Slowly*]. Perhaps—for her sake—you'd better not tell her.

ANDREW. For her sake? Oh, you mean she wouldn't want to be reminded of my foolishness? Still, I think it'd be worse if—

ROBERT [*Breaking out—in an agonized voice*]. Do as you please, Andy; but for God's sake, let's not talk about it! [*There is a pause. ANDREW stares at ROBERT in hurt stupefaction. ROBERT continues after a moment in a voice which he vainly attempts to keep calm*] Excuse me, Andy. This rotten headache has my nerves shot to pieces.

ANDREW [*Mumbling*]. It's all right, Rob—long as you're not sore at me.

ROBERT. Where did Uncle Dick disappear to this morning?

ANDREW. He went down to the port to see to things on the *Sunda*. He said he didn't know exactly when he'd be back. I'll have to go down and tend to the ship when he comes. That's why I dressed up in these togs.

MARY [*Pointing down the hill to the left*]. See! Mama! Mama! [*She struggles to her feet. RUTH appears at left. She is dressed in white, shows she has been fixing up. She looks pretty, flushed and full of life*]

MARY [*Running to her mother*]. Mama!

RUTH [*Kissing her*]. Hello, dear! [*She walks toward the rock and addresses ROBERT coldly*] Jake wants to see you about something. He finished working where he was. He's waiting for you at the road.

ROBERT [*Getting up—wearily*]. I'll go down right away. [*As he looks at RUTH, noting her changed appearance, his face darkens with pain*]

RUTH. And take Mary with you, please. [*To MARY*] Go with Dada, that's a good girl. Grandma has your dinner most ready for you.

ROBERT [*Shortly*]. Come, Mary!

MARY [*Taking his hand and dancing happily beside him*]. Dada! Dada! [*They go down the hill to the left. RUTH looks after them for a moment, frowning—then turns to ANDY with a smile*] I'm going to sit down. Come on, Andy. It'll be like old times. [*She jumps lightly to the top of the rock and sits down*] It's so fine and cool up here after the house.

ANDREW [*Half-sitting on the side of the boulder*]. Yes. It's great.

RUTH. I've taken a holiday in honor of your arrival. [*Laughing excitedly*] I feel so free I'd like to have wings and fly over the sea. You're a man. You can't know how awful and stupid it is—cooking and washing dishes all the time.

ANDREW [*Making a wry face*]. I can guess.

RUTH. Besides, your mother just insisted on getting your first dinner to home, she's that happy at having you back. You'd think I was planning to poison you the flurried way she shooed me out of the kitchen.

ANDREW. That's just like Ma, bless her!

RUTH. She's missed you terrible. We all have. And you can't deny the farm has, after what I showed you and told you when we was looking over the place this morning.

ANDREW [*With a frown*]. Things are run down, that's a fact! It's too darn hard on poor old Rob.

RUTH [*Scornfully*]. It's his own fault. He never takes any interest in things.

ANDREW [*Reprovingly*]. You can't blame him. He wasn't born for it; but I know he's done his best for your sake and the old folks and the little girl.

RUTH [*Indifferently*]. Yes, I suppose he has. [*Gayly*] But thank the Lord, all those days are over now. The "hard luck" Rob's always blaming won't last long when you take hold, Andy. All the farm's ever needed was someone with the knack of looking ahead and preparing for what's going to happen.

ANDREW. Yes, Rob hasn't got that. He's frank to own up to that himself. I'm going to try and hire a good man for him—an experienced farmer—to work the place on a salary and percentage. That'll take it off of Rob's hands, and he needn't be worrying himself to death any more. He looks all worn out, Ruth. He ought to be careful.

RUTH [*Absent-mindedly*]. Yes, I s'pose. [*Her mind is filled with premonitions by the first part of this statement*] Why do you want to hire a man to oversee things? Seems as if now that you're back it wouldn't be needful.

ANDREW. Oh, of course I'll attend to everything while I'm here. I mean after I'm gone.

RUTH [*As if she couldn't believe her ears*]. Gone!

ANDREW. Yes. When I leave for the Argentine again.

RUTH [*Aghast*]. You're going away to sea!

ANDREW. Not to sea, no; I'm through with the sea for good as a job. I'm going down to Buenos Aires to get in the grain business.

RUTH. But—that's far off—isn't it?

ANDREW [*Easily*]. Six thousand miles more or less. It's quite a trip. [*With enthusiasm*] I've got a peach of a chance down there, Ruth. Ask Rob if I haven't. I've just been telling him all about it.

RUTH [*A flush of anger coming over her face*]. And didn't he try to stop you from going?

ANDREW [*In surprise*]. No, of course not. Why?

RUTH [*Slowly and vindictively*]. That's just like him—not to.

ANDREW [*Resentfully*]. Rob's too good a chum to try and stop me when he knows I'm set on a thing. And he could see just as soon's I told him what a good chance it was.

RUTH [*Dazedly*]. And you're bound on going?

ANDREW. Sure thing. Oh, I don't mean right off. I'll have to wait for a ship sailing there for quite a while, likely. Anyway, I want to stay to home and visit with you folks a spell before I go.

RUTH [*Dumbly*]. I s'pose. [*With sudden anguish*] Oh, Andy, you can't go! You can't. Why we've all thought—we've all been hoping and praying you was coming home to stay, to settle down on the farm and see to things.

You mustn't go! Think of how your Ma'll take on if you go—and how the farm'll be ruined if you leave it to Rob to look after. You can see that.

ANDREW [*Frowning*]. Rob hasn't done so bad. When I get a man to direct things the farm'll be safe enough.

RUTH [*Insistently*]. But your Ma—think of her.

ANDREW. She's used to me being away. She won't object when she knows it's best for her and all of us for me to go. You ask Rob. In a couple of years down there I'll make my pile, see if I don't; and then I'll come back and settle down and turn this farm into the crackiest place in the whole state. In the meantime, I can help you both from down there. [*Earnestly*] I tell you, Ruth, I'm going to make good right from the minute I land, if working hard and a determination to get on can do it; and I *know* they can! [*Excitedly—in a rather boastful tone*] I tell you, I feel ripe for bigger things than settling down here. The trip did that for me, anyway. It showed me the world is a larger proposition than ever I thought it was in the old days. I couldn't be content any more stuck here like a fly in molasses. It all seems trifling, somehow. You ought to be able to understand what I feel.

RUTH [*Dully*]. Yes—I s'pose I ought. [*After a pause—a sudden suspicion forming in her mind*] What did Rob tell you—about me?

ANDREW. Tell? About you? Why, nothing.

RUTH [*Staring at him intensely*]. Are you telling me the truth, Andy Mayo? Didn't he say—I— [*She stops confusedly*]

ANDREW [*Surprised*]. No, he didn't mention you, I can remember. Why? What made you think he did?

RUTH [*Wringing her hands*]. Oh, I wish I could tell if you're lying or not!

ANDREW [*Indignantly*]. What're you talking about? I didn't used to lie to you, did I? And what in the name of God is there to lie for?

RUTH [*Still unconvinced*]. Are you sure—will you swear—it isn't the reason— [*She lowers her eyes and half turns away from him*] The same reason that made you go last time that's driving you away again? 'Cause if it is—I was going to say—you mustn't go—on that account. [*Her voice sinks to a tremulous, tender whisper as she finishes*]

ANDREW [*Confused—forces a laugh*]. Oh, is *that* what you're driving at? Well, you needn't worry about that no more— [*Soberly*] I don't blame you, Ruth, feeling embarrassed having me around again, after the way I played the dumb fool about going away last time.

RUTH [*Her hope crushed—with a gasp of pain*]. Oh, Andy!

ANDREW [*Misunderstanding*]. I know I oughtn't to talk about such foolishness to you. Still I figure it's better to get it out of my system so's we three can be together same's years ago, and not be worried thinking one of us might have the wrong notion.

RUTH. Andy! Please! Don't!

ANDREW. Let me finish now that I've started. It'll help clear things up. I don't want you to think once a fool always a fool, and be upset all the time I'm here on my fool account. I want you to believe I put all that silly non-

sense back of me a long time ago—and now—it seems—well—as if you'd always been my sister, that's what, Ruth.

RUTH [*At the end of her endurance—laughing hysterically*]. For God's sake, Andy—won't you please stop talking! [*She again hides her face in her hands, her bowed shoulders trembling*]

ANDREW [*Ruefully*]. Seem's if I put my foot in it whenever I open my mouth today. Rob shut me up with almost the same words when I tried speaking to him about it.

RUTH [*Fiercely*]. You told him—what you've told me?

ANDREW [*Astounded*]. Why sure! Why not?

RUTH [*Shuddering*]. Oh, my God!

ANDREW [*Alarmed*]. Why? Shouldn't I have?

RUTH [*Hysterically*]. Oh, I don't care what you do! I don't care! Leave me alone! [ANDREW *gets up and walks down the hill to the left, embarrassed, hurt, and greatly puzzled by her behavior*]

ANDREW [*After a pause—pointing down the hill*]. Hello! Here they come back—and the Captain's with them. How'd he come to get back so soon, I wonder? That means I've got to hustle down to the port and get on board. Rob's got the baby with him. [*He comes back to the boulder. RUTH keeps her face averted from him*] Gosh, I never saw a father so tied up in a kid as Rob is! He just watches every move she makes. And I don't blame him. You both got a right to feel proud of her. She's surely a little winner. [*He glances at RUTH to see if this very obvious attempt to get back in her good graces is having any effect*] I can see the likeness to Rob standing out all over her, can't you? But there's no denying she's your young one, either. There's something about her eyes—

RUTH [*Piteously*]. Oh, Andy, I've a headache! I don't want to talk! Leave me alone, won't you please?

ANDREW [*Stands staring at her for a moment—then walks away saying in a hurt tone*]: Everybody hereabouts seems to be on edge today. I begin to feel as if I'm not wanted around.

[*He stands near the path, left, kicking at the grass with the toe of his shoe. A moment later CAPTAIN DICK SCOTT enters, followed by ROBERT carrying MARY. The CAPTAIN seems scarcely to have changed at all from the jovial, booming person he was three years before. He wears a uniform similar to ANDREW's. He is puffing and breathless from his climb and mops wildly at his perspiring countenance. ROBERT casts a quick glance at ANDREW, noticing the latter's discomfited look, and then turns his eyes on RUTH who, at their approach, has moved so her back is toward them, her chin resting on her hands as she stares out seaward*]

MARY. Mamal! Mamal!

[ROBERT *puts her down and she runs to her mother. RUTH turns and grabs her up in her arms with a sudden fierce tenderness, quickly*

turning away again from the others. During the following scene she keeps MARY in her arms]

SCOTT [*Wheezily*]. Phew! I got great news for you, Andy. Let me get my wind first. Phew! God A'mighty, mountin' this damned hill is worser'n goin' aloft to the skys'l yard in a blow. I got to lay to a while. [*He sits down on the grass, mopping his face*]

ANDREW. I didn't look for you this soon, Uncle.

SCOTT. I didn't figger it, neither; but I run across a bit o' news down to the Seamen's Home made me 'bout ship and set all sail back here to find you.

ANDREW [*Eagerly*]. What is it, Uncle?

SCOTT. Passin' by the Home I thought I'd drop in an' let 'em know I'd be lackin' a mate next trip count o' your leavin'. Their man in charge o' the shippin' asked after you 'special curious. "Do you think he'd consider a berth as Second on a steamer, Captain?" he asks. I was goin' to say no when I thinks o' you wantin' to get back down south to the Plate agen; so I asks him: "What is she and where's she bound?" "She's the *El Paso*, a brand new tramp," he says, "and she's bound for Buenos Aires."

ANDREW [*His eyes lighting up—excitedly*]. Gosh, that is luck! When does she sail?

SCOTT. Tomorrow mornin'. I didn't know if you'd want to ship away agen so quick an' I told him so. "Tell him I'll hold the berth open for him until late this afternoon," he says. So there you be, an' you can make your own choice.

ANDREW. I'd like to take it. There may not be another ship for Buenos Aires with a vacancy in months. [*His eyes roving from ROBERT to RUTH and back again—uncertainly*] Still—damn it all—tomorrow morning *is* soon. I wish she wasn't leaving for a week or so. That'd give me a chance—it seems hard to go right away again when I've just got home. And yet it's a chance in a thousand— [*Appealing to ROBERT*] What do you think, Rob? What would you do?

ROBERT [*Forcing a smile*]. He who hesitates, you know. [*Frowning*] It's a piece of good luck thrown in your way—and—I think you owe it to yourself to jump at it. But don't ask me to decide for you.

RUTH [*Turning to look at ANDREW—in a tone of fierce resentment*]. Yes, go, Andy! [*She turns quickly away again. There is a moment of embarrassed silence*]

ANDREW [*Thoughtfully*]. Yes, I guess I will. It'll be the best thing for all of us in the end, don't you think so, Rob? [*ROBERT nods but remains silent*]

SCOTT [*Getting to his feet*]. Then, that's settled.

ANDREW [*Now that he has definitely made a decision his voice rings with hopeful strength and energy*]. Yes, I'll take the berth. The sooner I go the sooner I'll be back, that's a certainty; and I won't come back with empty hands next time. You bet I won't!

SCOTT. You ain't got so much time, Andy. To make sure you'd best leave here soon's you kin. I got to get right back aboard. You'd best come with me.

ANDREW. I'll go to the house and repack my bag right away.

ROBERT [*Quietly*]. You'll both be here for dinner, won't you?

ANDREW [*Worriedly*]. I don't know. Will there be time? What time is it now, I wonder?

ROBERT [*Reproachfully*]. Ma's been getting dinner especially for you, Andy.

ANDREW [*Flushing—shamefacedly*]. Hell! And I was forgetting! Of course I'll stay for dinner if I missed every damned ship in the world. [*He turns to the CAPTAIN—briskly*] Come on, Uncle. Walk down with me to the house and you can tell me more about this berth on the way. I've got to pack before dinner. [*He and the CAPTAIN start down to the left. ANDREW calls back over his shoulder*] You're coming soon, aren't you, Rob?

ROBERT. Yes. I'll be right down.

[*ANDREW and the CAPTAIN leave. RUTH puts MARY on the ground and hides her face in her hands. Her shoulders shake as if she were sobbing. ROBERT stares at her with a grim, sombre expression. MARY walks backward toward ROBERT, her wondering eyes fixed on her mother*]

MARY [*Her voice vaguely frightened, taking her father's hand*]. Dada, Mama's cryin', Dada.

ROBERT [*Bending down and stroking her hair—in a voice he endeavors to keep from being harsh*]. No, she isn't, little girl. The sun hurts her eyes, that's all. Aren't you beginning to feel hungry, Mary?

MARY [*Decidedly*]. Yes, Dada.

ROBERT [*Meaningly*]. It must be your dinner time now.

RUTH [*In a muffled voice*]. I'm coming, Mary. [*She wipes her eyes quickly and, without looking at ROBERT, comes and takes MARY's hand—in a dead voice*] Come on and I'll get your dinner for you.

[*She walks out left, her eyes fixed on the ground, the skipping MARY tugging at her hand. ROBERT waits a moment for them to get ahead and then slowly follows as*

The Curtain Falls.]

ACT THREE: SCENE ONE

SAME as Act Two, Scene One—The sitting room of the farm house about six o'clock in the morning of a day toward the end of October five years later. It is not yet dawn, but as the action progresses the darkness outside the windows gradually fades to gray.

The room, seen by the light of the shadeless oil lamp with a smoky chimney which stands on the table, presents an appearance of decay, of dissolution. The curtains at the windows are torn and dirty and one of them is missing. The closed desk is gray with accumulated dust as if it had not been used in years. Blotches of dampness disfigure the wall paper. Threadbare

trails, leading to the kitchen and outer doors, show in the faded carpet. The top of the coverless table is stained with the imprints of hot dishes and spilt food. The rung of one rocker has been clumsily mended with a piece of plain board. A brown coating of rust covers the unblacked stove. A pile of wood is stacked up carelessly against the wall by the stove.

The whole atmosphere of the room, contrasted with that of former years, is one of an habitual poverty too hopelessly resigned to be any longer ashamed or even conscious of itself.

At the rise of the curtain RUTH is discovered sitting by the stove, with hands outstretched to the warmth as if the air in the room were damp and cold. A heavy shawl is wrapped about her shoulders, half-concealing her dress of deep mourning. She has aged horribly. Her pale, deeply lined face has the stony lack of expression of one to whom nothing more can ever happen, whose capacity for emotion has been exhausted. When she speaks her voice is without timbre, low and monotonous. The negligent disorder of her dress, the slovenly arrangement of her hair, now streaked with gray, her muddied shoes run down at the heel, give full evidence of the apathy in which she lives.

Her mother is asleep in her wheel chair beside the stove toward the rear, wrapped up in a blanket.

There is a sound from the open bedroom door in the rear as if someone were getting out of bed. RUTH turns in that direction with a look of dull annoyance. A moment later ROBERT appears in the doorway, leaning weakly against it for support. His hair is long and unkempt, his face and body emaciated. There are bright patches of crimson over his cheek bones and his eyes are burning with fever. He is dressed in corduroy pants, a flannel shirt, and wears worn carpet slippers on his bare feet.

RUTH [*Dully*]. S-s-s-h! Ma's asleep.

ROBERT [*Speaking with an effort*]. I won't wake her. [*He walks weakly to a rocker by the side of the table and sinks down in it exhausted*]

RUTH [*Staring at the stove*]. You better come near the fire where it's warm.

ROBERT. No. I'm burning up now.

RUTH. That's the fever. You know the doctor told you not to get up and move round.

ROBERT [*Irritably*]. That old fossil! He doesn't know anything. Go to bed and stay there—that's his only prescription.

RUTH [*Indifferently*]. How are you feeling now?

ROBERT [*Buoyantly*]. Better! Much better than I've felt in ages. Really I'm fine now—only very weak. It's the turning point, I guess. From now on I'll pick up so quick I'll surprise you—and no thanks to that old fool of a country quack, either.

RUTH. He's always tended to us.

ROBERT. Always helped us to die, you mean! He "tended" to Pa and Ma and— [*His voice breaks*] —and to—Mary.

RUTH [*Dully*] He did the best he knew, I s'pose. [*After a pause*] Well, Andy's bringing a specialist with him when he comes. That ought to suit you.

ROBERT [*Bitterly*]. Is that why you're waiting up all night?

RUTH. Yes.

ROBERT. For Andy?

RUTH [*Without a trace of feeling*]. Somebody had got to. It's only right for someone to meet him after he's been gone five years.

ROBERT [*With bitter mockery*]. Five years! It's a long time.

RUTH. Yes.

ROBERT [*Meaningly*]. To wait!

RUTH [*Indifferently*]. It's past now.

ROBERT. Yes, it's past. [*After a pause*] Have you got his two telegrams with you? [RUTH *nods*] Let me see them, will you? My head was so full of fever when they came I couldn't make head or tail to them. [*Hastily*] But I'm feeling fine now. Let me read them again. [*Ruth takes them from the bosom of her dress and hands them to him*]

RUTH. Here. The first one's on top.

ROBERT [*Opening it*]. New York. "Just landed from steamer. Have important business to wind up here. Will be home as soon as deal is completed." [*He smiles bitterly*] Business first was always Andy's motto. [*He reads*] "Hope you are all well. Andy." [*He repeats ironically*] "Hope you are all well!"

RUTH [*Dully*]. He couldn't know you'd been took sick till I answered that and told him.

ROBERT [*Contritely*]. Of course he couldn't. I'm a fool. I'm touchy about nothing lately. Just what did you say in your reply?

RUTH [*Inconsequently*]. I had to send it collect.

ROBERT [*Irritably*]. What did you say was the matter with me?

RUTH. I wrote you had lung trouble.

ROBERT [*Flying into a petty temper*]. You *are* a fool! How often have I explained to you that it's *pleurisy* is the matter with me. You can't seem to get it in your head that the pleura is outside the lungs, not in them!

RUTH [*Callously*]. I only wrote what Doctor Smith told me.

ROBERT [*Angrily*]. He's a damned ignoramus!

RUTH [*Dully*]. Makes no difference. I had to tell Andy something, didn't I?

ROBERT [*After a pause, opening the other telegram*]. He sent this last evening. Let's see. [*He reads*] "Leave for home on midnight train. Just received your wire. Am bringing specialist to see Rob. Will motor to farm from port." [*He calculates*] What time is it now?

RUTH. Round six, must be.

ROBERT. He ought to be here soon. I'm glad he's bringing a doctor who knows something. A specialist will tell you in a second that there's nothing the matter with my lungs.

RUTH [*Stolidly*]. You've been coughing an awful lot lately.

ROBERT [*Irritably*]. What nonsense! For God's sake, haven't you ever had a bad cold yourself? [RUTH *stares at the stove in silence*. ROBERT *fidgets in his chair*. *There is a pause*. Finally ROBERT's eyes are fixed on the sleeping MRS. ATKINS] Your mother is lucky to be able to sleep so soundly.

RUTH. Ma's tired. She's been sitting up with me most of the night.

ROBERT [*Mockingly*]. Is she waiting for Andy, too? [*There is a pause*. ROBERT *sighs*] I couldn't get to sleep to save my soul. I counted ten million sheep if I counted one. No use! I gave up trying finally and just lay there in the dark thinking. [*He pauses, then continues in a tone of tender sympathy*] I was thinking about you, Ruth—of how hard these last years must have been for you. [*Appealingly*] I'm sorry, Ruth.

RUTH [*In a dead voice*]. I don't know. They're past now. They were hard on all of us.

ROBERT. Yes; on all of us but Andy. [*With a flash of sick jealousy*] Andy's made a big success of himself—the kind he wanted. [*Mockingly*] And now he's coming home to let us admire his greatness. [*Frowning—irritably*] What am I talking about? My brain must be sick, too. [*After a pause*] Yes, these years have been terrible for both of us. [*His voice is lowered to a trembling whisper*] Especially the last eight months since Mary—died. [*He forces back a sob with a convulsive shudder—then breaks out in a passionate agony*] Our last hope of happiness! I could curse God from the bottom of my soul—if there was a God! [*He is racked by a violent fit of coughing and hurriedly puts his handkerchief to his lips*]

RUTH [*Without looking at him*]. Mary's better off—being dead.

ROBERT [*Gloomily*]. We'd all be better off for that matter. [*With a sudden exasperation*] You tell that mother of yours she's got to stop saying that Mary's death was due to a weak constitution inherited from me. [*On the verge of tears of weakness*] It's got to stop, I tell you!

RUTH [*Sharply*]. S-h-h! You'll wake her; and then she'll nag at me—not you.

ROBERT [*Coughs and lies back in his chair weakly—a pause*]. It's all because your mother's down on me for not begging Andy for help.

RUTH [*Resentfully*]. You might have. He's got plenty.

ROBERT. How can *you* of all people think of taking money from *him*?

RUTH [*Dully*]. I don't see the harm. He's your own brother.

ROBERT [*Shrugging his shoulders*]. What's the use of talking to you? Well, *I* couldn't. [*Proudly*] And I've managed to keep things going, thank God. You can't deny that without help I've succeeded in— [*He breaks off with a bitter laugh*] My God, what am I boasting of? Debts to this one and that, taxes, interest unpaid! I'm a fool! [*He lies back in his chair closing his eyes for a moment, then speaks in a low voice*] I'll be frank, Ruth I've been an utter failure, and I've dragged you with me. I couldn't blame you in all justice—for hating me.

RUTH [*Without feeling*]. I don't hate you. It's been my fault too, I s'pose.

ROBERT. No. You couldn't help loving—Andy.

RUTH [*Dully*]. I don't love anyone.

ROBERT [*Waving her remark aside*]. You needn't deny it. It doesn't matter. [*After a pause—with a tender smile*] Do you know Ruth, what I've been dreaming back there in the dark? [*With a short laugh*] I was planning our future when I get well. [*He looks at her with appealing eyes as if afraid she will sneer at him. Her expression does not change. She stares at the stove. His voice takes on a note of eagerness*] After all, why shouldn't we have a future? We're young yet. If we can only shake off the curse of this farm! It's the farm that's ruined our lives, damn it! And now that Andy's coming back—I'm going to sink my foolish pride, Ruth! I'll borrow the money from him to give us a good start in the city. We'll go where people live instead of stagnating, and start all over again. [*Confidently*] I won't be the failure there that I've been here, Ruth. You won't need to be ashamed of me there. I'll prove to you the reading I've done can be put to some use. [*Vaguely*] I'll write, or something of that sort. I've always wanted to write. [*Pleadingly*] You'll want to do that, won't you, Ruth?

RUTH [*Dully*]. There's Ma.

ROBERT. She can come with us.

RUTH. She wouldn't.

ROBERT [*Angrily*]. So that's your answer! [*He trembles with violent passion. His voice is so strange that RUTH turns to look at him in alarm*] You're lying, Ruth! Your mother's just an excuse. You want to stay here. You think that because Andy's coming back that— [*He chokes and has an attack of coughing*]

RUTH [*Getting up—in a frightened voice*]. What's the matter? [*She goes to him*] I'll go with you, Rob. Stop that coughing for goodness' sake! It's awful bad for you. [*She soothes him in dull tones*] I'll go with you to the city—soon's you're well again. Honest I will, Rob, I promise! [*Rob lies back and closes his eyes. She stands looking down at him anxiously*] Do you feel better now?

ROBERT. Yes. [*RUTH goes back to her chair. After a pause he opens his eyes and sits up in his chair. His face is flushed and happy*] Then you will go, Ruth?

RUTH. Yes.

ROBERT [*Excitedly*]. We'll make a new start, Ruth—just you and I. Life owes us some happiness after what we've been through. [*Vehemently*] It must! Otherwise our suffering would be meaningless—and that is unthinkable.

RUTH [*Worried by his excitement*]. Yes, yes, of course, Rob, but you mustn't—

ROBERT. Oh, don't be afraid. I feel completely well, really I do—now that I can hope again. Oh, if you knew how glorious it feels to have something to look forward to! Can't you feel the thrill of it, too—the vision of a new life opening up after all the horrible years?

RUTH. Yes, yes, but do be—

ROBERT. Nonsense! I won't be careful. I'm getting back all my strength. [*He gets lightly to his feet*] See! I feel light as a feather. [*He walks to her chair and bends down to kiss her smilingly*] One kiss—the first in years, isn't it?—to greet the dawn of a new life together.

RUTH [*Submitting to his kiss—worriedly*]. Sit down, Rob, for goodness' sake!

ROBERT [*With tender obstinacy—stroking her hair*]. I won't sit down. You're silly to worry. [*He rests one hand on the back of her chair*] Listen. All our suffering has been a test through which we had to pass to prove ourselves worthy of a finer realization. [*Exultingly*] And we did pass through it! It hasn't broken us! And now the dream is to come true! Don't you see?

RUTH [*Looking at him with frightened eyes as if she thought he had gone mad*]. Yes, Rob, I see; but won't you go back to bed now and rest?

ROBERT. No. I'm going to see the sun rise. It's an augury of good fortune. [*He goes quickly to the window in the rear left, and pushing the curtains aside, stands looking out. RUTH springs to her feet and comes quickly to the table, left, where she remains watching ROBERT in a tense, expectant attitude. As he peers out his body seems gradually to sag, to grow limp and tired. His voice is mournful as he speaks*] No sun yet. It isn't time. All I can see is the black rim of the damned hills outlined against a creeping grayness. [*He turns around; letting the curtains fall back, stretching a hand out to the wall to support himself. His false strength of a moment has evaporated, leaving his face drawn and hollow-eyed. He makes a pitiful attempt to smile*] That's not a very happy augury, is it? But the sun'll come—soon. [*He sways weakly*]

RUTH [*Hurrying to his side and supporting him*]. Please go to bed, won't you, Rob? You don't want to be all wore out when the specialist comes, do you?

ROBERT [*Quickly*]. No. That's right. He mustn't think I'm sicker than I am. And I feel as if I could sleep now— [*Cheerfully*] —a good, sound, restful sleep.

RUTH [*Helping him to the bedroom door*]. That's what you need most. [*They go inside. A moment later she reappears calling back*] I'll shut this door so's you'll be quiet. [*She closes the door and goes quickly to her mother and shakes her by the shoulder*] Ma! Ma! Wake up!

MRS. ATKINS [*Coming out of her sleep with a start*]. Glory be! What's the matter with you?

RUTH. It was Rob. He's just been talking to me out here. I put him back to bed. [*Now that she is sure her mother is awake her fear passes and she relapses into dull indifference. She sits down in her chair and stares at the stove—dully*] He acted—funny; and his eyes looked so—so wild like.

MRS. ATKINS [*With asperity*]. And is that all you woke me out of a sound sleep for, and scared me near out of my wits?

RUTH. I was afraid. He talked so crazy. I couldn't quiet him. I didn't want to be alone with him that way. Lord knows what he might do.

MRS. ATKINS [*Scornfully*]. Humph! A help I'd be to you and me not able to move a step! Why didn't you run and get Jake?

RUTH [*Dully*]. Jake isn't here. He quit last night. He hasn't been paid in three months.

MRS. ATKINS [*Indignantly*]. I can't blame him. What decent person'd want to work on a place like this? [*With sudden exasperation*] Oh, I wish you'd never married that man!

RUTH [*Wearily*]. You oughtn't to talk about him now when he's sick in his bed.

MRS. ATKINS [*Working herself into a fit of rage*]. You know very well, Ruth Mayo, if it wasn't for me helpin' you on the sly out of my savin's, you'd both been in the poor house—and all 'count of his pigheaded pride in not lettin' Andy know the state thin's were in. A nice thin' for me to have to support him out of what I'd saved for my last days—and me an invalid with no one to look to!

RUTH. Andy'll pay you back, Ma. I can tell him so's Rob'll never know.

MRS. ATKINS [*With a snort*]. What'd Rob think you and him was livin' on, I'd like to know?

RUTH [*Dully*]. He didn't think about it, I s'pose. [*After a slight pause*] He said he'd made up his mind to ask Andy for help when he comes. [*As a clock in the kitchen strikes six*] Six o'clock. Andy ought to get here directly

MRS. ATKINS. D'you think this special doctor'll do Rob any good?

RUTH [*Hopelessly*]. I don't know.

[*The two women remain silent for a time staring dejectedly at the stove*]

MRS. ATKINS [*Shivering irritably*]. For goodness' sake put some wood on that fire. I'm most freezin'!

RUTH [*Pointing to the door in the rear*]. Don't talk so loud. Let him sleep if he can. [*She gets wearily from the chair and puts a few pieces of wood in the stove*] This is the last of the wood. I don't know who'll cut more now that Jake's left. [*She sighs and walks to the window in the rear, left, pulls the curtains aside, and looks out*] It's getting gray out. [*She comes back to the stove*] Looks like it'd be a nice day. [*She stretches out her hands to warm them*] Must've been a heavy frost last night. We're paying for the spell of warm weather we've been having. [*The throbbing whine of a motor sounds from the distance outside*]

MRS. ATKINS [*Sharply*]. S-h-h! Listen! Ain't that an auto I hear?

RUTH [*Without interest*]. Yes. It's Andy, I s'pose.

MRS. ATKINS [*With nervous irritation*]. Don't sit there like a silly goose. Look at the state of this room! What'll this strange doctor think of us? Look at the lamp chimney all smoke! Gracious sakes, Ruth—

RUTH [*Indifferently*]. I've got a lamp all cleaned up in the kitchen.

MRS. ATKINS [*Peremptorily*]. Wheel me in there this minute. I don't want

him to see me looking a sight. I'll lay down in the room the other side. You don't need me now and I'm dead for sleep.

[*RUTH wheels her mother off right. The noise of the motor grows louder and finally ceases as the car stops on the road before the farmhouse. RUTH returns from the kitchen with a lighted lamp in her hand which she sets on the table beside the other. The sound of footsteps on the path is heard—then a sharp rap on the door. RUTH goes and opens it. ANDREW enters, followed by DOCTOR FAWCETT carrying a small black bag. ANDREW has changed greatly. His face seems to have grown highstrung, hardened by the look of decisiveness which comes from being constantly under a strain where judgments on the spur of the moment are compelled to be accurate. His eyes are keener and more alert. There is even a suggestion of ruthless cunning about them. At present, however, his expression is one of tense anxiety. DOCTOR FAWCETT is a short, dark, middle-aged man with a Vandyke beard. He wears glasses*]

RUTH. Hello, Andy! I've been waiting—

ANDREW [*Kissing her hastily*]. I got here as soon as I could. [*He throws off his cap and heavy overcoat on the table, introducing RUTH and the DOCTOR as he does so. He is dressed in an expensive business suit and appears stouter*] My sister-in-law, Mrs. Mayo—Doctor Fawcett. [*They bow to each other silently. ANDREW casts a quick glance about the room*] Where's Rob?

RUTH [*Pointing*]. In there.

ANDREW. I'll take your coat and hat, Doctor. [*As he helps the DOCTOR with his things*] Is he very bad, Ruth?

RUTH [*Dully*]. He's been getting weaker.

ANDREW. Damn! This way, Doctor. Bring the lamp, Ruth.

[*He goes into the bedroom, followed by the DOCTOR and RUTH carrying the clean lamp. RUTH reappears almost immediately, closing the door behind her, and goes slowly to the outside door, which she opens, and stands in the doorway looking out. The sound of ANDREW's and ROBERT's voices comes from the bedroom. A moment later ANDREW re-enters, closing the door softly. He comes forward and sinks down in the rocker on the right of table, leaning his head on his hands. His face is drawn in a shocked expression of great grief. He sighs heavily, staring mournfully in front of him. RUTH turns and stands watching him. Then she shuts the door and returns to her chair by the stove, turning it so she can face him*]

ANDREW [*Glancing up quickly—in a harsh voice*]. How long has this been going on?

RUTH. You mean—how long has he been sick?

ANDREW [*Shortly*]. Of course! What else?

RUTH. It was last summer he had a bad spell first, but he's been ailin' ever since Mary died—eight months ago.

ANDREW [*Harshly*]. Why didn't you let me know—cable me? Do you want him to die, all of you? I'm damned if it doesn't look that way! [*His voice breaking*] Poor old chap! To be sick in this out-of-the-way hole without anyone to attend to him but a country quack! It's a damned shame!

RUTH [*Dully*]. I wanted to send you word once, but he only got mad when I told him. He was too proud to ask anything, he said.

ANDREW. Proud? To ask me? [*He jumps to his feet and paces nervously back and forth*] I can't understand the way you've acted. Didn't you see how sick he was getting? Couldn't you realize—why, I nearly dropped in my tracks when I saw him! He looks—[*He shudders*]—terrible! [*With fierce scorn*] I suppose you're so used to the idea of his being delicate that you took his sickness as a matter of course. God, if I'd only known!

RUTH [*Without emotion*]. A letter takes so long to get where you were—and we couldn't afford to telegraph. We owed everyone already, and I couldn't ask Ma. She'd been giving me money out of her savings till she hadn't much left. Don't say anything to Rob about it. I never told him. He'd only be mad at me if he knew. But I had to, because—God knows how we'd have got on if I hadn't.

ANDREW. You mean to say—[*His eyes seem to take in the poverty-stricken appearance of the room for the first time*] You sent that telegram to me collect. Was it because—[*RUTH nods silently. ANDREW pounds on the table with his fist*] Good God! And all this time I've been—why I've had everything! [*He sits down in his chair and pulls it close to RUTH's—impulsively*] But—I can't get it through my head. Why? Why? What has happened? How did it ever come about? Tell me!

RUTH [*Dully*]. There's nothing much to tell. Things kept getting worse, that's all—and Rob didn't seem to care. He never took any interest since way back when your Ma died. After that he got men to take charge, and they nearly all cheated him—he couldn't tell—and left one after another. Then after Mary died he didn't pay no heed to anything any more—just stayed indoors and took to reading books again. So I had to ask Ma if she wouldn't help us some.

ANDREW [*Surprised and horrified*]. Why, damn it, this is frightful! Rob must be mad not to have let me know. Too proud to ask help of me! What's the matter with him, in God's name? [*A sudden, horrible suspicion entering his mind*] Ruth! Tell me the truth. His mind hasn't gone back on him, has it?

RUTH [*Dully*]. I don't know. Mary's dying broke him up terrible—but he's used to her being gone by this, I s'pose.

ANDREW [*Looking at her queerly*]. Do you mean to say you're used to it?

RUTH [*In a dead voice*]. There's a time comes—when you don't mind any more—anything.

ANDREW [*Looks at her fixedly for a moment—with great pity*]. I'm sorry,

Ruth—if I seemed to blame you. I didn't realize— The sight of Rob lying in bed there, so gone to pieces—it made me furious at everyone. Forgive me, Ruth.

RUTH. There's nothing to forgive. It doesn't matter.

ANDREW [*Springing to his feet again and pacing up and down*]. Thank God I came back before it was too late. This doctor will know exactly what to do. That's the first thing to think of. When Rob's back on his feet again we can get the farm working on a sound basis once more. I'll see to that—before I leave.

RUTH. You're going away again?

ANDREW. I've got to.

RUTH. You wrote Rob you was coming back to stay this time.

ANDREW. I expected to—until I got to New York. Then I learned certain facts that make it necessary. [*With a short laugh*] To be candid, Ruth, I'm not the rich man you've probably been led to believe by my letters—not now. I was when I wrote them. I made money hand over fist as long as I stuck to legitimate trading; but I wasn't content with that. I wanted it to come easier, so like all the rest of the idiots, I tried speculation. Oh, I won all right! Several times I've been almost a millionaire—on paper—and then come down to earth again with a bump. Finally the strain was too much. I got disgusted with myself and made up my mind to get out and come home and forget it and really live again. [*He gives a harsh laugh*] And now comes the funny part. The day before the steamer sailed I saw what I thought was a chance to become a millionaire again. [*He snaps his fingers*] That easy! I plunged. Then, before things broke, I left—I was so confident I couldn't be wrong. But when I landed in New York—I wired you I had business to wind up, didn't I? Well, it was the business that wound me up! [*He smiles grimly, pacing up and down, his hands in his pockets*]

RUTH [*Dully*]. You found—you'd lost everything?

ANDREW [*Sitting down again*]. Practically. [*He takes a cigar from his pocket, bites the end off, and lights it*] Oh, I don't mean I'm dead broke. I've saved ten thousand from the wreckage, maybe twenty. But that's a poor showing for five years' hard work. That's why I'll have to go back. [*Confidently*] I can make it up in a year or so down there—and I don't need but a shoestring to start with. [*A weary expression comes over his face and he sighs heavily*] I wish I didn't have to. I'm sick of it all.

RUTH. It's too bad—things seem to go wrong so.

ANDREW [*Shaking off his depression—briskly*]. They might be much worse. There's enough left to fix the farm O. K. before I go. I won't leave till Rob's on his feet again. In the meantime I'll make things fly around here. [*With satisfaction*] I need a rest, and the kind of rest I need is hard work in the open—just like I used to do in the old days. [*Stopping abruptly and lowering his voice cautiously*] Not a word to Rob about my losing money! Remember that, Ruth! You can see why. If he's grown so touchy he'd never accept a cent if he thought I was hard up; see?

RUTH. Yes, Andy.

[*After a pause, during which ANDREW puffs at his cigar abstractedly, his mind evidently busy with plans for the future, the bedroom door is opened and DOCTOR FAWCETT enters, carrying a bag. He closes the door quietly behind him and comes forward, a grave expression on his face. ANDREW springs out of his chair*]

ANDREW. Ah, Doctor! [*He pushes a chair between his own and RUTH's*] Won't you have a chair?

FAWCETT [*Glancing at his watch*]. I must catch the nine o'clock back to the city. It's imperative. I have only a moment. [*Sitting down and clearing his throat—in a perfunctory, impersonal voice*] The case of your brother, Mr. Mayo, is— [*He stops and glances at RUTH and says meaningly to ANDREW*] Perhaps it would be better if you and I—

RUTH [*With dogged resentment*]. I know what you mean, Doctor [*Dully*] Don't be afraid I can't stand it. I'm used to bearing trouble by this; and I can guess what you've found out. [*She hesitates for a moment—then continues in a monotonous voice*] Rob's going to die.

ANDREW [*Angrily*]. Ruth!

FAWCETT [*Raising his hand as if to command silence*]. I am afraid my diagnosis of your brother's condition forces me to the same conclusion as Mrs. Mayo's.

ANDREW [*Groaning*]. But, Doctor, surely—

FAWCETT [*Calmly*]. Your brother hasn't long to live—perhaps a few days, perhaps only a few hours. It's a marvel that he's alive at this moment. My examination revealed that both of his lungs are terribly affected.

ANDREW [*Brokenly*]. Good God!

[*RUTH keeps her eyes fixed on her lap in a trance-like stare*]

FAWCETT. I am sorry I have to tell you this. If there was anything that could be done—

ANDREW. There isn't anything?

FAWCETT [*Shaking his head*]. It's too late. Six months ago there might have—

ANDREW [*In anguish*]. But if we were to take him to the mountains—or to Arizona—or—

FAWCETT. That might have prolonged his life six months ago. [*ANDREW groans*] But now— [*He shrugs his shoulders significantly*]

ANDREW [*Appalled by a sudden thought*]. Good heavens, you haven't told him this, have you, Doctor?

FAWCETT. No. I lied to him. I said a change of climate— [*He looks at his watch again nervously*] I must leave you. [*He gets up*]

ANDREW [*Getting to his feet—insistently*]. But there must still be some chance—

FAWCETT [*As if he were reassuring a child*]. There is always that last chance—the miracle. [*He puts on his hat and coat—bowing to RUTH*] Good-by, Mrs. Mayo.

RUTH [*Without raising her eyes—dully*]. Good-by.

ANDREW [*Mechanically*]. I'll walk to the car with you, Doctor. [*They go out of the door. RUTH sits motionless. The motor is heard starting and the noise gradually recedes into the distance. ANDREW re-enters and sits down in his chair, holding his head in his hands*] Ruth! [*She lifts her eyes to his*] Hadn't we better go in and see him? God! I'm afraid to! I know he'll read it in my face. [*The bedroom door is noiselessly opened and ROBERT appears in the doorway. His cheeks are flushed with fever, and his eyes appear unusually large and brilliant. ANDREW continues with a groan*] It can't be, Ruth. It can't be as hopeless as he said. There's always a fighting chance. We'll take Rob to Arizona. He's got to get well. There *must* be a chance!

ROBERT [*In a genile tone*]. Why must there, Andy?

[*RUTH turns and stares at him with terrified eyes*]

ANDREW [*Whirling around*]. Rob! [*Scoldingly*] What are you doing out of bed? [*He gets up and goes to him*] Get right back now and obey the Doc, or you're going to get a licking from me!

ROBERT [*Ignoring these remarks*]. Help me over to the chair, please, Andy

ANDREW. Like hell I will! You're going right back to bed, that's where you're going, and stay there! [*He takes hold of ROBERT's arm*]

ROBERT [*Mockingly*]. Stay there till I die, eh, Andy? [*Coldly*] Don't behave like a child. I'm sick of lying down. I'll be more rested sitting up [*As ANDREW hesitates—violently*] I swear I'll get out of bed every time you put me there. You'll have to sit on my chest, and that wouldn't help my health any. Come on, Andy. Don't play the fool. I want to talk to you, and I'm going to. [*With a grim smile*] A dying man has some rights, hasn't he?

ANDREW [*With a shudder*]. Don't talk that way, for God's sake! I'll only let you sit down if you'll promise that. Remember. [*He helps ROBERT to the chair between his own and Ruth's*] Easy now! There you are! Wait, and I'll get a pillow for you. [*He goes into the bedroom. ROBERT looks at RUTH who shrinks away from him in terror. ROBERT smiles bitterly. ANDREW comes back with the pillow which he places behind ROBERT's back*] How's that?

ROBERT [*with an affectionate smile*]. Fine! Thank you! [*As ANDREW sits down*] Listen, Andy. You've asked me not to talk—and I won't after I've made my position clear. [*Slowly*] In the first place I know I'm dying

[*RUTH bows her head and covers her face with her hands. She remains like this all during the scene between the two brothers*]

ANDREW. Rob! That isn't so!

ROBERT [*Wearily*]. It is so! Don't lie to me. After Ruth put me to bed before you came, I saw it clearly for the first time. [*Bitterly*] I'd been making plans for our future—Ruth's and mine—so it came hard at first—the realization. Then when the doctor examined me, I knew—although he

tried to lie about it. And then to make sure I listened at the door to what he told you. So don't mock me with fairy tales about Arizona, or any such rot as that. Because I'm dying is no reason you should treat me as an imbecile or a coward. Now that I'm sure what's happening I can say Kismet to it with all my heart. It was only the silly uncertainty that hurt. [*There is a pause.* ANDREW *looks around in impotent anguish, not knowing what to say.* ROBERT *regards him with an affectionate smile*]

ANDREW [*Finally blurts out*]. It isn't foolish. You *have* got a chance. If you heard all the Doctor said that ought to prove it to you.

ROBERT. Oh, you mean when he spoke of the miracle? [*Dryly*] I don't believe in miracles—in my case. Besides, I know more than any doctor on earth *could* know—because I *feel* what's coming. [*Dismissing the subject*] But we've agreed not to talk of it. Tell me about yourself, Andy. That's what I'm interested in. Your letters were too brief and far apart to be illuminating.

ANDREW. I meant to write oftener.

ROBERT [*With a trace of irony*]. I judge from them you've accomplished all you set out to do five years ago?

ANDREW. That isn't much to boast of.

ROBERT [*Surprised*]. Have you really, honestly reached that conclusion?

ANDREW. Well, it doesn't seem to amount to much now.

ROBERT. But you're rich, aren't you?

ANDREW [*With a quick glance at RUTH*]. Yes, I s'pose so.

ROBERT. I'm glad. You can do to the farm all I've undone. But what did you do down there? Tell me. You went into the grain business with that friend of yours?

ANDREW. Yes. After two years I had a share in it. I sold out last year. [*He is answering ROBERT's questions with great reluctance*]

ROBERT. And then?

ANDREW. I went in on my own.

ROBERT. Still in grain?

ANDREW. Yes.

ROBERT. What's the matter? You look as if I were accusing you of something.

ANDREW. I'm proud enough of the first four years. It's after that I'm not boasting of. I took to speculating.

ROBERT. In wheat?

ANDREW. Yes.

ROBERT. And you made money—gambling?

ANDREW. Yes.

ROBERT [*Thoughtfully*]. I've been wondering what the great change was in you. [*After a pause*] You—a farmer—to gamble in a wheat pit with scraps of paper. There's a spiritual significance in that picture, Andy. [*He smiles bitterly*] I'm a failure, and Ruth's another—but we can both justly lay some of the blame for our stumbling on God. But you're the deepest-

died failure of the three, Andy. You've spent eight years running away from yourself. Do you see what I mean? You used to be a creator when you loved the farm. You and life were in harmonious partnership. And now—*[He stops as if seeking vainly for words]* My brain is muddled. But part of what I mean is that your gambling with the things you used to love to create proves how far astray— So you'll be punished. You'll have to suffer to win back— *[His voice grows weaker and he sighs wearily]* It's no use. I can't say it. *[He lies back and closes his eyes, breathing pantingly]*

ANDREW *[Slowly]*. I think I know what you're driving at, Rob—and it's true, I guess. *[ROBERT smiles gratefully and stretches out his hand, which ANDREW takes in his]*

ROBERT. I want you to promise me to do one thing, Andy, after—

ANDREW. I'll promise anything, as God is my Judge!

ROBERT. Remember, Andy, Ruth has suffered double her share. *[His voice faltering with weakness]* Only through contact with suffering, Andy, will you—awaken. Listen. You must marry Ruth—afterwards.

RUTH *[With a cry]*. Rob! *[ROBERT lies back, his eyes closed, gasping heavily for breath]*

ANDREW *[Making signs to her to humor him—gently]*. You're tired out, Rob. You better lie down and rest a while, don't you think? We can talk later on.

ROBERT *[With a mocking smile]*. Later on! You always were an optimist, Andy! *[He sighs with exhaustion]* Yes, I'll go and rest a while. *[As ANDREW comes to help him]* It must be near sunrise, isn't it?

ANDREW. It's after six.

ROBERT *[As ANDREW helps him into the bedroom]*. Shut the door, Andy. I want to be alone.

[ANDREW reappears and shuts the door softly. He comes and sits down on his chair again, supporting his head on his hands. His face is drawn with the intensity of his dry-eyed anguish]

RUTH *[Glancing at him—fearfully]*. He's out of his mind now, isn't he?

ANDREW. He may be a little delirious. The fever would do that. *[With impotent rage]* God, what a shame! And there's nothing we can do but sit and—wait! *[He springs from his chair and walks to the stove]*

RUTH *[Dully]*. He was talking—wild—like he used to—only this time it sounded—unnatural, don't you think?

ANDREW. I don't know. The things he said to me had truth in them—even if he did talk them way up in the air, like he always sees things. Still—*[He glances down at RUTH keenly]* Why do you suppose he wanted us to promise we'd— *[Confusedly]* You know what he said.

RUTH *[Dully]*. His mind was wandering, I s'pose.

ANDREW *[With conviction]*. No—there was something back of it.

RUTH. He wanted to make sure I'd be all right—after he'd gone, I expect.

ANDREW. No, it wasn't that. He knows very well I'd naturally look after you without—anything like that.

RUTH. He might be thinking of—something happened five years back, the time you came home from the trip.

ANDREW. What happened? What do you mean?

RUTH [*Dully*]. We had a fight.

ANDREW. A fight? What has that to do with me?

RUTH. It was about you—in a way.

ANDREW [*Amazed*]. About *me*?

RUTH. Yes, mostly. You see I'd found out I'd made a mistake about Rob soon after we were married—when it was too late.

ANDREW. Mistake? [*Slowly*] You mean—you found out you didn't love Rob?

RUTH. Yes.

ANDREW. Good God!

RUTH. And then I thought that when Mary came it'd be different, and I'd love him; but it didn't happen that way. And I couldn't bear with his blundering and book-reading—and I grew to hate him, almost.

ANDREW. Ruth!

RUTH. I couldn't help it. No woman could. It had to be because I loved someone else, I'd found out. [*She sighs wearily*] It can't do no harm to tell you now—when it's all past and gone—and dead. *You* were the one I really loved—only I didn't come to the knowledge of it till too late.

ANDREW [*Stunned*]. Ruth! Do you know what you're saying?

RUTH. It was true—then. [*With sudden fierceness*] How could I help it? No woman could.

ANDREW. Then—you loved me—that time I came home?

RUTH [*Doggedly*]. I'd known your real reason for leaving home the first time—everybody knew it—and for three years I'd been thinking—

ANDREW. That I loved you?

RUTH. Yes. Then that day on the hill you laughed about what a fool you'd been for loving me once—and I knew it was all over.

ANDREW. Good God, but I never thought— [*He stops, shuddering at his remembrance*] And did Rob—

RUTH. That was what I'd started to tell. We'd had a fight just before you came and I got crazy mad—and I told him all I've told you.

ANDREW [*Gaping at her speechlessly for a moment*]. You told Rob—you loved me?

RUTH. Yes.

ANDREW [*Shrinking away from her in horror*]. You—you—you mad fool, you! How could you do such a thing?

RUTH. I couldn't help it. I'd got to the end of bearing things—without talking.

ANDREW. Then Rob must have known every moment I stayed here! And

yet he never said or showed—God, how he must have suffered! Didn't you know how much he loved you?

RUTH [*Dully*]. Yes. I knew he liked me.

ANDREW. Liked you! What kind of a woman are you? Couldn't you have kept silent? Did you have to torture him? No wonder he's dying! And you've lived together for five years with this between you?

RUTH. We've lived in the same house.

ANDREW. Docs he still think—

RUTH. I don't know. We've never spoke a word about it since that day. Maybe, from the way he went on, he s'poses I care for you yet.

ANDREW. But you don't. It's outrageous. It's stupid! You don't love me!

RUTH [*Slowly*]. I wouldn't know how to feel love, even if I tried, any more.

ANDREW [*Brutally*]. And I don't love you, that's sure! [*He sinks into his chair, his head between his hands*] It's damnable such a thing should be between Rob and me. Why, I love Rob better'n anybody in the world and always did. There isn't a thing on God's green earth I wouldn't have done to keep trouble away from him. And I have to be the very one—it's damnable! How am I going to face him again? What can I say to him now? [*He groans with anguished rage. After a pause*] He asked me to promise—what am I going to do?

RUTH. You can promise—so's it'll ease his mind—and not mean anything.

ANDREW. What? Lie to him now—when he's dying? [*Determinedly*] No! It's *you* who'll have to do the lying, since it must be done. You've got a chance now to undo some of all the suffering you've brought on Rob. Go in to him! Tell him you never loved me—it was all a mistake. Tell him you only said so because you were mad and didn't know what you were saying! Tell him something, anything, that'll bring him peace!

RUTH [*Dully*]. He wouldn't believe me.

ANDREW [*Furiously*]. You've got to make him believe you, do you hear? You've got to—now—hurry—you never know when it may be too late. [*As she hesitates—imploringly*] For God's sake, Ruth! Don't you see you owe it to him? You'll never forgive yourself if you don't.

RUTH [*Dully*]. I'll go. [*She gets wearily to her feet and walks slowly toward the bedroom*] But it won't do any good. [*ANDREW's eyes are fixed on her anxiously. She opens the door and steps inside the room. She remains standing there for a minute. Then she calls in a frightened voice*] Rob! Where are you? [*Then she hurries back, trembling with fright*] Andy! Andy! He's gone!

ANDREW [*Misunderstanding her—his face pale with dread*]. He's not—

RUTH [*Interrupting him—hysterically*]. He's gone! The bed's empty. The window's wide open. He must have crawled out into the yard!

ANDREW [*Springing to his feet. He rushes into the bedroom and returns immediately with an expression of alarmed amazement on his face*]. Come! He can't have gone far! [*Grabbing his hat he takes RUTH's arm and shoves*

her toward the door] Come on! [*Opening the door*] Let's hope to God—
[*The door closes behind them, cutting off his words as*

The Curtain Falls.]

ACT THREE: SCENE TWO

SAME as *Act One, Scene One*—A section of country highway. The sky to the east is already alight with bright color and a thin, quivering line flame is spreading slowly along the horizon rim of the dark hills. The roadside, however, is still steeped in the grayness of the dawn, shadowy and vague. The field in the foreground has a wild uncultivated appearance, as if it had been allowed to remain fallow the preceding summer. Parts of the snake-fence in the rear have broken down. The apple tree is leafless and seems dead.

ROBERT staggers weakly in from the left. He stumbles into the ditch and lies there for a moment; then crawls with a great effort to the top of the bank where he can see the sun rise, and collapses weakly. RUTH and ANDREW come hurriedly along the road from the left.

ANDREW [*Stopping and looking about him*]. There he is! I knew it! I knew we'd find him here.

ROBERT [*Trying to raise himself to a sitting position as they hasten to his side—with a wan smile*]. I thought I'd given you the slip.

ANDREW [*With kindly bullying*]. Well, you didn't, you old scoundrel, and we're going to take you right back where you belong—in bed. [*He makes a motion to lift ROBERT*]

ROBERT. Don't, Andy. Don't, I tell you!

ANDREW. You're in pain?

ROBERT [*Simply*]. No. I'm dying. [*He falls back weakly*. RUTH sinks down beside him with a sob and pillows his head on her lap. ANDREW stands looking down at him helplessly. ROBERT moves his head restlessly on RUTH's lap] I couldn't stand it back there in the room. It seems as if all my life—I'd been cooped in a room. So I thought I'd try to end as I might have—if I'd had the courage—alone—in a ditch by the open road—watching the sun rise.

ANDREW. Rob! Don't talk. You're wasting your strength. Rest a while and then we'll carry you—

ROBERT. Still hoping, Andy? Don't. I know. [*There is a pause during which he breathes heavily, straining his eyes toward the horizon*] The sun comes so slowly. [*With an ironical smile*] The doctor told me to go to the far-off places—and I'd be cured. He was right. That was always the cure for me. It's too late—for this life—but— [*He has a fit of coughing which racks his body*]

ANDREW [*With a hoarse sob*]. Rob! [*He clenches his fists in an impotent*

rage against Fate] God! God! [*RUTH sobs brokenly and wipes ROBERT's lips with her handkerchief*]

ROBERT [*In a voice which is suddenly ringing with the happiness of hope*]. You mustn't feel sorry for me. Don't you see I'm happy at last—free—free!—freed from the farm—free to wander on and on—eternally! [*He raises himself on his elbow, his face radiant, and points to the horizon*] Look! Isn't it beautiful beyond the hills? I can hear the old voices calling me to come—[*Exultantly*] And this time I'm going! It isn't the end. It's a free beginning—the start of my voyage! I've won to my trip—the right of release—beyond the horizon! Oh, you ought to be glad—glad—for my sake! [*He collapses weakly*] Andy! [*ANDREW bends down to him*] Remember Ruth—

ANDREW. I'll take care of her, I swear to you, Rob!

ROBERT. Ruth has suffered—remember, Andy—only through sacrifice—the secret beyond there— [*He suddenly raises himself with his last remaining strength and points to the horizon where the edge of the sun's disc is rising from the rim of the hills*] The sun! [*He remains with his eyes fixed on it for a moment. A rattling noise throbs from his throat. He mumbles*] Remember! [*And falls back and is still. RUTH gives a cry of horror and springs to her feet, shuddering, her hands over her eyes. ANDREW bends on one knee beside the body, placing a hand over ROBERT's heart, then he kisses his brother reverently on the forehead and stands up*]

ANDREW [*Facing RUTH, the body between them—in a dead voice*] He's dead. [*With a sudden burst of fury*] God damn you, you never told him!

RUTH [*Piteously*]. He was so happy without my lying to him.

ANDREW [*Pointing to the body—trembling with the violence of his rage*]. This is your doing, you damn woman, you coward, you murderess!

RUTH [*Sobbing*]. Don't, Andy! I couldn't help it—and he knew how I'd suffered, too. He told you—to remember.

ANDREW [*Stares at her for a moment, his rage ebbing away, an expression of deep pity gradually coming over his face. Then he glances down at his brother and speaks brokenly in a compassionate voice*]. Forgive me, Ruth—for his sake—and I'll remember— [*RUTH lets her hands fall from her face and looks at him uncomprehendingly. He lifts his eyes to hers and forces out falteringly*] I—you—we've both made a mess of things! We must try to help each other—and—in time—we'll come to know what's right—[*Desperately*] And perhaps we— [*But RUTH, if she is aware of his words, gives no sign. She remains silent, gazing at him dully with the sad humility of exhaustion, her mind already sinking back into that spent calm beyond the further troubling of any hope as*

The Curtain Falls.]

THE GREEN PASTURES¹*by Marc Connelly*

CHARACTERS

MR. DESHIEE, THE PREACHER	FIRST GAMBLER
MYRTLE	SECOND GAMBLER
FIRST BOY	VOICE IN SHANTY
SECOND BOY	NOAH
FIRST COOK	NOAH'S WIFE
A VOICE	SHEM
SECOND COOK	FIRST WOMAN
FIRST MAN ANGEL	SECOND WOMAN
FIRST MAMMY ANGEL	THIRD WOMAN
A STOUT ANGEL	FIRST MAN
A SLENDER ANGEL	FLATFOOT
ARCHANGEL	HAM
GABRIEL	JAPHETH
GOD	FIRST CLEANER
CHOIR LEADER	SECOND CLEANER
CUSTARD MAKER	ABRAHAM
ADAM	ISAAC
EVE	JACOB
CAIN	MOSES
CAIN'S GIRL	ZIPPORAH
ZEBI	AARON
CAIN THE SIXTH	A CANDIDATE MAGICIAN
BOY GAMBLER	PHARAOH
GENERAL	KING OF BABYLON
HEAD MAGICIAN	PROPHET
FIRST WIZARD	HIGH PRIEST
SECOND WIZARD	CORPORAL
JOSHUA	HEZDREL
FIRST SCOUT	SECOND OFFICER
MASTER OF CEREMONIES	

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SCENES

Part I

1. The Sunday School
2. A Fish Fry
3. A Garden
4. Outside the Garden
5. A Roadside
6. A Private Office
7. Another Roadside and a House
8. A House
9. A Hillside
10. A Mountain Top

Part II

1. The Private Office
2. The Mouth of a Cave
3. A Throne Room
4. The Foot of a Mountain
5. A Cabaret
6. The Private Office
7. Outside a Temple
8. Another Fish Fry

PART ONE: SCENE ONE

A CORNER in a Negro church.
Ten children and an elderly preacher.
The costumes are those that might be seen in any lower Louisiana town at Sunday-School time. As the curtain rises, MR. DESHEE, the preacher, is reading from a Bible. The CHILDREN are listening with varied degrees of interest. Three or four are wide-eyed in their attention. Two or three are obviously puzzled, but interested, and the smallest ones are engaged in more physical concerns. One is playing with a little doll, and another runs his finger on all the angles of his chair.

DESHEE. "An' Adam lived a hundred and thirty years, an' begat a son in his own likeness, after his image; an' called his name Seth. An' de days of Adam, after he had begotten Seth, were eight hundred years; an' he begat sons an' daughters; an' all de days dat Adam lived were nine hundred an' thirty years; an' he died. An' Seth lived a hundred an' five years an' begat Enos; an' Seth lived after he begat Enos eight hundred an' seven years and begat sons and daughters. An' all de days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years; an' he died." An' it go on like dat till we come to Enoch an' de book say: "An' Enoch lived sixty an' five years and begat Methuselah." Den it say: "An' all de days of Methuselah were nine hund'ed an' sixty an' nine years an' he died." An' dat was de oldest man dat ever was. Dat's why we call ol' Mr. Gurney's mammy ol' Mrs. Methuselah, caize she's so ol'. Den a little later it tell about another member of de fam'ly. His name was Noah. Maybe some of you know about him already. I'm gonter tell you all about him next Sunday. Anyway dat's de meat an' substance of de first five chapters of Genesis. Now, how you think you gonter like de Bible?

MYRTLE. I think it's jest wonderful, Mr. Deshee. I cain't understand any of it.

FIRST BOY. Why did dey live so long, Mr. Deshee?

DESHEE. Why? Caize dat was de way God felt.

SECOND BOY. Dat made Adam a way back.

DESHEE. Yes, he certainly 'way back by de time Noah came along. Want to ask me any mo' questions?

SECOND BOY. What de worl' look like when de Lawd begin, Mr. Deshee?

DESHEE. How yo' mean what it look like?

MYRTLE. Carlisle mean who was in N'Orleans den.

DESHEE. Dey wasn't nobody in N'Orleans on 'count dey wasn't any N'Orleans. Dat's de whole idea I tol' you at de end of de first Chapter. Yo' got to git yo' minds fixed. Dey wasn't any Rampart Street. Dey wasn't any Canal Street. Dey wasn't any Louisiana. Dey wasn't nothin' on de earth at all caize fo' de reason dey wasn't any earth.

MYRTLE. Yes, but what Carlisle wanten know is—

DESHEE [*Interrupting and addressing little boy who has been playing with his chair and paying no attention*]. Now Randolph, if you don't listen, how yo' gonter grow up and be a good man? Yo' wanten grow up an' be a transgressor?

LITTLE BOY [*Frightened*]. No.

DESHEE. You tell yo' mammy yo' sister got to come wid you next time. She kin git de things done in time to bring you to de school. You content yo'self.

[*The little boy straightens up in his chair*]

Now, what do Carlisle want to know?

CARLISLE. How he decide he want de worl' to be right yere and how he git de idea he wanted it?

MYRTLE. Caize de Book say, don't it, Mr. Deshee?

DESHEE. De Book say, but at de same time dat's a good question. I remember when I was a little boy de same thing recurred to me. An' ol' Mr. Dubois, he was a wonderful preacher at New Hope Chapel over in East Gretna, he said: "De answer is dat de Book ain't got time to go into all de details." And he was right. You know sometimes I think de Lawd expects us to figure out a few things for ourselves. We know that at one time dey wasn't anything except Heaven, we don't know jest where it was but we know it was dere. Maybe it was everywhere. Den one day de Lawd got the idea he'd like to make some places. He made de sun and de moon, de stars. An' he made de earth.

MYRTLE. Who was aroun' den, nothin' but angels?

DESHEE. I suppose so.

FIRST BOY. What was de angels doin' up dere?

DESHEE. I suppose dey jest flew aroun' and had a good time. Dey wasn't no sin, so dey musta had a good time.

FIRST BOY. Did dey have picnics?

DESHEE. Sho, dey had the nicest kind of picnics. Dey probably had fish frys, wid b'led custard and ten cent seegars for de adults. God gives us humans lotsa ideas about havin' good times. Maybe dey were things he'd seen de angels do. Yes, sir, I bet dey had a fish fry every week.

MYRTLE. Did dey have Sunday School, too?

DESHEE. Yes, dey musta had Sunday School for de cherubs.

MYRTLE. What did God look like, Mr. Deshee?

DESHEE. Well, nobody knows exactly what God looked like. But when I was a little boy I used to imagine dat he looked like de Reverend Dubois. He was de finest looking ol' man I ever knew. Yes, I used to bet de Lawd looked exactly like Mr. Dubois in de days when he walked de earth in de shape of a natchel man.

MYRTLE. When was dat, Mr. Deshee?

DESHEE. Why, when he was gettin' things started down heah. When He talked to Adam and Eve and Noah and Moses and all dem. He made mighty men in dem days. But aldo they was awful mighty dey always knew dat He was beyond dem all. Pretty near one o'clock, time fo' you chillun to go home to dinner, but before I let you go I wan' you to go over wid me de main facts of de first lesson. What's de name of de book?

CHILDREN. Gencsis.

DESHEE. Dat's right. And what's de other name?

CHILDREN. First Book of Moses.

DESHEE. Dat's right. And dis yere's Chapter One. [*The lights begin to dim*] "In de beginnin' God created de heaven an' de earth. An' de earth was widout form an' void. An' de darkness was upon de face of de deep."

SCENE TWO

IN THE darkness many voices are heard singing "Rise, Shine, Give God The Glory." They sing it gayly and rapidly. The lights go up as the second verse ends. The chorus is being sung diminuendo by a mixed company of angels. That is they are angels in that they wear brightly colored robes and have wings protruding from their backs. Otherwise they look and act like a company of happy negroes at a fish fry. The scene itself is a pre-Creation Heaven with compromises. In the distance is an unbroken stretch of blue sky. Companionable varicolored clouds billow down to the floor of the stage and roll overhead to the branches of a live oak tree which is up left. The tree is leafy and dripping with Spanish moss, and with the clouds makes a frame for the scene. In the cool shade of the tree are the usual appurtenances of a fish fry; a large kettle of hot fat set on two small parallel logs, with a fire going underneath, and a large rustic table formed by driving four stakes into the ground and placing planks on top of the small connecting boards. On the table are piles of biscuits and corn bread and the cooked fish

in dish pans. There are one or two fairly large cedar or crock "churns" containing boiled custard, which looks like milk. There is a gourd dipper beside the churns and several glasses and cups of various sizes and shapes from which the custard is drunk.

The principal singers are marching two by two in a small area at the right of the stage. Two MAMMY ANGELS are attending to the frying beside the kettle. Behind the table a MAN ANGEL is skinning fish and passing them to the cooks. Another is ladling out the custard. A MAMMY ANGEL is putting fish on bread for a brood of cherubs, and during the first scene they seat themselves on a grassy bank upstage. Another MAMMY ANGEL is clapping her hands disapprovingly and beckoning a laughing BOY CHERUB down from a cloud a little out of her reach. Another MAMMY ANGEL is solicitously slapping the back of a girl cherub who has a large fish sandwich in her hand and a bone in her throat. There is much movement about the table, and during the first few minutes several individuals go up to the table to help themselves to the food and drink. Many of the women angels wear hats and a few of the men are smoking cigars. A large boxful is on the table. There is much laughter and chatter as the music softens, but continues, during the early part of the action. The following short scenes are played almost simultaneously.

FIRST COOK [*At Kettle. Calling off*]. Hurry up, Cajey. Dis yere fat's cryin' fo' mo' feesh.

A VOICE [*Off stage*]. We comin', fas' we kin. Dey got to be ketched, ain't dey? We cain't say, "C'm'on little fish. C'm'on an' git fried," kin we?

SECOND COOK [*At Table*]. De trouble is de mens is all worm fishin'.

FIRST MAN ANGEL [*At Table*]. Whut dif'runce do it make? Yo' all de time got to make out like somebody's doin' somethin' de wrong way.

SECOND COOK [*Near Table*]. I s'pose you got de per'fec' way fo' makin' bait.

FIRST MAN ANGEL. I ain't sayin' dat. I is sayin' whut's wrong wid worm fishin'.

SECOND COOK. Whut's wrong wid worm fishin'? Ever'thing, dat's all. Dey's only one good way fo' catfishin', an' dat's minny fishin'. Anybody know dat.

FIRST MAN ANGEL. Well, it jest so happen dat minny fishin' is de doggondest fool way of fishin' dey is. You kin try minny fishin' to de cows come home an' all you catch'll be de backache. De trouble wid you, sister, is you jest got minny fishin' on de brain.

SECOND COOK. Go right on, loud mouf. You tell me de news. My, my! You jest de wisest person in de worl'. First you, den de Lawd God.

FIRST MAN ANGEL [*To the custard ladler*]. You cain't tell dem nothin'. [*Walks away to the custard churn*] Does you try to 'splain some simple fac' dey git man-deaf.

FIRST MAMMY ANGEL [*To CHERUB on the cloud*]. Now, you heerd me. [*The CHERUB assumes several mocking poses, as she speaks*] You fly down yere. You wanter be put down in de sin book? [*She goes to the table, gets*

a drink for herself and points out the cherub to one of the men behind the table] Dat baby must got imp blood in him he so vexin'. [*She returns to her position under the cloud*] You want me to fly up dere an' slap you down? Now, I tol' you. [*The CHERUB starts to come down*]

STOUT ANGEL [*To the CHERUB with a bone in her throat*]. I tol' you you was too little fo' cat fish. What you want'er git a bone in yo' froat fo'? [*She slaps the CHERUB's back*]

SLENDER ANGEL [*Leisurely eating a sandwich as she watches the back-slapping*]. What de trouble wid Leonetta?

STOUT ANGEL. She got a catfish bone down her froat. [*To the CHERUB*] Doggone, I tol' you to eat grinnel instead.

SLENDER ANGEL. Ef'n she do git all dat et, she gonter have de belly-ache.

STOUT ANGEL. Ain't I tol' her dat? [*To CHERUB*] Come on now; let go dat bone. [*She slaps CHERUB's back again. The bone is dislodged and the CHERUB grins her relief*] Dat's good.

SLENDER ANGEL [*Comfortingly*]. Now she all right.

STOUT ANGEL. Go on an' play wid yo' cousins. [*The CHERUB joins the Cherubs sitting on the embankment. The concurrency of scenes ends here*] I ain't see you lately, Lily. How you been?

SLENDER ANGEL. Me, I'm fine. I been visitin' my mammy. She waitin' on de welcome table over by de throne of grace.

STOUT ANGEL. She always was pretty holy.

SLENDER ANGEL. Yes, ma'am. She like it dere. I guess de Lawd's took quite a fancy to her.

STOUT ANGEL. Well, dat's natural. I declare yo' mammy one of de finest lady angels I know.

SLENDER ANGEL. She claim you de best one she know.

STOUT ANGEL. Well, when you come right down to it, I suppose we is all pretty near perfec'.

SLENDER ANGEL. Yes, ma'am. Why is dat, Mis' Jenny?

STOUT ANGEL. I s'pose it's caize de Lawd he don' 'low us 'sociatin' wid de devil any mo' so dat dey cain' be no mo' sinnin'.

SLENDER ANGEL. Po' ol' Satan. Whitevah become of him?

STOUT ANGEL. De Lawd put him some place I s'pose.

SLENDER ANGEL. But dey ain't any place but Heaven, is dey?

STOUT ANGEL. De Lawd could make a place, couldn't he?

SLENDER ANGEL. Dat's de truth. Dey's one thing confuses me though.

STOUT ANGEL. What's dat?

SLENDER ANGEL. I do a great deal of travelin' an' I ain't never come across any place but Heaven anywhere. So if de Lawd kick Satan out of Heaven jest whereat did he go? Dat's my question.

STOUT ANGEL. You bettah let de Lawd keep his own secrets, Lily. De way things is goin' now dey ain't been no sinnin' since dey give dat scamp a kick

in de pants. Nowadays Heaven's free of sin an' if a lady wants a little constitutional she kin fly 'til she wing-weary widout gittin' insulted.

SLENDER ANGEL. I was jest a baby when Satan lef'. I don't even 'member what he look like.

STOUT ANGEL. He was jest right fo' a devil. [*An ARCHANGEL enters. He is older than the others and wears a white beard. His clothing is much darker than that of the others and his wings a trifle more imposing*] Good mo'nin', Archangel.

[*Others say good morning*]

ARCHANGEL. Good mo'nin', folks. I wonder kin I interrup' de fish fry an' give out de Sunday school cyards? [*Cries of "Suttingly!" "Mah goodness, yes"—etc. The marching CHOIR stops*] You kin keep singin' if you want to. Why don' you sing "When de Saints Come Marchin' In"? Seem to me I ain' heard dat lately. [*The CHOIR begins "When the Saints Come Marching In," rather softly, but does not resume marching. The ARCHANGEL looks off left*] All right, bring 'em yere. [*A prim looking WOMAN TEACHER-ANGEL enters, shepherding ten BOY and GIRL CHERUBS. The TEACHER carries ten beribboned diplomas, which she gives to the ARCHANGEL. The CHERUBS are dressed in stiffly starched white suits and dresses, the little girls having enormous ribbons at the backs of their dresses and smaller ones in their hair and on the tips of their wings. They line up in front of the ARCHANGEL and receive the attention of the rest of the company. The CHOIR sings through the ceremony*] Now den cherubs, why is you yere?

CHILDREN. Because we so good.

ARCHANGEL. Dat's right. Now who de big boss?

CHILDREN. Our dear Lawd.

ARCHANGEL. Dat's right. When you all grow up what you gonter be?

CHILDREN. Holy angels at de throne of grace.

ARCHANGEL. Dat's right. Now, you passed yo' 'xaminations and it gives me great pleasure to hand out de cyards for de whole class. Gineeva Chaproe. [*The FIRST GIRL CHERUB goes to him and gets her diploma. The CHOIR sings loudly and resumes marching, as the ARCHANGEL calls out another name—and presents diplomas*] Corey Moulter. [*SECOND GIRL CHERUB gets her diploma*] Nootzie Winebush. [*THIRD GIRL CHERUB*] Harriet Prancy. [*FOURTH GIRL CHERUB*] I guess you is Brozain Stew't. [*He gives the FIFTH GIRL CHERUB the paper. Each of the presentations has been accompanied by hand-clapping from the bystanders*] Now you boys know yo' own names. Suppose you come yere and help me git dese 'sorted right?

[*BOY CHERUBS gather about him and receive their diplomas. The little GIRLS have scattered about the stage, joining groups of the adult angels. The angel GABRIEL enters. He is bigger and more elaborately winged than even the ARCHANGEL, but he is also much younger and beardless. His costume is less conventional than that of the other men, resembling more the Gabriel of the Doré drawings. His appearance causes a flutter among the others. They stop their chattering with the chil-*

dren. The CHOIR stops as three or four audible whispers of "Gabriell" are heard. In a moment the heavenly company is all attention]

GABRIEL [*Lifting his hand*]. Gangway! Gangway for de Lawd God Jehovah!

[*There is a reverent hush and GOD enters. He is the tallest and biggest of them all. He wears a white shirt with a white bow tie, a long Prince Albert coat of black alpaca, black trousers and congress garters. He looks at the assemblage. There is a pause. He speaks in a rich, bass voice*]

GOD. Is you been baptized?

OTHERS [*Chanting*]. Certainly, Lawd.

GOD. Is you been baptized?

OTHERS. Certainly, Lawd.

GOD [*With the beginning of musical notation*]. Is you been baptized?

OTHERS [*Now half-singing*]. Certainly, Lawd. Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lawd.

[*They sing the last two verses with equivalent part division*]

Is you been redeemed?

Certainly, Lawd.

Is you been redeemed?

Certainly, Lawd.

Is you been redeemed?

Certainly, Lawd. Certainly, certainly,
certainly, Lawd.

Do you bow mighty low?

Certainly, Lawd.

Do you bow mighty low?

Certainly, Lawd.

Do you bow mighty low?

Certainly, Lawd. Certainly, certainly,
certainly, Lawd.

[*As the last response ends all heads are bowed. GOD looks at them for a moment; then lifts His hand*]

GOD. Let de fish fry proceed.

[*EVERYONE rises. The ANGELS relax and resume their inaudible conversations. The activity behind the table and about the cauldron is resumed. Some of the choir members cross to the table and get sandwiches and cups of the boiled custard. Three or four of the children in the Sunday School class and the little girl who had the bone in her throat affectionately group themselves about GOD as he speaks with the ARCHANGEL. He pats their heads, they hang to his coat-tails, etc.*]

ARCHANGEL. Good mo'nin', Lawd.

GOD. Good mo'nin', Deacon. You lookin' pretty spry.

ARCHANGEL. I cain' complain. We just been givin' our cyards to de chillun.
 GOD. Dat's good.

[*A small cherub, his feet braced against one of god's shoes is using god's coat tail as a trapeze. One of the cooks offers a fish sandwich which god politely declines*]

FIRST MAMMY ANGEL. Now, you leave go de Lawd's coat, Herman. You heah me?

GOD. Dat's all right, sister. He jest playin'.

FIRST MAMMY ANGEL. He playin' too rough.

[*god picks up the cherub and spanks him good-naturedly. The cherub squeals with delight and runs to his mother. gabriel advances to god with a glass of the custard*]

GABRIEL. Little b'iled custud, Lawd?

GOD. Thank you very kindly. Dis looks nice.

CUSTARD MAKER [*Offering a box*]. Ten cent seegar, Lawd?

GOD [*Taking it*]. Thank you, thank you. How de fish fry goin'? [*Ad lib. cries of "O. K. Lawd," "Fine an' dandy, Lawd," "De best one yit, Lawd," etc. To the choir*] How you shouters gittin' on?

CHOIR LEADER. We been marchin' and singin' de whole mo'nin'.

GOD. I heerd you. You gittin' better all de time. You gittin' as good as de one at de throne. Why don't you give us one dem ol' time jump-ups?

CHOIR LEADER. Anythin' you say, Lawd. [*To the others*] "So High!"

[*The choir begins to sing "So High You Can't Get Over It." They sing softly, but do not march. An angel offers his cigar to god from which he can light his own*]

GOD. No, thanks. I'm gonter save dis a bit.

[*He puts the cigar in his pocket and listens to the singers a moment. Then he sips his custard. After a second sip, a look of displeasure comes on his face*]

GABRIEL. What's de matter, Lawd?

GOD [*Sipping again*]. I ain't jest sure, yit. Dey's something 'bout dis custahd. [*Takes another sip*]

CUSTARD MAKER. Ain't it all right, Lawd?

GOD. It don't seem seasoned jest right. You make it?

CUSTARD MAKER. Yes, Lawd. I put everythin' in it like I allus do. It's supposed to be perfec'.

GOD. Yeah. I kin taste de eggs and de cream and de sugar. [*Suddenly*] I know what it is. It needs jest a little bit mo' firmament.

CUSTARD MAKER. Dey's firmament in it, Lawd.

GOD. Maybe, but it ain' enough.

CUSTARD MAKER. It's all we had, Lawd. Dey ain't a drap in de jug.

GOD. Dat's all right. I'll jest r'ar back an' pass a miracle. [*choir stops singing*] Let it be some firmament! An' when I say let it be some firmament, I don't want jest a little bitty dab o' firmament caize I'm sick an' tired of runnin' out of it when we need it. Let it be a whole mess of firmament!

[*The stage has become misty until GOD and the heavenly company are obscured. As he finishes the speech there is a burst of thunder. As the stage grows darker*] Dat's de way I like it.

[*Murmurs from the others; "Dat's a lot of firmament." "My, dat is firmament!" "Look to me like He's created rain," etc.*]

FIRST MAMMY ANGEL [*When the stage is dark*]. Now, look Lawd, dat's too much firmament. De Cherubs is gettin' all wet.

SECOND MAMMY ANGEL. Look at my Carlotta, Lawd. She's soaked to de skin. Dat's plenty too much firmament.

GOD. Well, 'co'se we don't want de chillun to ketch cold. Can't you dreem it off?

GABRIEL. Dey's no place to dreem it, Lawd.

FIRST MAMMY ANGEL. Why don't we jest take de babies home, Lawd?

GOD. No, I don't wanta bust up de fish fry. You angels keep quiet an' I'll pass another miracle. Dat's always de trouble wid miracles. When you pass one you always gotta r'ar back an' pass another. [*There is a hush*] Let dere be a place to dreem off dis firmament. Let dere be mountains and valleys an' let dere be oceans an' lakes. An' let dere be rivers and bayous to dreem it off in, too. As a matter of fac' let dere be de earth. An' when dat's done let dere be de sun, an' let it come out and dry my Cherubs' wings.

[*The lights go up until the stage is bathed in sunlight. On the embankment upstage there is now a waist-high wrought iron railing such as one sees on the galleries of houses in the French quarter of New Orleans. The CHERUBS are being examined by their parents and there is an ad lib. murmur of, "You all right, honey?" "You feel better now, Albert?" "Now you all dry, Vangy?" until the ARCHANGEL, who has been gazing in awe at the railing, drowns them out*]

ARCHANGEL. Look yere!

[*There is a rush to the embankment accompanied by exclamations, "My goodness!" "What's dis?" "I declah!" etc. GABRIEL towers above the group on the middle of the embankment. GOD is wrapped in thought, facing the audience. The CHOIR resumes singing "So High You Can't Get Over It" softly. The babbling at the balustrade dies away as the people lean over the railing. GABRIEL turns and faces GOD indicating the earth below the railing with his left hand*]

GABRIEL. Do you see it, Lawd?

GOD [*Quietly, without turning his head upstage*]. Yes, Gabriel.

GABRIEL. Looks mighty nice, Lawd.

GOD. Yes.

[*GABRIEL turns and looks over the railing*]

GABRIEL [*Gazing down*]. Yes, suh. Dat'd make mighty nice farming country. Jest look at dat South forty over dere. You ain't going to let dat go to waste is you, Lawd? Dat would be a pity an' a shame.

GOD [*Not turning*]. It's a good earth. [*GOD turns, room is made for him beside GABRIEL on the embankment*] Yes. I ought to have somebody to enjoy

it. [*He turns, facing the audience. The others, save for the choir who are lined up in two rows of six on an angle up right, continue to look over the embankment*] Gabriell [*GOD steps down from the embankment two paces*]

GABRIEL [*Joining him*]. Yes, Lawd.

GOD. Gabriel, I'm goin' down dere.

GABRIEL. Yes, Lawd.

GOD. I want you to be my working boss yere while I'm gone.

GABRIEL. Yes, Lawd.

GOD. You know dat matter of dem two stars?

GABRIEL. Yes, Lawd.

GOD. Git dat fixed up! You know dat sparrow dat tell a little while ago? 'Tend to dat, too.

GABRIEL. Yes, Lawd.

GOD. I guess dat's about all. I'll be back Saddy. [*To the CHOIR*] Quiet, angels. [*The CHOIR stops singing. Those on the embankment circle down stage. GOD goes to embankment. Turns and faces the company*] I'm gonter pass one more miracle. You all gonter help me an' not make a soun' caize it's one of de most impo'tant miracles of all. [*Nobody moves. GOD turns, facing the sky and raises his arms above his head*] Let there be man.

[*There is growing roll of thunder as stage grows dark. The CHOIR bursts into "Hallelujah," and continues until the lights go up on the next scene*]

SCENE THREE

ENCLOSING the stage is a heterogeneous cluster of cottonwood, camphor, live oak and sycamore trees, youpon and turkey berry bushes, with their purple and red berries, sprays of fern-like indigo fier and splashes of various Louisiana flowers. In the middle of the stage, disclosed when the mistiness at rise grows into warm sunlight, stands ADAM. He is a puzzled man of 30, of medium height, dressed in the clothing of the average field hand. He is bare-headed. In the distance can be heard the choir continuing. "Bright Mansions Above." A bird begins to sing. ADAM smiles and turns to look at the source of this novel sound. He senses his strength and raises his forearms, his fists clenched. With his left hand he carefully touches the muscles of his upper right arm. He smiles again, realizing his power. He looks at his feet which are stretched wide apart. He stamps once or twice and now almost laughs in his enjoyment. Other birds begin trilling and ADAM glances up joyfully toward the foliage. GOD enters.

GOD. Good mo'nin', Son.

ADAM [*With a little awe*]. Good mo'nin', Lawd.

GOD. What's yo' name, Son?

ADAM. Adam.

GOD. Adam which?

ADAM [*Frankly, after a moment's puzzled groping*]. Jest Adam, Lawd.

GOD. Well, Adam, how dey treatin' you? How things goin'?

ADAM. Well, Lawd, you know it's kind of a new line of wukk.

GOD. You'll soon get de hang of it. You know yo' kind of a new style with me.

ADAM. Oh, I guess I'm gonter make out all right soon as I learn de ropes.

GOD. Yes, I guess you will. Yo' a nice job.

ADAM. Yes, Lawd.

GOD. Dey's jest one little thing de matter with you. Did you notice it?

ADAM. Well, now you mentioned it, Lawd, I kind of thought dey was somethin' wrong.

GOD. Yes suh, you ain't quite right. Adam, you need a family. De reason for dat is in yo' heart you is a family man. [*Flicking the ash off his cigar*] I'd say dat was de main trouble at de moment.

ADAM [*Smiling*]. Yes sir. [*His smile fades and he is puzzled again*] At de same time—dey's one thing puzzlin' me, Lawd. Could I ask you a question?

GOD. Why, certainly, Adam.

ADAM. Lawd, jest what *is* a family?

GOD. I'm gonter show you. [*Indicates a spot*] Jest lie down dere, Adam. Make out like you was goin' to slumber.

ADAM [*Gently*]. Yes, Lawd.

[*He lies down. GOD stands beside him and as he raises his arms above his head the lights go down. In the darkness GOD speaks*]

GOD. EVE. [*Lights go up. EVE is standing beside ADAM. She is about twenty-six, and quite pretty. She is dressed like a country girl. Her gingham dress is quite new and clean. GOD is now at the other side of the stage, looking at them critically. EVE looks at ADAM in timid wonder and slowly turns her head until she meets the glance of GOD. ADAM stands beside EVE. They gaze at each other for a moment. GOD smiles*] Now you all right, Eve. [*ADAM and EVE face him*] Now I'll tell you what I'm gonter do. I'm gonter put you in charge here. I'm gonter give you de run of dis whole garden. Eve, you take care of dis man an' Adam you take care of dis woman. You belong to each other. I don' want you to try to do too much caize yo' both kind of experiment wid me an' I ain't sho' whether you could make it. You two jest enjoy yo'self. Drink de water from de little brooks an' de wine from de grapes an' de berries, an' eat de food dat's hangin' for you in de trees. [*He pauses, startled by a painful thought*] Dat is, in all but one tree. [*He pauses. Then, not looking at them*] You know what I mean, my children?

ADAM AND EVE. Yes, Lawd. [*They slowly turn their heads left, toward the branches of an offstage tree. Then they look back at GOD*]

ADAM. Thank you, Lawd.

EVE. Thank you, Lawd.

GOD. I gotter be gittin' along now. I got a hund'ed thousan' things to do 'fo' you take yo' nex' breath. Enjoy yo'selves—

[*GOD exits*]

[*ADAM and EVE stand looking after Him for a moment, then each looks down and watches their hands meet and clasp*]

[*After a moment they lift their heads slowly until they are again gazing at the tree*]

EVE. Adam.

ADAM [*Looking at the tree, almost in terror*]. What?

EVE [*Softly as she too continues to look at the tree*]. Adam.

[*The CHOIR begins singing "Turn You Round" and as the lights go down the CHOIR continues until there is blackness. The CHOIR suddenly stops. The following scene is played in the darkness*]

MR. DESHEE'S VOICE. Now, I s'pose you chillun know what happened after God made Adam 'n' Eve. Do you?

FIRST GIRL'S VOICE. I know, Mr. Deshee.

MR. DESHEE'S VOICE. Jest a minute, Randolph. Didn't I tell you you gotta tell yo' mammy let yo' sister bring you. Carlisle, take way dat truck he's eatin'. You sit by him, see kin you keep him quiet. Now, den, Myrtle what happened?

FIRST GIRL'S VOICE. Why, den dey ate de fo'bidden fruit and den dey got driv' out de garden.

MR. DESHEE'S VOICE. An' den what happened?

FIRST GIRL'S VOICE. Den dey felt ver bad.

MR. DESHEE'S VOICE. I don' mean how dey feel, I mean how dey do. Do dey have any children or anything like dat?

FIRST GIRL'S VOICE. Oh, yes, suh, dey have Cain 'n' Abel.

MR. DESHEE'S VOICE. Dat's right, dey have Cain an' Abel.

BOY'S VOICE. Dat was a long time after dey got married, wasn't it, Mr. Deshee? My mammy say it was a hund'ed years.

MR. DESHEE'S VOICE. Well, nobody kin be so sure. As I tol' you befo' dey was jest beginnin' to be able to tell de time an' nobody was any too sure 'bout anythin' even den. So de bes' thing to do is jest realize dat de thing happened an' don't bother 'bout how many years it was. Jest remember what I told you about it gittin' dark when you go to sleep an' it bein' light when you wake up. Dat's de way time went by in dem days. One thing we do know an' dat was dis boy Cain was a mean rascal.

[*The lights go up on the next scene*]

SCENE FOUR

ROADSIDE.

A CAIN, a husky young Negro, stands over the body of the dead ABEL. Both are dressed as laborers. CAIN is looking at the body in awe, a rock in his right hand. GOD enters.

GOD. Cain, look what you done to Abel.

CAIN. Lawd, I was min'in' my own business and he come monkeyin' aroun' wit' me. I was wukkin' in de fiel' an' he was sittin' in de shade of de tree. He say "Me, I'd be skeered to git out in dis hot sun. I be 'fraid my brains git cooked. Co'se you ain't got no brains so you ain' in no danger." An' so I up and flang de rock. If it miss 'im all right, an' if it hit 'im, all right. Dat's de way I feel.

GOD. All right, but I'm yere to tell you dat's called a crime. When de new Judge is done talkin' to you you'll be draggin' a ball and chain de rest of yo' life.

CAIN. Well, what'd he want to come monkeyin' aroun' me fo' den? I was jest plowin', min'in' my own business, and not payin' him no min', and yere he come makin' me de fool. I'd bust anybody what make me de fool.

GOD. Well, I ain't sayin' you right an' I ain't sayin' you wrong. But I do say was I you I'd jest git myself down de road 'til I was clean out of de county. An' you better take an' git married an' settle down an' raise some chillun. Dey ain't nothin' to make a man fo'git his troubles like raisin' a family. Now, you better git.

CAIN. Yessuh.

[CAIN *walks off*]

[GOD *watches him from the forestage and as the lights begin to dim looks off. The CHOIR begins "Run, Sinner, Run."*]

GOD. Adam an' Eve you better try again. You better have Seth an' a lot mo' chillun.

[*There is darkness. The CHOIR continues until the lights go up on the next scene*]

SCENE FIVE

CAIN is discovered walking on an unseen treadmill. A middle distance of trees, hillsides and shrubbery passes him on an upper treadmill. Behind is the blue sky. He stops under the branches of a tree to look at a sign on a fence railing. Only half the tree is visible on the stage. The sign reads, "NOD PARISH. COUNTY LINE."

CAIN [*Sitting down with a sigh of relief under the tree*]. At las'! Phew! [*Wipes his forehead with a handkerchief*] Feels like I been walkin' fo'ty years. [*He looks back*] Well, dey cain' git me now. Now I kin raise a fam'ly. [*An idea occurs to him, and suddenly he begins looking right and left*] Well, I'll be hit by a mule! Knock me down for a trustin' baby! Where I gonter git dat fam'ly? Dat preacher fooled me. [*He is quite dejected*] Doggone!

CAIN'S GIRL [*Off stage*]. Hello, Country Boy!

[CAIN *glances up to the offstage branches of the tree*]

CAIN. Hey-ho, Good lookin'! Which way is it to town?

CAIN'S GIRL [*Off stage*]. What you tryin' to do? You tryin' to mash me? I be doggone if it ain't gittin' so a gal cain't hardly leave de house 'out some of dese fast men ain' passin' remarks at her.

CAIN. I ain' passin' remarks.

CAIN'S GIRL [*Off stage*]. If I thought you was tryin' to mash me, I'd call de police an' git you tooken to de first precinct.

CAIN. Look yere, gal, I ast you a question, an' if you don' answer me I'm gonter bend you 'cross my pants an' burn you up.

CAIN'S GIRL [*Off stage*]. I'm comin' down.

[CAIN takes his eyes from the tree]

CAIN. Yes, an' you better hurry.

[CAIN'S GIRL enters. She is as large as CAIN, wickedly pretty, and somewhat flashily dressed. She smiles at CAIN]

CAIN'S GIRL. I bet you kin handle a gal mean wid dem big stout arms of your'n. I sho' would hate to git you mad at me, Country Boy.

CAIN [*Smiling*]. Come yere. [*She goes a little closer to him*] Don't be 'fraid, I ain' so mean.

CAIN'S GIRL. You got two bad lookin' eyes. I bet yo' hot coffee 'mong de women folks.

CAIN. I ain' never find out. What was you doin' in dat tree?

CAIN'S GIRL. Jest coolin' myself in de element.

CAIN. Is you a Nod Parish gal?

CAIN'S GIRL. Bo'n an' bred.

CAIN. You know yo' kinda pretty.

CAIN'S GIRL. Who tol' you dat?

CAIN. Dese yere two bad eyes of mine.

CAIN'S GIRL. I bet you say dat to everybody all de way down de road.

CAIN. Comin' down dat road I didn't talk to nobody.

CAIN'S GIRL. Where you boun' for, Beautiful?

CAIN. I'm jest seein' de country. I thought I might settle down yere fo' a spell. You live wit' yo' people?

CAIN'S GIRL. Co'se I does.

CAIN. 'Spose dey'd like to take in a boarder?

CAIN'S GIRL. Be nice if dey would, wouldn't it?

CAIN. I think so. You got a beau?

CAIN'S GIRL. Huh-uh!

CAIN [*Smiling*]. You has *now*.

CAIN'S GIRL. I guess—I guess if you wanted to kiss me an' I tried to stop you, you could pretty nearly crush me wit' dem stout arms.

CAIN. You wouldn't try too much, would you?

CAIN'S GIRL. Maybe for a little while.

CAIN. An' den what?

CAIN'S GIRL. Why don' we wait an' see?

CAIN. When would dat be?

CAIN'S GIRL. Tonight. After supper. Think you kin walk a little further now, City Boy?

CAIN. Yeh, I ain't so weary now.

[*She takes his hand*]

CAIN'S GIRL. What yo' name? [*Takes his arm*]

CAIN. Cain.

CAIN'S GIRL. Then I'm Cain's Gal. Come on, honey, an' meet de folks.

[*They exit*]

[*The CHOIR is heard singing "You Better Mind," as GOD enters. GOD watches the vanished CAIN and his girl*]

GOD [*After shaking his head*]. Bad business. I don' like de way things is goin' atall.

[*The stage is darkened*]

[*The CHOIR continues singing until the lights go up on the next scene*]

SCENE SIX

GOD's private office in Heaven. It is a small room, framed by tableau curtains. A large window up center looks out on the sky. There is a battered roll-top desk. On the wall next to the window is a framed religious oleograph with a calendar attached to it underneath. A door is at the left. A hat rack is on the wall above the door. There are two or three cheap pine chairs beside the window, and beyond the door. In front of the desk is an old swivel armchair which creaks every time GOD leans back in it. The desk is open and various papers are stuck in the pigeonholes. Writing implements, etc. are on the desk. On a shelf above the desk is a row of law books. A cuspidor is near the desk, and a waste basket by it. The general atmosphere is that of the office of a Negro lawyer in a Louisiana town. As the lights go up GOD takes a fresh cigar from a box on the desk and begins puffing it without bothering to light it. There is no comment on this minor miracle from GABRIEL who is sitting in one of the chairs with a pencil and several papers in his hand. The singing becomes *pianissimo*.

GABRIEL [*Looking at the papers*]. Well, I guess dat's about all de important business this mornin', Lawd.

GOD. How 'bout dat Cherub over to Archangel Montgomery's house?

GABRIEL. Where do dey live, Lawd?

[*The singing stops*]

GOD. Dat little two story gold house, over by de pearly gates.

GABRIEL. Oh, *dat* Montgomery. I thought you was referrin' to de ol' gentleman. Oh, yeh. [*He sorts through the papers and finds one he is looking for*] Yere it 'tis. [*Reads*] "Cherub Christina Montgomery; wings is moltin' out of season an' nobody knows what to do."

GOD. Well, now, take keer of dat. You gotter be more careful, Gabe.

GABRIEL. Yes, Lawd.

[*Folds the papers and puts them in a pocket. GOD turns to his desk, takes another puff or two of the cigar, and with a pencil, begins checking off items on a sheet of paper before him. His back is turned toward GABRIEL. GABRIEL takes his trumpet from the hat rack and burnishes it with his robe. He then wets his lips and puts the mouth-piece to his mouth*]

GOD [*Without turning around*]. Now, watch yo'self, Gabriel.

GABRIEL. I wasn't goin' to blow, Lawd. I jest do dat every now an' den so I can keep de feel of it.

[*He leans trumpet against the wall. GOD picks up the papers and swings his chair around toward GABRIEL*]

GOD. What's dis yere about de moon?

GABRIEL [*Suddenly remembering*]. Oh! De moon people say it's beginnin' to melt a little, on 'count caize de sun's so hot.

GOD. It's goin' 'roun' 'cordin' to schedule, ain't it?

GABRIEL. Yes, Lawd.

GOD. Well, tell 'em to stop groanin'. Dere's nothin' de matter wid dat moon. Trouble is so many angels is flyin' over dere on Saddy night. Dey git to beatin' dere wings when dey dancin' an' dat makes de heat. Tell dem dat from now on dancin' 'roun' de moon is sinnin'. Dey got to stop it. Dat'll cool off de moon. [*He swings back and puts the paper on the desk. He leans back in the chair comfortably, his hands clasped behind his head*] Is dere anythin' else you ought to remin' me of?

GABRIEL. De prayers, Lawd.

GOD [*Puzzled, slowly swinging chair around again*]. De prayers?

GABRIEL. From mankind. You know, down on de earth.

GOD. Oh, yeh, de poor little earth. Bless my soul, I almos' forgot about dat. Mus' be three or four hund'ed years since I been down dere. I wasn't any too pleased wid dat job.

GABRIEL [*Laughing*]. You know you don' make mistakes, Lawd.

GOD [*Soberly, with introspective detachment*]. So dey tell me. [*He looks at GABRIEL, then through the window again*] So dey tell me. I fin' I kin be displeased though, an' I was displeased wid de mankind I las' seen. Maybe I ought to go down dere agin—I need a little holiday.

GABRIEL. Might do you good, Lawd.

GOD. I think I will. I'll go down an' walk de earth agin an' see how dem poor humans is makin' out. What time is it, by de sun an' de stars?

GABRIEL [*Glancing out of the window*]. Jest exactly half-past, Lawd.

[*GOD is taking his hat and stick from the hat rack*]

GOD [*Opening the door*]. Well, take keer o' yo'self. I'll be back Saddy. [*He exits*]

[*The stage is darkened. The CHOIR begins "Dere's no Hidin' Place," and continues until the lights go up on the next scene*]

SCENE SEVEN

GOD is walking along a country road. He stops to listen. Church bells are heard in the distance.

GOD. Dat's nice. Nice an' quiet. Dat's de way I like Sunday to be. [*The sound is broken by a shrill voice of a girl. It is ZEBa singing a "blues"*] Now, dat ain't so good [GOD resumes his walk and the upper treadmill brings on a tree stump on which ZEBa is sitting. She is accompanying her song with a ukulele. GOD and the treadmills stop. When the stump reaches the center of the stage, it is seen that ZEBa is a rouged and extremely flashily dressed chippy of about eighteen] Stop dat!

ZEBa. What's de matter wid you, Country Boy? Pull up yo' pants. [*She resumes singing*]

GOD. Stop dat!

ZEBa [*Stops again*]. Say, listen to me, Banjo Eyes. What right you got to stop a lady enjoyin' herself?

GOD. Don't you know dis is de Sabbath? Da's no kin' o' song to sing on de Lawd's day.

ZEBa. Who care 'bout de Lawd's day, anymo'? People jest use Sunday now to git over Saddy.

GOD. You a awful sassy little girl.

ZEBa. I come fum sassy people! We even speak mean of de dead.

GOD. What's yo' name?

ZEBa [*Flirtatiously*]. "What's my name?" Ain't you de ol'-time gal hunter! Fust, "What's my name?" den I s'pose, what would it be like if you tried to kiss me? You preachers is de debbils.

GOD. I ain't aimin' to touch you daughter. [*A sudden sternness frightens*]
ZEBa. She looks at him sharply] What is yo' name?

ZEBa. Zeba.

GOD. Who's yo' fam'ly?

ZEBa. I'm de great-great gran' daughter of Seth.

GOD. Of Seth? But Seth was a good man.

ZEBa. Yeh, he too good, he die of holiness.

GOD. An' yere's his little gran' daughter reckin' wid cologne. Ain't nobody ever tol' you yo' on de road to Hell?

ZEBa [*Smiling*]. Sho' dat's what de preacher say. Exceptin' of course, I happens to know dat I'm on de road to de picnic groun's, an' at de present time I'm waitin' to keep a engagement wid my sweet papa. He don' like people talkin' to me.

[CAIN THE SIXTH enters. He is a young buck, wearing a "box" coat and the other flashy garments of a Rampart Street swell]

CAIN THE SIXTH. Hello, sugah! [*He crosses in front of GOD and faces*

ZEBBA] Hello, mamma! Sorry I'm late baby, but de gals in de barrel-house jest wouldn't let me go. Doggone, one little wirehead swore she'd tear me down.

[ZEBBA *smiles and takes his hand*]

GOD. What's yo' name, son?

CAIN THE SIXTH [*Contemptuously; without turning*]. Soap 'n water, Country Boy.

GOD [*Sternly*]. What's yo' name, son?

[CAIN *slowly turns and for a moment his manner is civil*]

CAIN THE SIXTH. Cain the Sixth

GOD. I was afraid so.

CAIN THE SIXTH [*His impudence returning*]. You a new preacher?

GOD. Where you live?

CAIN THE SIXTH. Me, I live mos' any place.

GOD. Yes, an' you gonter see dem all. Is de udder young men all like you?

CAIN THE SIXTH [*Smiling*]. De gals don' think so.

[*He turns toward ZEBBA again, picks her up and sits on the stump with the laughing ZEBBA on his lap*]

ZEBBA. Dey ain't nobody in de worl' like my honey-cake.

[CAIN *kisses her and she resumes her song*]

[*GOD watches them. ZEBBA finishes a verse of the song and begins another softly. CAIN THE SIXTH's eyes have been closed during the singing*]

CAIN THE SIXTH [*His eyes closed*]. Is de preacher gone?

[ZEBBA *looks quickly at GOD without seeing him, and then looks off. She stops the song*]

ZEBBA. Yeh, I guess he walks fast.

[CAIN *pushes her off his lap and rises*]

CAIN THE SIXTH [*With acid sweetness*]. Dey tell me las' night you was talkin' to a creeper man, baby.

ZEBBA. Why, you know dey ain't nobody in de world fo' me but you.

CAIN THE SIXTH [*Smiling*]. I know dey ain't. I even got dat guaranteed. [*Takes a revolver from his pocket*] See dat, baby?

ZEBBA. Sho' I see it, honey.

CAIN THE SIXTH. Dat jest makes me positive. [*Puts the gun back*]

ZEBBA [*Pushing him back on the stump*]. You don' wanter believe dem stories, papa.

CAIN THE SIXTH [*With sinister lightness*]. No, I didn't believe dem, baby. Co'se dat big gorilla, Flatfoot, from de other side of de river *is* in town ag'in.

ZEBBA. Dat don' mean nothin'. Flatfoot ain't nothin' to me.

CAIN THE SIXTH [*Sitting again*]. Co'se he ain't. Go 'head, sing some mo', baby.

[ZEBBA *resumes singing*]

GOD. Bad business. [*The treadmills start turning. GOD resumes his walk.*

ZEBBA, *still singing*, and CAIN THE SIXTH *recede with the landscape. GOD is*

again alone on the country road. There is a twitter of birds. god looks up and smiles] De birds is goin' 'bout dere business, all right. [*A patch of flowers goes by, black-eyed Susans, conspicuously*] How you flowers makin' out? [*Children's voices answer, "We O. K., Lawd"*] Yes, an' you looks very pretty. [*Children's voices: "Thank you, Lawd."* The flowers pass out of sight] It's only de human bein's makes me downhearted. Yere's as nice a Sunday as dey is turnin' out anywhere, an' nobody makin' de right use of it. [*Something ahead of him attracts his attention. His face brightens*] Well, now dis is mo' like it. Now dat's nice to see people prayin'. It's a wonder dey don' do it in de church. But I fin' I don' min' it if dey do it outdoors.

[*A group of five adult Negroes and a boy on their knees in a semi-circle, appears. The treadmills stop. The boy, his head bent, swings his hands rhythmically up to his head three or four times. There is a hush*]

GAMBLER. Oh, Lawd, de smoke-house is empty. Oh, Lawd, lemme git dem groceries. Oh, Lawd, lemme see dat little six. [*He casts the dice*] Wham! Dere she is, frien's.

[*Exclamations from the others: "Well damn my eyes!" "Doggone, dat's de eighth pass he make." "For God's sake, can't you ever crap?" etc. The boy is picking up the money*]

GOD. Gamblin'! [*Looks over the group's shoulders*]. An' wid frozen dice!

BOY GAMBLER. Dey's a dolla' 'n' a half talkin' fo' me. How much you want of it, Rincy?

FIRST GAMBLER. I take fo' bits. Wait a minute. Mebbe I take a little mo'. [*He counts some money in his hand*]

SECOND GAMBLER [*Glancing up at god*]. Hello, Liver Lips. [*To the others*] Looka ol' Liver Lips.

[*The others look up and laugh good-naturedly, repeating "Liver Lips"*]

FIRST GAMBLER. Ain't his pockets high from de groun'? Ol' High-Pockets.

[*The others keep saying "Ole Liver Lips." "Ol' Liver Lips don't like to see people dicin'." "Dat's a good name, 'High Pockets.'"*]

BOY GAMBLER [*To others*]. Come on, you gonter fade me or not?

[*god seizes the boy's ears and drags him to his feet. The others do not move, but watch, amused*]

GOD. Come yere, son. Why, yo' jest a little boy. Gamblin' an' sinnin'. [*god looks at the boy's face*] You been chewin' tobacco, too, like you was yo' daddy. [*god sniffs*] An' you been drinkin' sonny-kick-mammy-wine. You oughta be 'shamed. [*To the others*] An' you gamblers oughta be 'shamed, leadin' dis boy to sin.

FIRST GAMBLER. He de bes' crap shooter in town, mister.

GOD. I'm gonter tell his mammy. I bet she don' know 'bout dis.

FIRST GAMBLER. No, she don' know. [*The others laugh*] She don' know anythin'.

SECOND GAMBLER. Das de God's truth.

FIRST GAMBLER. See kin you beat 'im, High Pockets. Dey's a dolla' open yere.

GOD. I ain't gonter beat 'im. I'm gonter teach 'im. I may have to teach you all.

[*He starts walking from them. The boy sticks out his tongue the moment god's back is turned*]

BOY GAMBLER. If you fin' my mammy you do mo'n I kin. Come on, gamblers, see kin you gimme a little action. Who wants any part of dat dollar?

[*The treadmill carries them off. The FIRST GAMBLER is heard saying: "I'll take anoder two bits," and the others, "Gimme a dime's wo'th," "I ain't only got fifteen cents left," etc. as they disappear*]

GOD [Walking]. Where's dat little boy's home? [*The front of a shanty appears and god stops in front of the door*] Yere's de place. It ain't any too clean, either.

[*Knocks on the door with his cane*]

VOICE IN SHANTY. Who dar?

GOD. Never you min' who's yere. Open de door.

VOICE IN SHANTY. You gotta search warrant?

GOD. I don' need one.

VOICE IN SHANTY. Who you want see?

GOD. I want see de mammy of de little gamblin' boy.

VOICE IN SHANTY. You mean little Johnny Rucker?

GOD. Dat may be his name.

VOICE IN SHANTY. Well, Mrs. Rucker ain't home.

GOD. Where's she at?

VOICE IN SHANTY. Who, Mrs. Rucker?

GOD. You heerd me.

VOICE IN SHANTY. Oh, she run away las' night wid a railroad man. She's eloped.

GOD. Where's Rucker?

VOICE IN SHANTY. He's flat under de table. He so drunk he cain't move.

GOD. Who are you?

VOICE IN SHANTY. I'se jest a fren' an' neighbor. I come in las' night to de party, an' everybody in yere's dead drunk but me. De only reason I kin talk is I drank some new white mule I made myself, an' it burn my throat so I can't drink no mo'. You got any mo' questions?

GOD. Not for you.

[*The shanty begins to move off as god starts walking again*]

VOICE IN SHANTY. Good riddance, I say.

[*Shanty disappears*]

GOD. Dis ain't gittin' me nowheres. All I gotta say dis yere mankind I been peoplin' my earth wid sho' ain't much. [*He stops and looks back*] I got good min' to wipe 'em all off an' people de earth wid angels. No. Angels is all right, singin' an' playin' an' flyin' around, but dey ain't much

on workin' de crops and buildin' de levees. No, suh, mankind's jest right for my earth, if he wasn't so doggone sinful. I'd rather have my earth peopled wit' a bunch of channel catfish, dan I would mankin' an' his sin. I jest cain't stan' sin.

[*He is about to resume his walk when NOAH enters. NOAH is dressed like a country preacher. His coat is of the "hammer-tail" variety. He carries a prayer book under his arm*]

NOAH. Mo'nin', brother.

GOD. Mo'nin', brother. I declare you look like a good man.

NOAH. I try to be, brother. I'm de preacher yere. I don't think I seen you to de meetin'.

[*They resume walking*]

GOD. I jest come to town a little while ago an' I been pretty busy.

NOAH. Yeh, mos' everybody say dey's pretty busy dese days. Dey so busy dey cain't come to meetin'. It seem like de mo' I preaches de mo' people ain't got time to come to church. I ain't hardly got enough members to fill up de choir. I gotta do de preachin' an' de bassin' too.

GOD. Is dat a fac'?

NOAH. Yes, suh, brother. Everybody is mighty busy, gamblin', good-timin', an' goin' on. You jest wait, though. When Gabriel blow de horn you gonter fin' dey got plenty of time to punch chunks down in Hell. Yes, suh.

GOD. Seems a pity. Dey all perfec'ly healthy?

NOAH. Oh, dey healthy, all right. Dey jest all lazy, and mean, and full of sin. You look like a preacher, too, brother.

GOD. Well, I am, in a way.

NOAH. You jest passin' through de neighborhood?

GOD. Yes. I wanted to see how things was goin' in yo' part of de country, an' I been feelin' jest 'bout de way you do. It's enough to discourage you.

NOAH. Yes, but I gotta keep wres'lin' wid 'em. Where you boun' for right now, brother?

GOD. I was jest walkin' along. I thought I might stroll on to de nex' town.

NOAH. Well, dat's a pretty good distance. I live right yere. [*He stops walking*] Why don' you stop an' give us de pleasure of yo' comp'ny for dinner? I believe my ol' woman has kilt a chicken.

GOD. Why, dat's mighty nice of you, brother. I don't believe I caught yo' name.

NOAH. Noah, jest brother Noah. Dis is my home, brother. Come right in.

[*GOD and NOAH start walking towards NOAH's house which is just coming into view on the treadmill*]

[*The stage darkens, the CHOIR sings "Feastin' Table," and when the lights go up again, the next scene is disclosed*]

SCENE EIGHT

INTERIOR of NOAH's house. *The ensemble suggests the combination living-dining room in a fairly prosperous Negro's cabin. Clean white curtains hang at the window. A table and chairs are in the center of the room. There is a cheerful checked tablecloth on the table, and on the wall, a framed highly colored picture reading "God Bless Our Home."*

[NOAH'S WIFE, an elderly Negress, simply and neatly dressed, GOD and NOAH are discovered grouped about the table]

NOAH. Company, darlin'. [NOAH'S WIFE takes NOAH's and GOD's hats]
Dis gemman's a preacher, too. He's jest passin' through de country.

GOD. Good mo'nin', sister.

NOAH'S WIFE. Good mo'nin'. You jest ketch me when I'm gittin' dinner ready. You gonter stay with us?

GOD. If I ain't intrudin'. Brother Noah suggested—

NOAH'S WIFE. You set right down yere. I got a chicken in de pot an' it'll be ready in 'bout five minutes. I'll go out de back an' call Shem, Ham 'n' Japheth. [To GOD] Dey's our sons. Dey live right acrost de way but always have Sunday dinner wid us. You mens make yo'selves comf'table.

GOD. Thank you, thank you very kindly.

NOAH. You run along, we all right.

[GOD and NOAH seat themselves. NOAH'S WIFE exits]

GOD. You got a fine wife, Brother Noah.

NOAH. She pretty good woman.

GOD. Yes, suh, an' you got a nice little home. Have a ten cent seegar?
[GOD offers him one]

NOAH. Thank you, much obliged.

[Both men lean back restfully in their chairs]

GOD. Jest what seems to be de main trouble 'mong mankind, Noah?

NOAH. Well, it seems to me de main trouble is dat de whol' distric' is wide open. Now you know dat makes fo' loose livin'. Men folks spen's all dere time fightin', loafin' an' gamblin', an' makin' bad likker.

GOD. What about de women?

NOAH. De women is worse dan de men. If dey ain't makin' love powder dey out beg, borrow an' stealin' money for policy tickets. Doggone, I come in de church Sunday 'fo' las' 'bout an' hour befo' de meetin' was to start, and dere was a women stealin' de alrar cloth. She was goin' to hock it. Dey ain't got no moral sense. Now you take dat case las' month, over in East Putney. Case of dat young Willy Roback.

GOD. What about him?

NOAH. Dere is a boy sebenteen years old. Doggone, if he didn't elope with his aunt. Now, you know, dat kin' of goin' on is bad fo' a neighborhood
GOD. Terrible, terrible.

NOAH. Yes, suh. Dis use' to be a nice, decent community. I been doin' my best to preach de Word, but seems like every time I preach de place jest goes a little mo' to de dogs. De good Lawd only knows what's gonter happen.

GOD. Dat is de truth.

[There is a pause. Each puffs his cigar]

[Suddenly NOAH grasps his knee, as if it were paining him, and twists his foot]

NOAH. Huh!

GOD. What's de matter?

NOAH. I jest got a twitch. My buck-aguer I guess. Every now and den I gets a twitch in de knee. Might be a sign of rain.

GOD. That's just what it is. Noah, what's de mos' rain you ever had 'round dese parts?

NOAH. Well, de water come down fo' six days steady last April an' de ribber got so swole it bust down de levee up 'bove Freeport. Raise cain all de way down to de delta.

GOD. What would you say was it to rain for forty days and forty nights?

NOAH. I'd say dat was a *complete* rain!

GOD. Noah, you don't know who I is, do you?

NOAH *[Puzzled]*. Yo' face looks easy, but I don't think I recall de name.

[GOD rises slowly, and as he reaches his full height there is a crash of lightning, a moment's darkness, and a roll of thunder. It grows light again. NOAH is on his knees in front of GOD]

I should have known you. I should have seen de glory.

GOD. Dat's all right, Noah. You didn't know who I was.

NOAH. I'm jes' ol' preacher Noah, Lawd, an' I'm yo' servant. I ain' very much, but I'se all I got.

GOD. Sit down, Noah. Don' let me hear you sham in' yo'se'f, caize yo' a good man. *[Timidly NOAH waits until GOD is seated, and then sits, himself]* I jest wanted to fin' out if you was good, Noah. Dat's why I'm walkin' de earth in de shape of a natchel man. I wish dey was mo' people like you. But, far as I kin see you and yo' fam'ly is de only respectable people in de worl'.

NOAH. Dey jest all poor sinners, Lawd.

GOD. I know. I am your Lawd. I am a god of wrath and vengeance an' dat's why I'm gonter destroy dis worl'.

NOAH *[Almost in a whisper. Drawing back]*. Jest as you say, Lawd.

GOD. I ain't gonter destroy you, Noah. You and yo' fam'ly, yo' sheep an' cattle, an' all de udder things dat ain't human I'm gonter preserve. But de rest is gotta go. *[Takes a pencil and a sheet of paper from his pocket]* Look yere, Noah. *[NOAH comes over and looks over his shoulder]* I want you to build me a boat. I want you to call it de "Ark," and I want it to look like dis. *[He is drawing on the paper. Continues to write as he speaks]* I want you to take two of every kind of animal and bird dat's in de country.

I want you to take seeds an' sprouts an' everythin' like dat an' put dem on dat Ark, because dere is gonter be all dat rain. Dey's gonter to be a deluge, Noah, an' dey's goin' to be a flood. De levees is gonter bust an' everything dat's fastened down is comin' loose, but it ain't gonter float long, caize I'm gonter make a storm dat'll sink everythin' from a hencoop to a barn. Dey ain't a ship on de sea dat'll be able to fight dat tempest. Dey all got to go. Everythin'. Everythin' in dis pretty worl' I made, except one thing, Noah. You an' yo' fam'ly an' de things I said are going to ride dat storm in de Ark. Yere's de way it's to be. [*He hands NOAH the paper. NOAH takes it and reads*]

NOAH [*Pause. Looks at paper again*]. Yes, suh, dis seems to be complete. Now 'bout the animals, Lawd, you say you want everythin'?

GOD. Two of everythin'.

NOAH. Dat would include jayraffes an' hippopotamusses?

GOD. Everythin' dat is.

NOAH. Dey was a circus in town las' week. I guess I kin fin' dem. Co'se I kin git all de rabbits an' possums an' wil' turkeys easy. I'll sen' de boys out. Hum, I'm jest wonderin'—

GOD. 'Bout what?

NOAH. 'Bout snakes? Think you'd like snakes, too?

GOD. Certainly, I want snakes.

NOAH. Oh, I kin git snakes, lots of 'em. Co'se, some of 'em's a little dangerous. Maybe I better take a kag of likker, too?

GOD. You kin have a kag of likker.

NOAH [*Musingly*]. Yes, suh, dey's a awful lot of differ'nt kin's of snakes, come to think about it. Dey's water moccasins, cotton-moufs, rattlers—mus' be a hund'ed kin's of other snakes down in de swamps. Maybe I better take two kags of likker.

GOD [*Mildly*]. I think de one kag's enough.

NOAH. No. I better take two kags. Besides I kin put one on each side of de boat, an' balance de ship wid dem as well as havin' dem fo' medicinal use.

GOD. You kin put one kag in de middle of de ship.

NOAH [*Buoyantly*]. Jest as easy to take de two kags, Lawd.

GOD. I think one kag's enough.

NOAH. Yes, Lawd, but you see forty days an' forty nights—

[*There is a distant roll of thunder*]

GOD [*Firmly*]. One kag, Noah.

NOAH. Yes, Lawd. One kag.

[*The door in the back opens and NOAH'S WIFE enters with a tray of dishes and food*]

NOAH'S WIFE. Now, den, gen'lemen, if you'll jest draw up cheers.

[*The stage is darkened. The CHOIR is heard singing "I Want to Be Ready." They continue in the darkness until the lights go up on the next scene*]

SCENE NINE

IN the middle of the stage is the Ark. On the hillside, below the Ark, a dozen or more men and women, townspeople, are watching NOAH, SHEM, HAM and JAPHETH on the deck of the Ark. The three sons are busily nailing boards on the cabin. NOAH is smoking a pipe. He wears a silk hat, captain's uniform and a "slicker."

NOAH [*To SHEM*]. You, Shem, tote up some ol' rough lumber, don' bring up any planed up lumber, caize dat ain't fo' de main deck.

SHEM. Pretty near supper time, daddy.

NOAH. Maybe 'tis, but I got de feelin' we ought to keep goin'.

FIRST WOMAN. You gonter work all night, Noah, maybe, huh?

NOAH [*Without looking at her*]. If de sperrit move me.

SECOND WOMAN. Look yere, Noah, whyn't you give up all dis damn foolishness? Don' you know people sayin' yo' crazy? What you think you doin' anyway?

NOAH. I'se buildin' a Ark. [*Other men and women join those in the foreground*] Ham, you better stop for a while 'n see whether dey bringin' de animals up all right. [*He looks at his watch*] Dey ought to be pretty near de foot o' de hill by dis time; if dey ain't you wait fo' dem and bring 'em yo'se'f.

[*HAM goes down a ladder at the side of the ship and exits during the following scene. The newcomers in group have been speaking to some of the early arrivals*]

SECOND WOMAN [*To THIRD WOMAN, one of the newcomers*]. No, you don't mean it!

THIRD WOMAN. I do so. Dat's what de talk is in de town.

FIRST MAN. You hear dat, Noah? Dey say yo' ol' lady is tellin' everybody it's gonter rain fo' fo'ty days and fo'ty nights. You know people soon gonter git de idea you *all* crazy.

NOAH. Lot I keer what you think. [*To JAPHETH*] Straighten up dem boards down dere, Japheth. [*Indicates floor of deck*]

FIRST MAN [*To THIRD WOMAN*]. Was I you, I wouldn' go 'round with Mrs. Noah anymore, lady. Fust thing you know you'll be gittin' a hard name, too.

THIRD WOMAN. Don' I know?

SECOND WOMAN. A lady can't be too partic'lar dese days.

[*ZEBIA and FLATFOOT, a tall, black, wicked-looking buck, enter, their arms around each other's waist*]

ZEBIA. Dere it is baby. Was I lyin'?

FLATFOOT. Well, I'll be split in two!

FIRST MAN. What you think of it, Flatfoot?

FLATFOOT. I must say! Look like a house wit' a warpin' cellar.

NOAH. Dis yere vessel is a boat.

FLATFOOT. When I was a little boy dey used to build boats down near de ribber, where de water was.

[*The others laugh*]

NOAH. Dis time it's been arranged to have de water come up to de boat. [JAPHETH *looks belligerently over the rail of the Ark at* FLATFOOT. *To* JAPHETH] Keep yo' shirt on, son.

SECOND WOMAN [*To* THIRD WOMAN]. Now, you see de whole fam'ly's crazy.

THIRD WOMAN. Listen, dey ain't gonter 'tamine me. It was me dat started resolvin' dem both out o' de buryin' society.

ZEBa. When all dis water due up yere, Noah?

NOAH. You won't know when it gits yere, daughter.

ZEBa. Is she goin' to be a side-wheeler, like de Bessy-Belle?

FLATFOOT. No! If she was a side-wheeler she'd get her wheels all clogged wid sharks. She gonter have jus' one great big stern wheel, like de Commadore. Den if dey ain't 'nuf water why de big wheel kin stir some up.

[*General laughter. Two or three of the GAMBLERS enter and join the group, followed by* CAIN THE SIXTH]

CAIN THE SIXTH. Dere's de fool an' his monument, jest like I said!

[*The GAMBLERS and CAIN THE SIXTH roar with laughter, slap their legs, etc., the members of the main group talk sotto voce to each other as CAIN THE SIXTH catches ZEBa's eye. FLATFOOT is on her right and is not aware of CAIN THE SIXTH's presence*]

NOAH. See how dey makin' out inside, son. [*Stops hammering*]

[JAPHETH *exits into Ark*]

[NOAH *turns and gazes towards the east*]

CAIN THE SIXTH. Hello, honey.

ZEBa [*Frightened but smiling*]. Hello, sugah.

CAIN THE SIXTH [*Pleasantly*]. Ain' dat my ol' frien' Flatfoot wid you?

ZEBa. Why, so 'tis! [FLATFOOT *is now listening. To* FLATFOOT] He's got a gun.

CAIN THE SIXTH. No, I ain't.

[*He lifts his hands over his head. ZEBa quickly advances and runs her hands lightly over his pockets*]

ZEBa [*Relieved*]. I guess he ain't.

CAIN THE SIXTH. No, I ain't got no gun for my ol' friend, Flatfoot.

[*He walks up to him*]

FLATFOOT [*Smiling*]. Hi, Cain. How's de boy?

[CAIN *quickly presses his chest against* FLATFOOT's, *his downstage arm sweeps around* FLATFOOT's *body and his hand goes up to the small of* FLATFOOT's *back*]

CAIN THE SIXTH [*Quietly, but triumphantly*]. I got a little knife fo' him.

[FLATFOOT *falls dead*]

[*The laughter of the others stops and they look at the scene. ZEBa*

for a moment is terrified, her clenched hand pressed to her mouth. She looks at CAIN THE SIXTH, who is smiling at her. He tosses the knife on the ground and holds his hands out to her. She goes to him, smiling]

ZEB A. You sho' take keer of me, honey.

CAIN THE SIXTH. Dat's caize I think yo' wo'th takin' keer of. [*To the others*] It's all right, folks. I jest had to do a little cleanin' up.

FIRST WOMAN [*Smiling*]. You is de quickes' scoundrel.

FIRST GAMBLER. It was a nice quick killin'. Who was he?

SECOND WOMAN [*Casually*]. Dey called him Flatfoot. From over de river. He wa'nt any good. He owed me for washin' for over a year.

THIRD WOMAN. Used to peddle muggles. Said it had a kick like reg'lar snow. Wasn't no good.

SECOND GAMBLER. Think we ought to bury him?

FIRST MAN. No, just leave him dere. Nobody comes up yere, 'cept ol' Manatee.

[*Indicates* NOAH. *Cries of "Ol' Manatee! Ol' Manatee, dat's good!"*]

NOAH [*Still looking off*]. You bettah pray, you po' chillun.

[*They all laugh*]

FIRST WOMAN. We bettah pray? You bettah pray, Ol' Manatee?

ZEB A. You bettah pray for rain. [*Laughter again*]

NOAH. Dat's what I ain't doin', sinners. Shem! Japheth! [*To others, as he points off. Putter of rain*] Listen!

CAIN THE SIXTH [*Casually*]. Doggone, I believe it *is* gonter shower a little.

FIRST GAMBLER. It do looks like rain.

FIRST WOMAN. I think I'll git on home. I got a new dress on.

ZEB A. Me, too. I wants to keep lookin' nice fo' my sweet papa.

[*She pats CAIN THE SIXTH's cheek. CAIN THE SIXTH hugs her*]

NOAH [*Almost frantically*]. Ham! Is de animals dere?

HAM [*Off stage*]. Yes, sir, dere yere. We're comin'.

NOAH. Den bring 'em on.

[*SHEM and JAPHETH come on deck with their hammers. The stage begins to darken*]

THIRD WOMAN. I guess we all might go home 'til de shower's over. Come on, papa.

SECOND GAMBLER. See you after supper, Noah. [*Crowd starts moving off right*]

NOAH. God's gittin' ready to start, my sons. Let's git dis plankin' done.

ZEB A. Put a bix Texas on it, Noah, an' we'll use it fo' excursions.

[*There is a distant roll of thunder, there are cries of "Good night, Admiral." "See you later." "So long, Manatee," as the crowd goes off. The thunder rumbles again. There is the sound of increasing rain. The hammers of SHEM and JAPHETH sound louder and are joined by the sounds of other hammerers. There is a flash of light-*

ning. The CHOIR begins "Dey Ol' Ark's a-Movering," the sounds on the Ark become faster and louder. The rush of rain grows heavier]

NOAH. Hurry! Hurry! Where are you, Ham?

HAM [*Just off stage*]. Yere, I am, father, wid de animals.

NOAH. God's give us his sign. Send 'em up de gangplank.

[An inclined plane is thrown against the Ark from the side of the stage by HAM, who cracks a whip]

HAM. Get on, dere.

[The heads of two elephants are seen]

NOAH. Bring 'em on board! De Lawd is strikin' down de worl'!

[The singing and the noises reach fortissimo as HAM cracks his whip again, and the rain falls on the stage]

[The stage is darkened. The CHOIR continues singing in the darkness]

SCENE TEN

WHEN the lights go up on scene, the Ark is at sea. Stationary waves run in front of it. The hillside has disappeared. The Ark is in the only lighted area.

SHEM is smoking a pipe on the deck, leaning on the rail. A steamboat whistle blows three short and one long blast. SHEM is surprised. In a moment HAM appears, also with a pipe, and joins SHEM at the rail.

SHEM. Who'd you think you was signallin'?

HAM. Dat wasn't me, dat was daddy.

SHEM. He think he gonter git a reply?

HAM. I don' know. He's been gittin' a heap of comfort out of dat likker.

SHEM. De kag's nearly empty, ain't it?

HAM. Pretty nearly almos'. *[They look over the rail. A pause]* Seen anythin'?

SHEM. Dis mornin' I seen somethin' over dere migh'a' been a fish.

HAM. Dat's de big news of de week.

SHEM. How long you think dis trip's gonter las'?

HAM. I don' know! Rain fo'ty days 'n' fo'ty nights an' when dat stop' I thought sho' we'd come up ag'inst a san' bar o' somethin'. Looks now like all dat rain was jest a little incident of de trip. *[The whistle blows again]* Doggone! I wish he wouldn't do dat. Fust thing we know he'll wake up dem animals ag'in.

[JAPHETH appears]

SHEM. What de matter wit' de ol' man, Jape?

JAPHETH. Doggone, he say he had a dream dat we're nearly dere. Dat's why he pullin' de whistle cord. See kin he git a' answer. *[He looks over the rail]* Look to me like de same ol' territory.

[MRS. NOAH appears on deck]

NOAH'S WIFE. You boys go stop yo' paw pullin' dat cord. He so full of likker he think he's in a race.

JAPHETH. He claim he know what he's doin'.

NOAH'S WIFE. I claim he gittin' to be a perfec' nuisance. Me an' yo' wives cain't hardly heah ou'sel'es think. [NOAH *appears, his hat rakishly tilted on his head. He goes to the railing and looks out*] You 'spectin' company?

NOAH. Leave me be, woman. De watah don' look so rough today. De ol' boat's ridin' easier.

NOAH'S WIFE. Ridin' like a ol' mule!

NOAH. Yes, suh, de air don't feel so wet. Shem! 'Spose you sen' out 'nother dove. [SHEM *goes into the Ark*] Ham, go git de soundin' line. Jape, keep yo' eye on de East.

[JAPHETH *goes to the end of the boat*]

NOAH'S WIFE. As fo' you, I s'pose you'll help things along by takin' a little drink.

NOAH. Look yere, who's de pilot of dis vessel?

NOAH'S WIFE. Ol' Mister Dumb Luck.

NOAH. Well, see dat's where you don' know anythin'.

NOAH'S WIFE. I s'pose you ain't drunk as a fool?

NOAH [*Cordially*]. I feel congenial.

NOAH'S WIFE. An' you look it. You look jest wonderful. I wonder if you'd feel so congenial if de Lawd was to show up?

NOAH. De Lawd knows what I'm doin', don' you worry 'bout dat.

NOAH'S WIFE. I wouldn't say anythin' ag'inst de Lawd. He suttinly let us know dey'd be a change in de weather. But I bet even de Lawd wonders sometimes why he ever put you in charge.

NOAH. Well, you let de Lawd worry 'bout dat.

[SHEM *appears with the dove*]

SHEM. Will I leave her go, Paw?

NOAH. Leave 'er go.

[*There is a chorus of "Good Luck, Dove," from the group as the dove flies off stage. HAM appears with the sounding line*]

Throw 'er over, Boy.

[HAM *proceeds to do so*]

NOAH'S WIFE. An' another thing—

HAM. Hey!

NOAH [*Rushing to his side*]. What is it?

HAM. Only 'bout a inch! Look! [*They lean over*]

JAPHETH. It's gettin' light in de East.

[*As HAM works the cord up and down, NOAH and NOAH'S WIFE turn toward JAPHETH. The CHOIR begins "My Soul Is a Witness for the Lord"*]

NOAH. Praise de Lawd, so it is.

NOAH'S WIFE. Oh, dat's pretty.

NOAH [*To HAM*]. An' de boat's stopped. We've landed. Shem, go down 'n' drag de fires an' dreem de boiler. Yo go help 'im, Ham.

JAPHETH. Look, Paw.

[*The dove wings back to the Ark with an olive branch in its mouth*]

NOAH. 'N' yere's de little dove wid greenery in its mouth! Take 'er down, Jape, so she kin tell de animals. [*JAPHETH exits after SHEM and HAM carrying the dove. To MRS. NOAH*] Now, maybe you feel little different.

NOAH'S WIFE [*Contritely*]. It was jes' gittin' to be so tiresome. I'm sorry, Noah.

NOAH. Dat's all right, ol' woman. [*NOAH'S WIFE exits. NOAH looks about him. The lights have changed and the water piece is gone and the ark is again on the hillside. Two mountains can be seen in the distance and a rainbow slowly appears over the Ark. The singing has grown louder*] Thank you, Lawd, thank you very much indeed. Amen.

[*The singing stops with the "Amen."* GOD *appears on the deck*]

GOD. Yo' welcome, Noah.

[*NOAH turns and sees him*]

NOAH. O, Lawd, it's wonderful.

GOD [*Looking about him*]. I sort of like it. I like de way you handled de ship, too, Noah.

NOAH. Was you watchin', Lawd?

GOD. Every minute. [*He smiles*] Didn't de ol' lady light into you?

NOAH [*Apologetically*]. She was kinda restless.

GOD. That's all right. I ain't blamin' nobody. I don' even min' you' cussin' an' drinkin'. I figure a steamboat cap'n on a long trip like you had has a right to a little red eye, jest so he don' go crazy.

NOAH. Thank you, Lawd. What's de orders now?

GOD. All de animals safe?

NOAH. Dey all fin'n' dandy, Lawd.

GOD. Den I want you to open dat starboard door, an' leave 'em all out. Let 'em go down de hill. Den you an' de family take all de seeds 'n' de sprouts an' begin plantin' ag'in. I'm startin' all over, Noah.

[*NOAH exits. GOD looks around*]

GOD. Well, now we'll see what happens. [*GOD listens with a smile, as noises accompanying the debarking of the animals are heard. There are the cracks of whips, the voices of the men on the Ark, shouting: "Git along dere." "Whoa, take it easy." "Duck yo' head." "Keep in line dere," etc. Over the Ark there is a burst of centrifugal shadows, and the sound of a myriad of wings. GOD smiles at the shadows*] Dat's right, birds, fin' yo' new homes. [*Bird twitters are heard again. GOD listens a moment and rests an arm on the railing. He speaks softly*] Gabriel, kin you spare a minute?

[*GABRIEL appears*]

GABRIEL. Yes, Lawd?

[*The sounds from the other side of the Ark are by now almost hushed. The LORD indicates the new world with a wave of the hand*]

GOD. Well, it's did.

GABRIEL [*Respectfully, but with no enthusiasm*]. So I take notice.

GOD. Yes, suh, startin' all over again.

GABRIEL. So I see.

GOD [*Looking at him suddenly*]. Don' seem to set you up much.

GABRIEL. Well, Lawd, you see— [*He hesitates*] 'Tain't none of my business.

GOD. What?

GABRIEL. I say, I don' know very much about it.

GOD. I know you don'. I jest wanted you to see it. [*A thought strikes him*] Co'se, it ain' yo' business, Gabe. It's my business. 'Twas my idea. De whole thing was my idea. An' every bit of it's my business 'n' nobody else's. De whole thing rests on my shoulders. I declare, I guess *dat's* why I feel so solemn an' serious, at dis particklar time. You know *dis* thing's turned into quite a proposition.

GABRIEL [*Tenderly*]. But, it's all right, Lawd, as you say, it's did.

GOD. Yes, suh, it's did. [*Sighs deeply. Looks slowly to the right and the left. Then softly*] I only hope it's goin' to work out all right.

PART TWO: SCENE ONE

GOD's Office again.
Somewhere the CHOIR is singing: "*A City Called Heaven.*" In the office are TWO WOMEN CLEANERS. One is scrubbing the floor, the other dusting the furniture. The one dusting stops and looks out the window. There is a whirr and a distant faint Boom. The CHOIR stops.

FIRST CLEANER. Dat was a long way off.

SECOND CLEANER [*At window*]. Yes, ma'am. An' dat must a' been a big one. Doggone, de Lawd mus' be mad fo' sho', dis mo'nin'. Dat's de fo'ty-six' thunde'-bolt since breakfast.

FIRST CLEANER. I wonder where at He's pitchin' dem.

SECOND CLEANER. My goodness, don' you know?

FIRST CLEANER [*A little hurt*]. Did I know I wouldn't ask de question.

SECOND CLEANER. Every one of dem's bound fo' de earth.

FIRST CLEANER. De earth? You mean dat little ol' dreenin' place?

SECOND CLEANER. Dat's de planet. [*Another faint whirr and boom*] Dere goes another.

FIRST CLEANER. Well, bless me. I didn't know dey was thunde'bolts.

SECOND CLEANER. Wha'd you think dey was?

FIRST CLEANER [*Above desk*]. I wasn't sho', but I thought maybe He might be whittlin' a new star o' two, an' de noise was jest de chips fallin'.

SECOND CLEANER. Carrie, where you been? Don' you know de earth is de new scandal? Ever'body's talkin' 'bout it.

FIRST CLEANER. Dey kep' it from me.

SECOND CLEANER. Ain't you noticed de Lawd's been unhappy lately?

FIRST CLEANER [*Thoughtfully*]. Yeah, He ain't been his old self.

SECOND CLEANER. What did you think was de matteh? Lumbago?

FIRST CLEANER [*Petulantly*]. I didn't know. I didn't think it was fo' me t'inquich.

SECOND CLEANER. Well, it jest so happens dat de Lawd is riled as kin be by dat measly little earth. Or I should say de scum dat's on it.

FIRST CLEANER. Dat's mankind down dere.

SECOND CLEANER. Dey mus' be scum, too, to git de Lawd so wukked up.

FIRST CLEANER. I s'pose so. [*Another whirr and boom*] Looks like He's lettin' dem feel de wrath. Ain' dat a shame to plague de Lawd dat way?

SECOND CLEANER. From what I hear dey been beggin' fo' what dey're git-tin'. My brother flew down to bring up a saint de other day and he say from what he see mos' of de population down dere has made de debbil king an' dey wukkin' in three shifts fo' him.

FIRST CLEANER. You cain't blame de Lawd.

SECOND CLEANER. Co'se you cain't. Dem human bein's 'd make anybody bile ovch. Ev'rytime de Lawd try to do sompin' fo' dem, doggone if dey don't staht some new ruckus.

FIRST CLEANER. I take notice He's been wukkin' in yere mo' dan usual.

SECOND CLEANER. I wish He'd let us ladies fix it up. Wouldn't take a minute to make dis desk gold-plated.

FIRST CLEANER. I s'pose He likes it dis way. De Lawd's kind o' ol' fashioned in some ways. I s'pose He keeps dis office plain an' simple on purpose

SECOND CLEANER [*Finishing her work*]. I don' see why.

FIRST CLEANER [*Looking off*]. Well, it's kind of a nice place to come to when He's studyin' somethin' impo'tant. 'Most evahthin' else in heaven's so fin' an' gran', maybe ev'ry now an' den He jest gits sick an' tired of de glory. [*She is also collecting her utensils*]

SECOND CLEANER. Maybe so. Jest de same I'd like to have a free hand wid dis place for a while, so's I could gold it up.

[*GOD appears in the doorway*]

GOD. Good mo'nin', daughters.

FIRST AND SECOND CLEANERS. Good mo'nin', Lawd. We was jest finishin'.

GOD. Go ahead den, daughters. [*Goes to the window*]

FIRST AND SECOND CLEANERS. Yes, Lawd. [*They exeunt. Off stage*] Good mo'nin', Gabriel.

[*Off stage* GABRIEL says, "Good mo'nin', sisters," and enters immediately. He stands in the doorway for a moment watching GOD—a notebook and pencil in his hand]

GOD. What's de total?

GABRIEL [*Consulting the book*]. Eighteen thousand nine hund'ed an' sixty for de mo'nin'. Dat's includin' de village wid de fo'tune tellers. Dey certainly kin breed fast.

GOD [*Solemnly*]. Dey displease me. Dey displease me greatly.

GABRIEL. Want some more bolts, Lawd?

GOD [*Looking through window*]. Look at 'em dere. Squirmin' an' fightin' an' bearin' false witness. Listen to dat liar, dere. He don' intend to marry dat little gal. He don' even love her. What did you say?

GABRIEL. Should I git mo' bolts?

GOD. Wait a minute. [*He carefully points his finger down through the window*] I'm goin' to git dat wicked man myself. [*From a great distance comes an agonized cry: "Oh, Lawd!"* god turns from the window] No use gittin' mo' thunde'bolts. Dey don' do de trick. [*He goes to the swivel chair and sits*] It's got to be somethin' else.

GABRIEL. How would it be if you was to doom 'em all ag'in, like dat time you sent down de flood? I bet dat would make dem mind.

GOD. You see how much good de flood did. Dere dey is, jest as bad as ever.

GABRIEL. How about cleanin' up de whole mess of 'em and sta'tin' all over ag'in wid some new kind of animal?

GOD. An' admit I'm licked?

GABRIEL [*Ashamedly*]. No, of co'se not, Lawd.

GOD. No, suh. No, suh. Man is a kind of pet of mine and it ain't right fo' me to give up tryin' to do somethin' wid him. Doggone, mankin' *mus'* be all right at de core or else why did I ever bother wid him in de first place? [*Sits at desk*]

GABRIEL. It's jest dat I hates to see you worryin' about it, Lawd.

GOD. Gabe, dere ain't anythin' worth while anywheres dat didn't cause somebody some worryin'. I ain't never tol' you de trouble I had gittin' things started up yere. Dat's a story in itself. No, suh, de more I keep on bein' de Lawd de more I know I got to keep improvin' things. An' dat takes time and worry. De main trouble wid mankin' is he takes up so much of my time. He ought to be able to help hisself a little. [*He stops suddenly and cogitates*] Hey, dere! I think I got it!

GABRIEL [*Eagerly*]. What's de news?

GOD [*Still cogitating*]. Yes, suh, dat seems like an awful good idea.

GABRIEL. Tell me, Lawd.

GOD. Gabriel, have you noticed dat every now an' den, mankin' turns out some pretty good specimens?

GABRIEL. Dat's de truth

GOD. Yes, suh. Dey's ol' Abraham and Isaac an' Jacob an' all dat family.

GABRIEL. Dat's so, Lawd.

GOD. An' everyone of dem boys was a hard wukker an' a good citizen. We got to admit dat.

GABRIEL. Dey wouldn't be up yere flyin' wid us if dey hadn't been.

GOD. No, suh. An' I don' know but what de answer to de whole trouble is right dere.

GABRIEL. How you mean, Lawd?

GOD. Why, doggone it, de good man is de man dat keeps busy. I mean I been goin' along on de principle dat he was something like you angels—

dat you ought to be able to give him somethin' an' den jest let him sit back an' enjoy it. Dat ain't so. Now dat I recollect I put de first one down dere to take keer o' dat garden an' den I let him go ahead an' do nothin' but git into mischief. [*He rises*] Sure, *dat's* it. He ain't *built* jest to fool 'roun' an' not do nothin'. Gabe, I'm gonter try a new scheme.

GABRIEL [*Eagerly*]. What's de scheme, Lawd?

GOD. I'll tell you later. Send in Abraham, Isaac an' Jacob. [*A voice outside calls: "Right away, Lawd"*] You go tell dem to put dem bolts back in de boxes. I ain' gonter use dem ag'in a while.

GABRIEL. O. K., Lawd.

GOD. Was you goin' anywhere near de Big Pit?

GABRIEL. I could go.

GOD. Lean over de brink and tell Satan he's jest a plain fool if he thinks he kin beat anybody as big as me.

GABRIEL. Yes, suh, Lawd. Den I'll spit right in his eye. [*GABRIEL exits*]

[*GOD looks down through the window again to the earth below*]

GOD. Dat new polish on de sun makes it powerful hot. [*He "r'ar back"*] Let it be jest a little bit cooler. [*He feels the air*] Dat's nice. [*Goes to His desk. A knock on the door*] Come in.

[*ABRAHAM, ISAAC and JACOB enter. All are very old men, but the beard of ABRAHAM is the longest and whitest, and they suggest their three generations. They have wings that are not quite so big as those of the native angels*]

ISAAC. Sorry we so long comin', Lawd. But Pappy and me had to take de boy [*Pointing to JACOB*] over to git him a can of wing ointment.

GOD. What was de matter, son?

JACOB. Dey was chafin' me a little. Dey fine now, thank you, Lawd.

GOD. Dat's good. Sit down an' make yo'selves comf'table. [*The three sit. MEN: "Thank you, Lawd"*] Men, I'm goin' to talk about a little scheme I got. It's one dat's goin' to affec' yo' fam'lies an' dat's why I 'cided I'd talk it over wid you, 'fo' it goes into ee-fect. I don' know whether you boys know it or not, but you is about de three best men of one fam'ly dat's come up yere since I made little apples. Now I tell you what I'm gonter do. Seem' dat you human bein's cain't 'preciate anythin' lessen you fust wukk to git it and den keep strugglin' to hold it, why I'm gonter turn over a very valuable piece of property to yo' fam'ly, and den see what kin dey do with it. De rest of de worl' kin go jump in de river fo' all I keer. I'm gonter be lookin' out fo' yo' descendents only. Now den, seem' dat you boys know de country pretty tho'ly, where at does you think is de choice piece of property in de whole worl'? Think it over for a minute. I'm gonter let you make de s'lection.

ABRAHAM. If you was to ask me, Lawd, I don't think dey come any better dan de Land of Canaan.

GOD [*To ISAAC and JACOB*]. What's yo' feelin' in de matter?

JACOB [*After a nod from ISAAC*]. Pappy an' me think do we get a pick, dat would be it.

GOD [*Goes to window again; looks out*]. De Land of Canaan. Yes, I guess dat's a likely neighborhood. It's all run over wid Philistines and things right now, but we kin clean dat up. [*He turns from the window and resumes his seat*] All right. Now who do you boys think is de best of yo' men to put in charge down dere? You see I ain't been payin' much attention to anybody in partic'lar lately.

ISAAC. Does you want de brainiest or de holiest, Lawd? [*MEN look up*]

GOD. I want de holiest. I'll make him brainy. [*MEN appreciate the miracle*]

ISAAC [*As ABRAHAM and JACOB nod to him*]. Well, if you want A Number One, goodness, Lawd, I don't know where you'll git more satisfaction dan in a great-great-great-great grandson of mine.

GOD. Where's he at?

ISAAC. At de moment I b'lieve he's in de sheep business over in Midian County. He got in a little trouble down in Egypt, but t'wan't his doin'. He killed a man dat was abusin' one of our boys in de brick works. Of co'se you know old King Pharaoh's got all our people in bondage.

GOD. I heard of it. [*With some ire*] Who did you think put them dere? [*The visitors lower their heads*] It's all right, boys. [*All rise*] I'm gonter take dem out of it. An' I'm gonter turn over de whole Land of Canaan to dem. An' do you know whose gonter lead dem dere? Yo' great, great, great, great grandson. Moses, ain't it?

ISAAC. Yes, Lawd.

GOD [*Smiling*]. Yes. I been noticin' him.

ABRAHAM. It's quite a favor fo' de fam'ly, Lawd.

GOD. Dat's why I tol' you. You see, it so happens I love yo' fam'ly, an' I delight to honor it. Dat's all, gen'lemen. [*The three others rise and cross to the door, murmuring, "Yes, Lawd," "Thank you, Lawd," "Much obliged, Lawd," etc. The choir begins, "My Lord's A-Writin' All De Time" pianissimo. GOD stands watching the men leave*] Enjoy yo'selves. [*He goes to the window. The singing grows softer. He speaks through the window to the earth*] I'm comin' down to see you, Moses, an' dis time my scheme's got to wukk.

[*The stage is darkened. The singing grows louder and continues until the lights go up on the next scene*]

SCENE TWO

THE tableau curtains frame the opening of a cave, which is dimly lighted. A large turkey-berry bush is somewhere near the foreground. MOSES is seated on the grass eating his lunch from a basket in his lap. ZIPPORAH, his wife, stands watching him. He is about forty, ZIPPORAH somewhat younger. They are dressed inconspicuously. MOSES stutters slightly when he speaks. He looks up to see ZIPPORAH smiling.

MOSES. What you smilin' at, Zipporah?

ZIPPORAH. Caize you enjoyin' yo'self.

MOSES. You is a good wife, Zipporah.

ZIPPORAH. You is a good husband, Moses. [MOSES *wipes his mouth with a handkerchief and begins putting into the basket the various implements of the meal which had been on the ground about him*] Why you suppose it's so dark yere today? Dey's no rain in de air.

MOSES. Seems like it's jest aroun' dis cave. Yo' father's house is got de sun on it. [He looks in another direction] Looks all clear down toward Egypt.

ZIPPORAH. Co'se it *would* be fine weather in Egypt. De sky looks all right. Maybe it's gontar rain jest right yere. Why don't you move de sheep over to de other pasture?

MOSES [*A bit puzzled*]. I don' know. It got dark like dis befo' you come along wid de dinner an' I was gontar stop you on de top of de hill. Den somethin' kep' me yere.

ZIPPORAH. S'pose it could be de Lawd warnin' you dat dey's 'Gyptians hangin' 'roun'?

MOSES. Dey may have fo'gotten all about dat killin' by now. Dey got a new Pharaoh down dere.

ZIPPORAH. An' I hear he's jest as mean to yo' people as his pappy was. I wouldn't put it pas' him to send soljahs all the way up yere fo' you.

MOSES. Dat's all right. De Lawd's looked after me so far, I don't 'spect him to fall down on me now. You better be gittin' home.

ZIPPORAH [*Taking the basket*]. I'll be worryin' about you.

MOSES [*Kissing her and then smiling*]. 'Parently de Lawd ain't. He knows I'm safe as kin be. Lemme see you feel dat way.

ZIPPORAH. You is a good man, Moses.

MOSES. It's a lucky man. [ZIPPORAH *exits with the basket*. MOSES *looks up at the sky*] Dat's funny. De sun seems to be shinin' everyplace but right yere. It's shinin' on de sheep. Why ain't dey no cloud dere?

GOD [*Off stage*]. Caize I want it to be like dat, Moses.

MOSES [*Looking about him*]. Who's dat?

GOD [*Off stage again*]. I'm de Lawd, Moses.

MOSES [*Smiling*]. Dat's what you say. Dis yere shadow may be de Lawd's wukkk, but dat voice soun' pretty much to me like my ol' brother Aaron.

GOD [*Off stage*]. Den keep yo' eyes open, son. [*The turkey-berry bush begins to glow and then turns completely red*. MOSES *looks at it fascinated*] Maybe you notice de bush ain't burnin' up.

MOSES. Dat's de truth.

[MOSES *is full of awe but not frightened*]

GOD [*Off stage*]. Now you believe me?

MOSES. Co'se I does. It's wonderful.

[*The light in the bush dies and GOD appears from behind it*]

GOD. No, it ain't, Moses. It was jest a trick.

MOSES. 'Scuse me doubtin' you, Lawd. I always had de feelin' you wuz takin' keer of me, but I never 'spected you'd fin' de time to talk wid me pus-sunly. [*He laughs*] Dat was a good trick, Lawd. I'se seen some good ones, but dat was de beatenest.

GOD. Yo' gonger see lots bigger tricks dan dat, Moses. In fac', yo' gonger perfo'm dem.

MOSES [*Incredulously*]. Me? I'm gonger be a tricker?

GOD. Yes, suh.

MOSES. An' do magic? Lawd, my mouth ain't got de quick talk to go wid it.

GOD. It'll come to you now.

MOSES [*Now cured of stuttering*]. Is I goin' wid a circus?

GOD [*slowly and solemnly*]. Yo' is goin' down into Egypt, Moses, and lead my people out of bondage. To do dat I'm gonger make you de bes' tricker in de worl'.

MOSES [*A little frightened*]. Egypt! You know I killed a man dere, Lawd. Won't dey kill me?

GOD. Not when dey see yo' tricks. You ain't skeered, is you?

MOSES [*Simply and bravely*]. No, suh, Lawd.

GOD. Den yere's what I'm gonger do. Yo' people is my chillun, Moses. I'm sick and tired o' de way ol' King Pharaoh is treatin' dem, so I'se gonger take dem away, and yo' gonger lead dem. You gonger lead 'em out of Egypt an' across de river Jordan. It's gonger take a long time, and you ain't goin' on no excursion train. Yo' gonger wukk awful hard for somethin' yo' goin' to fin' when de trip's over.

MOSES. What's dat, Lawd?

GOD. It's de Land of Canaan. It's de bes' land I got. I've promised it to yo' people, an' I'm gonger give it to dem.

MOSES. Co'se, ol' King Pharaoh will do everything he kin to stop it.

GOD. Yes, an' dat's where de tricks come in. Dey tell me he's awful fond of tricks.

MOSES. I hear dat's *all* he's fon' of. Dey say if you can't take a rabbit out of a hat you cain't even git in to see him.

GOD. Wait'll you see de tricks you an' me's goin' to show him.

MOSES [*Delightedly*]. Doggone! Huh, Lawd?

GOD. Yes, suh. Now de first trick—

[*god is lifting a stick which he carries*]

MOSES. Jest a minute, Lawd. [*god halts the demonstration*] I'm gonger learn de tricks and do just like you tell me, but I *know* it's gonger take me a little time to learn all dat quick talkin'. Cain't I have my brother Aaron go wid me? He's a good man.

GOD. I was gonger have him help you wid de Exodus. I guess he can watch, too.

MOSES. I'll call 'im. [*He turns as if to shout*]

GOD. Wait. [MOSES turns and looks at GOD] I'll bring him. [Softly] Aaron!

[AARON appears between GOD and MOSES in the mouth of the cave. He is a little taller than MOSES and slightly older. He, too, is dressed like a field hand]

AARON [Blankly]. Hey!

[MOSES goes to him, takes his hand and leads him, bewildered, down to where MOSES had been standing alone. AARON then sees GOD]

MOSES [Almost in a whisper]. It's all right.

GOD. Don't worry, son, I'm jest showin' some tricks. Bringin' you yere was one of dem. [AARON stares at GOD as if hypnotized] Now den, you see dis yere rod? Looks like a ordinary walking stick, don't it?

MOSES. Yes, Lawd.

GOD. Well, it ain't no ordinary walkin' stick, caize look. [MOSES leans forward] When I lays it down on de groun'—

[The stage is darkened. The CHOIR begins, "Go Down, Moses," and continues until the lights go up on the next scene]

SCENE THREE

THE throne room of PHARAOH. It suggests a Negro lodge room. The plain board walls are colored by several large parade banners of varying sizes, colors and materials, bordered with gold fringe and tassels on them. Some of the inscriptions on them read:

SUBLIME ORDER OF PRINCES OF THE HOUSE OF PHARAOH HOME CHAPTER
 MYSTIC BROTHERS OF THE EGYPTIAN HOME GUARD LADIES AUXILIARY, NO. 1
 SUPREME MAGICIANS AND WIZARDS OF THE UNIVERSE
 PRIVATE FLAG OF HIS HONOR OLD KING PHARAOH
 ROYAL YOUNG PEOPLE'S PLEASURE CLUB

ENCHANTED AND INVISIBLE CADETS OF EGYPT BOYS' BRIGADE

There is one door up right and a window. The throne, an ordinary armchair with a drapery over its back, is on a dais. PHARAOH is seated on the throne. His crown and garments might be those worn by a high officer in a Negro lodge during a ritual. About the throne itself are high officials, several of them with plumed hats, clothing that suggests military uniforms, and rather elaborate sword belts, swords and scabbards. A few soldiers carrying spears are also in his neighborhood and one or two bearded ancients in brightly colored robes with the word "Wizard" on their conical hats. In the general group of men and women scattered elsewhere in the room Sunday finery is noticeable everywhere. Most of the civilians have bright "parade" ribbons and wear medals. In a cleared space immediately before the throne a CANDIDATE MAGICIAN is performing a sleight-of-hand trick with cards. PHARAOH watches him apathetically. He is receiving earnest attention from a few of

the others, but the majority of the men and women are talking quietly among themselves. Beside the CANDIDATE MAGICIAN are several paraphernalia of previously demonstrated tricks.

CANDIDATE MAGICIAN [*Holding up some cards*]. Now den, ol' King Pharaoh, watch dis. [*He completes a trick. There is a murmur of "Not Bad." "Pretty Good," etc. from a few of the watchers. PHARAOH makes no comment*] Now, I believe de cyard I ast you to keep sittin' on was de trey of diamonds, wasn't it?

PHARAOH. Yeah.

CANDIDATE MAGICIAN. Den kin I trouble you to take a look at it now? [*PHARAOH half rises to pick up a card he has been sitting on, and looks at it*] I believe you'll now notice dat it's de King of Clubs? [*PHARAOH nods and shows the card to those nearest him. The CANDIDATE MAGICIAN waits for an audible approval and gets practically none*] An' dat, ol' King Pharaoh, completes de puffohmance.

[*An elderly man in a uniform steps forward*]

GENERAL. On behalf of my nephew I beg Yo' Honor to let him jine de ranks of de royal trickers and magicians.

PHARAOH [*To the two WIZARDS*]. What do de committee think? [*The WIZARDS shake their heads*] Dat's what I thought. He ain't good enough. I'd like to help you out, General, but you know a man's got to be a awful good tricker to git in de royal society dese days. You better go back an' stedly some mo', son. [*He lifts his voice and directs two soldiers guarding the door*] Is de head magician reached de royal waitin' room yit? [*One of the soldiers opens the door to look out*] If he is, send him in.

[*The soldier beckons to some one off stage, throws the door open, and announces to the court*]

SOLDIER. De Head Magician of de land of Egypt.

[*A very old and villainous man enters. His costume is covered with cabalistic and zodiacal signs. He advances to the King, the other magician and his uncle making way for him. He bows curtly to*

PHARAOH]

HEAD MAGICIAN. Good mo'nin', ol' King Pharaoh.

PHARAOH. Mo'nin', Professor. What's de news?

HEAD MAGICIAN. Evahthing's bein' carried out like you said.

PHARAOH. How's de killin' of de babies 'mongst de Hebrews comin' 'long?

HEAD MAGICIAN. Jes' like you ordered.

PHARAOH [*Genially*]. Dey killed all of 'em, huh?

HEAD MAGICIAN. Do dey see one, dey kill 'im. You teachin' 'em a great lesson. Dey don' like it a-tall.

PHARAOH [*Smiling*]. What do dey say?

HEAD MAGICIAN [*Pawing the air inarticulately*]. I hates to tell in front of de ladies.

PHARAOH. Dey feels pretty bad, huh?

HEAD MAGICIAN. Dat's jest de beginnin' of it. Betwixt de poleece and de soljahs we killed about a thousan' of 'em las' night. Dat's purty good.

PHARAOH [*Thoughtfully*]. Yeh, it's fair. I guess you boys is doin' all you kin. But I fin' I ain't satisfied, though.

HEAD MAGICIAN. How you mean, Yo' Honor?

PHARAOH. I mean I'd like to make dose Hebrew chillun realize dat I kin be even mo' of a pest. I mean I hates dem chillun. An' I'm gonger think of a way of makin' 'em even mo' mizzable.

HEAD MAGICIAN. But dey *ain't* anythin' meaner dan killin' de babies, King.

PHARAOH. Dey must be sump'n. Doggone, you is my head tricker, you put yo' brains on it. [*To the others*] Quiet, whilst de Head Magician go into de silence.

HEAD MAGICIAN [*After turning completely around twice, and a moment's cogitation*]. I tell you what I kin do. All de Hebrews dat ain't out to de buryin' grounds or in de hospitals is laborin' in de brick wukks.

PHARAOH. Yeh?

HEAD MAGICIAN [*After a cackling laugh*]. How would it be to take de straw away from 'em and tell 'em dey's got to turn out jest as many bricks as usual? Ain't dat nasty?

PHARAOH. Purty triflin', but I s'pose it'll have to do for de time bein'. Where's de extreme inner guard? [*One of the military attendants comes forward*] Go on out an' tell de sup'intendent to put dat into ee-fect. [*The attendant bows and starts for the door. He stops as PHARAOH calls to him*] Wait a minute! Tell 'im to chop off de hands of anybody dat say he cain't make de bricks dat way. [*The attendant salutes and exits, the door being opened and closed by one of the soldiers*] Now what's de news in de magic line?

HEAD MAGICIAN. I ain't got very many novelties today, King, I bin wukkin' too hard on de killin's. I'm so tired I don' believe I could lift a wand.

[*There are murmurs of protest from the assemblage*]

PHARAOH. Doggone, you was to 'a been de chief feature o' de meetin' dis mawnin'. Look at de turn-out you got account of me tellin' 'em you was comin'.

HEAD MAGICIAN. Well, dat's de way it is, King. Why don' you git de wizards to do some spell castin'?

PHARAOH. Dey say it's in de cyards dat dey cain't wukk till high noon. [*He glances at the wizards*] Think mebbe you kin cheat a little?

FIRST WIZARD. Oh dat cain't be done, King.

PHARAOH. Well, we might as well adjourn, den. Looks to me like de whole program's shot to pieces. [*He starts to rise, when there is a furious banging on the door*] What's de idea, dere? See who dat it. [*The soldiers open the door. MOSES and AARON enter, pushing the two soldiers aside and coming down in front of PHARAOH. The soldiers are bewildered and PHARAOH is angry*] Say, who tol' you two baboons you could come in yere?

MOSES. Is you ol' King Pharaoh?

PHARAOH. Dat's me. Did you heah what I asked you?

MOSES. My name is Moses, and dis is my brother Aaron.

[*Murmur of "Hebrews" spreads through the room*]

PHARAOH [*In a rage*]. Is you Hebrews?

MOSES. Yes, suh.

PHARAOH [*Almost screaming*]. Put 'em to de sword!

[*As the courtiers approach, AARON suddenly discloses the rod, which he swings once over his head. The courtiers draw back as if their hands had been stung. Cries of "Hey!" "Lookout," etc.*]

MOSES. Keep outside dat circle.

[*The courtiers nearest MOSES and AARON look at each other, exclaiming ad lib., "Did you feel dat?" "What is dat?" "What's goin' on, heah?" "My hands is stingin'!" etc.*]

PHARAOH [*Puzzled but threatening*]. What's de idea yere?

MOSES. We is magicians, ol' King Pharaoh.

PHARAOH [*To the HEAD MAGICIAN*]. Put a spell on 'em. [*The HEAD MAGICIAN stands looking at them bewildered. To MOSES*] I got some magicians, too. We'll see who's got de bes' magic. [*MOSES and AARON laugh. Most of the courtiers are cowering. To the HEAD MAGICIAN*] Go ahead, give 'em gri-gri.

MOSES. Sure, go ahead.

PHARAOH. Hurry up, dey's laughin' at you. What's de matter?

HEAD MAGICIAN. I cain't think of de right spell.

PHARAOH [*Now frightened himself*]. You mean dey got even you whupped?

HEAD MAGICIAN. Dey's got a new kind of magic.

PHARAOH [*Gazes at HEAD MAGICIAN a moment, bewildered. To the WIZARDS*] I s'pose if de Professor cain't, you cain't.

FIRST WIZARD. Dat's a new trick, King.

HEAD MAGICIAN [*Rubbing his fingers along his palms*]. It's got 'lectricity in it!

PHARAOH. Hm, well dat may make it a little diff'rent. So you boys is magicians, too?

MOSES. Yes, suh.

PHARAOH. Well, we's always glad to see some new trickers in de co't, dat is if dey good. [*He glances about him*] You look like you is O. K.

MOSES. Dat's what we claims, ol' King Pharaoh. We think we's de best in de worl'.

PHARAOH. You certainly kin talk big. Jest what is it you boys would like?

MOSES. We came to show you some tricks. Den we's goin' to ask you to do somethin' for us.

PHARAOH. Well, I s'pose you know I'm a fool for conjurin'. If a man kin show me some tricks I ain't seen, I goes out of my way to do him a favor.

MOSES. Dat's good. Want to see de first trick?

PHARAOH. It ain't goin' to hurt nobody?

MOSES. Dis one won't.

PHARAOH. Go ahead.

MOSES. Dis yere rod my brother has looks jes' like a walkin' stick, don't it?

[*The courtiers now join the King in interest*]

PHARAOH. Uh huh. Le's see.

[*AARON hands him the rod, which PHARAOH inspects and returns*]

MOSES. Well, look what happens when he lays it on de groun'.

[*AARON places the rod on the second step of the throne. It turns into a lifelike snake. There are exclamations from the assemblage*]

PHARAOH. Dat's a good trick! Now turn it back into a walkin' stick again.

[*AARON picks it up and it is again a rod. Exclamations of "Purty good!" "Dat's all right!" "What do you think of that!" etc.*] Say, you is good trickers!

MOSES. You ain't never seen de beat of us. Now I'm goin' to ask de favor.

PHARAOH. Sure, what is it?

MOSES [*Solemnly*]. Let de Hebrew chillun go!

PHARAOH [*Rises and stares at them. There is a murmur of "Listen to 'im!" "He's got nerve!" "I never in my life!" "My goodness!" etc.*] What did you say?

MOSES. Let de Hebrew chillun go.

[*PHARAOH seats himself again*]

PHARAOH [*Slowly*]. Don' you know de Hebrews is my slaves?

MOSES. Yes, suh.

PHARAOH. Yes, suh, my slaves. [*There is a distant groaning*] Listen, and you kin hear 'em bein' treated like slaves. [*He calls toward the window*] What was dey doin' den?

MAN NEAR THE WINDOW. Dey's jest gettin' de news down in de brick-yard.

PHARAOH. I won't let them go. [*He snorts contemptuously*] Let's see another trick.

MOSES. Yes, suh, yere's a better one. [*He lowers his head*] Let's have a plague of de flies.

[*AARON raises the rod. The room grows dark and a great buzzing of flies is heard. The courtiers break out in cries of "Get away fum me!" "Take 'em away!" "De place is filled with flies!" "Dis is terrible!" "Do sump'n, Pharaoh!"*]

PHARAOH [*Topping the others*]. All right—stop de trick!

MOSES. Will you let de Hebrews go?

PHARAOH. Sho' I will. Go ahead stop it!

MOSES [*Also above the others*]. Begone!

[*The buzzing stops and the room is filled with light again, as AARON lowers the rod. All except MOSES and AARON are brushing the flies from their persons*]

PHARAOH [*Laughing*]. Doggone, dat was a good trick! [*The others, seeing they are uninjured, join in the laughter, with exclamations of "Dog-*

gone!" "You all right?" "Sho' I'm all right." "Didn' hurt me," etc.] You is good trickers.

MOSES. Will you let de Hebrew chillun go?

PHARAOH [*Sitting down again*]. Well, I'll tell you, boys. I'll tell you sump'n you didn' know. You take me, I'm a pretty good tricker, an' I jest outtricked you. So, bein' de bes' tricker, I don' think I will let 'em go. You got any mo' tricks yo'self?

MOSES. Yes, suh. Dis is a little harder one. [AARON *lifts the rod*] Gnats in de mill pon', gnats in de clover, gnats in de tater patch, stingin' all over.

[*The stage grows dark again. There is the humming of gnats and the slapping of hands against faces and arms, and the same protests as were heard with the flies, but with more feeling, "I'm gittin' stung to death!" "I'm all stung!" "Dey're like hornets!" "Dey's on my face!" etc.*]

PHARAOH. Take 'em away, Moses!

MOSES [*His voice drowning the others*]. If I do, will you let 'em go?

PHARAOH. Sho' I will, dis time.

MOSES. Do you mean it?

PHARAOH. Co'se I mean it! Doggone, one just stang me on de nose.

MOSES. Begone! [*Lights come up as AARON lowers the rod. There is a moment of general recovery again. PHARAOH rubs his nose, looks at his hands, etc., as do the others*] Now, how about it?

PHARAOH [*Smiling*]. Well, I'll tell you, Moses. Now dat de trick's over—

[*MOSES takes a step toward PHARAOH*]

MOSES. Listen, Pharaoh. You been lyin' to me, and I'm gittin' tired of it.

PHARAOH. I ain't lyin', I'm trickin', too. You been trickin' me and I been trickin' you.

MOSES. I see. Well, I got one mo' trick up my sleeve which I didn't aim to wukk unless I had to. Caize when I does it, I can't undo it.

PHARAOH. Wukk it an' I'll trick you right back. I don' say you ain't a good tricker, Moses. You is one of de best I ever seen. But I kin outtrick you. Dat's all.

MOSES. It ain't only me dat's goin' to wukk dis trick. It's me an' de Lawd.

PHARAOH. Who?

MOSES. De Lawd God of Israel.

PHARAOH. I kin outtrick you an' de Lawd too!

MOSES [*Angrily*]. Now you done it, ol' King Pharaoh. You been mean to de Lawd's people, and de Lawd's been easy on you caize you didn' know no better. You been givin' me a lot of say-so-and no do-so, and I didn' min' dat. But now you've got to braggin' dat you's better dan de Lawd, and dat's too many.

PHARAOH. You talk like a preacher, an' I never did like to hear preachers talk.

MOSES. You ain't goin' to like it any better, when I strikes down de oldes' boy in every one of yo' people's houses.

PHARAOH. Now you've given up trickin' and is jest lyin'. [*He rises*] Listen, I'm Pharaoh. I do de strikin' down yere. I strike down my enemies, and dere's no one in all Egypt kin kill who he wants to, 'ceptin' me.

MOSES. I'm sorry, Pharaoh. Will you let de Hebrews go?

PHARAOH. You heard my word. [*AARON is lifting his rod again at a signal from MOSES*] Now, no more tricks or I'll—

MOSES. Oh, Lawd, you'll have to do it, I guess. Aaron, lift de rod.

[*There is a thunderclap, darkness and screams. The lights go up. Several of the younger men on the stage have fallen to the ground or are being held in the arms of the horrified elders.*]

PHARAOH. What have you done yere? Where's my boy?

[*Through the door come four men bearing a young man's body*]

FIRST OF THE FOUR MEN. King Pharaoh.

[*PHARAOH drops into his chair, stunned, as the dead boy is brought to the throne*]

PHARAOH [*Grief-stricken*]. Oh, my son, my fine son.

[*The courtiers look at him with mute appeal*]

MOSES. I'm sorry, Pharaoh, but you can't fight de Lawd. Will you let his people go?

PHARAOH. Let them go.

[*The lights go out. The CHOIR begins, "Mary, Don't You Weep," and continues until it is broken by the strains of "I'm Noways Weary and I'm Noways Tired." The latter is sung by many more voices than the former, and the cacophony ends as the latter grows in volume and the lights go up on the next scene*]

SCENE FOUR

THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL are marching on the treadmill and now singing fortissimo. They are of all ages and most of them are ragged. The men have packs on their shoulders, one or two have hand carts. The line stretches across the stage. It is nearing twilight, and the faces of the assemblage are illumined by the rays of the late afternoon sun. The upper treadmill carries a gradually rising and falling middle distance past the marchers. The foot of a mountain appears; a trumpet call is heard as the foot of the mountain reaches stage center. The marchers halt. The picture now shows the mountain running up out of sight off right. The singing stops. A babel of "What's de matter?" "Why do we stop?" "Tain't sundown yet!" "What's happened?" "What's goin' on?" "What are they blowin' for?" etc. Those looking ahead begin to murmur. "It's Moses," "Moses." "What's happened to him?" The others take up the repetition of "Moses," and MOSES enters, on the arm of AARON. He is now an old man, as is his brother, and he totters toward the center of the stage. Cries of "What's de matter, Moses?"

"You ain't hurt, is you?" "Ain't that too bad?" etc. He slowly seats himself on the rock at the foot of the mountain.

AARON. How you feelin' now, brother?

MOSES. I'm so weary, Aaron. Seems like I was took all of a sudden.

AARON. Do we camp yere?

MOSES [*Pathetically*]. No, you got to keep goin'.

AARON. But you cain't go no further tonight, brother.

MOSES. Dis never happened to me befo'.

A YOUNG WOMAN. But you's a ol' man, now, Father Moses. You cain't expect to go as fas' as we kin.

MOSES. But de Lawd said I'd do it. He said I was to show you de Promised Land. Fo'ty years, I bin leadin' you. I led you out o' Egypt. I led you past Sinai, and through de wilderness. Oh, I cain't fall down on you now!

AARON. Le's res' yere fo' de night. Den we'll see how you feel in de mo'nin'.

MOSES. We tol' de scouts we'd meet 'em three miles further on. I hate fo' 'em to come back all dis way to report. 'Tis gettin' a little dark, ain't it?

AARON. It ain't dark, Brother.

MOSES. No, it's my eyes.

AARON. Maybe it's de dust.

MOSES. No, I jest cain't seem to see. Oh, Lawd, dey cain't have a blind man leadin' 'em! Where is you, Aaron?

AARON. I'se right yere, Moses.

MOSES. Do you think— [*Pause*] Oh! Do you think it's de time He said?

AARON. How you mean, Moses?

[*Crowd look from one to another in wonder*]

MOSES. He said I could lead 'em to de Jordan, dat I'd see de Promised Land, and dat's all de further I could go, on account I broke de laws. Little while back I thought I *did* see a river ahead, and a pretty land on de other side. [*Distant shouts "Hooray!" "Yere dey are!" "Dey travelled quick," etc.*] Where's de young leader of de troops? Where's Joshua?

[*The call "Joshua" is taken up by those on the right of the stage, followed almost immediately by "Yere he is!" "Moses wants you!" etc.*]

[*JOSHUA enters. He is a fine looking Negro of about thirty.*]

JOSHUA [*Going to MOSES' side*]. Yes, suh.

MOSES. What's de shoutin' 'bout, Joshua?

JOSHUA. De scouts is back wid de news. De Jordan is right ahead of us, and Jericho is jest on de other side. Moses, we're dere! [*There are cries of "Hallelujah!" "De Lawd be praised!" "Hooray!" "De Kingdom's comin'!" etc. With a considerable stir among the marchers, several new arrivals crowd in from right, shouting "Moses, we're dere!" JOSHUA seeing the newcomers*] Yere's de scouts!

[*Three very ragged and dusty young men advance to* MOSES]

MOSES [*As the shouting dies*] So it's de River Jordan?

FIRST SCOUT. Yes, suh.

MOSES. All we got to take is de city of Jericho

FIRST SCOUT. Yes, suh.

MOSES Joshua, you got to take charge of de fightin' men, an Aaron's gotta stay by de priests

JOSHUA What about you?

MOSES. You are leavin' me behind. Joshua, you gonter get de fightin' men together and take dat city befo' sundown.

JOSHUA It's a big city, Moses, wid walls all 'round it We ain't got enough men.

MOSES. You'll take it, Joshua

JOSHUA Yes, suh, but how?

MOSES Move up to de walls wid our people I ell de priests to go wid you with de rams' horns. You start marchin' 'roun' dem walls, and den—

JOSHUA Yes, suh.

MOSES De Lawd'll take charge, jest as he's took charge ev'y time I've led you against a city. He ain't never failed, has he?

SEVERAL VOICES No, Moses [*All raise their heads*]

MOSES And he ain't goin' to fail us now [*He prays All bow*] Oh, Lawd, I'm turnin' over our brave young men to you, caize I know you don' want me to lead 'em any further [*Rises*] Jest like you said, I've got to de Jordan but I can't git over it. An' yere dey goin' now to take de city of Jericho. In a little while dey'll be marchin' roun' it. An' would you please be so good as to tell 'em what to do? Amen [*To JOSHUA*] Go ahead. Ev'ybody follows Joshua now Give de signal to move on wid ev'ything [*A trumpet is heard*] You camp fo' de night in de City of Jericho [*MOSES seats himself on the rock*]

JOSHUA. Cain't we help you, Moses?

MOSES. You go ahead De Lawd's got his plans fo' me. Soun' de signal to march. [*Another trumpet call is heard. The company starts marching off AARON lingers a moment*] Take care of de Ark of de Covenant, Aaron.

AARON. Yes, Brother. Good-bye.

MOSES. Good-bye, Aaron. [*The singing is resumed softly and dies away The last of the marchers has disappeared*] Yere I is, Lawd De chillun is goin' into de Promised Land [*GOD enters from behind the hill. He walks to MOSES, puts his hands on his shoulders*] You's with me, ain't you, Lawd?

GOD. Co'se I is.

MOSES. Guess I'm through, Lawd Jest like you said I'd be, when I broke de tablets of de law De ol' machine's broke down.

GOD Jest what was it I said to you, Moses? Do you remember?

MOSES You said I couldn't go into de Promised Land.

GOD. Dat's so. But dat ain't all dey was to it.

MOSES. How you mean, Lawd?

GOD. Moses, you been a good man. You been a good leader of my people. You got me angry once, dat's true. And when you anger me I'm a God of Wrath. But I never meant you wasn't gonter have what was comin' to you. An' I ain't goin' to do you out of it, Moses. It's jest de country acrost de River dat you ain't gonter enter. You gonter have a Promised Land. I been gettin' it ready fo' you, fo' a long time. Kin you stand up?

MOSES [*Rising, with god's help*]. Yes, suh, Lawd.

GOD. Come on, I'm goin' to show it to you. We goin' up dis hill to see it. Moses, it's a million times nicer dan de Land of Canaan. [*They start up the hill*]

MOSES. I cain't hardly see.

GOD. Don't worry. Dat's jest caize you so old.

[*They take a step or two up the hill, when MOSES stops suddenly*]

MOSES. Oh!

GOD. What's de matter?

MOSES. We cain't be doin' dis!

GOD. Co'se we kin!

MOSES. But I fo'got! I fo'got about Joshua and de fightin' men!

GOD. How about 'em?

MOSES. Dey're marchin' on Jericho. I tol' 'em to march aroun' de walls and den de Lawd would be dere to tell 'em what to do.

GOD. Dat's all right. He's dere.

MOSES. Den who's dis helpin' me up de hill?

GOD. Yo' faith, yo' God.

MOSES. And is you over dere helpin' them too, Lawd? Is you goin' to tell dem poor chillun what to do?

GOD. Co'se I is. Listen, Moses. I'll show you how I'm helpin' dem.

[*From the distance comes the blast of the rams' horns, the sound of crumbling walls, a roar, and a moment's silence. The CHOIR begins "Joshua Fit De Battle of Jericho" and continues through the rest of the scene*]

MOSES. You did it, Lawd! You've tooken it! Listen to de chillun'—dey's in de Land of Canaan at last! You's de only God dey ever was, ain't you, Lawd?

GOD [*Quietly*]. Come on, ol' man. [*They continue up the hill*]

[*The stage is darkened*]

MR. DESHEE [*In the dark*]. But even dat scheme didn' work. Caize after dey got into the Land of Canaan dey went to de dogs again. And dey went into bondage again. Only dis time it was in de City of Babylon.

[*The CHOIR, which has been singing "Cain't Stay Away," stops as the next scene begins*]

SCENE FIVE

UNDER a low ceiling is a room vaguely resembling a Negro night club in New Orleans. Two or three long tables run across the room, and on the left is a table on a dais with a gaudy canopy above it. The table bears a card marked "Reserved for King and guests."

Flashy young men and women are seated at the tables. About a dozen couples are dancing in the foreground to the tune of a jazz orchestra. The costumes are what would be worn at a Negro masquerade to represent the debauchees of Babylon.

FIRST MAN. When did yuh git to Babylon?

SECOND MAN. I jes' got in yesterday.

THIRD MAN [*Dancing*]. How do you like dis baby, Joe?

FOURTH MAN. Hot damn! She could be de King's pet!

A WOMAN. Anybody seen my papa?

THIRD MAN. Don't fo'git de dance at de High Priest's house tomorrow.

[*The dance stops as a bugle call is heard. Enter MASTER OF CEREMONIES*]

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. Stop! Tonight's guest of honor, de King of Babylon an' party of five.

[*Enter the KING and five girls. The KING has on an imitation ermine cloak over his conventional evening clothes and wears a diamond tiara. All rise as the KING enters, and sing, "Hail, de King of Bab—Bab—Babylon"*]

KING. Wait till you see de swell table I got. [*He crosses the stage to his table. The girls are jabbering*] Remind me to send you a peck of rubies in de mo'nin'.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. Ev'nin', King!

KING. Good ev'nin'. How's de party goin'?

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. Bes' one we ever had in Babylon, King.

KING. Any Jew boys yere?

MASTER OF CEREMONIES [*indicating some of the others*]. Lot o' dem yere. I kin go git mo' if you want 'em.

KING. I was really referrin' to de High Priest. He's a 'ticlar frien' o' mine an' he might drop in. You know what he look like?

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. No, suh, but I'll be on de look-out fo' him.

KING. O.K. Now le's have a li'l good time.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. Yes, suh. [*To the orchestra*] Let 'er go, boys.

[*The music begins, waiters appear with food and great urns painted gold and silver, from which they pour out wine for the guests. The MASTER OF CEREMONIES exits. The KING's dancing-girls go to the middle of the floor, and start to dance. The KING puts his arms about the waists of two girls, and draws them to him*]

KING. Hot damn! Da's de way! Let de Jew boys see our gals kin dance

better'n dere's. [*There is an ad lib. babel of "Da's de truth, King!" "I don' know—we got some good gals, too!" etc.*] Dey ain' nobody in de worl' like de Babylon gals.

[*The dancing grows faster, the watchers keep time with hand-claps. The door at the left opens suddenly, and the PROPHET, a patriarchal, ragged figure enters. He looks belligerently about the room, and is followed almost immediately by the MASTER OF CEREMONIES*]

PROPHET. Stop! [*The music and the dancers halt*]

KING. What's the idea, bustin' up my party?

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. He said he was expected, King. I thought mebbe he was de—

KING. Did you think he was de High Priest of de Hebrews? Why, he's jest an ol' bum! De High Priest is a fashion plate. T'row dis ole bum out o' yere!

PROPHET. Stop!

[*Those who have been advancing to seize him stop, somewhat amused*]

KING. Wait a minute. Don't throw him out. Let's see what he has to say.

PROPHET. Listen to me, King of Babylon! I've been sent yere by de Lawd God Jehovah. Don't you dare lay a hand on de Prophet!

KING. Oh, you're a prophet, is yuh? Well, you know we don' keer much fo' prophets in dis part of de country.

PROPHET. Listen to me, sons and daughters of Babylon! Listen, you children of Israel dat's given yo'selves over to de evil ways of yo' oppressors! You're all wallowin' like hogs in sin, an' de wrath of Gawd ain' goin' to be held back much longer! I'm tellin' you, repent befo' it's too late. Repent befo' Jehovah casts down de same fire dat burned up Sodom and Gomorrah. Repent befo' de— [*During this scene yells increase as the PROPHET continues*]

[*The HIGH PRIEST enters Left. He is a fat voluptuary, elaborately clothed in brightly colored robes. He walks in hand in hand with a gaudily dressed "chippy"*]

HIGH PRIEST [*Noise stops*]. Whoa, dere! What you botherin' the King fo'?

PROPHET [*Wheeling*]. And you, de High Priest of all Israel, walkin' de town wid a dirty li'l tramp.

KING. Seems to be a frien' o' yours, Jake.

HIGH PRIEST [*Crossing to the KING with his girl*]. Aw, he's one of dem wild men, like Jeremiah and Isaiah. Don' let him bother you none. [*Pushes PROPHET aside and goes to KING's table*]

PROPHET. You consort with harlots, an' yo' pollution in the sight of de Lawd. De Lawd God's goin' to smite you down, jest as he's goin' to smite down all dis wicked world! [*Grabs HIGH PRIEST and turns him around*]

KING [*Angrily against the last part of the preceding speech*]. Wait a minute. I'm getting tired of this. Don' throw him out. Jest kill him! [*There is the sound of a shot. The PROPHET falls*]

PROPHET. Smite 'em down, Lawd, like you said. Dey ain't a decent person left in de whole world.

[*He dies.* MASTER OF CEREMONIES, *revolver in hand, looks down at the* PROPHET]

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. He's dead, King.

KING. Some of you boys take him out.

[*A couple of young men come from the background and walk off with the body*]

HIGH PRIEST. Don' know whether you should'a done that, King.

KING. Why not?

HIGH PRIEST. I don' know whether de Lawd would like it.

KING. Now, listen, Jake. You know yo' Lawd ain't payin' much attention to dis man's town. Except fo' you boys, it's tho'ly protected by de Gods o' Babylon.

HIGH PRIEST. I know, but jest de same—

KING. Look yere, s'pose I give you a couple hund'ed pieces of silver. Don' you s'pose you kin arrange to persuade yo' Gawd to keep his hands off?

HIGH PRIEST [*Oilily*]. Well of co'se we could try. I dunno how well it would work.

[*As the HIGH PRIEST speaks, the KING claps his hands.* MASTER OF CEREMONIES *enters with bag of money*]

KING. Yere it is.

HIGH PRIEST [*Smiling*]. I guess we kin square things up. [*He prays—whiningly*] Oh Lawd, please forgive my po' frien' de King o' Babylon. He didn't know what he was doin' an'—

[*There is a clap of thunder, darkness for a second. The lights go up and GOD is standing in the center of the room*]

GOD [*In a voice of doom*]. Dat's about enough. [*The guests are horrified*] I's stood all I kin from you. I tried to make dis a good earth. I helped Adam, I helped Noah, I helped Moses, an' I helped David. What's de grain dat grew out of de seed? Sin! Nothin' but sin throughout de whole world. I've given you ev'y chance. I sent you warriors and prophets. I've given you laws and commandments, an' you betrayed my trust. Ev'ything I've given you, you've defiled. Ev'y time I've fo'given you, you've mocked me. An' now de High Priest of Israel tries to trifle wid my name. Listen, you chillun of darkness, yo' Lawd is tried. I'm tired of de struggle to make you worthy of de breath I gave you. I put you in bondage ag'in to cure you an' yo' worse dan you was amongst de flesh pots of Egypt. So I renounce you. Listen to the words of yo' lawd God Jehovah, for dey is de last words yo' ever hear from me. I repent of dese people dat I have made and I will deliver dem no more.

[*There is darkness and cries of "Mercy!" "Have pity, Lawd!" "We didn' mean it, Lawd!" "Forgive us, Lawd!" etc. The CHOIR sings "Death's Gwinter Lay His Cold Icy Hands On Me" until the lights go up on the next scene*]

SCENE SIX

GOD is writing at his desk. Outside, past the door, goes HOSEA, a dignified old man, with wings like JACOB'S. GOD, sensing his presence, looks up from the paper he is examining, and follows him out of the corner of his eye. Angrily he resumes his work as soon as HOSEA is out of sight. There is a knock on the door.

GOD. Who is it?

[GABRIEL enters]

GABRIEL. It's de delegation, Lawd.

GOD [Wearily]. Tell 'em to come in.

[ABRAHAM, ISAAC, JACOB, and MOSES enter]

Good mo'nin', gen'lemen.

THE VISITORS. Good mo'nin', Lawd.

GOD. What kin I do for you?

MOSES. You know, Lawd. Go back to our people.

GOD [Shaking his head]. Ev'ry day fo' hund'eds of years you boys have come in to ask dat same thing. De answer is still de same. I repented of de people I made. I said I would deliver dem no more. Good mo'nin', gen'lemen. [The four visitors rise and exeunt. GABRIEL remains] Gabe, why do dey do it?

GABRIEL. I 'spect dey think you gonter change yo' mind.

GOD [Sadly]. Dey don' know me. [HOSEA again passes the door. His shadow shows on wall. GABRIEL is perplexed, as he watches. GOD again looks surreptitiously over His shoulder at the passing figure] I don' like dat, either.

GABRIEL. What, Lawd?

GOD. Dat man.

GABRIEL. He's jest a prophet, Lawd. Dat's jest old Hosea. He jest come up the other day.

GOD. I know. He's one of de few dat's come up yere since I was on de earth last time.

GABRIEL. Ain' been annoyin' you, has he?

GOD. I don' like him walkin' past de door.

GABRIEL. All you got to do is tell him to stop, Lawd.

GOD. Yes, I know. I don' want to tell him. He's got a right up yere or he wouldn' be yere.

GABRIEL. You needn' be bothered by him hangin' aroun' de office all de time. I'll tell 'im. Who's he think he—

GOD. No, Gabe. I find it ain't in me to stop him. I sometimes jest wonder why he don' come in and say hello.

GABRIEL. You want him to do dat?

[He moves as if to go to the door]

GOD. He never has spoke to me, and if he don' wanta come in, I ain't gonter make him. But dat ain't de worst of it, Gabriel.

GABRIEL. What is, Lawd?

GOD. Ev'y time he goes past de door I hears a voice.

GABRIEL. One of de angels?

GOD [*Shaking his head*]. It's from de earth. It's a man.

GABRIEL. You mean he's prayin'?

GOD. No, he ain't exactly prayin'. He's jest talkin' in such a way dat I got to lissen. His name is Hezdrel.

GABRIEL. Is he on de books?

GOD. No, not yet. But ev'y time dat Hosea goes past I hear dat voice.

GABRIEL. Den tell *it* to stop.

GOD. I find I don' want to do that, either. Dey's gettin' ready to take Jerusalem down dere. Dat was my big fine city. Dis Hezdrel, he's jest one of de defenders. [*Suddenly and passionately, almost wildly*] I ain't comin' down. You hear me? I ain't comin' down. [*He looks at GABRIEL*] Go ahead, Gabriel. 'Tend to yo' chores. I'm gonter keep wukkin' yere.

GABRIEL. I hates to see you feelin' like dis, Lawd.

GOD. Dat's all right. Even bein' Gawd ain't a bed of roses. [*GABRIEL exits. HOSEA's shadow is on the wall. For a second HOSEA hesitates. GOD looks at the wall. Goes to window*] I hear you. I know yo' fightin' bravely, but I ain't comin' down. Oh, why don' you leave me alone? You know you ain't talkin' to me. *Is* you talkin' to me? I can't stand yo' talkin' dat way. I kin only hear part of what yo' sayin', and it puzzles me. Don' you know you can't puzzle God? [*A pause. Then tenderly*] Do you want me to come down dere ve'y much? You know I said I wouldn't come down? [*Fiercely*] Why don' he answer me a little? [*With clenched fists, looks down through the window*] Listen! I'll tell you what I'll do. I ain't goin' to promise you anythin', and I ain't goin' to do nothin' to help you. I'm jest feelin' a little low, an' I'm only comin' down to make myself feel a little better, dat's all.

[*The stage is darkened. CHOIR begins "A Blind Man Stood In De Middle of De Road," and continues until the lights go up on the next scene*]

SCENE SEVEN

It is a shadowed corner beside the walls of the temple in Jerusalem. The light of camp fires flickers on the figure of HEZDREL, who was ADAM in Part I. He stands in the same position ADAM held when first discovered but in his right hand is a sword, and his left is in a sling. Around him are several prostrate bodies. Pistol and cannon shots, then a trumpet call. Six young men enter from left in command of a CORPORAL. They are all armed.

CORPORAL. De fightin' stopped fo' de night, Hezdrel.

HEZDREL. Yes?

CORPORAL. Dey're goin' to begin ag'in at cockcrow. [*Man enters, crosses the stage and exits*] Herod say he's goin' to take de temple tomorrow, burn de books and de Ark of de Covenant, and put us all to de sword.

HEZDREL. Yo' ready, ain't you?

EVERYBODY. Yes, Hezdrel.

HEZDREL. Did de food get in through de hole in de city wall?

[*Two soldiers enter, cross the stage and exit*]

CORPORAL. Yessuh, we's goin' back to pass it out now.

HEZDREL. Good. Any mo' of our people escape today?

CORPORAL. Ol' Herod's got de ol' hole covered up now, but fifteen of our people got out a new one we made.

[*Other soldiers enter, cross the stage and exit*]

HEZDREL. Good. Take dese yere wounded men back and git 'em took care of.

CORPORAL. Yes, suh.

[*They pick up the bodies on the ground and carry them offstage as*

HEZDREL *speaks*]

HEZDREL. So dey gonter take de temple in de mo'nin'? We'll be waitin' for 'em. Jest remember, boys, when dey kill us we leap out of our skins, right into de lap of God.

[*The men disappear with the wounded; from the deep shadow upstage comes GOD*]

GOD. Hello, Hezdrel—Adam.

HEZDREL [*Rubbing his forehead*]. Who is you?

GOD. Me? I'm jest an ol' preacher, from back in de hills.

HEZDREL. What you doin' yere?

GOD. I heard you boys was fightin'. I jest wanted to see how it was goin'.

HEZDREL. Well, it ain't goin' so well.

GOD. Dey got you skeered, huh?

HEZDREL. Look yere, who is you, a spy in my brain?

GOD. Cain't you see I's one of yo' people?

HEZDREL. Listen, Preacher, we ain't skeered. We's gonter be killed, but we ain't skeered.

GOD. I's glad to hear dat. Kin I ask you a question, Hezdrel?

HEZDREL. What is it?

GOD. How is it you is so brave?

HEZDREL. Caize we got faith, dat's why!

GOD. Faith? In who?

HEZDREL. In our dear Lawd God.

GOD. But God say he abandoned ev' one down yere.

HEZDREL. Who say dat? Who dare say dat of de Lawd God of Hosea?

GOD. De God of Hosea?

HEZDREL. You heard me. Look yere, you *is* a spy in my brain!

GOD. No, I ain't, Hezdrel. I'm jest puzzled. You ought to know dat.

HEZDREL. How come you so puzzled 'bout de God of Hosea?

GOD. I don' know. Maybe I jest don' hear things. You see, I live 'way back in de hills.

HEZDREL. What you want'er find out?

GOD. Ain't de God of Hosea de same Jehovah dat was de God of Moses?

HEZDREL [*Contemptuously*]. No. Dat ol' God of wrath and vengeance? We have de God dat Hosea preached to us. He's de one God.

GOD. Who's he?

HEZDREL [*Reverently*]. De God of mercy.

GOD. Hezdrel, don' you think dey must be de same God?

HEZDREL. I don' know. I ain't bothered to think much about it. Maybe dey is. Maybe our God is de same ol' God. I guess we jest got tired of his appearance dat ol' way.

GOD. What you mean, Hezdrel?

HEZDREL. Oh, dat ol' God dat walked de earth in de shape of a man. I guess he lived wid man so much dat all he seen was de sins in man. Dat's what made him de God of wrath and vengeance. Co'se he made Hosea. An' Hosea never would a found what mercy was unless dere was a little of it in God, too. Anyway, he ain't a fearsome God no mo'. Hosea showed us dat.

GOD. How you s'pose Hosea found dat mercy?

HEZDREL. De only way he could find it. De only way I found it. De only way anyone kin find it.

GOD. How's dat?

HEZDREL. Through sufferin'.

GOD [*After a pause*]. What if dey kill you in de mo'nin', Hezdrel.

HEZDREL. If dey do, dey do. Dat's all.

GOD. Herod say he's goin' to burn de temple—

HEZDREL. So he say.

GOD. And burn de Ark an' de books. Den dat's de end of de books, ain't it?

HEZDREL [*Buoyantly*]. What you mean? If he burns dem things in dere? Naw. Dem's jest copies.

GOD. Where is de others?

HEZDREL [*Tapping his head*]. Dey's a set in yere. Fifteen got out through de hole in the city wall today. A hundred and fifty got out durin' de week. Each of em is a set of de books. Dey's scattered safe all over de countryside now, jest waitin' to git pen and paper fo' to put 'em down agin.

GOD [*Proudly*]. Dey cain't lick you, kin dey Hezdrel?

HEZDREL [*Smiling*]. I know dey cain't. [*Trumpet*] You better get out o' yere, Preacher, if you want'er carry de news to yo' people. It'll soon be daylight.

GOD. I'm goin'. [*He takes a step upstage and stops*] Want me to take any message?

HEZDREL. Tell de people in de hills dey ain't nobody like de Lawd God of Hosea.

GOD. I will. If dey kill you tomorrow I'll bet dat God of Hosea'll be waitin' for you.

HEZDREL. I *know* he will.

GOD [*Quietly*]. Thank you, Hezdrel.

HEZDREL. Fo' what?

GOD. Fo' tellin' me so much. You see I been so far away, I guess I was jest way behin' de times.

[*He exits. Pause, then trumpet sounds*]

[*HEZDREL paces back and forth once or twice. Another young soldier appears. Other men enter and stand grouped about HEZDREL*]

SECOND OFFICER [*Excitedly*]. De cock's jest crowed, Hezdrel. Dey started de fightin' ag'in.

HEZDREL. We's ready for 'em. Come on, boys. [*From the darkness upstage comes another group of soldiers*] Dis is de day dey say dey'll git us. Le's fight till de last man goes. What d'you say?

CORPORAL. Le's go, Hezdrel!

HEZDREL [*Calling left*]. Give 'em ev'ything, boys!

[*There is a movement toward the left, a bugle call and the sound of distant battle. The lights go out. The CHOIR is heard singing, "March On," triumphantly. They continue to sing after the lights go up on the next scene*]

SCENE EIGHT

IT is the same setting as the Fish Fry Scene in Part I. The same angels are present but the CHOIR, instead of marching, is standing in a double row on an angle upstage right. GOD is seated in an armchair near center. He faces the audience. As the CHOIR continues to sing, GABRIEL enters, unnoticed by the chattering angels. He looks at GOD who is staring thoughtfully toward the audience.

GABRIEL. You look a little pensive, Lawd. [*GOD nods his head*] Have a seegar, Lawd?

GOD. No thanks, Gabriel.

[*GABRIEL goes to the table, accepts a cup of custard; chats with the angel behind the table for a moment as he sips, puts the cup down and returns to the side of GOD*]

GABRIEL. You look awful pensive, Lawd. You been sittin' yere, lookin' dis way, an awful long time. Is it somethin' serious, Lawd?

GOD. Very serious, Gabriel.

GABRIEL [*Awed by His tone*]. Lawd, is de time come for me to blow?

GOD. Not yet, Gabriel. I'm just thinkin'.

GABRIEL. What about, Lawd? [*Puts up hand. Singing stops.*]

GOD. 'Bout somethin' de boy tol' me. Somethin' 'bout Hosea, and himself. How dey foun' somethin'.

GABRIEL. What, Lawd?

GOD. Mercy. [*A pause*] Through *sufferin'*, he said.

GABRIEL. Yes, Lawd.

GOD. I'm tryin' to find it, too. It's awful impo'tant. It's awful impo'tant to all de people on my earth. Did he mean dat even God must suffer?

[*GOD continues to look out over the audience for a moment and then a look of surprise comes into his face. He sighs. In the distance a voice cries*]

THE VOICE. Oh, look at him! Oh, look, dey goin' to make him carry it up dat high hill! Dey goin' to nail him to it! Oh, dat's a terrible burden for one man to carry!

[*GOD rises and murmurs "Yes!" as if in recognition. The heavenly beings have been watching him closely, and now, seeing him smile gently, draw back, relieved. All the angels burst into "Hallelujah, King Jesus."* GOD continues to smile as the lights fade away. *The singing becomes fortissimo*]

BOTH YOUR HOUSES¹*by Maxwell Anderson*

CHARACTERS

MARJORIE GRAY	DELL
BUS	SNEDEN
EDDIE WISTER	MISS MCMURTRY
SOLOMON FITZMAURICE	WINGBLATT
MARK	PEEBLES
SIMEON GRAY	FARNUM
LEVERING	ALAN MCCLEAN
MERTON	EBNER

ACTION AND SCENE

The play takes place in the House Office Building, Washington, D. C.

Act One

SCENE I: The office of the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee. A morning in early spring.

SCENE II: The Committee Room. The action of this scene begins three minutes before the close of Scene I.

Act Two

SCENE I: The office of the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee. Late afternoon. Three days later.

SCENE II: The Committee Room. One hour later.

Act Three

SCENE I: The Committee Room. Evening. Three days later.

SCENE II: The same. Three hours later.

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ACT ONE: SCENE ONE

SCENE: *The Reception Room in the offices of the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee in the House Office Building, Washington, D. C. The entrance from the hall is at the rear. A window and the door of the Chairman's private office on the right. To the left is the door to the Appropriations Committee room. A stenographer's desk with a typewriter, telephone and a small letter file is placed on the right, and the filing case and a safe on the left.*

MARJORIE GRAY, *secretary to and daughter of the Chairman, is at the telephone.* GRETA NILLSON, *better known as BUS, enters with coat and hat on.*

MARJORIE. Hello—Mr. Gray's office! Oh, hello, Alan. Where are you? The Dahl Agency? What are you doing there? But I thought you were going to be here for the meeting this morning.—You what?—You want to see Dad? Well, you can't unless you get here before they go into session and they're due right now.—Then you'd better hurry right over or you'll miss him!

BUS. Morning, Marjorie.

MARJORIE. Well, Bussy—aren't you working today?

BUS. No, dearest—I'm fired.

MARJORIE. What? What do you mean?

BUS. It was a surprise to me, too. I sat right down hard on my fifty yard line.

MARJORIE. Eddie fired you? By telephone?

BUS. By proxy. Oh, he's back from New York, but I haven't seen him.

MARJORIE. Can I do anything, do you suppose?

BUS. At the moment I don't think your dad's whole committee could. And I liked that job—and I needed it.

MARJORIE. But what's supposed to be the explanation?

BUS. It's dirty! You remember last session when Eddie was practically keeping house with the steel lobby—

MARJORIE. I remember Dad raising the devil about it—

BUS. Remember the secretary old man Sprague brought down with him—the one that franked out that speech of Eddie's on naval parity and the Japanese menace? She came in here one day—tall, blond, never been in Washington before—

MARJORIE. Oh yes—

BUS. Well, I think that's the baby.

MARJORIE. You don't mean the steel company's moving right into the House Office Building?

BUS. Certainly—to help Mr. Wister with his home work. What else was he doing in New York? Why didn't he get back here yesterday?

MARJORIE. That's what Dad wants to know.

BUS. Of course, illicit passion may have raised its pretty tousled head.

MARJORIE. Better to be swallowed by passion than by the Appalachian Steel Company. In any case you won't have trouble getting a job, Bus.

BUS. Trouble enough if I wind up with one of these new Congressmen, spending all my time cleaning up after him, and never knowing when he'll make a mess on the floor of the House.

MARJORIE. Of course the new ones don't pay quite so much—

BUS. The worst of them is they've mostly never been away from home before, and all they know about having a secretary is what they've learned from the moving pictures. They try holding you on their laps the first day and assault the second.

MARJORIE. You're romancing, Bus.

BUS. Well—you've always worked for your father, so you wouldn't know.

MARJORIE. No, I suppose not.

BUS. Not that I hold it too much against them. I'm not exactly at an age to choose my pleasures—and assault at first sight isn't always to be despised—

MARJORIE. Bus, you're a devil—

BUS. Do you know how many specimens I've had under my personal microscope? Nine. Two fired me for honesty, I fired five for dishonesty—and the other two met natural deaths by electorate. Oh wouldn't I like to get even with one or two of those corporation statesmen! Just give me half a chance, and I'm just good and sure I would.—By the way, how's your Nevada school teacher working out?

MARJORIE. Alan? He's a little out of hand! I'm going to have to give him lessons in how to juggle dynamite.

BUS. Is that all? I thought I detected adoration in his eyes!

MARJORIE. I wouldn't really mind! Adoration is rare these days—and a bit embarrassing. However—

BUS. However!

MARJORIE. I'll manage.

BUS. Of course you will.

[EDDIE WISTER *enters, a well-dressed man of thirty-eight, with a Racquet Club manner.*]

EDDIE. Hello! Sorry you got here first, Bussy. Good morning, Marjorie. [MARJORIE *waves her hand*] What did Miss Corey tell you?

BUS. Well, I got the impression, I don't know why—that I'd lost my job.

EDDIE. Why? There's plenty of work for both of you—

BUS. In Washington, maybe—

EDDIE. Don't be sour, Bus. Do you really want to know why I've taken her on?

MARJORIE. There seem to be two schools of thought.

EDDIE. Well, it's for the same reason I wasn't here yesterday. Wasn't that pretty obvious?

MARJORIE. Not at all. The committee sat here from two to five, waiting for you, and blasting your hide.

EDDIE [*to BUS*]. No kidding! Didn't you tell them I was detained?

BUS. I did. It was my last official act.

MARJORIE. Bussy didn't know you were looking for a new secretary!

EDDIE. Well, I wasn't—but I couldn't help myself. She's been the secretary of an old friend of mine.

BUS. Sure—Col. Sprague—of Appalachian Steel.

EDDIE. How did you know that?

BUS. She was down here with him last spring.

EDDIE. Look here, Bus—I'm going to need you, you know. Miss Corey doesn't know the district—nor the routine either—you'll certainly have to finish the work on the bill—

BUS. She's to be in charge of the office, isn't she?

EDDIE. I suppose so, unfortunately—

BUS. Then I'm sorry, but you'll have to excuse me. I'll take the notes in the committee, and then I'm through.

[SOLOMON FITZMAURICE enters]

SOL. More wenches!

MARJORIE. Good morning, Sol!

SOL. Hell-on-fire! You can't turn a corner without skirts blowing in your eye! By God, when I come up to this town it was a man's town, and a statesman could arrive at his office when he felt damn good and like it, without a squad of females waiting for him with their legs crossed and pads open on their knees, yawning for dictation!

MARJORIE. Had a bad night, Sol?

SOL. In the old days, when government was government, a couple of men could sit down over a jug of whiskey and decide something— [*He has opened the lower drawer of the filing case, extracted a jug, and replaced it with another from his satchel. The empty jug he now drops in the waste basket*]

MARJORIE. Sol—you can't put that there!

SOL. I always have.

MARJORIE. Well, from now on it's out. The janitor's complained about it, and threatened to report it—leave it in your own waste-basket, darling.

SOL. And now a gentleman can't have his liquor because a janitor complains.

EDDIE. It's only the empty ones they complain about.

SOL. Why, the lousy reds, I'll show 'em— [*He picks up the empty jug, walks with it to the window, and drops it out*]

MARJORIE. Sol, you pig! It'll break on the coping!

SOL. Let 'em sweep it up, the Soviets! You got to bear with an old man, Clover. The changes of this world are too much for him, and he's growing testy and short-tempered.

MARJORIE. Drunk and delirious, I'd say.

SOL. [*Pouring a drink into a paper cup*]. On my soul, I haven't touched liquor since before breakfast.

[*There is a knock at the door and MARK enters with a basket piled high with letters*]

BUS. Somebody's hearing from the folks back home!

MARJORIE. Now Mark—you're not bringing all that in here?

MARK [*Looking at a letter*]. Congressman Gray—Yes, ma'am.

MARJORIE [*To BUS*]. That's another night's work!

MARK. Ain't no fun for me either, Miss Marjorie.

MARJORIE. Take 'em inside, Mark.

MARK. O. K. What good is all this—that's what I want to know?

SOL. What good is it? Mark, a question like that spoken at the right time might blow this government right over, right over—don't you know that?

MARK. Tell you the truth—I don't even care. If it went over—maybe I'd be on the up-side. [*He goes into the inner office*]

EDDIE. Call the janitor and sweep 'em out.

MARJORIE. We're not from a corporation district—we have to be pleasant to the constituents. Will you help me, Bus?

BUS. Well, come on— [*She moves toward inner office*] My God, and they say the art of letter-writing is dead— [*She goes in*]

MARJORIE. It is. [*She follows BUS out*]

SOL. Have a little one? You're going to need it.

EDDIE. Is something hanging over me, Solomon?

SOL. When Simeon gets through with you you're going to be so low you can look up and see the depression all around you.

EDDIE. What's troubling the honorable Chairman?

SOL. Boy— [*The door opens and GRAY and LEVERING enter from the hall*]

GRAY. Oh, there you are!

EDDIE. Morning, Simeon. Now wait—I know I'm in bad, but—

GRAY. You're a help, aren't you? One day in the term I need you here—and you choose that day to climb the Statue of Liberty.

EDDIE. No truth in it, Simeon. Merely had to go to New York. It was a crisis.

GRAY. In steel?

LEVERING. I noticed it dropped seven points!

EDDIE. Well, that may have had something to do with it.

GRAY. Well, we're a week late with this bill already, and I came back yesterday for nothing else but to get it set.

EDDIE. We'll get it set today, won't we?

GRAY. Did you ever hear of a bill being put in shape in one day with a new member sitting there and asking questions?

SOL. Is that young cub coming in with the caucus today?

[*MARJORIE enters from the inner office*]

LEVERING. That's just what I want to talk to you about, boys. He's been dodging me for a week now.

SOL. Dodges the party whip, does he? Well, that shows intelligence.

GRAY. Well, why—

LEVERING. That's what I'd like to know.

SOL. We're going to need a solid caucus to push this thing through the committee. You'd better get hold of him, Disraeli.

LEVERING. I've been trying to, but I can't find him.

GRAY. Don't tell me we've got another problem on our hands. The less they know the more hell they raise.

MARJORIE. Mr. McClean was just on the phone. He's on his way over here now.

GRAY. Good. You'd better see him, Dizzy, and straighten him out.

LEVERING. Isn't McClean your man, Sime? Wasn't it you brought his name up when we had that deadlock in the committee?

GRAY. I never saw him in my life, but as the case was presented to me, it looked like a set-up. He was from the district of the dam, he'd have to vote for it, and he wouldn't dare add any more to it.

SOL. What did you say his name was? McClean?

GRAY. Yes, Alan McCClean.

EDDIE. The sooner we get him in and talk to him the better.

SOL. McCClean. There's a McCClean owns a newspaper in Nevada—used to sow a lot of headaches around here. Any relation?

GRAY. I don't know.

MARJORIE. Yes. This is his son.

SOL. If he's anything like the old man, you'd better keep him under your cold speculative eye, Dizzy.

EDDIE. Oh, we're watching him! Didn't I tell you Merton is his secretary? Well, I have an understanding with Merton.

GRAY. Well, get Merton in here and let's hear what he has to say.

[MARK *enters from the private office, crosses to the hall door and goes out*]

EDDIE. O. K. Get me Merton. Personally I think he's harmless. He doesn't know what it's all about.

SOL. Maybe.

[MARJORIE *goes into the inner office*]

EDDIE. Merton?—Wister. Come into Mr. Gray's office, will you?

SOL. About that little item of mine, Simeon. Are we going to be able to get that in?

GRAY. No, we aren't.

SOL. Give out something, Simeon! They've got to finish that dam, no matter what its name is. Everybody in Washington has tacked something onto the bill except yours truly—and I'm the one man that deserves it.

GRAY. Well, next time try to tack on something smaller than the Atlantic Fleet, and perhaps you'll get it.

EDDIE. What does he want this time?

GRAY. He wants the Atlantic Fleet to spend its vacation at that real estate development of his. How's it going to read in the newspapers—"The Atlantic Fleet is anchored for the summer at Rocky Point, Long Island, to boom Representative Fitzmaurice's summer resort and chain of speakeasies!"

SOL. The Atlantic Fleet's got to spend its summer somewhere, hasn't it? It might just as well be at Rocky Point as at Hampton Roads, and they'd have a damn sight better time, too. Even the navy likes good liquor, and the girls are a hell of a lot fresher on Long Island than down there at the naval base where the gobs have been chasing them since 1812. We owe something to our navy, Simeon.

GRAY. Well, it carries two hundred thousand extra, and it sounds fishy, and we can't do it.

SOL. Fishy! My God, a little honest smell of fish on that bill would hang over it like an odor of sanctity! It's loaded down with post offices and subsidies and river and harbor dredging and insane asylums and smaller miscellaneous graft till it stinks clear out on the Pacific! That Ohio gang of Harding's was a perfume compared to this!

GRAY. You won't get it by arguing.

SOL. I don't know anything else you've balked at. The bill started out as a forty million dollar appropriation to finish that damn dam which was supposed to cost four hundred million over all—

GRAY. You're telling me!

SOL. And which has already come to seven hundred and ninety on account of the inside gouging you stood for! Why, damn it, Simeon, you've let 'em pile odds and ends of boodle onto this last forty million until you've run it up to two hundred and seventy-five—and still going strong! There isn't a lobby in Washington that hasn't got a section all to itself! Dell's in it, Eddie's in it—

EDDIE. I am like hell—

SOL. Well, you will be if I know you! Everybody has a cut in it except old Sol himself, who did all the work. I'm the contact man for the whole kit and caboodle in this dirty House—I spend my days soft-soaping the middle-westerners and my nights drinking with the Southern colonels and my mornings eating apple pie with leather-bellies from New England—and what do I get? A rain-check—come back tomorrow!

GRAY. Too bad about you, Sol!

SOL. I'm getting to be an old man, Sime—we've worked together a long time, and I don't ask much. All I need's a jug of liquor every day and a lot of hard work. But I've got to make a little to retire on. Why, damn it, I haven't even paid last year's income tax yet.

GRAY. Save the damns for the radio. Listen, Sol, a lot of that junk's coming out, and coming out today. You've got to help me. They've got it loaded down till the old man'll have to veto his own measure. Anyway, we're not going to be caught short in front of any new member—

[MERTON, a sharp-faced young man, enters without preliminaries]

MERTON. Morning—

GRAY.—and you can lay that to Eddie and his New York crisis.

EDDIE. Hello, Merton. Come in and tell us what you know about McClean. Mr. Levering is worried about him.

MERTON. Oh, I wouldn't be, sir. He's a nice fellow.

LEVERING. No doubt, but what's his history?

MERTON. Tell you that in a nut-shell. He was a teacher in an agricultural college in Nevada. Kicked up a row over the misappropriation of endowment funds—hell of a stink—got himself fired. His father made an issue of it in his paper—and the upshot was, elected to Congress. Tell me he ran a pretty smart campaign, too. But he wouldn't have been elected if a lot of contractors hadn't got back of him and put up the funds.

GRAY. Oh, he's in with the contractors?

MERTON. No, he isn't. He's straight. It never enters that head not to be straight. But the farmers out there are waiting for water, and he promised them he'd work to get the Nevada dam finished. He'll be for the bill. You needn't worry about that.

EDDIE. Good.

GRAY. What's he like?

MERTON. Serious. Wears mail-order clothes. Reads Thomas Jefferson. He came down to Washington three months ago, and he's spent all his time in the Congressional Library.

LEVERING. But that doesn't answer my question, Mr. Merton. What's he doing that is so important that he can't make an appointment with me?

MERTON. That's the funny thing about it. You won't believe this. He's been working day and night having his own election investigated. [*A pause*]

SOL. Say that again.

MERTON. That's true. He's having his own election investigated.

SOL. Now for the love of—How?

MERTON. He's having a detective agency look it up.

SOL. At his own expense?

MERTON. At his own expense.

SOL. Comes from Nevada, intellectual, reads Jefferson, having his own election investigated. Simeon, call your meeting to order and for God's sake muzzle him. This is William Jennings Bryan! [*He goes into the committee room*]

MERTON. Leave him to me, Mr. Gray. I'll steer him right.

EDDIE. Are you staying right with him, Merton?

MERTON. I follow him—and he believes everything I tell him. Just leave him to me.

LEVERING. Is he in his office now?

MERTON. Not yet, sir.

LEVERING. Well, when he comes in, will you tell him again and very definitely that I want to see him at once in my office?

MERTON. Yes, sir. [*They go out*]

GRAY. Marjorie, will you come with me. [*MARJORIE and GRAY start toward the inner office. DELL, SNEDEN and MISS MCMURTRY enter the hall*] Go right in, everybody—be with you in a minute. [*He and MARJORIE go into the office*]

DELL. So you got here at last!

SNEDEN. We were meeting in Washington, you know—not in New York.

EDDIE. I'm damned sorry, boys—

DELL. Well, you're only a day late—

MCMURTRY. We waited all afternoon, Mr. Wister. I must say—

EDDIE. I'm awfully sorry, Miss McMurtry, you must believe me—

MCMURTRY. I suppose I'll have to—

DELL. After all, what's twenty-four hours? [GRAY *reenters from the office*]

SNEDEN. I could have shot eighteen holes yesterday.

EDDIE. You couldn't walk eighteen holes—[*They all go into the committee room. WINGBLATT, PEEBLES and FARNUM enter from the hall*]

WINGBLATT. Well, why shouldn't Nevada get it?

FARNUM. Now, wait a minute! You Easterners treat California like a foreign country! If they let those Fresno banks fail, the whole Imperial Valley'll fail—California'll go straight to hell and the moving pictures along with it—

WINGBLATT. That's a good idea too. [BUS *enters from the inner office*]

PEEBLES. The whole South went to hell after the Civil War, and nobody seemed to care much—We've been unemployed since 1865 and we get along, don't we?

BUS. Go right in, gentlemen, the meeting's beginning.

WINGBLATT. You're a complaining man, Peebles. I don't know what to do about you! [*The men pass into the committee room. ALAN MCCLEAN enters from the hall*]

BUS. Good morning, Mr. McClean.

ALAN. Good morning, Miss Nillson.

BUS. Looking for someone? She's in there.

ALAN. Thanks. I hope things haven't started yet.

BUS. Oh, the hyenas are in conference. I've already missed words of wisdom. [BUS *goes into the committee room. MARJORIE comes out of the inner office*]

MARJORIE. Hello, Alan. Do you know people are looking for you?

ALAN. Who?

MARJORIE. Levering, for one.

ALAN. Oh, he's been looking for me for days. Am I too late to see your father?

MARJORIE. I'm afraid so. The committee's in session. You should have been here an hour ago.

ALAN. I did my best. I got some information yesterday which had to be verified, and it took time—it took all night.

MARJORIE. And that's why I haven't seen you—

ALAN. Yes. It's something I'm not quite ready to talk about *yet*.

MARJORIE. Not even with me?

ALAN. Not even with you.

MARJORIE. Well, you are late, but it can't be helped now. You'll have to walk in and sit down and tell them who you are.

ALAN. I think I'd better meet your father first and get started regularly. I'm not at all sure I know how to deal with these facts I've gathered. That's why I tried to see him yesterday.

MARJORIE. He simply couldn't manage it, Alan. He'd just got back and didn't have a free moment. Most of this bill was framed while he was ill and away, and it was a day's work checking up on it.

ALAN. Then—there might be some clauses he hasn't had time to look into?

MARJORIE. Oh, that's possible—there are an awful lot of clauses.

ALAN. I see. I'd better see him before I sit on the committee.

MARJORIE. You mean—you mean you aren't going in today?

ALAN. No, I don't think so.

MARJORIE. Merton's been advising you, hasn't he? They know about you, Alan. And if some of them didn't have a lot of faith in you why would you be here at all?

ALAN. I wouldn't be too sure that's the reason. They may have wanted somebody that looked easy and didn't know too much.

MARJORIE. Do you think you're like that?

ALAN. I probably don't know how to be very dangerous, even if I do know more than they think I do. And appointments are made that way sometimes, aren't they?

MARJORIE. All the time. I played among the pork barrels as a child! That's what one learns. In fact, you're quite right. Yours was made that way.

ALAN. Well, I don't like it—really, Marjorie.

MARJORIE. Dad will take you right under his wing, Alan, and help you any way he can. He's like that.

ALAN. I know—I know. I've been counting on him.

[LEVERING *enters from the hall*]

LEVERING. Ah, there you are, McClean. I've been looking for you!

ALAN. How are you, Mr. Levering?

LEVERING. Just a little perturbed, if you don't mind my saying so. I wanted to have a chat with you before you took up your duties on the committee.

ALAN. Oh, I'm sorry.

LEVERING [To MARJORIE]. My dear—could Mr. McClean and I have a word in private anywhere?

MARJORIE [Looking at her notes]. Oh, I have some calls to make—I don't think you'll be interrupted here. [She goes into the inner office]

LEVERING. Thank you, my dear—we won't be a minute. Well, young man, no doubt you've been amusing yourself?

ALAN. I've been studying a little—

LEVERING. Hard at your books as usual? Didn't you miss an appointment with the committee yesterday?

ALAN. Yes, I did.

LEVERING. Now I don't know what your ideas are, my boy, but a good party man doesn't make important decisions, as a rule, without consulting his party leaders—

ALAN. I'm not really sure I am a good party man, Mr. Levering.

LEVERING. What? You were elected on a reform ticket, I know. But you don't want to count as one of these sons of the wild jackass, do you?

ALAN. I don't especially like the name—no.

LEVERING. If you want to get anything done you have to cooperate.

ALAN. I know that.

LEVERING. But you don't cooperate, McClean. We knew you were a sensible, reliable young man, and we put you on the Appropriations Committee for that reason. I had one talk with you and then you disappeared. I haven't see you. You've either avoided me, or I've had unbelievable luck with the telephone service. Now what's the matter?

ALAN. I guess I've just been uncertain of a number of things—and I didn't want to try to talk about them till I felt sure—

LEVERING. That's a good answer. I can see your point of view. But if you're puzzled, just put your questions to me. Now the caucus this morning is considering the deficiency bill for the Nevada dam. You're naturally for that project; it'll make a nice start for you.

ALAN. Well, I don't know—

LEVERING. You don't know what?

ALAN. I've discovered that some of the people who backed me for office were the contractors who have handled the work on the whole project.

LEVERING. Can you be sure of that?

ALAN. Oh, yes. I've looked it up and they don't really need forty millions to finish it. There's a lot of water in this business besides what's to be used for irrigation.

LEVERING. If you're sure of that, we ought to go over it. We certainly should. And I want to do it.

ALAN. But I didn't want to go over it with anyone, Mr. Levering. And I felt almost certain that if I went over it with you, it would lead to a compromise.

LEVERING. You amaze me, McClean. There could be no question of compromise in such a case. This comes of your working alone and taking no advice.

ALAN. It puts me in a sort of hyphenated position, because I realize I owe it to the people who elected me to put the dam through. But I also ran on an economy platform, and that concerns the whole country. I've been thinking about it a good deal and the two things just don't go together. But I guess I'll just have to decide that for myself.

LEVERING. The dam must go through, of course. [*The telephone bell rings*]

ALAN. But why must there be so many expensive and unnecessary things attached to it?

LEVERING. You wouldn't break your word to the people? That would be flatly dishonest.

ALAN. But isn't the whole affair dishonest? [MARJORIE enters and goes to the phone]

MARJORIE. Hello—Yes.

LEVERING. Now, look here—

MARJORIE. I'm sorry—he's in conference.

LEVERING. We must go over your information in detail. Suppose you come with me now?

ALAN. I'm sorry but there's another matter I must take care of first.

LEVERING. How long will it take?

ALAN. About half an hour, I think.

LEVERING. Very well, I'll expect you in my office in half an hour. [He goes out]

MARJORIE. Anything unpleasant?

ALAN. He seemed to find it so.

MARJORIE. What led up to it?

ALAN. I told him I hadn't consulted him on a certain matter because I didn't want his advice.

MARJORIE. You said that? To Levering? Why, you couldn't have been more insulting!

ALAN. Well, it just happened—I suppose if I'd been better prepared, but I couldn't think of how to get around it—

MARJORIE. You've got to keep on good terms with him. He's the presidential mouthpiece—the official whipper-in of the administration.

ALAN. I could bring myself to dislike him. I don't like taking advice from him and I don't like his face. And I certainly don't care to be—whipped in.

MARJORIE. But Alan—

ALAN. I've changed my mind. I think I'll sit with the committee after all.

MARJORIE. But you have an appointment with Levering—

ALAN. I didn't make an appointment. If he did, he can keep it. What's it like in there? A table—with chairs around it?

MARJORIE. That's right.

ALAN. There'll be an extra chair, I hope.

MARJORIE. Oh, yes.

ALAN. We're having lunch together, aren't we?

MARJORIE. Yes.

ALAN. Here goes.

MARJORIE. Alan, you aren't a wild radical, are you?

ALAN. No, just a farmer.

MARJORIE. Well, this first time it might be better just to listen.

ALAN. Oh, I'm not going to say anything.

MARJORIE. All right!

ACT ONE: SCENE TWO

SCENE: *The Committee Room. A large entrance at the rear, the office door at the right. The Committee, with GRAY presiding, is seated around the table. GRAY is speaking. BUS sits at his left taking notes.*

GRAY. Also, in my humble opinion, subject to correction from superior minds, Section 42 had better be struck out in toto, just to avoid possible remarks from the gallery. When you want money for river dredging it's better to pick a stream that doesn't dry up completely in the summer. I don't insist that your rivers be navigable, but it would look better if they had water in them.

PEEBLES. Isn't that the Big Belly Creek improvement?

GRAY. That's it.

PEEBLES. Well, listen, Mr. Chairman, we had to concede that to get the majority for the Iowa drainage business. It's going to mess up a lot of deals if that's out.

GRAY. And now who wants Iowa drained?

PEEBLES. That's the jackass Senator's pet notion, Simeon. It seems there's some of Iowa under water, and he wants to put up levees and drain it. I've never been in Iowa myself.

GRAY. The jackass, huh. I don't suppose there happens to be any patronage mixed up in that?

PEEBLES. Well, there you are.

GRAY. All right. I suppose we'll have to leave that in. Section 74, enlarging the nursing force under the Department of the Interior. I suppose you'll have the appointing of those nurses, Miss McMurtry?

MCMURTRY. Why, as a matter of fact, they do usually ask me for the names—

GRAY. I'm sorry—but that's out.

MCMURTRY. Why, Mr. Gray!

GRAY. It's out, Miss McMurtry.

MCMURTRY. But those nurses are so badly needed! You have no idea of the problems of the maternity bureau. In the first place—

GRAY. Let's not go into them now. . . . Mr. Farnum, what was the reason you gave for wanting to establish a national park around the home of Joaquin Miller? Who was Joaquin Miller?

FARNUM. Didn't he write poetry?

GRAY. I'm asking you. I don't know whether he wrote poetry or a joke-book.

WINGBLATT. Certainly he wrote poetry. "Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!"

GRAY. Is that all you remember, Mr. Wingblatt?

WINGBLATT. That's all.

GRAY. Then that's out.

FARNUM. Suit yourself. You lose three opposition votes on the St. Lawrence if you drop it, though.

GRAY. We can afford it. And 65 is out.

EDDIE. What's 65?

GRAY. Establishing a patrol of the Canadian border for the Japanese beetle.

WINGBLATT. What! Oh, say, listen—

GRAY. Who wants it?

WINGBLATT. Some of the Non-Partisan League and Farmer-Labor contingent. They want to employ a lot of farmers.

GRAY. Do we need the Non-Partisans to push this bill through, Dell?

DELL. Not according to my figures.

GRAY. Then we'll drop that.

SOL. Now wait! What makes you think Dell's figures are better than mine? I say we do need 'em—and what's more those pretty little golden bugs are a God-send. They're coming down like a plague from the northwest, and it gives a chance to control the Non-Partisans by voting a little something to exterminate 'em.

DELL. They're coming from the southwest, Sol, not the northwest. There are no Japanese beetles along the Canadian border.

SOL. Well, what of it? Is this geography or politics?

GRAY. If Dell says we don't need 'em, they're out, and that's that.

SOL. Just the watch-dog of the Treasury, earning his name.

GRAY. Sol, I promised the President to bring this one down under two hundred millions and we're going to do it. You can outvote me on it if you want to, but if you do I swear I'll attack it on the floor and have it sent back here.

SOL. I've got no deal on with the Non-Partisans, Simeon! They're no friends of mine!

GRAY. Then why are they bombarding me with arguments against leaving the Atlantic Fleet at Hampton Roads this summer?

SOL. How would I know? Maybe they've got children on some of those vessels and they want 'em protected—

GRAY. Well, you can hardly blame me if it puts me on my guard—

SOL. By God, if there's anything I hate more than store liquor it's an honest politician! There's something slimy about a man being honest in your position. You spend your days and nights arranging deals among a pack of thieves, and just because you won't take anything for yourself, you think your hands are clean.

GRAY [*Busy with his papers*]. I get the impression you're talking a lot, Sol.

SOL. The whole damn government's a gang of liver flukes, sucking the blood out of the body politic—and there you sit, an honest liver fluke, arranging the graft for everybody else and refusing to do any blood sucking on your own account! God, it makes me sick!

MCMURTRY. Mr. Fitzmaurice—there are some of us here who would rather

not be compared to animal parasites—and moreover the government is here for the good of the people! It does a great deal of good—

SOL. It does a four billion dollar business in taxes, and I'll say that's pretty good. For God's sake why don't you folks admit it, and take your bribes like men and go home and invest 'em?

GRAY. You all through, Sol?

SOL. No!

GRAY. Section 57—I don't find it in this copy. Lend me your notes, Dell. [*He looks at DELL's copy. ALAN enters. They all look up*] Yes?

ALAN. I'm—I'm Mr. McClean.

GRAY. My name's Gray. Do you want to meet the members of the committee?

ALAN. I don't want to disturb anything. I'll just listen, thank you. [*He sits*]

GRAY. Why, surely. [*A smile goes around the Committee*]

SOL. Young man, my name's Fitzmaurice, Solomon Fitzmaurice, and I welcome you to our festive board. You'll find us all too damned friendly here.

ALAN. Thank you.

GRAY. Section 57—yes, that's the one. That's out.

DELL. But listen, Sime, that's the new veterans' hospital at Baton Rouge.

GRAY. Right.

DELL. Well—that—you'd better think twice about that, Sime.

GRAY. I understand that hospital isn't really needed—

DELL. No, but you see—

FARNUM. Oh, Sime—have you got a copy of the bill? Mr. McClean would like to look up certain items.

GRAY. Certainly. Take mine. [*He hands it over. ALAN studies it, turning the pages*]

DELL. I don't quite see how that can be eliminated, after our very definite talk with Klein.

GRAY. I. J.? Is that Klein's district?

DELL. It is, indeed—and you remember what the Legion told him—

GRAY. Yes, I see. Well, we'll have to make up for it somewhere else. That'll have to stay in.

DELL. Right.

GRAY. But for God's sake give me a hand with some of these cuts, some of you. There's about thirty-three million still to come out.

WINGBLATT. What are you going to eliminate? You've cut enough already to get it killed in the Senate—

GRAY. It'll pass the Senate—

PEEBLES. It may not even get by the House if you pare it any more.

GRAY. It's got to come down, I tell you! Whether the House likes it or not, it's got to get used to spending less money.

WINGBLATT. It can't be done!

GRAY. It's going to be done! There's no way of raising the money! Talk to the Ways and Means Committee!

WINGBLATT. Oh, hell.

GRAY. Section 200. Appropriating an additional million for extending irrigation service from the Nevada dam. That can go over to the next session.

ALAN. Mr. Chairman—

GRAY. Yes?

ALAN. Could I have a word?

GRAY. I can tell you right now, Mr. McClean, that section's out, but go ahead.

ALAN. It wasn't my intention, Mr. Gray, to argue about the appropriation, but there are a few questions I would like to ask.

SOL. I knew it!

GRAY. It's all right. Don't mind us.

ALAN. What I wanted to ask was—

EDDIE. Louder, please.

ALAN. What I wanted to ask was—am I correct in assuming two hundred millions is the total which the bill will carry?

GRAY. I hope so.

ALAN. And is it the intention of the committee to put the bill in final shape today?

GRAY. Yes—that's what we're shooting at.

ALAN. Oh—well I just want to say, Mr. Chairman, that I'm in sympathy with you on this. When you say the bill ought to be cut down, I agree with you. But I'd go farther than that. I think the whole bill—and I hope you'll realize that I say this quite sincerely—not for effect at all—and I know it's a radical suggestion—but I think the whole bill ought to be dropped.

SOL. Now that's something! [*There is a general gasp*]

WINGBLATT. You'll have to take that up somewhere else, sir.

ALAN. I think it ought to be dropped right here and now.

GRAY. You've made a study of this, I presume?

ALAN. I've been looking into it for some time. Mr. Chairman.

GRAY. I have been in charge of House appropriations for something like fifteen years, sir, and I say that this bill can't be dropped, and it's like sweating blood to get it down within limits. If you have any suggestions along that line—

ALAN. I come from an agricultural district, Mr. Chairman, where the farmers haven't got any money, and they're taxed beyond what they can stand already. Not only that but in the town I come from there used to be thirty-eight stores on the main street. There are now fifteen—because people have no money to buy. When stores get judgments against the farmers and put up their cattle and machinery at auction, nothing is sold. And the whole country's like that. Nobody can buy anything, at any price. Now, I was elected and sent here because I told my people I'd do what I could to reduce

taxes and cut down even necessary expenditures. And there's nothing in this bill that can't be done without. So I'm against it.

GRAY. We'll take the vote later. If you wish to vote against it, that's your privilege. Meanwhile, we have little enough time, and I'd like to proceed with the business in hand.

ALAN. I beg your pardon, Mr. Chairman, but I thought this was the business in hand.

GRAY. At the moment you're out of order.

WINGBLATT. Do you expect to run the House and dictate to the government the first time you step into a committee room?

ALAN. It may be that I've had exceptional opportunities for studying this particular bill. You see, in looking up a certain matter that concerned me closely I was astonished to come upon several instances of lobbyist influence. There's private graft in this bill, Mr. Chairman.

SOL. My God, that's a bombshell!

GRAY. What do you mean, Mr. McClean?

ALAN. I mean that in at least three instances, the people who are asking for certain appropriations stand to benefit in a monetary way.

GRAY. Will you kindly name the sections concerned?

ALAN. Well—the gentlemen I mean are no doubt aware of the situation. They are on this committee.

SOL. [*Rising*]. By the eternal, we'll have their heart's blood! I been suspecting for years there was something crooked going on here!

GRAY. Sit down, Sol. You'll have to make your charges a little more concrete, Mr. McClean, if you expect any credence.

ALAN. Well, that's a little difficult. I prefer not to do that at present.

GRAY. Then you'll pardon us if the committee goes ahead with its program.

DELL. I happen to be somewhat familiar with your campaign for office in Nevada, Mr. McClean. It seems to me that you pledged yourself to work for the completion of the Nevada dam. Am I correct?

ALAN. Yes.

DELL. Then you must know that this bill was framed for the special purpose of supplying funds to complete that dam.

ALAN. Well, yes, but I am no longer in favor of it.

DELL. No?

ALAN. I have discovered that my backer and campaign manager had an understanding concerning the contracts. Naturally that puts a different face on the scheme.

SOL. Why don't you ask him why, some of you gouging miscreants, lost to honor and truth! I fear we stand alone here, Mr. McClean, absolutely alone!

ALAN. Pardon me, Mr. Fitzmaurice, but you are one of the gentlemen I had in mind. There is an appropriation listed here in connection with the maintenance of the Atlantic Fleet.

SOL. They took it away from me—took it away from an old man—and here I stand in my honesty—naked to every breeze! Everybody else gets his

pickings, but old Sol gets shoved away from the trough. It's nothing less than conspiracy!

ALAN. Are you also making charges against the committee?

SNEDEN. Wait a minute! Let me ask you something, Mr. McClean. You say we should drop this whole bill. You must know that that Nevada dam is a half billion dollar investment, and it's been waiting there for a year and a half for this forty millions to finish it.

PEEBLES. Three thousand people stranded in construction camps!

WINGBLATT. A hundred thousand farmers waiting for water!

SNEDEN. What's more, they're your own constituents!

MCMURTRY. No wonder the stores are closed on your own main street!

DELL. And after all you owe something to your district.

ALAN. But I say there's an understanding with the contractors! That forty million is too much because the work could be done for less if the bidding were honest! And even if the whole forty millions were necessary, why must the bill carry over two hundred millions for other projects—most of them quite unnecessary—

WINGBLATT. How unnecessary?

ALAN. Wasteful, useless, extravagant, ridiculous—

WINGBLATT. And how are you going to pass a bill giving forty millions to Nevada if the rest of the country gets nothing out of it? Nobody'd vote for it but Nevada's own Congressmen and by God you'd look pretty lonely.

ALAN. Does Congress have to be bribed to pass a bill?

SOL. Boy, they're laughing at you. Maybe I'm laughing at you myself. Don't you know about the government of the United States?

GRAY. That's enough, Sol.

SOL. Sime, this boy is suffering!

GRAY. I say it's enough.

SOL. Wait a minute. Let me put it to him in two words. Mr. McClean, you can't do anything in Congress without arranging matters. Everybody wants something, everybody's trying to put something over for his voters, or his friends, or the folks he's working for. So they all get together, and they put all those things in bills, and everybody votes for 'em. All except the opposition. They don't vote for 'em because they don't get anything. That's all there is to it. That's the whole government. Is that crooked?

ALAN. Yes, it is.

SOL. That's what I say. I've been saying it for years. [*The committee laughs*] What are you laughing at? You all came up to this Congress fighting mad, full of juice and high purpose—just like him. Well, look what happened to you. You run into people making deals! Money changers in the temple of public righteousness!

MCMURTRY. Indeed!

SOL. Yes, and it happened to me too, and I was shocked and I started making radical remarks. Why, before I knew where I was I was an outsider. I couldn't get anything for my district, I couldn't get recognized to make a

speech—I couldn't even get into a poker game. My constituents complained and I wasn't going to be re-elected. So I began to play ball, just to pacify the folks back home. And it worked. They've been re-electing me ever since—re-electing a fat crook because he gets what they want out of the Treasury, and fixes the Tariff for 'em, and sees that they don't get gypped out of their share of the plunder. That's what happened to every man of us here, but that's the way the government's run. If you want to be in Congress you have to do it. You let us finish that dam for you, and you'll be re-elected—talk against it and you won't be.

MCMURTRY. I won't listen to this! [*Half the committee is standing*]

ALAN. What right have I to think about being re-elected?

SOL. I'm saying it only because you're going to make yourself a lot of trouble, boy. If you don't fall in line and help pass the pie—and do it quick—you'll be no better than a ghost in these historic halls. Nobody'll see you or hear what you say—and when you leave it'll be as if you'd never been here.

ALAN. Maybe it's been so in the past—but I can't believe it's true now. Times are different—the people—

SOL. All right, look around you and see how many friends you've got among us. Talk to 'em—ask 'em how many'll support you in blocking a bill or even cutting it down! State your principles!

ALAN. Mr. Chairman!

GRAY. I'm through! Go on—talk your heads off!

ALAN. I'm sorry this came up this way. Mr. Chairman, and members of the Committee—but I didn't expect to say anything today. I came here really to sit and listen. So I've probably gone at everything wrong end to and broken all the rules there are—but now it's started I would like to ask you something. Isn't it true the country's pretty desperate about taxes now—and wouldn't it do more good than harm to cancel this bill? There may be necessary expenses in it, and I know my own district stands to benefit more than any other—but when you just haven't got any money, you have to do without what you've been used to.

SNEDEN. Well, this country has long been in need of some bright young college graduate who was willing to take over the burdens of the administration.

MCMURTRY. Young man, you've been dreadfully misled.

ALAN. I think maybe you've all been misled for a long time—you think there's still money to spend—but there isn't, and you're all going to find it out!

DELL. Meeting over, Simeon?

GRAY. Adjourned till tomorrow. Usual time.

FARNUM. Wait a minute, Hi. I want to see you.

PEEBLES. It's all gone, I tell you.

[*The members have begun to straggle out. ALAN watches them go until only SOL and GRAY remain. BUS is still at the table putting papers together*]

SOL. Want to talk it over with me, McClean?

ALAN. No. I—I'd rather be alone for a while.

SOL. Do you ever take a drink in the middle of the day?

ALAN. No, thanks.

SOL. All right, all right—only don't make a virtue of it. [*He goes out*]

GRAY. All right, Miss Nillson, Marjorie will take it over tomorrow.

[*BUS goes out*]

ALAN. Mr. Gray.

GRAY. Yes?

ALAN. I wanted to see you before the meeting—

GRAY. I'll make it just as soon as I can, McClean, but at this moment I'm helpless. Do me a favor. Talk to Miss Gray about it.

ALAN. I need somebody's help very much, Mr. Gray, and I'd rather it was you than anybody else—

GRAY. You will need help if you're to carry through your program. More help than I can give you.

ALAN. I've been led to believe that you'd be in sympathy with me.

GRAY. I am. But I would suggest that you've been a bit too heavy-handed to be effective. We all get hot about things when we're first here, McClean. But it doesn't help any, and after a while we find out that—

ALAN. I know I should apologize for the mess I made of it, but I really wasn't prepared to broach the matter at all, and besides I was bothered by the fact that some of my evidence might seem to reflect—well, on even your integrity.

[*MARJORIE has entered from the office*]

GRAY. My integrity?

ALAN. Yes, sir.

GRAY. Well, that's something I've always taken care of myself, my boy, and I can't remember that anything's ever been said against it. You have the advantage of novelty.

ALAN. I realize that you were away at the time the bill was framed, but I have it on fairly competent authority that you own stock in a Culver bank, which is in shaky condition, and that the location of a penitentiary there and the spending of federal money would probably save it.

GRAY. I hadn't thought of that, but now you mention it, I hope it does save it.

ALAN. But if all this came out it might look strange—

GRAY. You think so?

ALAN. And it's such a simple thing to eliminate—

GRAY. Sometimes it's not so simple, McClean.

ALAN. But, Mr. Gray, if I really make a fight on this bill, I'll have to use all the ammunition I've got—

GRAY. If there's anything wrong with the penitentiary at Culver, Mr. McClean, I'll be glad to go over it with you, but not just now, please. It's an asylum, isn't it, an asylum for the criminal insane?

ALAN. Yes.

GRAY. Yes, I remember. But it had slipped my mind that it went to Culver. You know, I think I met your father when he was in Washington once. Not exactly a patient man himself, but valuable. You ought to have some gift for politics if you're like him.

ALAN. I hope I'm not impatient.

GRAY. You are, though. Now, shall we say as soon as possible? At the very earliest opportunity?

ALAN. Yes, sir. Thank you. [*He goes out*]

MARJORIE. Was he right? Is the bank really in bad condition?

GRAY. I don't know of any bank in good condition.

MARJORIE. Then it could be made to look—strange?

GRAY. I suppose it could. The papers would go after it like a pack of wolves. Oh, a lot of people would have plenty of fun believing I was crooked. You look as if you half believed it yourself.

MARJORIE. No, darling. But the penitentiary had better go somewhere else.

GRAY. That's a difficulty. It's hooked up with so many agreements and promises. It's a week's work to untangle a thing like that. Maybe we shouldn't have laughed at his detectives!

MARJORIE. Maybe I shouldn't have made out such a good case for his appointment. How did you ever let that penitentiary clause slip by?

GRAY. That thing was fixed up while I was away, Marjorie, and there wasn't much point in ruling it out because it benefited my home town. That would have been bending backwards. Well, I guess you have to bend backwards in this business.

MARJORIE. I knew it was something like that. You shouldn't be working so hard.

GRAY. I'll have a few minutes for lunch if you could go out with me now.

MARJORIE. I had a—no, I'll go with you. I'll put a few things away here while you get your coat.

GRAY. Be right with you. [*He goes out. ALAN enters from the hall*]

ALAN. Are we going to lunch, Marjorie? I didn't tell you what was on my mind, because it seemed best to talk to him about it.

MARJORIE. I don't know what you think you're here for nor what you want to do, but you've forfeited my respect for whatever it is.

ALAN. Why?

MARJORIE. And it's not that he's my father, but he's the one person who's really on your side! He's fought all his life to cut down appropriations and maintain a standard of honesty! And he's never got anything out of it.

ALAN. But I always believed that, Marjorie.

MARJORIE. But the first step you take in your campaign is to turn on him! Threatening to expose an innocent coincidence that would make it impossible for him to go on with his work! Don't you know every form of corruption

in the country would take on new life if he were crowded off the committee? Don't you know every lobbyist in the city's waiting for just such a chance?

ALAN. But Marjorie—if he's made himself a part of the system so much that I can't attack any part of it without attacking him, I can't help it.

MARJORIE. But he hasn't! He isn't part of it. The clause means nothing to him personally, but it can't be thrown out at the last minute.

ALAN. He told you that?

MARJORIE. Yes. It might look as if he were to blame if it were brought out. But it would be unfair, terribly unfair. You don't know how hard it is to keep up a reputation like his over a long period of years in Washington.

ALAN. But Marjorie, I do realize it.

MARJORIE. Did you actually set detectives on him?

[BUS and GRAY enter from the office]

ALAN. No, I didn't.

MARJORIE. Then how did you know all this?

ALAN. Oh, it doesn't matter.

GRAY. Well, Marjorie.

MARJORIE. Yes—let's go. [GRAY and MARJORIE go out together]

BUS. I beg your pardon.

ALAN. It's all right.

BUS. I thought I heard a repercussion as I came in here.

ALAN. You did.

BUS. It sounded final. I hope it wasn't.

ALAN. I don't know.

BUS. That's no way to win a girl, you know. Opposing her father.

ALAN. No. I know it isn't.

BUS. I wish I'd met somebody like you when I was young and inflammable. I'd be a better woman today. However, now that I'm here, let me congratulate you on your disgraceful conduct in the committee. You were swell.

ALAN. Was I?

BUS. I haven't heard such a row since the debate over taking the couches out of the House Office Building. That was an uproar.

ALAN. I suppose I might as well go ahead with it.

BUS. With what?

ALAN. Well, I'm against this bill—it's crooked from beginning to end—and I've got enough information to kill it.

BUS. Where, if I may ask, did you get all this stuff?

ALAN. Well, I was having my election investigated.

BUS. I heard that—I didn't believe it.

ALAN. Well, I was. And day before yesterday I got some extra pages from the bureau—and they weren't about myself—they were about some of the others on the committee.

BUS. Someone else is doing some investigating?

ALAN. Yes. Well, they sent right over for the pages but not before I'd read

them. I didn't realize at first how important it was, but now that I do, I'm certainly going to use it.

BUS. How?

ALAN. On the floor of the House, if necessary.

BUS. But what gave you the idea they'd let you make a speech?

ALAN. Why not?

BUS. They've got machinery down here especially designed for keeping people from speaking. No, you won't get a chance to open your mouth. The Speaker'll be tipped off, the parliamentary experts will have your number, they'll know everything you're planning to say before you say it. Why, damn it, your own secretary is working for them and turning in regular reports.

ALAN. My secretary? Merton?

BUS. Yes, Merton.

ALAN. But that can't be.

BUS. It is, I assure you.

ALAN. And you think I won't be allowed to speak?

BUS. I know you won't. Alan, you're up against a gang of professional empire wreckers. If you added up the conquerors of all time, from Alexander to Napoleon, the lump of what they got wouldn't touch what's dragged down annually by this gang out of our national treasury. And that being the case, do you think they'd hesitate to make things difficult for you? So far as they're concerned, you just aren't here. You don't exist. You aren't even a fly in the ointment. And the ointment business around here runs, believe me, into something staggering.

ALAN. I guess I might just as well go home.

BUS. You might just as well. It's a bad time for idealists. I'm out of a job myself.

ALAN. And everybody just lets them sit here—ruining things! Why, who are they, anyway? Who gives orders like that?

BUS. Oh, those on the inside—

ALAN. And anybody that isn't on the inside is supposed to stand around and wait till they give the word?

BUS. Yes, indeed.

ALAN. By God, I'm not as easy as that. And I won't do it! No, and I'm not going home—

BUS. No, you'll stay and draw your salary. They all do. They've done it for years.

ALAN. They won't drive me out, and they won't give me orders! I know how the country feels whether they do or not, and they're going to find some of this money red-hot when they pick it up!

BUS. I wonder—

ALAN. You don't think it can be done—

BUS. I don't think you can do it.

ALAN. I've been on a crooked school board and I know how they jump for cover when you start looking at their books!

BUS. Well, it isn't exactly a school board.

ALAN. Oh, yes it is! Only a damn sight less intelligent! And they've all got weak spots! They can be had—and they're going to be—right on this bill they are! Why damn their—

BUS. Mr. McClean, there's something about you that vaguely begins to appeal to me. Do you want any help?

ALAN. What kind?

BUS. I need a job. I was fired this morning. I know all about everything. Have you got any plans?

ALAN. No, I haven't yet.

BUS. What of it? What I've forgotten is plenty for both of us, and if we could include the setting off of a few bombs, I'd find it a fascinating and congenial occupation.

ALAN. Go on!

BUS. The House is split just about fifty-fifty on this bill. A little finegling here and there, and a few promises, and you might—yes sir, you might find yourself with the deciding vote in your own little hands.

ALAN. I wouldn't know how to do that.

BUS. But I would. Oh, they made a foolish move today. They left the Non-Partisans out of this bill. There are four or five of 'em and they could swing Congress if they could stick in a lump for once. If we could find—Beetles!

ALAN. What?

BUS. Beetles! The committee didn't give 'em their beetles, Mr. McClean.

ALAN. Oh, I begin to get you!

BUS. Of course you do. Now you go out and talk with a few Non-Partisans and you'll find yourself among friends.

ALAN. You think it will work?

BUS. I'm sure it will!

ALAN. Listen—you're hired!

BUS. Salary?

ALAN. Whatever it's been. [*She puts out her hand. He takes it*]

BUS. Shall we go to lunch?

ALAN. Why not? I'm hollow.

[*MERTON enters from the office*]

MERTON. Oh, Mr. McClean, I wondered where you'd escaped to. I thought perhaps you'd like to lunch with me—

ALAN. What do you mean by escaped, Mr. Merton?

MERTON. Why—uh—we have several things to talk over—

ALAN. I rather doubt that. You're fired.

MERTON. Sir?

ALAN. I said, you're fired.

MERTON. I don't quite get it—

ALAN. Maybe you're a bit slow in the head. You're fired!

MERTON. But Mr. McClean! I've been secretary to the Congressmen from

your district for many years now—if there's been any mistake made which I could rectify—

ALAN. You'd have to go back too far! You'd probably have to talk to your father and mother. You'd also have to make a lot of changes in your education and subsequent career. I said you're fired, and when I said it, I meant it good and plenty! [*He turns to BUS*] Are you ready, Miss Nillson?

BUS. Hello, Merton!

Curtain

ACT TWO: SCENE ONE

SCENE: *The Office, three days later. Afternoon. MARJORIE is at the desk. SOL enters with a letter in his hand, and looks at her morosely.*

SOL. Sons and heirs of boll-weevils and inch-worms. The lousy, filthy, air-polluting spoor of a mongrel dog. Did you hear what I said?

MARJORIE. What?

SOL. I said, those sons and heirs of a weakminded seventh generation of boll-weevils and inch-worms—

MARJORIE. What's the matter, Sol?

SOL. Do you know what those quadruple asses have done?

MARJORIE. Who?

SOL. The federal income tax bureau. They've disallowed enough exemptions over a period of four years to soak me forty-five thousand dollars extra. Those web-footed, ass-faced, water-drinking, ossified descendants of a bad smell. What have you got to be in this carrion government to get your income tax fixed? A Secretary of the Treasury?

MARJORIE. That helps. It helped before.

SOL. God, what a government! It's bad enough to have to have it, but imagine having to pay for it! Tomorrow I'm going to take a tin-cup and stand at the corner of N Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. I'm going to stand there with my hat off and a tin-cup in my hand, asking alms from passers-by.

MARJORIE. You'd better take a jug along to go with the tin-cup.

SOL. We're ruined, Marjorie, ruined. My real estate equities are wiped out, the speakeasies are in the red, the Playground's deserted, the bill isn't going to pass, and I haven't got any more navy than Paraguay.

MARJORIE. What do you mean, the bill won't pass? What's the matter, Sol?

SOL. It's a rebellion. This McClean's a little David, Marjorie, and he's got six strings on his harp, six Farmer-Labor and Non-Partisan Leaguers lined up with him to control the House and ride our bill to destruction. And he'll do it, Marjorie, he'll do it!

MARJORIE. Oh, nonsense!

SOL. Wait and see. The old oracle's corns are hurting.

MARJORIE. How close is it?

SOL. We're dangling by a spider web, Clover. According to my figures, there are eighteen members that could go either way. The rest are pretty well nailed down, for or against. Well, that eighteen has been talked to, and the best I can make it, McClean's just one vote behind. Let one more man swing over, and there'll be a majority against us.

MARJORIE. Did Alan do all this?

SOL. He couldn't fail. We put the ammunition right into his hands. And that's something for old Simeon Gray to worry about.

MARJORIE. Sol, you've got to stop hammering at Dad. He's a nervous wreck, and I'm worried about him. And you do him no good!

SOL. I do him no good! What is he doing for me?

MARJORIE. What you don't get one way, you get another. [EDDIE comes in from the hall] You're an artist at that, Sol—you know you are.

EDDIE. Hello, Sol! Say, Marjorie, could you do me a big favor?

MARJORIE. If it can be done quickly.

EDDIE. It's quite a job. That damn bill is lying in pieces all over my office.

SOL. Sure—they're sitting up nights slashing it to bits.

EDDIE. Miss Corey's been trying to paste it together, and confidentially, she's done one of the finest pasting jobs I've seen in years. If you help her for a few minutes you can name your price—

MARJORIE. I'll take a cigarette—but you'll have to wait till Dad gets here.

EDDIE. The committee meeting's in half an hour, remember.

[LEVERING and WINGBLATT enter]

LEVERING. Eddie, I ought to take that flask of Sol's and hang a few glass medals on that glass brain of yours!

EDDIE. What's the matter?

LEVERING. I thought you were supposed to be watching McClean. What other use are you?

EDDIE. What's he done now?

WINGBLATT. Aren't we counting Trumper for one of our votes?

SOL. Yes—if he's still supposed to be sane.

WINGBLATT. Well, I happen to know he's been in McClean's office since one o'clock.

[MARJORIE goes into the inner office]

LEVERING. We lost two other votes this morning, and if he gets Trumper, he's over the line. I thought you said he was harmless!

EDDIE. Are you trying to make me the goat? I've done all I can! He got away from you too, didn't he? If this bill doesn't pass, I stand to lose a large amount of actual money.

WINGBLATT. And what kind of fake money do you think we stand to lose?

EDDIE. Well, I didn't put him on the committee, did I?

LEVERING. That's done with and let's not rake it up!

EDDIE. I suggest you'd better talk to Simeon.

[GRAY *enters from the hall*]

LEVERING. That's what I'm here for. He'll have to postpone this meeting long enough to give us a chance to attack those fellows one by one.

GRAY. Postpone the meeting? What for?

LEVERING. Because we may have to add something to that bill, Sime, to push it through Congress.

GRAY. Add to it? Why?

SOL. A lot's been happening around here since we saw you last! McClean's got Trumper in his office right now, and if he brings him over we're one vote behind.

GRAY. What? Why you're crazy, Sol!

SOL. It's enough to drive a man crazy! Where have you been?

GRAY. At the White House.

SOL. Hell, you've been there for two days now. What have you been doing? Taking lessons in smiling?

GRAY. We've been trying to cut down on this bill.

SOL. Cutting it down! If you don't start building it up pretty soon, this is going to be a purely imaginary bill, a mere wraith of legislation in all its functions and effects.

GRAY. Drop the oratory, Sol!

SOL. All right! But you'd better listen to me. I tell you this boy prodigy from Nevada is lifting every stone in Washington and tipping the worms off to their big chance. And they're turning, Sime, they're turning. Congratulate yourself!

GRAY. Me? Why didn't you go out after those Non-Partisans? You've handled 'em before.

SOL. It was you wouldn't give 'em that Japanese beetle patronage.

GRAY. McClean can't give it to them, either, can he?

SOL. I got down on my knees and begged you to let 'em have it! It's the first burning issue they've had since the Indian raids of '75. But you wouldn't give it to 'em. Now McClean's sold 'em on the idea that they can control the whole damn Congress if they stick together—and they're wild—there's no stopping them.

GRAY. I wish I'd known we were dealing with a maniac.

SOL. Why don't you give the farmers their beetles! You and the old man sitting up there and slicing off five dollars here and two ninety-eight there—

EDDIE. Sure, tell 'em they can have their beetles! What difference does it make?

GRAY. What do you think, Disraeli?

LEVERING. There's nothing else to do.

GRAY. All right. Go ahead.

WINGBLATT. If we want to do any more scouting before the committee meets, we'd better do it now! The whole damn Farmer-Labor geselshaft is in conference downstairs!

LEVERING. Let Sol tackle them, Wingie! You'd better go after Trumper!

WINGBLATT. But what can I promise him? Nobody's told me how far I can go—outside of the beetles!

GRAY. Do you need more than that?

LEVERING. If you do, let him have it!

WINGBLATT. And can he take it? Let's go.

GRAY. Sol, are you dead on your feet?

SOL. I don't think it'll do any good. They say even God has his price—but there's no arguing with these Scandinavians! Come on, Wingie. [sol and WINGBLATT go out]

LEVERING. You and the President may have to loosen up a bit on this bill, Sime.

GRAY. I wouldn't be too optimistic. We sat six solid hours over this thing today, and I give you my word, he won't stand for a dollar we don't need for the vote.

LEVERING. Yes, but a few more dollars may be needed, Sime! In any case you'd better hold off your meeting till we know where we are!

GRAY. Right!

[LEVERING goes out]

EDDIE. Forget about those Non-Partisans, Sime. We've got more trouble than that!

GRAY. Yes? Where?

EDDIE. I just had a call from the cuttlefish. He's threatened to withdraw his support, and you know what that'd mean! the whole middle west against us! Why, we wouldn't have a prayer. You know why, of course.

GRAY. No—why?

EDDIE. He's in with this Committee of 48 on National Defense.

GRAY. What's that got to do with it?

EDDIE. Well, National Defense, Simeon—

GRAY. The Committee of 48 on National Defense is another name for about 48 steel companies.

EDDIE. I didn't mention it before, Sime, because I figured on holding out on them for your sake. But I can't do it. They were sore about being left out of the omnibus bill, and they mean to get in on this or know the reason why.

GRAY. What do they want?

EDDIE. Rehabilitation of two battleships.

GRAY. Two battleships! That's fifteen millions!

EDDIE. Might be about that.

GRAY. Why, you're insane!

EDDIE. You don't know how this one interlocks—the steel crowd, the cuttlefish, the Pennsylvania machine, the aluminum boys—I can't fight 'em all.

GRAY. Tell 'em it can't be done.

EDDIE. They won't listen.

GRAY. Then let 'em wait. Why should they try to unload Navy stuff onto a deficiency bill?

EDDIE. They think it's a good spot.

GRAY. A battleship's no damn good any more—in peace or war—and they know it. And yet they spend fortunes to wreck disarmament conferences and keep the high seas cluttered with their antediluvian tin cans.

EDDIE. I know all that, Sime—but they're pinching me.

GRAY. You'll be re-elected, Eddie!

EDDIE. Not if I flop on this. They can pick their own man.

GRAY. I hate to refuse you, Eddie, but it's too much.

EDDIE. I'll have to have it, Simeon.

GRAY. It's impossible! If you can't get it, you can't—and that ends the argument.

EDDIE. Now listen, Simeon—everybody's in on this bill.

GRAY. Oh, no.

EDDIE. That river dredging scheme. Where does that come in—

GRAY. That's out. I saw the general.

EDDIE. Well, that Veterans' Bureau—what about that?

GRAY. Why pick on that? Do you expect me to fight the American Legion?

EDDIE. I suppose not. And there's that Massachusetts crowd—and that penitentiary at Culver—

GRAY. What?

EDDIE. That penitentiary at Culver— How did that get in there?

GRAY. It was put there in Committee—why?

EDDIE. By whom?

[A pause]

GRAY [*Slowly*]. By me.

EDDIE. Why?

GRAY. What's wrong with it?

EDDIE. I'm asking you.

GRAY. Nothing.

EDDIE. I hear different. Who's the majority stock holder of the Culver bank? Who knows that it's bound to crash?

GRAY. So, it was you—

EDDIE. What?

GRAY. I thought McClean had been looking me up—it was you.

EDDIE. You're wrong, Sime—

GRAY. Don't Sime me, damn you! I thought you were a friend of mine—

EDDIE. I am—anything I know about you I must have heard in a perfectly open way.

GRAY. You had the Dahl Agency look up what I owned.

EDDIE. You're wrong, Sime—dead wrong!

GRAY. Don't lie to me! I made it my business to find out.

EDDIE. You were looked up, but not by me. Sprague had it done for the company.

GRAY. It comes to the same thing. You're Sprague's hired man!

EDDIE. Well, where do you get this stuff of walking around here as if you were God's favorite archangel dispensing favors in the lower regions! It's rather nice to know that you're just one of us after all!

GRAY. Would you expect me to publish a thing like that to the hyenas on the committee?

EDDIE. Well, what are you going to do about it?

GRAY. We haven't got a majority anyway and a couple of battleships ought to sink us cold—so put 'em in. Just to make sure we lose!

EDDIE. We certainly will lose if they aren't in. So what's my answer?

GRAY. You get your fifteen million! And you can take your rake-off out of it—and you know what I think of you!

EDDIE. Well, I've been puzzled about you, Simeon—but not now.

GRAY. That all you want?

EDDIE. It'll do for the time being. No hard feelings?

GRAY. You think not!

[BUS enters from the committee room]

BUS. It's no business of mine, Eddie, but your Miss Corey is up to her eyebrows in mucilage and hysterics. She'll never untangle that bill in time—

EDDIE. Marjorie said she'd lend a hand—

GRAY. Marjorie's going to be busy. [He goes into the office]

EDDIE. Give Miss Corey a lift with that copy, will you, Bus?

BUS. Sure—why not?

EDDIE. Thanks. Don't make it too permanent. There may be another change or two. [ALAN enters from the hall] Hell, McClean!

ALAN. How are you, Mr. Wister? [EDDIE goes out] Oh, my God—Bus!

BUS. Well, I thought that confab with Trumper would never end. How did it come out?

ALAN. That man's crazy!

BUS. Don't say that. What did he want?

ALAN. Free seeds and free silver!

BUS. I don't believe it!

ALAN. It's true. He wants to flood the country with free silver.

BUS. Well—good Lord—give the country free silver. I say it ought to have free silver.

ALAN. It's not funny, Bus.

BUS. Well, give it free gasoline, then, and fiat money! We need Trumper's vote.

ALAN. You don't know what he's like!

BUS. Oh, yes, I do. He thinks he's the logical candidate for the next Presidential nomination.

ALAN. Exactly! He spent three-quarters of an hour reading me his speech of acceptance.

BUS. That was a short one—God, the ones I've heard of his. Is he still there?

ALAN. Yes.

BUS. Nobody with him?

ALAN. No, he's just sitting there!

BUS. Alan, this is our moment! Go back and talk to him—tell him you've been thinking things over—"Mr. Trumper, you're a great statesman, and I consider it a privilege to support you!"

ALAN. You don't know what I've let myself in for with the rest of them to get the votes we've got! I've had to pledge myself to an increased tariff on lumber and an increased tariff on wheat, a new system of land banks, an embargo on circus animals—including Siamese cats!

BUS. Cats?

ALAN. Cats!

BUS. Cats and beetles! Well, what of it? What we want is to defeat this bill. You don't need to worry about those promises, because you'll never be called on to deliver. Why not one of them will even get out of committee.

ALAN. But Bus—

BUS. We've done everything but give it the final push-over! You're not going to fall down on that! What's a promise or two—this is Washington!

ALAN. Bus, this is funny up to a point—but I simply will not and cannot go near Trumper again. I can't work this way.

BUS. Well, what are you going to do?

ALAN. I don't know, but I've got to think of someone else.

BUS. Why? Trumper's ideal—he's a jelly fish!

ALAN. But there's nothing ideal about the way you want me to get him. You've been swell, Bus—I couldn't have got started at all without you, but our methods turn my stomach over. They're just like everyone else's, and I'm calling a halt right now.

BUS. There's no other method in this place, Alan.

ALAN. God, what happens to people here?

BUS. You'll find out some day. You can't just go to a Congressman and say, "Please mister, vote on our side because it's honest!"

ALAN. I'm not quite that naive. But there must be a few here who see—as well as I do—that this regime is damn near over! There must be a few who're sick of the way things are being done and ready to take a chance for once.

BUS. For instance—who?

ALAN. Well—Sol, for one!

BUS. Sol!

ALAN. Yes, Sol! He knows it! And more than that he has a damn good reason to be sore right at the moment!

BUS. Alan, the strain's begun to tell on you!

ALAN. No, I've got to do this my way. It may seem crazy to you but it doesn't to me! I'm going to talk to him!

BUS. Alan, you're in for a terrible headache! I'd better go clean up after the efficient Miss Corey.

[SOL enters from the hall]

SOL. Hello! How's the opposition?

BUS. In beautiful shape, Sol—beautiful! You're wasting your time, Alan.

[*She goes into the committee room*]

SOL. Alan, that was a smooth piece of work, picking up Bussy the way you did—and I won't keep it from you, you've got us worried.

ALAN. I hope so, Sol.

SOL. I've got a proposition for you, Alan. Show me your lists and you can see mine—all open and above board. Because I'll tell you the truth, according to my reckoning we've got you. That is, unless you've seen somebody else I'm not figuring on—

ALAN. I've seen everybody!

SOL. Tell me one thing and I'll know the whole story. Have you seen Trumper?

ALAN. Oh, yes, I've seen him.

SOL. And he came over to you?

ALAN. Well, he offered to.

SOL. Then I'm wrong. Sol's wrong again, and you're one vote ahead. Is that the way you dope it?

ALAN. If I sell out for what he wants.

SOL. But you aren't going to do it? A man of your principles? You wouldn't trade back and forth like the rest of us?

ALAN. Sol, I want to ask you something.

SOL. Anything, Alan, anything.

ALAN. You think we're enemies now—we're working against each other—and you don't trust me—but we're really on the same side.

SOL. Well, frankly, I didn't know I'd been playing into your hands to that extent.

ALAN. You remember what you said to me in the committee room, the first time I saw you? You said when you first came to Washington, you were young and a radical and the whole system made you sick—didn't you?

SOL. Did I say that?

ALAN. And it was true—wasn't it?

SOL. You aren't making an appeal to my virtue, Alan? My lost virtue?

ALAN. I'm saying that you know I'm right about this thing—and you're wrong.

SOL. There's a simple formula for deciding what's right and wrong in politics, lad. It comes down to one rule! God's always in the money. He don't lose.

ALAN. But suppose God's changed sides! The thing you'd better start worrying about is that you're going to wake up some morning and find yourself an old man—and not only old, but—down and out.

SOL. Why boy, you're eloquent! Only isn't it kind of a last resort to come to old Sol and try to win him over?

ALAN. You know this gang isn't going to last. They're afraid—Gray's

afraid and the President's afraid. They feel that something's happened and something has—something's snapped!

SOL. God, boy—you make me wonder. You shake me, Alan, and I haven't been shaken for a long time. You think the people are changing—waking up?

ALAN. I know they are.

SOL. Now it's been my firm conviction, fortified by thirty years' experience, that the people don't change—and they seldom or never wake up. In fact, I have found no word in the English language and no simile or figure of speech that would express the complete and illimitable ignorance and incompetence of the voting population. But maybe I don't go back far enough. Maybe it's a longer cycle than I take in.

ALAN. They're awake now—and they're going to throw you all out—all of you.

SOL. Wait a minute—wait till I pour myself a drink. [*He does so*] Now, what do you want me to do?

ALAN. I want you to vote against the bill.

SOL. Give me reasons, Alan, give me reasons.

ALAN. You get nothing out of it, even if it passes, do you?

SOL. No. But if I voted against it I'd be out with all my friends.

ALAN. What of it? You and I could control the House now, Sol. We could wreck their machine, we could wreck their bill. Think of it—we could show them there are more honest men than thieves for once.

SOL. It ain't true though. There ain't half as many honest men as thieves. Never have been. There's just one fallacy in this argument of yours. Would it be your plan, in case we got control, to run this government honest—as being the best policy?

ALAN. Why not?

SOL. Then there wouldn't be anything in it for anybody, would there? Nothing beyond his salary?

ALAN. Well—no.

SOL. You see, that's the fatal flaw!

ALAN. You want to come with me, Sol. You know you do. And I'm counting on you.

SOL. You're counting on me! I'd better tell you about myself, boy, before you say any more! Long ago when I was slim and eagle-eyed, I had a good angel. You wouldn't believe it to look at me now, but old Sol had a good angel by his side back there in the morning of time. And when a question like this came up this angel of light would come shouldering round him, arguing for righteousness, arguing against evil courses and the selling of his soul. If I was going to do wrong I had a wrestle with that angel. Like Jacob of old I wrestled with him in the night, and like Jacob of old I often came out ahead. It got so that the angel didn't have a chance with me, Alan, and after a while he got tired. Temptation would come upon me and I'd look around for this here spirit to wrestle with, and he wouldn't be there. He ought to

be here wrestling with me now, Alan, but he's quit me. He don't even brush his wings by me, let alone give me a struggle. So I'm just an old man soaked in tobacco and fusel oil, and no help to anybody. No, if it's up to me to stop the bill, it'll pass. You never get anywhere by taking things away from people, Alan. You've got to give them something.

ALAN. Why?

SOL. Because the sole business of government is graft, special privilege and corruption—with a by-product of order. They have to keep order or they can't make collections.

ALAN. Oh—oh, I see. Sol—

SOL. Don't say it, Alan, don't say it.

ALAN. Sol, you know—you may be right.

SOL. No, I'm all wrong. But what I'm mostly wrong about is I don't steal in a big enough way. Steal apples and they put you in jail—steal a nation and the hosts of heaven come down and line up under your banners.

ALAN. That's what I mean.

SOL. What?

ALAN. That's exactly what I mean!

SOL. I don't get you!

ALAN. I guess you're right, that's all. I guess you're right.

SOL. I'm right as far as I'm concerned. Sol's dyed in the wool—a black sheep—and whitewash won't cover him.

[WINGBLATT *enters from the hall*]

WINGBLATT. Sol, can you come out here a minute?

SOL. Good news, Wingie?

WINGBLATT. Not especially good news for McClean—but good news!

SOL. You haven't been promising things?

WINGBLATT. No—no! Just free seeds and free silver! God, the punishment I've been taking. Campaign speeches.

SOL. That's better than having to make 'em!

[*They exit laughing. ALAN goes to the phone*]

ALAN. Get me Mr. Wister's office. Hello! Bus?—Alan! Are you where you can talk?—No, you were right about Sol. And they've grabbed Trumper too!—No, I'm not licked! But I've got another idea! No, no—I don't like what it means a damn bit. It's as rotten as every other method in this place, but it's the only chance I've got left. I want to get copies of everything ever proposed for H.R. 2007.—I'm going to use my information—you know what.—Oh, God, Bus, I know that! I know it's a dirty thing to do! I have more reasons than you have for not liking it! But I've got to do it, nobody's going to stop me! Oh, let's not talk about it! Just get me the copies of those things. and get 'em here quick!

[SOL *enters from the hall*]

SOL. Tact, boy, tact! Now you see, Alan, with a little tact and longsuffering, Wingie's just brought Trumper into camp—and we've got you licked.

Has it ever occurred to you that you might be conducting your life on too high a moral plane?

ALAN. That's just what I have been thinking!

SOL. What?

ALAN. I guess your methods are better than mine, that's all. If I'm not on the inside I'll be out altogether.

SOL. Now, don't let me over-persuade you, Alan. You stick to your line.

ALAN. You don't want me on your side?

SOL. Good Lord! I wouldn't believe it for a minute.

ALAN. Well, you may when it happens. I'm going to ask for something in the bill myself.

SOL. You're going to ask for something? Don't do it, Alan.

ALAN. I'm going to ask for that extra million for Nevada irrigation.

SOL. And vote on our side?

ALAN. Yes.

SOL. But you're away late asking for it now, Alan. You should have put in your bid earlier.

ALAN. Don't you think I have a certain amount of influence—just for the moment?

SOL. Now, look here—was this whole setup of yours a badger game? It's going to look that way.

ALAN. But what does it matter how it looks? Dell's in it—and Sneden and the veterans' lobby—and even Mr. Gray—

SOL. No—not Gray.

ALAN. I thought so. Isn't he? That prison at Culver's his, isn't it? I thought it was.

SOL. Oh, no, no! You're off the beat there. Simcon's never been hooked up with anything.

ALAN. But as I understand it, the bank's mainly his, and the money's badly needed.

SOL. As you understand it? Where did you hear this?

ALAN. It was an accident.

SOL. Oh, it was—

ALAN. But it's certain enough to get me anything I'd ask for. I wouldn't tell this to anyone else, Sol, but you're a friend of mine, and I know it won't get spread around.

SOL. Alan, you paralyze me. I get sober listening to you. Or am I sober? I take it you're not a drinking man?

ALAN. Not a heavy one!

SOL. Things like that don't come out by accident. You looked into it.

ALAN. Not intentionally. But you might as well have your fleet on the strength of it.

SOL. Boy, when I look at you and reflect on how I wasted my young time! The cunning of the serpent with the outward appearance of the dove! By God, I've never been up against it before!

ALAN. But Sol, if I'm going to make capital of it, you may as well do the same.

SOL. No, no, I can't use it on Simeon, Alan. You go in and make your own deal. I'm not a man to take an unfair advantage of a friend—never was a man to do that.

ALAN. Well, don't use it if it's against your conscience.

SOL. No, no! I couldn't do it. Not to save my soul from perdition! On the other hand—I ought to do it, Alan. This generation that's growing up now, it's a generation of vipers. You can't compete with 'em without being a viper. Why, they're born with teeth and claws nowadays. I'll just step in and see him a minute.

ALAN. You really might as well.

SOL. Not about that. Just in a friendly way.

ALAN. Surely.

SOL. And I stood there telling you about my angel. An old man's got to look out for himself. He's got to. [*He goes into the office. BUS enters*]

BUS. Well?

ALAN. Are they complete copies?

BUS. Solid pork! What are you up to?

ALAN. I've been talking to Sol. He's in there getting his navy right now.

BUS. What?

ALAN. I'll catch the rest of them when the caucus meets, and advise them to ask for anything they want. They won't be refused.

BUS. What are you going to do?

ALAN. I'm going to overload the bill! I'm going to fill that thing with rubbish till no one will have the face to vote for it. Till it's a monstrosity and no one will dare sponsor it!

BUS. And this came to you all by yourself? Let me gaze on you, Alan. Let me contemplate the contours of that Nevada profile!

ALAN. Oh, you don't think it will work out?

BUS. On the contrary, I think it might. I think it will if you carry it off. I resign, Alan. I abdicate. Take my hand and lead me. I'm a little child!

Curtain

ACT TWO: SCENE TWO

SCENE: *The Committee Room.* MARJORIE is taking the report. DELL, SNEDEN, WINGBLATT and PEEBLES are conversing. MISS MCMURTRY is just entering through the hall door. BUS is just finishing putting papers together and looks up as EDDIE comes in from the office.

BUS [*to MARJORIE*]. It's all here. You may find it a bit sticky. [*She goes out to the office, closing the door. EDDIE picks up the sheaf and leaves it through*]

WINGBLATT. No—if we've got Trumper, he hasn't got a chance—look here.
[*He shows his figuring to FARNUM*]

PEEBLES. Was Trumper wobbling?

FARNUM. Good Lord, anyone can have Trumper that'll listen to him.

[*GRAY comes in from the office*]

GRAY. Have you got it together?

EDDIE. Seems to be all here. Six copies. I'm stepping out for a minute, Sime, but you can go ahead. I've okayed everything. [*He goes out*]

WINGBLATT. Sime—where's Sol?

GRAY. I don't know. It doesn't matter. He's been over it with me.

SNEDEN. Is it going to pass, Simeon?

GRAY. So far as I know it is. Do you want to take a look at it?

SNEDEN. Sure.

MCMURTRY. Could I see a schedule of the accepted items?

GRAY. I beg your pardon. Certainly. [*He hands her the remaining copy. ALAN comes in and seats himself*] Now, boys, I don't want this session to take too much time.

SNEDEN. Neither do I. This bill's ruining my game.

GRAY. Look them over and we can take the vote. We've been on the thing cntirely too long.

FARNUM. Why should we spoil our day looking at it? It's all cut and dried anyway.

WINGBLATT. Put it in type, Simeon. There aren't any changes, are there?

GRAY. A few. I went over it with the President.

PEEBLES. One thing you can be sure of then—there's no good news in it.

MCMURTRY. I think the other members should be here.

DELL. Just for the hell of it?

GRAY. They will be. Look it over first, if you like.

DELL. Say, that veterans' hospital isn't eliminated, is it?

GRAY. It had to be, I saw Klein about that myself.

DELL. Well, what the hell!

PEEBLES. You can't do things this way, Sime. You've cut out that Iowa drainage.

GRAY. Had to do it—

FARNUM. Hey, boy—Sol got his navy.

GRAY. And Sol gets his navy. I had to admit it.

PEEBLES. You mean the President slashed that Iowa thing—and leased Sol the Atlantic Fleet?

GRAY. Right.

WINGBLATT. Sol got his navy? Well, in that case—

SNEDEN. Lok, here, Sime—what's this "Naval rehabilitation?" Is that the fifteen million slice Eddie's been trying to get for his committee?

GRAY. That's it, and I couldn't avoid it. Those two, and the Japanese beetle, which we had to have for the Dakota vote, are the only items the committee hadn't concurred in.

WINGBLATT. Damn swell items, if you ask me.

PEEBLES. That's what I say. We're a long way over the budget.

GRAY. I don't like it any better than you do.

WINGBLATT. Well, why was it, then? The rest of us have had to surrender on one clause after another! You don't intend to rush this thing through without explaining?

GRAY. Not at all. If you want me to enumerate the reasons for every inclusion, it can be done. It'll take a lot of time, but—

DELL. We wouldn't be much ahead, Sime. But it certainly looks this time as if there were a few people on the inside who were getting what they wanted at the expense of the rest of us.

WINGBLATT. And personally I'm tired of taking one man's word for what we can have and what we can't! This caucus is supposed to be governed by majority vote—and by God, I think it should be!

GRAY. A fine mess you'd send over to the White House.

[SOL and EDDIE enter]

FARNUM. I'd like to ask Sol there how he wangled that navy out of you! I'd also like to ask Eddie why he's able to slip things in after the dead-line!

GRAY. If you wanted to influence this legislation you should have made a study of it.

WINGBLATT. I know—as you have.

GRAY. Yes, as I have. If you want this thing kicked back here—

SNEDEN. Oh, what the hell! There's no use jawing with him. It's always this way. Let's get it over with. [*He picks up his golf cap*]

ALAN [*rising*]. Mr. Chairman.

PEEBLES. Oh, let it ride! [*He starts to rise*]

WINGBLATT. What do you say, Farnum?

FARNUM. What's the good? Let it go. I give up. [*He gets up*]

ALAN. Mr. Chairman.

[*The committee is ready to go*]

GRAY. Mr. McClean?

ALAN. As you all know, I have been engaged, perhaps mistakenly, in attempting to defeat H.R. 2007. As matters stand now, it seems it will pass, and in the light of that knowledge I have been reconsidering a number of questions concerning it. I have gone over the Nevada project again—and I am convinced that, since the bill is to pass anyway, it would be wise to include the extra million for irrigation which was put over to next year.

MCMURTRY. An extra million! Well, I must say—

GRAY. You should have spoken earlier, Mr. McClean.

ALAN. Also, in looking over this project, I was drawn into a perusal of other items which have been offered for the bill and rejected—and with Miss Nillson's help I have made a list of all requests which were denied in preliminary discussions of the legislation. The list is long, longer, I believe, than the list of those accepted, but I have been amazed, and I think you will be amazed,

to find that they are practically all measures of considerable value, calculated to relieve a great deal of unemployment—

SNEDEN. Are we going to finish up or not?

ALAN. Just one moment. I have copies of those rejected items. Would you care to look at the schedule?

GRAY. Thanks, I'm sufficiently familiar with them.

ALAN. Now, my point is simply this: these appear to me to be reasonable and justifiable proposals, quite as applicable to the present state of the country as any now incorporated. In consequence I am reversing my previous stand in the committee on this subject, and hereby move that this list, which I now offer, be added to H.R. 2007 in due form. [*He hands up a sheaf of papers*]

DELL. Yeah?

PEEBLES. What's that?

GRAY. You're asking that all that junk go back in the bill?

ALAN. I am.

GRAY. I had enough grief getting it out and I have no intention of going through it again. The bill's in shape, and it's going to the house just as it is. [*He turns*]

ALAN. I'm making it as a motion, Mr. Chairman.

GRAY. Who put you up to this?

ALAN. I'm acting on my own initiative. The plan originated with me.

GRAY. You're welcome to it.

ALAN. I shall be much obliged if someone will second my motion—

GRAY. I'm entertaining no such nonsense—as a motion or anything else—

WINGBLATT. What have you got here—everything that's been cut out of the bill?

ALAN. Absolutely everything, I think. [*He goes about the room distributing copies*]

PEEBLES. Let's see it.

DELL. But what's the idea?

ALAN. To put everything in that's been asked for.

DELL. Everything?

ALAN. Why not? I find nothing unworthy of inclusion, and the decision rests with the majority.

FARNUM. Hell! That's Napoleonic!

WINGBLATT. You know, I'd be almost inclined to second that motion.

GRAY. I haven't recognized any motion.

SNEDEN. Is the veterans' administration in here?

FARNUM. My God, this one's got everything.

DELL. How about the uniforms for postal employees?

MCMURTRY. The appropriation for the nursing bureau—has it been included in this version?

WINGBLATT. God yes! All the infant industries are in it. I tell you it's all here, boys! If anything was ever complete, this is.

GRAY. Have you had enough of this tomfoolery?

PEEBLES. What's the total, Mr. McClean?

ALAN. Including everything, four hundred and seventy-five millions.

SNEDEN. That's impossible. It's a lovely dream, but it's not for us.

ALAN. It's not impossible! I give you my word, gentlemen, that if you pass the motion Mr. Gray will do everything in his power to see that the bill is made law. He's pledged himself to get this dam completed.

GRAY. Are you making promises for me, now?

EDDIE. What do you mean. McClean? You give your word?

GRAY. Can't you see what he's trying to do? He's trying to hang enough junk on this thing to sink it!

ALAN. Pardon me, Mr. Gray—I'm merely trying to follow your lead—when you included the navy and the steel company—

SOL. Oh, you feathered serpent! That's what you were doing!

GRAY. Are you setting up as an expert now?

ALAN. I hardly think, Mr. Gray, that you were functioning as an expert when you allowed those two items to be included.

GRAY. Oh, you don't?

ALAN. No, sir.

GRAY. Perhaps you consider this maniacal proposal of yours a constructive solution?

ALAN. I am not trying to be constructive, Mr. Chairman—merely logical.

SNEDEN. Wait a minute! You call a four hundred and seventy-five million dollar bill for a forty million dollar appropriation logical?

ALAN. Not at all. I only say that if it is logical to include Mr. Wister's rehabilitated battleships on this bill, it is just as logical to include your veterans' administration.

SNEDEN. Well, that sounds reasonable.

SOL. Boys—he's slipping something over on you!

FARNUM. We've had plenty slipped over on us! The Atlantic Fleet for one thing!

GRAY. We're not including what we like here—we're including what we have to for the vote—and that's all!

PEEBLES. Well, suppose you had to include something useful—just had to? Certainly draining those Iowa swamps is at least a thousand times more sensible than appropriating good money to drag that fleet over to Sol's front yard—I leave it to the conference!

GRAY. There's a tremendous difference in the amounts.

ALAN. Exactly eight thousand five hundred dollars—to be precise.

EDDIE. And that's important information too.

PEEBLES. My God, is that all?

MCMURTRY. Well, surely there's considerable difference between fifteen thousand dollars appropriated to provide nurses for the poor—and fifteen millions to repair two battleships!

EDDIE. If you imbeciles don't recognize this thing as the most obvious

damned trick in the world—Hell! I'd have drawn up the bill myself without bothering—

WINGBLATT. It looks like you did anyway. What I still want to know is—

GRAY. Ask it later! Are we going to settle this bill or not? It's got to go to the House tomorrow and McClean comes in here with a Civil War grandstand play and sets you by the ears!

ALAN. I assure you that was not my intention, Mr. Chairman.

GRAY. Will someone please make a motion to put this bill to a vote so we can get out of here?

ALAN. I move that the bill is unanimously accepted—with all items, clauses and appropriations which I have included—

GRAY. I don't know whether you're insane or you've been put up to it. Will someone move to put this bill to a vote?

SOL. I so move.

EDDIE. I second the motion.

WINGBLATT. Now, wait a minute, Simeon! Don't pull a fast one on us. I still want to get to the bottom of how and why Sol got his fleet.

FARNUM. Yeah! And I still want to know why Eddie was allowed to push his steel company in after the deadline! What about that?

GRAY. The President agreed—at the urging of the Committee of 48 on National Defense—

DELL. My God, is the cuttlefish super-chairman of this committee too?

EDDIE. He was certainly going to swing the whole Middle West against us if we didn't do something for the Committee of 48!

WINGBLATT. Says you! I second Mr. McClean's motion!

GRAY. For God's sake, Wingie!

EDDIE. There's a motion before the committee, unless I'm wrong.

MCMURTRY. I hardly see why the rest of us should be put aside to accommodate Mr. Wister and Mr. Fitzmaurice. If the Chairman found it necessary to trade for votes there are others on the committee who might have had votes to offer!

SOL [*muttering*]. Angels! Jacob of Old! You double-crossing little—

SNEDEN. Certainly. Why didn't you let us in on it, and give us a chance?

MCMURTRY. Doesn't the President consider uncared for babies an item in national defense? [*She snorts*]

GRAY. Why don't you address all these questions to Mr. McClean?

ALAN. Mr. Chairman—

GRAY. Are you trying to filibuster the whole damn day away! Now I ask you again to bring it to a vote.

WINGBLATT. All right! Let McClean talk!

PEEBLES. What did Sol have up his sleeve, Mr. McClean?

ALAN. Since, as Mr. Gray reminds us, there is already a question before the committee, I call for that question. Let us first vote on the bill without the additions—

WINGBLATT. And that's an idea, too. Question.

GRAY. If you are under the impression that we can make decisions of this character in any off-hand and childish spirit—

WINGBLATT. We know all that—and you've been asking for a vote! Well, put it!

PEEBLES. Sure, question!

SEVERAL. Question!

GRAY. Very well. Those in favor of sending 2007 to the House as it stands—

EDDIE *and* SOL. Aye.

GRAY. Opposed.

REST OF THE COMMITTEE. No.

WINGBLATT. I guess that's fairly obvious.

GRAY. And now, having reached what is probably a new low for all time in common-sense, I suggest that we adjourn till tomorrow.

EDDIE. I move we adjourn.

ALAN. I made a motion a little while ago which was not recognized. Mr. Chairman—a motion for the inclusion of the items in this copy of the bill. I wish to offer that motion again.

WINGBLATT. And I wish to second it!

GRAY. Not today.

WINGBLATT. Yes, today!

SNEDEN. You can't adjourn the meeting!

FARNUM. Personally, I'd like to vote on McClean's motion, and before I do I'd like to hear McClean's reason why Sol and Eddie can get away with murder.

PEEBLES. So would I. And we're not leaving till we find out. I want to hear the rest of the story. [*To ALAN*] Go ahead and talk.

ALAN [*his eye on GRAY*]. I don't see that any explanations are needed. Ask for what you want, and you'll get it, that's all.

GRAY. If Mr. McClean will pardon me, I'll do a little talking myself about his inspired suggestion. It's obvious that he has nothing in mind except to make this bill look like a raid on the treasury. You all know my position in such matters. I am the one man among you who has given his time to government finances over a period of years. I've carried the work and made the decisions because I know what can and what cannot be done. Now McClean has come in here with the deliberate intention of stampeding you into a log-rolling vote that will look like an organized steal, and he thinks he can get away with it—and he thinks I don't dare say anything because he's discovered that I have stock in a bank at Culver, and Culver is affected by one of the allotments in this bill. That's his whole case. If that gives him status as an expert and puts him in control here, why pass his resolution. If you still trust my judgment or think my word's any good, you'll send the measure to the House as it stands.

[*A pause*]

PEEBLES. How much stock do you hold in the Culver bank, Mr. Chairman?

GRAY. A third interest. Anything else?

PEEBLES. No. Not from this side—

[*A pause*]

GRAY. Now, I should like to call for another vote on the bill as it stands.

FARNUM. Does that mean including Sol and Eddie?

GRAY. It does.

SNEDEN. They get what they're asking for?

GRAY. They do.

SNEDEN. Then I don't see why we shouldn't.

WINGBLATT. Nor I. How come, Simeon?

GRAY. Those items have been accepted—

SNEDEN. How much more will the bill stand?

GRAY. It won't stand a nickel.

WINGBLATT. In other words—just because a couple of guys go in under the wire with this information—they're the white-headed boys.

GRAY. The bill is carrying every possible cent it can. What's more, it'll absolutely be vetoed if you add anything to it—anything.

PEEBLES. I don't quite believe that. As a matter of fact, boys, I don't believe that at all. It won't be vetoed.

GRAY. All right, hang yourselves.

WINGBLATT. We've been rooked by an inside gang—that's what's happened.

FARNUM. And now they're trying to tell us the House won't pass it and the Old Man'll veto it if we ask for what they got.

SNEDEN. Why, this bill's all set to pass, and the President's all set to sign it.

WINGBLATT. I seconded a motion here a minute ago!

PEEBLES. What's that steel business but highway robbery?

WINGBLATT. That's all! I call for the question.

FARNUM. Question!

PEEBLES. And what happens? Nothing—except the bill carries more than expected. Sure—Question!

GRAY. Dell?

DELL. There's nothing in here I could object to, Simeon.

GRAY. Very well. All in favor of including the items in Mr. McClean's list will signify by saying aye.

THE COMMITTEE [*except SOL, EDDIE and GRAY*]. Aye.

GRAY. The motion is carried. Adjourned. [*There is a silence, the members begin to stir*]

MCMURTRY. I'm afraid we've done a most appalling thing. Shouldn't we reconsider?

PEEBLES. We should not. [*SOL rises*]

FARNUM. It's all right, Sol. You're getting yours too.

SOL. Nobody's getting anything if you ask me! Imagine me trusting a missionary! And at my age! Angels! [*SOL and EDDIE go out*]

FARNUM. Listen, Sneden—keep this away from the reporters tonight. Keep it dark till it's read.

SNEDEN. Yeah! That's a thought, too.

MCMURTRY. I'm sure we've done a most appalling thing.

[*They go out. ALAN, MARJORIE and GRAY are alone. ALAN goes toward the door*]

GRAY. Just a moment, Mr. McClean. You've beaten me here this afternoon, and made a good job of it. No doubt it looks to you as if no man with a remnant of honesty would have the face to present the thing to the House.

ALAN. Yes, that is the way I feel, Mr. Gray.

GRAY. That is one way of looking at it, McClean. But you once told us about a little town where the people had no money to buy. I want to tell you about another town. I grew up in Culver and I know the people there—the storekeepers and the professional men and the people in the street. I know them by their first names—and I know what they've been through. They've lost nearly everything they had. Business is gone and two banks have failed. The third one's mine, and people think it's sound, and what money is left is in it. But the bank isn't sound; and if the bill's defeated and the penitentiary doesn't go to Culver, the bank will fail, and a lot of people will lose their life savings and their jobs.

ALAN. But, Mr. Gray, isn't it a little unfair to support Culver by taxing other places which are just as badly off!

GRAY. Yes, it is unfair! But I'm here to represent a certain district, McClean, and they need what I can do for them as they've never needed it before. I don't hold what you've done against you, but I am going to fight you. I'm going to fight you every inch of the way. You've made it damn difficult! You've dumped 275 extra millions on the bill, and you expect that to kill it in the House. But I don't intend to let that kill it. This fight hasn't even begun. I'm not asking you to call off your dogs, and I'm not apologizing. I'm going to use every weapon I can lay my hands on, and I won't be very squeamish where or how I find them.

ALAN. You don't leave me much choice, do you?

GRAY. And you leave me no choice!

ALAN. That's going to make it very interesting! [*He goes out*]

MARJORIE. Dad, what is it?

GRAY. Nothing!

MARJORIE. If you wanted to make him believe the worst possible about you—What does it mean? Why do you want that bill to pass as much as all that?

GRAY. It's nothing that concerns you, Marjorie.

MARJORIE. It does concern me. If I didn't believe in you right now, more than anything in the world, I'd be with Alan against you.

GRAY. Perhaps you should be!

MARJORIE. It isn't fair to tell me just that much! I want an answer! You must give me an answer!

GRAY. The third national bank of Culver is not merely in difficulties, Mar-

jorie. It has borrowed twice on federal securities. In its vaults are three packages of bonds which, it examined, would prove to be blank paper. If the bank fails those securities will be examined at once. I am chairman of the board. I was away when it was done, but I've known of it for some time! To put it baldly, I'm guilty. So you see, if I don't get my penitentiary one way, I'll get it another! Does that answer your question?

Curtain

ACT THREE: SCENE ONE

SCENE: *The Committee Room. Evening. Three days later. SNEDEN and DELL are seated at the table. PEEBLES is near the door, having just entered to make a report, and WINGBLATT is standing at the small table.*

WINGBLATT. Do you mean to tell me you spent three hours with that Rhode Island bunch and couldn't even get a rise out of them?

PEEBLES. They said they'd vote for it if it looked like it was going through—

WINGBLATT. Well, good God, what good's that going to do?

PEEBLES. I haven't had any sleep for two nights, Wingie!

WINGBLATT. You go back there and tell them it is going through and quit boasting about the late hours you keep! Nobody's had any sleep as far as I know. Did you tell 'em about that federal base at Newport?

PEEBLES. I did. They're scared of it.

WINGBLATT. Scared of federal money? Don't make me laugh.

DELL. The President's bringing pressure, Wingie.

WINGBLATT. What kind of pressure?

DELL. Patronage pressure.

WINGBLATT. So that's it. That's why we keep losing votes as fast as we bring 'em in.

DELL. Sure it is. He wants it sent back to the committee and scaled down.

PEEBLES. And that's what's going to happen.

SNEDEN. It is not. We've had twenty thousand telegrams favoring this bill the last two days!

DELL. Yeah, but listen to this. Editorial in the Washington Tribune: "The plunderbund at the Capitol is overreaching itself. One more big grab—"

WINGBLATT. That's an administration organ, that sheet. Plays any tune the President sets for it!

DELL. You won't find many papers don't say the same thing, no matter what their politics are.

WINGBLATT. Are you going haywire on us?

DELL. I don't want to be spanked in public, Wingie. I'd rather take my licking in the solitude of my own boudoir.

PEEBLES. You sure Dizzy's meeting us here?

DELL. That's what he said.

WINGBLATT. Who's been working on that Massachusetts crowd?

DELL. Farnum. They're all right! They'll be for it on account of the new lighthouse and harbor work.

WINGBLATT. That puts us four votes ahead.

SNEDEN. And then add in Illinois and it puts us four votes behind.

DELL. That's right.

PEEBLES. All I know is if this bill don't pass, I don't come back here no more, and I haven't even got enough left to buy me a hunting and fishing license.

DELL. What would a poacher like you want with a hunting and fishing license? [*The telephone rings*]

WINGBLATT. Damn it, they'll be calling the roll within an hour and we don't know anything—we don't even know how we're going to vote.

SNEDEN [*at the phone*]. Yeah. Well, why not? Eddie's supposed to handle Delaware, isn't he? I don't know what more they could ask for. All right, Dave. [*He hangs up. MARJORIE enters from the office*]

MARJORIE. Where's Sol?

DELL. Downstairs, Marjorie. The manufacturing states are holding a conference, and he's down there with Farnum and Eddie.

MARJORIE. Dad just got a call from the Speaker. He says he can't keep the debate going more than half an hour longer. He'll have to let it come to a vote. [*She goes out*]

WINGBLATT. Anything we want to do we better do right now.

[*LEVERING enters*]

LEVERING. Hello, boys.

SNEDEN. There he is.

WINGBLATT. Dizzy, for God's sake come in here and give us a line on what's going to happen. These babes in the wood think we're going to have to oppose our own bill. [*MARK opens the hall door and brings in a large sack of telegrams*]

LEVERING. They may be right.

WINGBLATT. But why? Every organization in the country wants it.

MARK. More telegrams, gentlemen. [*He goes out*]

WINGBLATT. Look at what Mark's just brought in. And look at those telegrams. Open any one of them! The country's screaming its head off for the thing!

LEVERING. Not the country. Don't confuse the country with the people that still have money left to send telegrams. They represent a very small fraction of the country.

DELL. He's right.

WINGBLATT. Everybody stands to benefit! Every state in the Union!

[*EBNER enters from the hall*]

EBNER. McClean isn't around here, is he?

SNEDEN. No, haven't seen McClean.

EBNER. Sorry, just looking for him.

WINGBLATT. Listen, Joe, while you're here will you tell me one thing?

EBNER. Sure!

WINGBLATT. What's got into this little Jesus McClean that makes you guys stick to him?

EBNER. He certainly put it over on you, Wingie.

WINGBLATT. Well, what are you radicals fighting us for? You've got clauses in that bill!

SNEDEN. You're just cutting your own throats voting against it.

EBNER. We don't want those clauses. You're in a hole, you boys, and McClean put you there, and we're going to keep you there. Personally, I think you never will get out of it—and I think we'll blow this government higher than a kite before you know what's happened to you! I guess you never heard of a revolution, did you? Well, you're going to hear of one. And you can write that on your list, or print it on the wall, or put it up in lights over the Capitol! [*He goes out*]

WINGBLATT. Gone Bolshevik, have they? Well, they won't get far with that.

SNEDEN. He's been reading the life of Trotzky in two volumes.

DELL. They've got an organization now, boys. They think this McClean's a new Bob LaFollette.

LEVERING. Unless we can make sure of a decisive majority for the bill, we'll all have to throw our weight against it. If we offend the country once more—

PEEBLES. Now don't say that, Dizzy. Don't say that.

LEVERING. It's out of my hands!

SOL [*outside*].

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the altars of his gods?

[*SOL enters. MARJORIE comes in from the office*] Dizzy, I've been out gathering recruits to stand at my right hand and keep the bridge with me!

WINGBLATT. What's the news, Sol?

SNEDEN. How do we rate, Sol?

DELL. Oh, Sol, what was that Rhode Island business?

LEVERING. Let's have it, Sol. How did you come out?

MARJORIE. Sol, what happened?

SOL. Well, Clover, the situation called for a good deal of oratory!

[*FARNUM and EDDIE enter*]

FARNUM. Oratory! What do you say to Pennsylvania!

MARJORIE. What do you mean? Did they come over?

EDDIE. What do you say to Indiana and Illinois?

FARNUM. What do you say to that vast and glorious Empire State—New York to you!

WINGBLATT. Cut the comedy!

EDDIE. They came over!

FARNUM. Sol brought 'em over!

MARJORIE. We've got a majority?

FARNUM. A majority? We've got the damndest, sweetest, most beautiful majority I ever saw delivered in one package! [MARJORIE runs out]

EDDIE. The whole blatting conference voted to go for it solid!

SNEDEN. The rosy-fingered dawn appears!

LEVERING. That's Sol's work?

EDDIE. Sol's work!

FARNUM. And beautifull!

LEVERING. What did you do to 'em, Sol?

SOL. I talked to 'em. Where are appropriations supposed to originate in the government of the United States? In the House of Representatives. Then by what right does the President try to dictate how much we can appropriate, or where, or how? That's all.

DELL. What did you do? Give 'em your word of honor?

SOL. Honor? Pennsylvania gets twenty-one millions. Illinois gets those Lake Michigan docks—

SNEDEN. How can you promise docks on Lake Michigan?

WINGBLATT. Yeah, who gave you authority to do that?

SOL. It's in the bill!

DELL. Sure. Don't you remember?

SNEDEN. No, I do not. And I'll never believe it.

SOL. This is an extraordinary bill! It will keep a million people out of the bread lines!

LEVERING. If it isn't vetoed.

[GRAY and MARJORIE enter from the office]

GRAY. Well, I hear we've got a majority!

DELL. We certainly have!

WINGBLATT. What's the news from the White House, Sime?

GRAY. Well, no news is good news, I suppose. So far he hasn't said a word. Collier promised to let me know if there was any decision. [The buzzer sounds twice]

DELL. There goes the buzzer. Half an hour, Disraeli! How do we vote?

WINGBLATT. My God, is there any question any more? To hell with the country. We're climbing on the bandwagon!

FARNUM. Come on, Dizzy, don't hold up the procession.

PEEBLES. How about it?

LEVERING. How much of a majority have we got?

DELL. Fifty-five or sixty to the good!

LEVERING. We're breaking with the President, Sime!

GRAY. With that majority it's an act of God. He can't blame us for going along.

LEVERING. O. K., boys, we're voting "Aye."

DELL. Right.

[*There is a general sigh of relief. The crowd goes out through the hall door. SOL, MARJORIE and GRAY are left alone*]

SOL. Well, Sime, we're riding high.

MARJORIE. Sol, you're a genius!

SOL. I had to be! [*The telephone rings*]

GRAY. You deserve your fleet—can I get you the Army for next summer?

SOL. Certainly, and you can throw in the Marines!

MARJORIE. Hello! What? Oh, just a minute. It's for you, Dad.

GRAY. Oh! [*He goes to the phone*]

SOL. A wee nip, Clover! Just to celebrate?

MARJORIE. Why not?

GRAY. Hello!—Hello, Collier! What?—What!—You heard him say that?
[*SOL and MARJORIE stop*] Then it's definite—I see!—All right, thanks, Collier—The President's decided to veto the measure if it passes.

MARJORIE. Where does that leave us, Sol? [*SOL sits down to figure*]

SOL. About twelve votes shy of a two-thirds majority.

MARJORIE. We've got to get them, Sol. We've got to!

GRAY. There's never quite enough time, is there?

SOL. If I had an hour more, I might be able to fetch in those Californians.

GRAY. But there is less than half an hour, Sol.

MARJORIE. It can't go this way. Sol, you know what this means—it just can't happen.

GRAY. Maybe there's no way out of it.

MARJORIE. There must be—it takes so little to make them go one way or another.

SOL. It's so close right now, that if Alan was to forget his principles, we'd have our two-thirds and could beat the veto.

MARJORIE. Then something can still be done!

SOL. That's what I was thinking. Sime, are you going to mind if I put the case to him?

GRAY. I wouldn't do it, Sol—I'd rather nobody did it. I have some messages to send off.

SOL. Have it your own way, Sime. I think it's worth trying.

GRAY. Well, I don't. Nobody could deliver fifteen men in the time that's left. And that being the case, I'd rather you didn't mention the subject. I don't particularly like the idea of people feeling sorry for me.

SOL. I get you.

[*GRAY goes into the office*]

MARJORIE. How many votes are there in that group of Alan's?

SOL. About twenty under his wing—more than enough.

MARJORIE. Then I am going down to his office and get him. But Sol, you will have to talk to him—this is something I can't ask him, but you can.

SOL. I'm going to.

MARJORIE. I wish it were anybody else.

SOL. I'm glad it isn't anybody else.

[MARK enters with a cup of coffee, sugar, paper napkins and crackers]

MARK. Oh! Excuse me!

MARJORIE. I'll be right back. [She goes out]

MARK. I brought your coffee, sir.

SOL. Leave it there, Mark.

MARK. And Mr. Fitzmaurice?

SOL. Yes.

MARK. Do you know anything about this here money bill the papers is talking about? Taking all that money out of the Treasury?

SOL. I've heard about it, Mark.

MARK. Well, I was hoping you would be against that bill.

SOL. Why, boy?

MARK. Because this government's costing a sight too much. A sight!

SOL. I'd hate to see you go, Mark. But if you can stand it—

MARK. Me!

SOL. Don't you know the service in this building will be cut in half if the deficiency bill don't pass?

MARK. No, sir! I didn't know that. I certainly didn't. Maybe I spoke out of turn, Mr. Fitzmaurice!

SOL. Now it's high-minded of you to consider the good of the country.

MARK. I ain't really high-minded, Mr. Fitzmaurice. I ain't high-minded at all. No—I was just swayed by reading matter.

SOL. You aren't really against it?

MARK. On the whole, I ain't really against it at all. I'm really for it on the whole. I want to drop the whole matter, Mr. Fitzmaurice.

[BUS enters from the office]

SOL. Fine—we'll drop it. 'Evening, Bussy!

BUS. 'Evening, Sol. How's the opposition tonight?

SOL. Well, Bussy—we view our prospects with a certain amount of optimism. I think we can safely say that.

BUS. Sounds like a brokerage firm with its back to the wall. How's Atlantic Fleet common?

SOL. You're dancing on the grave of an old man, Bussy.

BUS. You do look a bit low.

SOL. Not as low as I was this afternoon, though. We've taken over four manufacturing States from you since then.

BUS. What!

SOL. It's true—we're too far ahead to catch now.

BUS. That's a jolt! I might as well admit that jolts me pretty hard—if true!

SOL. How's the middle western bloc?

BUS. Oh, that's holding together in great shape. You weren't thinking of going after our farmers, Sol?

SOL. We're going to be too many for you on the vote, Bussy. So why hold out? Why not fall in line and get some of the credit?

BUS. Baby! Do you know what I think?

SOL. No.

BUS. By your tone of voice I think you're expecting a veto!

SOL. Serpent of Eden—I am!

BUS. And we can still hold you up?

SOL. That's the situation.

BUS. Then of course we will!

[ALAN *enters with* MARJORIE]

ALAN. Hello, Sol!

BUS. Alan, there's news! The President's going to veto the bill and that's our winning card!

ALAN. Great, Bus! Marjorie said you wanted to see me, Sol.

SOL. Alan, we're going over there to vote in about five minutes and I want you to do something for me.

ALAN. What is it?

SOL. I want you to release that middle western bloc of yours.

ALAN. Give me reasons, Sol—give me reasons!

BUS. Now what makes you think you'll get any help from us?

SOL. From Alan!

BUS. You have an eminent nerve! We may be just beginners, Sol; we may be putty in your hands, but we know better than that.

SOL. Alan, you're going to wish you had. Sometime you are going to wish as you've never wished anything before.

BUS. Threats?

SOL. No, not threats. But you've got some people in a jam, Alan, and I can't get them out of it. Houdini couldn't get them out of it, but with your influence I think maybe you could.

ALAN. Who?

SOL. Simeon.

ALAN. I'm sorry, Sol, but I don't see why you come to me about this.

SOL. I only want to say one thing—you won't reform anything by defeating this one bill. Parties may come and parties may go—administrations come in and go out, but the graft varies only in amount, not in kind. Now you can defeat this one appropriation bill, just for your own noble satisfaction, but you won't reform anything, and it might be more to the point to be human—this once. I had a share in it, Alan, I helped you wreck him. Neither one of us knew what we were doing, but by God, we ought to do what we can to take it back.

ALAN. Just what do you mean by wreck, Sol?

SOL. I mean something you won't rest easy knowing, Alan. I mean a term in jail.

ALAN. What?

SOL. I mean just what I said.

[EBNER *enters from the hall*]

EBNER. Oh, good evening. We're all waiting for you downstairs, McClean. Thought we'd go over in a body.

ALAN. Just a minute, Joe!

EBNER. And before we go down—one or two of the boys are wavering a bit. It's hard for some people to turn down patronage when it's offered on a platter. So it might be a good idea to stick close to them. I'll do what I can, and I'll expect you to back me up.

BUS. Run along, Joe, Alan will catch you downstairs.

EBNER. We'll go down in history! This is the day the Old Guard meets its Waterloo!

ALAN. Give me three minutes, will you, Joe?

EBNER. Say, you aren't letting yourself be talked to?

ALAN. No. I'll be with you in a minute—but for God's sake, get out now! Marjorie, is it true?

[EBNER *goes out*]

MARJORIE. Yes. I don't know whether you will ever forgive me or not, Alan. I'm going back on everything I believed, but things look different when there is a prison staring someone in the face. I don't care any more whether it's honest or not. I don't want him to go through with it.

ALAN. But what has your father done?

MARJORIE. I've loved him and almost worshiped him—because he was honest and just, and they couldn't corrupt him—somebody had to be honest in this place, or you couldn't breathe the air—and he isn't really guilty even now.

ALAN. Guilty of what, Marjorie?

MARJORIE. Something at the bank, Alan. Some misuse of funds that he wasn't concerned in at all. Only it falls on him. [*The buzzer sounds twice*]

ALAN. I'm afraid it's impossible—even if there were time.

SOL. There must be two or three key men, Alan, who could bring the others around if you worked with them.

ALAN. Worked with them? Go to those farmers and ask them to vote for the bill, after what I've done to it?

BUS. We've wasted a week's work, Alan. You'd better turn those votes loose.

SOL. We're counting on you! [*The buzzer sounds three times*]

ALAN. Counting on me! Why, I couldn't find words to say it to them. I'm sorry, Marjorie, but I can't think of any one person now. I'm not fighting you or your father. I'm fighting this machine!

MARJORIE. But think what it means to him!

ALAN. I hope you're wrong about it and the blame doesn't fall on him, but

even if it does, I can't stop now. If I were wiser, I might know how to compromise. I may be sending an innocent man to prison and I wish to hell I knew how to avoid it, but I don't! [*The buzzer sounds four times*]

MARJORIE. Alan! Alan!

ALAN. Don't ask it of me and don't tell me what I've lost! I know what I've lost from all of you. And it's not my choice to lose it—but I'm in a fight that's got to be won—and you're asking for something I've no right to give!

Curtain

ACT THREE: SCENE II

SCENE: *The Committee Room. Later the same evening.* SNEDEN, FARNUM, PEEBLES, WINGBLATT, EDDIE, SOL and DELL appear in the doorway singing.

THE CROWD.

Take it away, my boys—take it away!

When we get started everybody has to pay,

Pay, pay, pay!

Take it away, my boys—take it away!

We hear the eagle screaming:

Pht the army! Pht the navy! Hey!

PEEBLES. Who said "Pht the army"? Who said that?

SNEDEN. Good old Peebles! Peebles is in the R.O.T.C. A lieutenant, by God!

PEEBLES. Do you realize you're talking to a son of the American Revolution?

WINGBLATT. A son of what?

DELL. I'm not a drinking man—but I'm drinking.

WINGBLATT. Shut up, will you? I want to know what Peebles is a son of?

CROWD [*singing*]

Take it away, my boys—take it away!

Mama loves papa almost every other day,

Day, day, day!

Take it away, my boys—salt it in brine!

Please pass the bacon, Elmer!

Pht the people, pht the people, hey!

FARNUM. Well, boys—who won?

THE CROWD. We did!

FARNUM. Who lost?

THE CROWD. Nobody!

SOL. Have you all got your bribes? Everybody satisfied? Hold up your hands, them that didn't get their bribes!

PEEBLES. Bribes! Bribes! Sir, I don't care for your choice of words.

WINGBLATT. Yes, suh! We both resent that, suh! As professional Southerners, we resent that! You'll take that back, suh, and you'll couch it in less invidious terms, suh!

SOL. How's times, boys? Everybody prosperous? Everybody flying high?

WINGBLATT. Oh, yes, suh, massah! Everybody prosperous.

SOL. Corn in the crib and sorghum in the barrel?

WINGBLATT. Oh, yes, suh, massah! Corn in de crib and sorghum in de barrel!

SOL. And how-all's Miss Meadows and the gals? Sitting pretty on the front porch, I take oath. Eating pork?

WINGBLATT. Um-um, massah!

SOL. And riding horses, plenty of riding horses for a gentleman?

WINGBLATT. Massah, did you-all say riding horses?

[BUS enters from the office]

BUS. Have you all gone crazy? What happened?

SEVERAL. They passed the bill!

BUS. One at a time—what?

SOL. They passed the bill!

BUS. Well, what of it? It's going to be vetoed, anyway.

WINGBLATT. Good God, it passed with a two-thirds majority—and it can't be vetoed!

[MARJORIE enters from the office]

BUS. Alan released those votes!

SOL. He didn't! His farmers stuck together. But they weren't enough—not near enough!

MARJORIE. How much of a majority was there?

SOL. It was a landslide! Maybe fifteen or twenty stood out against it!

MARJORIE. Then—it's certain.

WINGBLATT. Certain! The whole House went crazy!

FARNUM. It looked like the Klondike gold rush!

MARJORIE. Has Dad come back yet? [She goes into the office]

SOL. It was Alan who did it, Bus, and we're giving him credit for it!

BUS. He'll like that a lot.

[ALAN enters from the hall]

SOL. Alan, my boy, I've been appointed by this delegation to tender you a little message. Tonight you feast at our expense with sparkling Burgundy and venison pie.

ALAN. No thanks, Sol. Is Marjorie in the office, Bus?

BUS. Yes, Alan.

SOL. Boy, it was a stunning job!

WINGBLATT. It's a system!

SOL. You give everybody what he wants, including the opposition, and lo! there ain't no opposition.

DELL. It can be applied to all appropriation bills!

WINGBLATT. Yes, and I'm willing to bet it will be!

ALAN. I know I lost, Sol. You don't need to tell me.

DELL. Don't you feel bad about this, Mr. McClean.

SNEDEN. We made more mistakes than you did. We only won by accident!

[MISS MCMURTRY enters]

WINGBLATT. Why, you damn near beat us at our own game.

[*The crowd greets MCMURTRY*]

MCMURTRY. Mr. McClean, I want to thank you from my heart for the poor and the stricken who will turn to the bureau for relief!

SNEDEN. You aren't going to spurn us, are you, Bess?

MCMURTRY. Well, I don't as a rule—but on this occasion—[*She takes a drink*. LEVERING enters]

LEVERING. Alan, my boy—many a man in Congress promises more than he performs; but few indeed perform more than they promise. You're one of the few!

ALAN. You know I put those things in the bill to kill it!

WINGBLATT. But it didn't kill it. That's what put it through!

SNEDEN. And you were careful to stick in your own extra million, weren't you?

ALAN. I had a personal reason for doing that!

WINGBLATT. Well, so did we all! We all had personal reasons! Sol had his navy! Farnum had his national park! And I had—I won't say what I had, but it was damn good and personal!

LEVERING. We want you to come in and work with us, McClean.

ALAN. I'm afraid you're under a misapprehension. I'm not the kind of person to trust on the inside.

WINGBLATT. Oh, give us a whirl, brother. You can't buck the game single-handed. Are we going to celebrate?

FARNUM. Sit in with us a couple of months! You'll be the right kind of person!

LEVERING. You really have no choice now, McClean. You're one of us, or you have no friends in Congress.

ALAN. You want me in with you because I know too much and you're afraid I may tell what I know. Well, I'm not accepting the invitation.

PEEBLES. Does that mean you're thinking of letting newspaper correspondents in on confidential matters that took place in secret session?

ALAN. I don't know.

PEEBLES. That means he is.

WINGBLATT. Don't be a sorehead. We're quite willing to listen to suggestions. What do you think we ought to do?

ALAN. I think we all ought to get up and go home.

DELL. Go home!

ALAN. We've cost the country about four hundred millions today, and the least we can do is clear out of here before we cost them any more.

SNEDEN. You're suggesting that we all resign?

ALAN. I am.

FARNUM Boys, am I losing my mind?

MCMURIRY I never heard such talk!

WINGBLATT Oh, I've had enough!

SNEDEN I'm not much of a home boy myself!

[MARJORIE and GRAY enter from the office]

ALAN. How long do you think a governing body can go on when it's made itself a laughing stock, the length and breadth of the country, the way this one has?

WINGBLATT Why, you simple-minded cub, that's treason!

ALAN. How can one speak treason about this government or Congress? It's one vast, continuous, nation wide disaster!

EDDIE Just another red, boys!

WINGBLATT. A bull-fighter!

EDDIE. He's following Ebner's trail!

ALAN And I'm not a red! I don't like communism or fascism or any other political patent medicine! If I did, I'd say what Ebner says—go right ahead the way you're going You're doing all you can to bring it on!

FARNUM There's never been a better government on the face of the earth! Our forefathers fought and died to give us the government we have today!

ALAN And look at it now!

PEEBLES What he means is, he don't like us much

GRAY You may not believe me, but I respect what you're trying to do—I respect it profoundly Tell me what you would like to see here, Alan If you know of anything better, I wouldn't mind working toward it myself. I don't care for this system any more than you do.

ALAN Is honesty possible here at all?

GRAY I'd say that honesty was so rare as to be almost unknown in any government, and impossible under our system

PEEBLES Now what the hell is our system?

GRAY. Our system is every man for himself—and the nation be damned!

SOL. And it works! It works when you give it a chance Do you want me to point you the road to prosperity? Loot the treasury, loot the national resources, hang fortunes on the Wall Street Christmas tree! Graft, gigantic graft brought us our prosperity in the past and will lift us out of the present depths of parsimony and despair!

DELL. You're pushing it a little far, Sol!

SOL I'm understating it! Brigands built up this nation from the beginning, brigands of a gigantic Silurian breed that don't grow in a piddling age like ours! They stole billions and gutted whole states and empires, but they dug our oil wells, built our railroads, built up everything we've got, and invented prosperity as they went along! Let 'em go back to work! We can't have an honest government, so let 'em steal plenty and get us started again. Let the behemoths plunder so the rest of us can eat!

LEVERING. Oh, turn it off, Sol!

DELL. That don't sound so good!

GRAY. Allowing for Sol's usual exaggeration—it is true!

ALAN. Then aren't you against it?

GRAY. I am.

ALAN. And isn't it time to say that it can't go on?

FARNUM. Can't go on?

PEEBLES. Who's going to stop it?

WINGBLATT. Don Quixote!

SOL. Take it easy, boys. I heard Alan say once before that something couldn't go on, and the hell he raised gave you all heart-failure. If you've got anything on your mind, Alan, give us fair warning.

ALAN. More people are open-minded nowadays than you'd believe. A lot of them aren't so sure we found the final answer a hundred and fifty years ago. Who knows what's the best kind of government? Maybe they all get rotten after a while and have to be replaced. It doesn't matter about you or me. We had a little set-to here over a minor matter, and you've won, but I want to tell you I'm not even a premonition of what you're going to hear crashing around you if the voters who elect you ever find out what you're like and what you do to them. The best I can do is just to help them find it out.

EDDIE. Let him shoot his mouth off. He'll start talking wild and the papers won't give him three lines.

SOL. That's true too, Alan. Nobody'll believe you. What happens here is incredible, absolutely incredible.

ALAN. I'm not the person to give you a warning. I'm not a politician. I'm a Nevada school-teacher. I don't know your tricks—you showed me that tonight, and I won't forget it. But I didn't lose because I was wrong. I lost because I tried to beat you at your own game—and you can always win at that. You think you're good and secure in this charlatan's sanctuary you've built for yourselves. You think the sacred and senseless legend poured into the people of this country from childhood will protect you. It won't. It takes about a hundred years to tire this country of trickery—and we're fifty years overdue right now. That's my warning. And I'd feel pretty damn pitiful and lonely saying it to you, if I didn't believe there are a hundred million people who are with me, a hundred million people who are disgusted enough to turn from you to something else. Anything else but this. [*He turns and goes out*]

GRAY. And good luck to him! [*He goes into his office. MARJORIE goes out after ALAN*]

LEVERING. Think the papers'll give him a break, Sol?

BUS. They'll give him a break! On every front page in the country!

SOL. They'll have to—if he hands them that line.

PEEBLES. May be a little nasty for some of us.

SOL. It'll blow over, it'll blow over. As a matter of fact, the natural resources of this country in political apathy and indifference have hardly been

touched. They're just learning how to pay taxes. In a few more years you'll really give 'em taxes to pay.

WINGBLATT. You think so?

SOL. I know it. On the other hand, he's right about you. I always told you boys you were a bunch of crooks, and you are. The whole blistering blasphemous batch of you! And some day they're going to catch up with you.

WINGBLATT. Well, how about yourself, you two-faced swindler?

SOL. I'm too old, Wingie. They won't get me. No—I don't hardly expect it in my time. [*He pours himself a drink*]

BUS. Maybe.

Curtain

POEMS

BALLADS	741
NARRATIVE POEMS	757
MEDITATIVE LYRICS	784
LOVE LYRICS	796
NATURE LYRICS	802
DRAMATIC LYRICS	807
ELEGIES	819
ODES	825
SONGS	835
LIGHTER LYRICS	839
SATIRE	846
POETRY OF SOCIAL CHANGE	852

POEMS

Not all people like or understand poetry instinctively. For most people the enjoyment of poetry, like a taste for olives, is an acquired characteristic. Some readers are first attracted by the charm of musical sounds and colorful images and later acquire an interest in the meanings poets endeavor to communicate. Others are attracted first by the meanings and only later learn to enjoy poetical expression. At any rate we must admit that obstacles stand between the untrained reader and his enjoyment and understanding of the experience of reading poems.

In his *Practical Criticism* Mr. I. A. Richards studies some of these obstacles and points out how the realization of them may lead to their removal. The first difficulty is the difficulty of making out the plain sense of poetry. The meaning is likely to be more compactly stated than in prose, or the meaning may be suggested and not explicitly stated at all. The way to overcome this difficulty is to read poetry more attentively and more slowly than one usually reads stories, to reread oftener, and to read aloud at least once each poem.

Similar to the difficulty of making out the plain sense of a poem is the difficulty of apprehending the feeling, tone, and intention of the poem. In simple terms this means that it is frequently by no means easy to be sure that the poet is deadly serious, ironical, satirical, or playful. To help the student over this difficulty the editors have classified the poems printed in this volume, not according to poets or to nationalities or to periods of history, but according to certain broad classifications of poetical forms or intentions. Narrative poems, in which the poet tells a story, are separated from lyric poems in which he expresses his personal thoughts and feelings. The lyrics, in turn, are classified in groups of similar intention—meditative, loving, religious, playful, satirical.

Another difficulty is supplied by the tendency nearly all readers have to make stock responses to emotional stimuli. A reference to home and mother may press a button and call up all the reader's own pathetic emotions so that he actually writes his own poem but thinks he is experiencing the poem which pushed the button. Thus even the most tawdry mammy song on the radio may produce the effect. Or a reader of poetry may have become so sick of tawdry mammy songs that he makes a stock response of dislike to the most authentic and honest treatment of the theme. If the reader were a horse we might say that he should be guided by the intentions of the poem instead of taking the bit in his teeth and bolting for home.

Another difficulty is supplied by our doctrinal adhesions. Because we adhere to Protestantism, for instance, we may prevent ourselves from understanding and enjoying a hymn to the Virgin. Or if we uphold democratic forms of government we may fail to understand and enjoy cavalier tunes. What the reader needs to cultivate is what Coleridge called a "willing suspension of disbelief." We need not give up our doctrines, only keep quiet about them while we courteously listen to the poet singing about his.

If, in spite of all these difficulties, we persevere and finally learn to understand poems, we are sure to attain to new resources of enjoyment, new fields of adventure, and richer and deeper emotional experience.

BALLADS

THOMAS HARDY

*The Sacrilege*¹

Part I

I HAVE a Love I love too well
Where a Dunkery frowns on
Exon Moor;

I have a Love I love too well,
To whom, ere she was mine,
'Such is my love for you,' I said, 5
'That you shall have to hood your
head
A silken kerchief crimson-red,
Wove finest of the fine.'

"And since this Love, for one mad
moon,
On Exon Wild by Dunkery Tor, 10
Since this my Love for one mad
moon

Did clasp me as her king,
I snatched a silk-piece red and rare
From off a stall at Priddy Fair,
For handkerchief to hood her hair 15
When we went gallanting.

"Full soon the four weeks neared
their end
Where Dunkery frowns on Exon
Moor;
And when the four weeks neared
their end,
And their swift sweets outwore, 20
I said, 'What shall I do to own
Those beauties bright as tulips blown,

And keep you here with me alone
As mine for evermore?'

"And as she drowsed within my van
On Exon Wild by Dunkery Tor— 26
And as she drowsed within my van,
And dawning turned to day,
She heavily raised her sloe-black eyes
And murmured back in softest wise,
'One more thing, and the charms you
prize 31
Are yours henceforth for aye.

"And swear I will I'll never go
While Dunkery frowns on Exon
Moor
To meet the Cornish Wrestler Joe 35
For dance and dallyings.
If you'll to yon cathedral shrine,
And finger from the chest divine
Treasure to buy me ear-drops fine,
And richly jewelled rings.' 40

"I said: 'I am one who has gathered
gear
From Marlbury Downs to Dunkery
Tor,
Who has gathered gear for many a
year
From mansion, mart and fair;
But at God's house I've stayed my
hand, 45
Hearing within me some command—
Curbed by a law not of the land
From doing damage there!'

"Whereat she pouts, this Love of
mine,
As Dunkery pouts to Exon Moor. 50

¹ From *Collected Poems*. By permission of
The Macmillan Company, publishers.

And still she pouts, this Love of mine,

So cityward I go.

But ere I start to do the thing,
And speed my soul's imperilling
For one who is my ravishing 55
And all the joy I know,

"I come to lay this charge on thee—
On Exon Wild by Dunkery Tor—
I come to lay this charge on thee

With solemn speech and sign: 60
Should things go ill, and my life pay
For botchery in this rash assay,
You are to take hers likewise—yea,
The month the law takes mine.

"For should my rival, Wrestler Joe,
Where Dunkery frowns on Exon Moor— 66

My reckless rival, Wrestler Joe,
My Love's bedwinner be,
My rafted spirit would not rest,
But wander weary and distressed 70
Throughout the world in wild protest:

The thought nigh maddens me!"

Part II

Thus did he speak—this brother of mine—

On Exon Wild by Dunkery Tor,
Born at my birth of mother of mine,
And forthwith went his way 76
To dare the deed some coming night . . .

I kept the watch with shaking sight,
The moon at moments breaking bright,

At others glooming gray. 80

For three full days I heard no sound
Where Dunkery frowns on Exon Moor,

I heard no sound at all around
Whether his fay prevailed,
Or one more four the master were,
Till some afoot did tidings bear 86
How that, for all his practised care,
He had been caught and jailed.

They had heard a crash when twelve
had chimed

By Mendip east of Dunkery Tor, 90
When twelve had chimed and moon-
light climbed;

They watched, and he was tracked
By arch and aisle and saint and knight

Of sculptured stonework sheeted
white

In the cathedral's ghostly light, 95
And captured in the act.

Yes; for this Love he loved too well
Where Dunkery sights the Severn shore,

All for this Love he loved too well
He burst the holy bars, 100
Seized golden vessels from the chest
To buy her ornaments of the best,
At her ill-witchery's request
And lure of eyes like stars . . .

When blustering March confused the sky 105

In Toneborough Town by Exon Moor,

When blustering March confused the sky

They stretched him; and he died.
Down in the crowd where I, to see
The end of him, stood silently, 110

With a set face he lippled to me—
"Remember." "Ayl" I cried.

By night and day I shadowed her
From Toneborough Deane to Dunkery Tor,

I shadowed her asleep, astir, 115
 And yet I could not bear—
 Till Wrestler Joe anon began
 To figure as her chosen man,
 And took her to his shining van—
 To doom a form so fair! 120

He made it handsome for her sake—
 And Dunkery smiled to Exon
 Moor—

He made it handsome for her sake,
 Painting it out and in;
 And on the door of apple-green 125
 A bright brass knocker soon was seen
 And window-curtains white and
 clean
 For her to sit within.

And all could see she clave to him
 As cleaves a cloud to Dunkery Tor,
 Yea, all could see she clave to him,
 And every day I said, 132
 "A pity it seems to part those two
 That hourly grow to love more true:
 Yet she's the wanton woman who
 Sent one to swing till dead!" 136

That blew to blazing all my hate,
 While Dunkery frowned on Exon
 Moor,

And when the river swelled, her
 fate

Came to her pitilessly . . . 140
 I dogged her, crying: "Across that
 plank

They use as bridge to reach yon bank
 A coat and hat lie limp and dank;
 Your goodman's, can they be?"

She paled, and went, I close be-
 hind— 145

And Exon frowned to Dunkery Tor,
 She went, and I came up behind
 And tipped the plank that bore
 Her, fleetly flitting across to eye
 What such might bode. She slid
 awry; 150

And from the current came a cry,
 A gurgle; and no more.

How that befell no mortal knew
 From Marlbury Downs to Exon
 Moor;

No mortal knew that deed undue 155
 But he who schemed the crime,
 Which night still covers . . . But in
 dream

Those ropes of hair upon the stream
 He sees, and he will hear that scream
 Until his judgment-time. 160

RUDYARD KIPLING

*The Ballad of East and West*¹

OH, *East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
 But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
 When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the
 earth!*

¹ From *Departmental Ditties and Barrack Room Ballads*, by Rudyard Kipling, copyright, 1892, 1920, reprinted with permission from Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Borderside, 5
 And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
 He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
 And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
 Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
 'Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?' 10
 Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar,
 'If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.
 'At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,
 'But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
 'So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly, 15
 'By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai,
 'But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
 'For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's
 men.
 'There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
 'And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen.' 20
 The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
 With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell, and the head of the gallows-
 tree.
 The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
 Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
 He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly, 25
 Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
 Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
 And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
 He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
 'Ye shoot like a soldier,' Kamal said. 'Show now if ye can ride.' 30
 It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
 The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
 The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
 But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.
 There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
 And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen. 36
 They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the
 dawn,
 The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
 The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful heap fell he,
 And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free. 40
 He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,
 ' 'Twas only by favour of mine,' quoth he, 'ye rode so long alive:
 'There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
 'But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
 'If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low, 45
 'The little jackals that flee so fast, were feasting all in a row:

'If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
 'The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly.'
 Lightly answered the Colonel's son:—'Do good to bird and beast,
 'But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast. 50
 'If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
 'Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.
 'They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered
 grain,
 'The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
 'But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait to sup, 55
 'The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call them up!
 'And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
 'Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!
 Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
 'No talk shall be of dogs,' said he, 'when wolf and gray wolf meet. 60
 'May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath:
 'What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?'
 Lightly answered the Colonel's son, 'I hold by the blood of my clan:
 'Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has carried a man!
 The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast, 65
 'We be two strong men,' said Kamal then, 'but she loveth the younger best.
 'So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
 'My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.'
 The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
 'Ye have taken the one from a foe,' said he; 'will ye take the mate from a
 friend?' 70
 'A gift for a gift,' said Kamal straight; 'a limb for the risk of a limb.
 'Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!
 With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—
 He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
 'Now here is thy master,' Kamal said, 'who leads a troop of the Guides, 75
 'And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.
 'Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
 'Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
 'So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her focs are thine,
 'And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line, 80
 'And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
 'Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur.'

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they have found no
 fault,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and
 salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of
God. 96

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
'Ha' done! ha' done!' said the Colonel's son. 'Put up the steel at your
sides! 92
'Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!'

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth, 96
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of
the earth.*

A. E. HOUSMAN

*"Farewell to Barn and Stack and Tree"*¹

FAREWELL to barn and stack and
tree,
Farewell to Severn shore.
Terence, look your last at me,
For I come home no more.

"The sun burns on the half-mown
hill, 5

By now the blood is dried;
And Maurice amongst the hay lies
still

And my knife is in his side.

"My mother thinks us long away;
'Tis time the field were mown. 10
She had two sons at rising day,
To-night she'll be alone.

"And here's a bloody hand to shake,
And oh, man, here's good-bye;
We'll sweat no more on scythe and
rake, 15

My bloody hands and I.

¹ From *A Shropshire Lad*.

"I wish you strength to bring you
pride,
And a love to keep you clean,
And I wish you luck, come Lam-
mastide,
At racing on the green. 20

"Long for me the rick will wait,
And long will wait the fold,
And long will stand the empty plate,
And dinner will be cold."

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

*Abraham Lincoln*¹

1809-1865

LINCOLN was a long man.
He liked out of doors.
He liked the wind blowing
And the talk in country stores.

He liked telling stories, 5
He liked telling jokes.

¹ From "A Book of Americans," by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét. Copyright, 1933. Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.

"Abe's quite a character,"
Said quite a lot of folks.

Lots of folks in Springfield
Saw him every day,
Walking down the street
In his gaunt, long way.

Shawl around his shoulders,
Letters in his hat.
"That's Abe Lincoln."
They thought no more than that.

Knew that he was honest
Guessed that he was odd,
Knew he had a cross wife
Though she was a Todd.

Knew he had three little boys
Who liked to shout and play,
Knew he had a lot of debts
It took him years to pay.

Knew his clothes and knew his house.
"That's his office, here."
Blame good lawyer, on the whole,
Though he's sort of queer.

Sure, he went to Congress, once.
But he didn't stay.
Can't expect us all to be
Smart as Henry Clay.

"Need a man for troubled times?
Well, I guess we do.
Wonder who we'll ever find?
Yes—I wonder who."

That is how they met and talked,
Knowing and unknowing.
Lincoln was the green pine.
Lincoln kept on growing.

PADRAIC COLUM

*A Ballad Maker*¹

10 **O**NCE I loved a maiden fair,
 Over the hills and far
 away,
Lands she had and lovers to spare,
 Over the hills and far away.
And I was stooped and troubled sore,
And my face was pale, and the coat I
15 wore 6
Was thin as my supper the night be-
fore.
 Over the hills and far away.

20 Once I passed in the autumn late,
 Over the hills and far away, 10
Her bawn and byre and painted gate,
 Over the hills and far away.
She was leaning there in the twilight
space,
Sweet sorrow was on her fair young
face,
And her wistful eyes were away from
the place— 15
 Over the hills and far away.

Maybe she thought as she watched
me come,
 Over the hills and far away,
30 With my awkward stride, and my
 face so glum,
 Over the hills and far away, 20
"Spite of his stoop, he still is young;
They says he goes the Shee among,
Ballads he makes, I've heard them
sung
35 Over the hills and far away."

She gave me good-night in gentle
wise, 25
 Over the hills and far away,

40 ¹ From *Poems*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Shyly lifting to mine, dark eyes,
 Over the hills and far away.
 What could I do but stop and speak,
 And she no longer proud but meek?
 She plucked me a rose like her wild
 rose cheek— 31
 Over the hills and far away.

Tomorrow, Mavourneen a sleeveen
 weds,
 Over the hills and far away,
 With corn in haggard and cattle in
 sheds, 35
 Over the hills and far away.
 And I who have lost her—the dear,
 the rare—
 Well, I got me this ballad to sing at
 the fair,
 'Twill bring enough money to drown
 my care.
 Over the hills and far away. 40

ROYAL MURDOCH

*Le Pauvre Vatel*¹

A^r Chantilly the jonquils bloom
 (I visit there by book),
 The yellow jonquils in the
 gloom
 Of every forest nook
 Light all outdoors as Louis Quatorze
 Rides hunting in the park. 6
 Ah! You should be at Chantilly
 To meet le grand monarque.

Beneath the trees the feast is laid
 (I'm there by page and line) 10
 And all the court in gold brocade
 Among the jonquils dine.

¹ From *Columbia Poetry*, 1933. By permission of the author.

But Chef Vatel's in pains of hell—
 His agonies appall,
 For there is roast, enough for most
 But not enough for all. 16

No roast at table twenty-five
 (Myself I feel the shame)
 Tomorrow's fish if it arrive
 Must save a chef's good name, 20
 Ten loads at least to set a feast
 Where bees in jonquils hum.
 They hear him cry he longs to die
 If fish should fail to come.

The chef, Vatel, must toss all night
 (By print I know the way), 26
 While jonquils stand in pale moon-
 light
 He frets till break of day;
 When at the door he finds no more
 Than just a single cart, 30
 Then only the sword can peace af-
 ford,
 He thrusts it to his heart.

In all the house they seek Vatel,
 (I, too, race up the stair)
 We force the lock, we must dispel
 His mood of black despair: 36
 Beneath his room where jonquils
 bloom
 Along the roads are led
 Great drays of fish as he could
 wish,—
 But Chef Vatel is dead. 40

At Chantilly they tell the king
 (I, also, bear the news).
 Up to our knees where everything
 Is wet with jonquil dews
 We shock the court with such report
 As holds them dumb and deaf, 46
 And in a daze they pause to praise
 The honor of a chef.

At Chantilly the noble guests
 (By published word I'm one) 50
 Still rouse the wood with echoed
 jests

Where jonquils bloom in sun,
 And all goes well without Vatel—
 There's hunting in the park
 As all the court rides out in sport 55
 Behind le grand monarque.

At Chantilly the jonquils bloom
 (By letter I am there)
 With golden sun and sweet perfume
 Of jonquils in the air 60
 When Louis Quatorze rides out of
 doors

For hunting in the park—
 O heaven to be at Chantilly
 Beside le grand monarque!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

*Jesse James*¹

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, 5
 (Roll on, Missouri!)

They never took Jesse James alive.
 (Roll, Missouri, roll!)

Jesse James was King of the Wes';
 (Cataracks in the Missouri!) 10
 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. 15
 (Missouri, roll down!)

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. 20

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! 25
 (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 Mis-
 souri!) 30
 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 35
 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 39
 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!)

¹ Used by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc. Copyright, 1935, by Dodd, Mead & Company.

He was broad as a b'ar, he'd a ches'
like a drum, 45

(*Wind an' rain through Mis-*
souri!)

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; 50

Swayed through the coaches with
horns an' a tail,

Lit out with the bullion an' the regis-
tered 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 55

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!*) 60

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; 65
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 to-day—I ain't feelin'
strong!" 70

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'; 75

(*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!*) 80

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. 84

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!*) 90

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!*) 96

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'. 100

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. 104

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 into
 flames 109
 (*Lightnin' light the Missouri!*)
 Or a thunderstorm blaze—that's Jesse
 James!
 (*Hear that Missouri roll!*)

ANONYMOUS

*Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's
Three Sons*

THERE are twelve months in all
 the year
 As I hear many men say,
 But the merriest month in all the
 year
 Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham
 gone, 5

With a link a down and a day,
 And there he met a silly old woman,
 Was weeping on the way.

"What news? what news, thou silly
 old woman?
 What news hast thou for me?" 10

Said she, "There's three squires in
 Nottingham town
 To-day is condemned to die."

"O have they parishes burnt?" he
 said,
 "Or have they ministers slain?
 Or have they robbed any virgin, 15
 Or with other men's wives have
 lain?"

"They have no parishes burnt, good
 sir,
 Nor yet have ministers slain,
 Nor have they robbed any virgin,
 Nor with other men's wives have
 lain." 20

"O what have they done?" said bold
 Robin Hood,
 "I pray thee tell to me";
 "It's for slaying of the king's fallow
 deer,
 Bearing their long bows with thee."

"Dost thou not mind, old woman,"
 he said, 25
 "Since thou made me sup and
 dine?
 By the truth of my body," quoth bold
 Robin Hood,
 "You could not tell it in better
 time."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham
 gone,
 With a link a down and a day, 30
 And there he met with a silly old
 palmer,
 Was walking along the highway.

"What news? what news, thou silly
 old man?
 What news, I do thee pray?"
 Said he, "Three squires in Notting-
 ham town 35
 Are condemned to die this day."

"Come change thy apparel with me,
old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is forty shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine." 40

"O thine apparel is good," he said,
"And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh neer an old man to scorn."

"Come change thy apparel with me,
old churl, 45
Come change thy apparel with
mine;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad
gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine."

Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high on the crown; 50
"The first bold bargain that I come
at,
It shall make thee come down."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patched black, blew, and red;
He thought no shame all the day
long 55
To wear the bags of bread.

Then put on the old man's breeks,
Was patched from ballup to side;
"By the truth of my body," bold
Robin can say,
"This man loved little pride." 60

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patched from knee to wrist;
"By the truth of my body," said bold
Robin Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list."

Then he put on the old man's shoes, 65
Were patched both beneath and
aboon;

Then Robin Hood swore a solemn
oath,
"It's good habit that makes a man."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham
gone,
With a link a down and a down, 70
And there he met with the proud
sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

"O save, O save, O sheriff," he said,
"O save, and you may see!
And what will you give to a silly old
man 75
To-day will your hangman be?"

"Some suits, some suits," the sheriff
he said,
"Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thir-
teen
To-day's a hangman's fee." 80

Then Robin he turns him round
about,
And jumps from stock to stone;
"By the truth of my body," the sheriff
he said,
"That's well jump't, thou nimble old
man."

"I was neer a hangman in all my
life, 85
Nor yet intends to trade;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
"That first a hangman was made."

"I've a bag for meal, and a bag for
malt,
And a bag for barley and corn; 90
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn."

"I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth, 95
For thee it blows little good."

"O wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt;
I wish that thou give such a blast
Till both thy eyes fall out." 100

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's
men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did
give, 105
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's
men
Came shining over the plain.

"O who are yon," the sheriff he said,
"Come tripping over the lee?" 110
"The're my attendants," brave Robin
did say,
"They'll pay a visit to thee."

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hanged the proud sheriff on
that, 115
Released their own three men.

ANONYMOUS

*Jesse James*¹

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.

¹ From John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax,
American Ballads and Folk Songs.

Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for
his life, 5
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, 10
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, 15
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. 20

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.

It was on Wednesday night, the moon
was shining bright, 25
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, 30
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, 35
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. 40

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.

JOHN HAY

Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle ¹

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he
lives,
Becase he don't live, you
see;

Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three
year 5

That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his
checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

¹ Pike County Ballads, 1871.

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike,— 10
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never
lied,— 15
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell; 20
And if ever the Prairie Belle took
fire,—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their days on the Missis-
sip, 25
And her day come at last,—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be
passed.
And so she come tearin' along that
night—
The oldest craft on the line— 30
With a nigger squat on her safety-
valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin
and pine.

The fire burst out as she clared the
bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and
made 35
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but
Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore." 40

Through the hot, black breath of the
burnin' boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussed-
ness,

And knowed he would keep his
word.

And, sure's you're born, they all got
off 45

Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim, 50
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with
him.

He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too
hard 55

On a man that died for men.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Skipper Ireson's Ride

OF ALL the rides since the birth
of time,
Told in story or sung in
rhyme,—

On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back, 5
Islam's prophet on Al-Borak,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's out from Marblehead!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart 10

By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart. 15

Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill
refrain:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt, 20

Torr'd and futherr'd and corr'd in a
corr't

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as
chase 25

Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-
horns' twang,

Over and over the Maenads sang: 30
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
corr't

By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur
Bay,— 35

Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her
deck.

"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!" 40
And off he sailed through the fog and
rain!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur 45
 That wreck shall lie forevermore.
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
 Looked for the coming that might
 not be! 50
 What did the winds and the sea-birds
 say
 Of the cruel captain who sailed
 away?—
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
 heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in
 a cart
 By the women of Marble-
 head! 55

Through the street, on either side,
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
 Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives
 gray,
 Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound, 60
 Hulks of old sailors run aground,
 Shook head, and fist, and hat, and
 cane,
 And cracked with curses the hoarse
 refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
 horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
 corrt 65
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
 Little the wicked skipper knew
 Of the fields so green and the sky so
 blue. 70
 Riding there in his sorry trim,
 Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
 Of voices shouting, far and near:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
 horrt, 75
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
 corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"
 "Hear me, neighbors!" at last he
 cried,—
 "What to me is this noisy ride?
 What is the shame that clothes the
 skin 80
 To the nameless horror that lives
 within?
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
 Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
 The hand of God and the face of the
 dead!" 85
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
 heart
 Tarred and feathered and carried in
 a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!
 Then the wife of the skipper lost at
 sea
 Said, "God has touched him! why
 should we!" 90
 Said an old wife mourning an only
 son,
 "Cut the rogue's tether and let him
 run!"
 So with soft relentings and rude
 excuse,
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him
 loose,
 And gave him a cloak to hide him
 in 95
 And left him alone with his shame
 and sin.
 Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard
 heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in
 a cart
 By the women of Marble-
 head!

NARRATIVE POEMS

JOHN KEATS

The Eve of St. Agnes

ST. AGNES' EVE—ah, bitter chill it was!

The owl, for all his feathers,
was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through
the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly
fold;
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers
while he told 5
His rosary, and while his frosted
breath,
Like pious incense from a censer
old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven
without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while
his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient,
holy man; 10
Then takes his lamp, and riseth
from his knees,
And back returneth, meager, bare-
foot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow de-
grees:
The sculptured dead, on each side,
seem to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial
rails: 15
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb
orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit
fails
To think how they may ache in icy
hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a
little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's
golden tongue 20
Flattered to tears this aged man and
poor.
But no—already had his death-bell
rung;
The joys of all his life were said and
sung;
His was harsh penance on St.
Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon
among 25
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's
reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners'
sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the
prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door
was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up
aloft, 30
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan
to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their
pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand
guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the
cornice rests, 35
With hair blown back, and wings put
crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich
array,
Numerous as shadows haunting
fairly

The brain, new-stuffed, in youth,
 with triumphs gay 40
 Of old romance. These let us wish
 away,
 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one
 Lady there,
 Whose heart had brooded, all that
 wintry day,
 On love, and winged St. Agnes'
 saintly care,
 As she had heard old dames full many
 times declare. 45

They told her how, upon St. Agnes'
 Eve,
 Young virgins might have visions of
 delight,
 And soft adorings from their loves
 receive
 Upon the honeyed middle of the
 night,
 If ceremonies due they did aright; 50
 As, supperless to bed they must re-
 tire,
 And couch supine their beauties,
 lily white;
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but
 require
 Of Heaven with upward eyes for all
 that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful
 Madeline: 55
 The music, yearning like a God in
 pain,
 She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes
 divine,
 Fixed on the floor, saw many a
 sweeping train
 Pass by—she heeded not at all: in
 vain
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cava-
 lier, 60
 And back retired; not cooled by
 high disdain,

But she saw not: her heart was
 elsewhere;
 She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the
 sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, re-
 gardless eyes,
 Anxious her lips, her breathing
 quick and short: 65
 The hallowed hour was near at
 hand: she sighs
 Amid the timbrels, and the thronged
 resort
 Of whisperers in anger or in sport;
 'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate,
 and scorn,
 Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all
 amorn, 70
 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs un-
 shorn,
 And all the bliss to be before to-mor-
 row morn.

So, purposing each moment to re-
 tire,
 She lingered still. Meantime, across
 the moors,
 Had come young Porphyro, with
 heart on fire 75
 For Madeline. Beside the portal
 doors,
 Butressed from moonlight, stands
 he, and implores
 All saints to give him sight of Made-
 line.
 But for one moment in the tedious
 hours,
 That he might gaze and worship all
 unseen; 80
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—
 in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whis-
 per tell;

All eyes be muffled, or a hundred
swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous
citadel:
For him, those chambers held bar-
barian hordes, 85
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded
lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations
howl
Against his lineage; not one breast
affords
Him any mercy in that mansion
foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body
and in soul. 90

Ah, happy chance! the agéd crea-
ture came
Shuffling alone with ivory-headed
wand,
To where he stood, hid from the
torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far be-
yond
The sound of merriment and chorus
bland. 95
He startled her; but soon she knew
his face,
And grasped his fingers in her
palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee
from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole
blood-thirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's
dwarfish Hildebrand; 100
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He curséd thee and thine, both
house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice,
not a whit
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas
me! flit!

Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gos-
sip dear, 105
We're safe enough; here in this arm-
chair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good saints!
not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones
will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly archéd
way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty
plume, 110
And as she muttered "Well-a—well-
a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight
room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a
tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline,"
said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy
loom 115
Which none but secret sisterhood
may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weav-
ing piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes'
Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy
days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's
sieve, 120
And be liege-lord of all the Elves
and Fays
To venture so: it fills me with
amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes'
Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the con-
jurer plays
This very night: good angels her
deceive! 125

But let me laugh awhile,—I've mickle
time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid
moon,

While Porphyro upon her face doth
look,

Like puzzled urchin on an agéd
crone

Who keepeth closed a wondrous
riddle-book, 130

As spectacled she sits in chimney
nook.

But soon his eyes grew brilliant,
when she told

His lady's purpose; and he scarce
could brook

Tears, at the thought of those en-
chantments cold,

And Madeline asleep in lap of legends
old. 135

Sudden a thought came like a full-
blown rose,

Flushing his brow, and in his pained
heart

Made purple riot: then doth he
propose

A stratagem, that makes the bel-
dame start:

"A cruel man and impious thou
art: 140

Sweet lady! let her pray, and sleep,
and dream

Alone with her good angels, far
apart

From wicked men like thee. Go,
go! I deem

Thou canst not surely be the same
that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I
swear," 145

Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er
find grace

When my weak voice shall whisper
its last prayer,

If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her
face.

Good Angela, believe me, by these
tears, 150

Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foe-
men's ears,

And beard them, though they be more
fanged than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble
soul?

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken,
churchyard thing, 155

Whose passing-bell may ere the
midnight toll;

Whose prayers for thee, each morn
and evening,

Were never missed." Thus plain-
ing, doth she bring

A gentler speech from burning Por-
phyro;

So woeful, and of such deep sor-
rowing, 160

That Angela gives promise she will
do

Whatever he shall wish, betide her
weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close
secrecy,

Even to Madeline's chamber, and
there hide

Him in a closet, of such privacy 165

That he might see her beauty un-
espied,

And win perhaps that night a peer-
less bride,

While legioned fairies paced the
coverlet,

And pale enchantment held her
sleepy-eyed.

Never on such a night have lovers
met, 170
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the
monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said
the Dame:

"All cates and dainties shall be
stored there

Quickly on this feast-night: by the
tambour-frame

Her own lute thou wilt see: no time
to spare, 175

For I am slow and feeble, and scarce
dare

On such a catering trust my dizzy
head.

Wait here, my child, with patience;
kneel in prayer

The while. Ah! thou must needs
the lady wed,

Or may I never leave my grave among
the dead." 180

So saying, she hobbled off with busy
fear.

The lover's endless minutes slowly
passed;

The dame returned, and whispered
in his ear

To follow her; with agéd eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at
last, 185

Through many a dusky gallery,
they gain

The maiden's chamber, silken,
hushed, and chaste;

Where Porphyro took covert,
pleased amain.

His poor guide hurried back with
agues in her brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balus-
trade, 190

Old Angela was feeling for the
stair,

When Madeline, St. Agnes' charm-
éd-maid,

Rose, like a missioned spirit, un-
aware:

With silver taper's light, and pious
care,

She turned, and down the agéd gos-
sip led 195

To a safe level matting. Now pre-
pare,

Young Porphyro, for gazing on that
bed;

She comes, she comes again, like ring-
dove frayed and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried
in;

Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine,
died: 200

She closed the door, she panted, all
akin

To spirits of the air, and visions
wide:

No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was
voluble,

Paining with eloquence her balmy
side; 205

As though a tongueless nightingale
should swell

Her throat in vain, and die, heart-
stuffed, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched
there was,

All garlanded with carven imag'ries,
Of fruits and flowers, and bunches
of knot-grass, 210

And diamonded with panes of
quaint device,

Innumerable of stains and splendid
dyes,

As are the tiger-moth's deep-
 damasked wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand
 heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim em-
 blazonings, 215
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with
 blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the
 wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Made-
 line's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for Heaven's
 grace and boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, to-
 gether pressed, 220
 And on her silver cross soft ame-
 thyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a
 saint:
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly
 dressed,
 Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro
 grew faint:
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free
 from mortal taint. 225

Anon his heart revives: her vespers
 done,
 Of all its wreathéd pearls her hair
 she frees;
 Unclasps her warméd jewels one by
 one;
 Loosens her fragrant bodice; by de-
 grees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her
 knees: 230
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-
 weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake,
 and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the
 charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and
 chilly nest, 235
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed
 she lay,
 Until the popped warmth of sleep
 oppressed
 Her soothéd limbs, and soul fa-
 tigated away;
 Flown, like a thought, until the
 morrow-day;
 Blissfully havened both from joy
 and pain; 240
 Clasped like a missal where swart
 Paynims pray;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and
 from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be
 a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so en-
 tranced,
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty
 dress, 245
 And listened to her breathing, if it
 chanced
 To wake into a slumberous tender-
 ness;
 Which when he heard, that minute
 did he bless,
 And breathed himself: then from
 the closet crept,
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilder-
 ness, 250
 And over the hushed carpet, silent,
 stepped,
 And 'tween the curtains peeped,
 where, lo!—how fast she slept!

Then by the bedside, where the
 faded moon
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he
 set
 A table, and, half anguished, threw
 thereon 255

A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and
jet:—

O for some drowsy Morphean
amulet!

The boisterous, midnight, festive
clarion,

The kettle-drum, and far-heard
clarinet,

Affray his ears, though but in dying
tone:— 260

The hall-door shuts again, and all the
noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded
sleep,

In blanchéd linen, smooth, and lav-
endered,

While he from forth the closet
brought a heap

Of candied apple, quince, and plum,
and gourd; 265

With jellies soother than the creamy
curd,

And lucent syrups, tinct with cinna-
mon;

Manna and dates, in argosy trans-
ferred

From Fez; and spiced dainties,
every one,

From silken Samarcand to cedared
Lebanon. 270

These delicacies he heaped with
glowing hand

On golden dishes and in baskets
bright

Of wreathéd silver: sumptuous they
stand

In the retiréd quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with per-
fume light.— 275

“And now, my love, my seraph fair,
awake!

Thou art my heaven, and I thine
eremite:

Open thine eyes, for meek St. Ag-
nes' sake,

Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my
soul doth ache.”

Thus whispering, his warm, un-
nervéd arm 280

Sank in her pillow. Shaded was
her dream

By the dusk curtains:—’twas a mid-
night charm

Impossible to melt as icéd stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moon-
light gleam;

Broad golden fringe upon the car-
pet lies: 285

It seemed he never, never could re-
deem

From such a steadfast spell his lady's
eyes;

So mused awhile, entailed in wooféd
phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow
lute,—

Tumultuous,—and, in chords that
tenderest be, 290

He played an ancient ditty, long
since mute,

In Provence called “La belle dame
sans mercy”

Close to her ear touching the mel-
ody;—

Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a
soft moan:

He ceased—she panted quick—and
suddenly 295

Her blue affrayéd eyes wide open
shone:

Upon his knees he sank, pale as
smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still
beheld,

Now wide awake, the vision of her
sleep:

There was a painful change, that
nigh expelled 300

The blisses of her dream so pure
and deep,

At which fair Madeline began to
weep,

And moan forth witless words with
many a sigh,

While still her gaze on Porphyro
would keep;

Who knelt, with joinéd hands and
piteous eye, 305

Fearing to move or speak, she looked
so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even
now

Thy voice was at sweet tremble in
mine ear,

Made tunable with every sweetest
vow;

And those sad eyes were spiritual
and clear: 310

How changed thou art! how pallid,
chill, and drear!

Give me that voice again, my Por-
phyro,

Those looks immortal, those com-
plainings dear!

Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know
not where to go." 315

Beyond a mortal man impassioned
far

At these voluptuous accents, he
arose,

Ethereal, flushed, and like a throb-
bing star

Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's
deep repose;

Into her dream he melted, as the
rose 320

Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-
wind blows

Like Love's alarum, pattering the
sharp sleet

Against the window-panes; St. Agnes'
moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-
blown sleet: 325

"This is no dream, my bride, my
Madeline!"

'Tis dark: the icéd gusts still rave
and beat:

"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is
mine!

Porphyro will leave me here to fade
and pine.

Cruel! what traitor could thee
hither bring? 330

I curse not, for my heart is lost in
thine,

Though thou forsakest a deceived
thing;—

A dove forlorn and lost with sick un-
pruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer!
lovely bride!

Say, may I be for aye thy vassal
blest? 335

Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped
and vermeil-dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take
my rest

After so many hours of toil and
quest,

A famished pilgrim,—saved by
miracle.

Though I have found, I will not rob
thy nest, 340

Saving of thy sweet self; if thou
think'st well

To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude
infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from
 fairy land,
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon in-
 deed;
 Arise—arise! the morning is at
 hand;—³⁴⁵
 The bloated wassailers will never
 heed;—
 Let us away, my love, with happy
 speed;
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to
 see,—
 Drowned all in Rhenish and the
 sleepy mead.
 Awake! arise! my love, and fear-
 less be,³⁵⁰
 For o'er the southern moors I have a
 home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with
 fears,
 For there were sleeping dragons all
 around,
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with
 ready spears—
 Down the wide stairs a darkling
 way they found;³⁵⁵
 In all the house was heard no hu-
 man sound.
 A chain-drooped lamp was flicker-
 ing by each door;
 The arras, rich with horseman,
 hawk, and hound,
 Fluttered in the besieging wind's
 uproar;
 And the long carpets rose along the
 gusty floor.³⁶⁰

They glide, like phantoms, into the
 wide hall;
 Like phantoms to the iron porch
 they glide;
 Where lay the Porter, in uneasy
 sprawl,

With a huge empty flagon by his
 side:
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and
 shook his hide,³⁶⁵
 But his sagacious eye an inmate
 owns:
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy
 slide:—
 The chains lie silent on the foot-
 worn stones;
 The key turns, and the door upon its
 hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long
 ago.³⁷⁰
 These lovers fled away into the
 storm.
 That night the Baron dreamed of
 many a woe,
 And all his warrior-guests, with
 shade and form
 Of witch, and demon, and large
 coffin-worm,
 Were long be-nightmared. Angela
 the old³⁷⁵
 Died palsy-twitched, with meager
 face deform;
 The Beadsman, after thousand aves
 told,
 For aye unsought-for slept among his
 ashes cold.

WILLIAM MORRIS

The Haystack in the Floods

HAD she come all the way for
 this,
 To part at last without a
 kiss?
 Yea, had she borne the dirt and rain
 That her own eyes might see him
 slain
 Beside the haystack in the floods? ⁵

Along the dripping leafless woods,
 The stirrup touching either shoe,
 She rode astride as troopers do;
 With kirtle kilted to her knee,
 To which the mud splashed wretchedly. 10

And the wet dripped from every tree
 Upon her head and heavy hair,
 And on her eyelids broad and fair;
 The tears and rain ran down her face.
 By fits and starts they rode apace, 15
 And very often was his place
 Far off from her: he had to ride
 Ahead, to see what might betide
 When the roads crossed; and sometimes, when

There rose a murmuring from his men, 20

Had to turn back with promises.
 Ah me! she had but little ease;
 And often for pure doubt and dread
 She sobbed, made giddy in the head
 By the swift riding; while, for cold, 25
 Her slender fingers scarce could hold
 The wet reins; yea, and scarcely, too,
 She felt the foot within her shoe
 Against the stirrup. All for this:
 To part at last without a kiss 30
 Beside the haystack in the floods.

For when they neared that old soaked hay,

They saw, across the only way,
 That Judas, Godmar; and the three
 Red running lions dismally 35
 Grinned from his pennon, under which

In one straight line along the ditch,
 They counted thirty heads.

So then,
 While Robert turned round to his men,

She saw at once the wretched end, 40
 And, stooping down, tried hard to rend

Her coif the wrong way from her head,

And hid her eyes; while Robert said:
 "Nay, love, 'tis scarcely two to one;
 At Poitiers where we made them run 45

So fast—Why, sweet my love, good cheer,

The Gascon frontier is so near,
 Nought after this."

But, "O," she said,
 "My God! my God! I have to tread
 The long way back without you; then 50

The court at Paris; those six men;
 The gratings of the Chatelet,
 The swift Seine on some rainy day
 Like this, and people standing by
 And laughing, while my weak hands try 55

To recollect how strong men swim.
 All this, or else a life with him,
 For which I should be damned at last:
 Would God that this next hour were past!"

He answered not, but cried his cry, 60
 "St. George for Marny!" cheerily;
 And laid his hand upon her rein.
 Alas! no man of all his train
 Gave back that cheery cry again;
 And, while for rage his thumb beat fast 65

Upon his sword-hilt, some one cast
 About his neck a kerchief long,
 And bound him.

Then they went along
 To Godmar; who said: "Now, Jehane,
 Your lover's life is on the wane 70
 So fast that, if this very hour
 You yield not as my paramour,
 He will not see the rain leave off—
 Nay, keep your tongue from gibe and
 scoff,

Sir Robert, or I slay you now." 75

She laid her hand upon her brow,
Then gazed upon the palm, as though
She thought her forehead bled, and—
"No!"

She said, and turned her head away,
As there were nothing else to say, 80
And everything were settled. Red
Grew Godmar's face from chin to
head:

"Jehane, on yonder hill there stands
My castle, guarding well my lands:
What hinders me from taking you, 85
And doing that I list to do
To your fair willful body, while
Your knight lies dead?"

A wicked smile
Wrinkled her face, her lips grew thin,
A long way out she thrust her chin: 90
"You know that I should strangle you
While you were sleeping; or bite
through
Your throat, by God's help—ah!" she
said,
"Lord Jesus, pity your poor maid!
For in such wise they hem me in, 95
I cannot choose but sin and sin,
Whatever happens: yet I think
They could not make me eat or drink,
And so should I just reach my rest."
"Nay, if you do not my behest, 100
O Jehane! though I love you well,"
Said Godmar, "would I fail to tell
All that I know?" "Foul lies," she
said.

"Eh! lies, my Jehane? by God's head,
At Paris folks would deem them
true! 105
Do you know, Jehane, they cry for
you:

'Jehane the brown! Jehane the brown!
Give us Jehane to burn or drown!'

Eh—gag me, Robert!—sweet my
friend,

This were indeed a piteous end 110
For those long fingers, and long feet,
And long neck, and smooth shoulders
sweet;

An end that few men would forget
That saw it—So, an hour yet:
Consider, Jehane, which to take 115
Of life or death!"

So, scarce awake,
Dismounting, did she leave that place,
And totter some yards: with her face
Turned upward to the sky she lay,
Her head on a wet heap of hay, 120
And fell asleep. And while she slept,
And did not dream, the mintes crept
Round to the twelve again; but she,
Being waked at last, sighed quietly,
And strangely childlike came, and
said: 125
"I will not." Straightway Godmar's
head,
As though it hung on strong wires,
turned
Most sharply round, and his face
burned.

For Robert—both his eyes were dry,
He could not weep, but gloomily 130
He seemed to watch the rain; yea,
too,
His lips were firm. He tried once
more
To touch her lips; she reached out,
sore
And vain desire so tortured them,
The poor gray lips, and now the
hem 135
Of his sleeve brushed them.

With a start
Up Godmar rose, thrust them apart;

From Robert's throat he loosed the
bands

Of silk and mail. With empty hands
Held out, she stood and gazed, and
saw 140

The long bright blade without a flaw
Glide out from Godmar's sheath, his
hand

In Robert's hair; she saw him bend
Back Robert's head; she saw him send
The thin steel down. The blow told
well: 145

Right backward the knight Robert
fell,

And moaned as dogs do, being half
dead,

Unwitting, as I deem. So then
Godmar turned grinning to his men,
Who ran, some five or six, and beat 150
His head to pieces at their feet.

Then Godmar turned again and said:
"So, Jehane, the first fitte is read!

Take note, my lady, that your way
Lies backward to the Chatelet!" 155
She shook her head and gazed awhile
At her cold hands with a rueful smile,
As though this thing had made her
mad.

This was the parting that they had
Beside the haystack in the floods. 160

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

*The Raid on Harper's Ferry*¹

THEY reached the Maryland bridge of Harper's Ferry
That Sunday night. There were twenty-two in all,
Nineteen were under thirty, three not twenty-one,
Kagi, the self-taught scholar, quiet and cool,
Stevens, the cashiered soldier, Puritan-fathered, 5
A singing giant, gunpowder-tempered and rash.
Dauphin Thompson, the pippin-cheeked country-boy,
More like a girl than a warrior; Oliver Brown,
Married last year when he was barely nineteen;
Dangerfield Newby, colored and born a slave, 10
Freeman now, but married to one not free
Who, with their seven children, waited him South,
The youngest baby just beginning to crawl;
Watson Brown, the steady lieutenant, who wrote
Back to his wife, 15

"Oh, Bell, I want to see you
And the little fellow very much but must wait.
There was a slave near here whose wife was sold South.
They found him hanging in Kennedy's orchard next morning.

¹ From *John Brown's Body* by Stephen Vincent Benét. Copyright, 1928. Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.

I cannot come home as long as such things are done here.
I sometimes think that we shall not meet again." 20

These were some of the band. For better or worse
They were all strong men.

The bearded faces look strange
In the old daguerreotypes: they should be the faces 25
Of prosperous, small-town people, good sons and fathers,
Good horse-shoe pitchers, good at plowing a field,
Good at swapping stories and good at praying,
American wheat, firm-rooted, good in the ear.
There is only one whose air seems out of the common, 30
Oliver Brown. That face has a masculine beauty
Somewhat like the face of Keats.

They were all strong men.

They tied up the watchmen and took the rifle-works.
Then John Brown sent a raiding party away 35
To fetch in Colonel Washington from his farm.
The Colonel was George Washington's great-grand-nephew,
Slave-owner, gentleman-farmer, but, more than these,
Possessor of a certain fabulous sword
Given to Washington by Frederick the Great. 40
They captured him and his sword and brought them along
Processionally.

The act has a touch of drama,
Half costume-romance, half unmerited farce.
On the way, they told the Washington slaves they were free, 45
Or free to fight for their freedom.

The slaves heard the news
With the dazed, scared eyes of cattle before a storm.
A few came back with the band and were given pikes,
And, when John Brown was watching, pretended to mount 50
A slipshod guard over the prisoners.
But, when he had walked away, they put down their pikes
And huddled together, talking in mourning voices.
It didn't seem right to play at guarding the Colonel
But they were afraid of the bearded patriarch 55
With the Old Testament eyes.

A little later

It was Patrick Higgins' turn. He was the night-watchman
Of the Maryland bridge, a tough little Irishman
With a canny, humorous face, and a twist in his speech. 60
He came humming his way to his job.

"Halt!" ordered a voice.

He stopped a minute, perplexed. As he told men later,
 "Now I didn't know what 'Halt!' mint, any more
 Than a hog knows about a holiday."

65

There was a scuffle.

He got away with a bullet-crease in his scalp
 And warned the incoming train. It was half-past one.
 A moment later, a man named Shepherd Heyward,
 Free negro, baggage-master of the small station,
 Well-known in the town, hardworking, thrifty and fated,
 Came looking for Higgins.

70

"Halt!" called the voice again,
 But he kept on, not hearing or understanding,
 Whichever it may have been.

75

A rifle cracked.

He fell by the station-platform, gripping his belly,
 And lay for twelve hours of torment, asking for water
 Until he was able to die.

There is no stone,

80

No image of bronze or marble green with the rain
 To Shepherd Heyward, free negro of Harper's Ferry,
 And even the books, the careful, ponderous histories,
 That turn live men into dummies with smiles of wax
 Thoughtfully posed against a photographer's background
 In the act of signing a treaty or drawing a sword,
 Tell little of what he was.

85

And yet his face

Grey with pain and puzzled at sudden death
 Stares out at us through the bookworm-dust of the years
 With an uncomprehending wonder, a blind surprise.

90

"I was getting along," it says, "I was doing well.
 I had six thousand dollars saved in the bank.

It was a good town, a nice town, I liked the folks
 And they liked me. I had a good job there, too.

95

On Sundays I used to dress myself up slick enough
 To pass the plate in church, but I wasn't proud
 Not even when the trashy niggers called me Mister
 Though I could hear the old grannies over their snuff
 Mumbling along, 'Look chile, there goes Shepherd Heyward,
 Ain't him fine in he Sunday clo'es—ain't him sassy and fine?
 You grow up decent and don't play ball in the street,
 And maybe you'll get like him, with a gold watch and chain.
 And then, suddenly—and what was it all about?

100

Why should anyone want to kill me? Why was it done?"

105

So the grey lips. And so the hurt in the eyes,
 A hurt like a child's, at punishment unexplained
 That makes the whole child-universe fall to pieces.
 At the time of death, most men turn back toward the child.

Brown did not know at first that the first man dead 110
 By the sword he thought of so often as Gideon's sword
 Was one of the race he had drawn that sword to free.
 It had been dark on the bridge. A man had come
 And had not halted when ordered. Then the shot
 And the scrape of the hurt man dragging himself away. 115
 That was all. The next man ordered to halt would halt.
 His mind was too full of the burning judgments of God
 To wonder who it had been. He was cool and at peace.
 He dreamt of a lamb, lying down by a rushing stream.

So the night wore away, indecisive and strange. 120
 The raiders stuck by the arsenal, waiting perhaps
 For a great bell of jubilation to toll in the sky,
 And the slaves to rush from the hills with pikes in their hands,
 A host redeemed, black rescue-armies of God.
 It did not happen. 125

Meanwhile, there was casual firing.
 A townsman named Boerley was killed. Meanwhile, the train
 Passed over the bridge to carry its wild news
 Of abolition-devils sprung from the ground
 A hundred and fifty, three hundred, a thousand strong 130
 To pillage Harper's Ferry, with fire and sword.
 Meanwhile the whole countryside was springing to arms.
 The alarm-bell in Charlestown clanged "Nat Turner has come!
 Nat Turner has come again, all smoky from Hell,
 Setting the slave to murder and massacre!" 135
 The Jefferson Guards fell in. There were boys and men.
 They had no uniforms but they had weapons.
 Old squirrel-rifles, taken down from the wall,
 Shot guns loaded with spikes and scraps of iron.
 A boy dragged a blunderbuss as big as himself. 140
 They started for the Ferry.

In a dozen
 A score of other sleepy, neighboring towns
 The same bell clanged, the same militia assembled.

The Ferry itself was roused and stirring with dawn. 145
 And the firing began again.

A queer, harsh sound

In the ordinary streets of that clean, small town,
A desultory, vapid, meaningless sound.

God knows why John Brown lingered! Kagi, the scholar, 150
Who, with two others, held the rifle-works,
All morning sent him messages urging retreat.
They had the inexorable weight of common sense
Behind them, but John Brown neither replied
Nor heeded, brooding in the patriarch-calm 155
Of a lean, solitary pine that hangs
On the cliff's edge, and sees the world below
A tiny pattern of toy fields and trees,
And only feels its roots gripping the rock
And the almighty wind that shakes its boughs, 160
Blowing from eagle-heaven to eagle-heaven.

Of course they were cut off. The whole attempt
Was fated from the first.

Just about noon

The Jefferson Guards took the Potomac Bridge 165
And drove away the men Brown posted there.

There were three doors of possible escape
Open to Brown. With this the first slammed shut.
The second followed it a little later
With the recapture of the other bridge 170
That cut Brown off from Kagi and the arsenal
And penned the larger body of the raiders
In the armory.

Again the firing rolled,

And now the first of the raiders fell and died, 175
Dangerfield Newby, the freed Scotch-mulatto
Whose wife and seven children, slaves in Virginia,
Waited for him to bring them incredible freedom.
They were sold South instead, after the raid.
His body lay where the townspeople could reach it. 180
They cut off his ears for trophies.

If there are souls,

As many think that there are or wish that there might be,
Crystalline things that rise on light wings exulting
Out of the spoilt and broken cocoon of the body, 185
Knowing no sorrow or pain but only deliverance,
And yet with the flame of speech, the patterns of memory,
One wonders what the soul of Dangerfield Newby
Said, in what terms, to the soul of Shepherd Heyward,

Both born slave, both freed, both dead the same day.
 What do the souls that bleed from the corpse of battle
 Say to the tattered night?

190

Perhaps it is better
 We have no power to visage what they might say.

The firing now was constant, like the heavy
 And drumming rains of summer. Twice Brown sent
 Asking a truce. The second time there went
 Stevens and Watson Brown with a white flag.
 But things had gone beyond the symbol of flags.
 Stevens, shot from a window, fell in the gutter
 Horribly wounded. Watson Brown crawled back
 To the engine house that was the final fort
 Of Brown's last stand, torn through and through with slugs.

195

200

A Mr. Brua, one of Brown's prisoners,
 Strolled out from the unguarded prison-room
 Into the bullets, lifted Stevens up,
 Carried him over to the old hotel
 They called the Wager House, got a doctor for him,
 And then strolled back to take his prisoner's place
 With Colonel Washington and the scared rest.

205

210

I know no more than this of Mr. Brua
 But he seems curiously American,
 And I imagine him a tall, stooped man
 A little yellow with the Southern sun,
 With slow, brown eyes and a slow way of talking,
 Shifting the quid of tobacco in his cheek
 Mechanically, as he lifted up

215

The dirty, bloody body of the man
 Who stood for everything he most detested
 And slowly carrying him through casual wasps
 Of death to the flyspecked but sunny room
 In the old hotel, wiping the blood and grime
 Mechanically from his Sunday coat,
 Settling his black string-tie with big, tanned hands,
 And, then, incredibly, going back to jail.
 He did not think much about what he'd done
 But sat himself as comfortably as might be
 On the cold bricks of that dejected guard-room
 And slowly started cutting another quid
 With a worn knife that had a brown bone-handle.

220

225

230

He lived all through the war and died long after,
 This Mr. Brua I see. His last advice

To numerous nephews was "Keep out of trouble,
But if you're in it, chew and don't be hasty,
Just do whatever's likeliest at hand."

234

I like your way of talking, Mr. Brua,
And if there still are people interested
In cutting literary clothes for heroes
They might do worse than mention your string-tie.

There were other killings that day. On the one side, this,
Leeman, a boy of eighteen and the youngest raider,
Trying to flee from the death-trap of the engine-house
And caught and killed on an islet in the Potomac.
The body lay on a tiny shelf of rocks
For hours, a sack of clothes still stung by bullets.

240

245

On the other side—Fontaine Beckham, mayor of the town,
Went to look at Heyward's body with Patrick Higgins.
The slow tears crept to his eyes. He was getting old.
He had thought a lot of Heyward. He had no gun
But he had been mayor of the town for a dozen years,
A peaceful, orderly place full of decent people,
And now they were killing people, here in his town,
He had to do something to stop it, somehow or other.

250

He wandered out on the railroad, half-distraught
And peeped from behind a water-tank at the raiders.
"Squire, don't go any farther," said Higgins, "It ain't safe."
He hardly heard him, he had to look out again.
Who were these devils with horns who were shooting his people?
They didn't look like devils. One was a boy
Smooth-cheeked, with a bright half-dreamy face, a little
Like Sally's eldest.

255

260

Suddenly, the air struck him
A stiff, breath-taking blow. "Oh," he said, astonished.
Took a step and fell on his face, shot through the heart.
Higgins watched him for twenty minutes, wanting to lift him
But not quite daring. Then he turned away
And went back to the town.

265

The bars had been open all day,
Never to better business.
When the news of Beckham's death spread from bar to bar,
It was like putting loco-weed in the whiskey,
The mob came together at once, the American mob,
They mightn't be able to take Brown's last little fort

270

But there were two prisoners penned in the Wager House.
 One was hurt already, Stevens, no fun killing him.
 But the other was William Thompson, whole and unwounded,
 Caught when Brown tried to send his first flag of truce.

275

They stormed the hotel and dragged him out to the bridge,
 Where two men shot him, unarmed, then threw the body
 Over the trestle. It splashed in the shallow water,
 But the slayers kept on firing at the dead face.
 The carcass was there for days, a riven target,
 Barbarously misused.

280

Meanwhile the armory yard
 Was taken by a new band of Beckham's avengers,
 The most of Brown's prisoners freed and his last escape cut off.

285

What need to tell of the killing of Kagi the scholar,
 The wounding of Oliver Brown and the other deaths?
 Only this remains to be told. When the drunken day
 Reeled into night, there were left in the engine-house
 Five men, alive and unwounded, of all the raiders.

290

Watson and Oliver Brown

Both of them hurt to the death, were stretched on the floor
 Beside the corpse of Taylor, the young Canadian.

There was no light, there. It was bitterly cold.

295

A cold chain of lightless hours that slowly fell

In leaden beads between two fingers of stone.

Outside, the fools and the drunkards yelled in the streets,
 And, now and then, there were shots. The prisoners talked
 And tried to sleep.

300

John Brown did not try to sleep,
 The live coals of his eyes severed the darkness;
 Now and then he heard his young son Oliver calling
 In the thirsty agony of his wounds, "Oh, kill me!
 Kill me and put me out of this suffering!"

305

John Brown's jaw tightened. "If you must die," he said,
 "Die like a man." Toward morning the crying ceased.
 John Brown called out to the boy but he did not answer.
 "I guess he's dead," said John Brown.

If his soul wept

310

They were the incredible tears of the squeezed stone.
 He had not slept for two days, but he would not sleep.
 The night was a chained, black leopard that he stared down,
 Erect, on his feet. One wonders what sights he saw
 In the cloudy mirror of his most cloudy heart,

315

Perhaps God clothed in a glory, perhaps himself
 The little boy who had stolen three brass pins
 And been well whipped for it.

When he was six years old

An Indian boy had given him a great wonder, 320
 A yellow marble, the first he had even seen.
 He treasured it for months but lost it at last,
 Boylike. The hurt of the loss took years to heal.
 He never quite forgot.

He could see it now, 325

Smooth, hard and lovely, a yellow, glistening ball,
 But it kept rolling away through cracks of darkness
 Whenever he tried to catch it and hold it fast.
 If he could only touch it, he would be safe,
 But it trickled away and away, just out of reach, 330
 There by the wall . . .

Outside the blackened East

Began to tarnish with a faint, grey stain
 That caught on the fixed bayonets of the marines.
 Lee of Virginia, Light Horse Harry's son, 335
 Observed it broaden, thinking of many things,
 But chiefly wanting to get his business done,
 A curious, wry, distasteful piece of work
 For regular soldiers.

Therefore to be finished 340

As swiftly and summarily as possible
 Before this yelling mob of drunk civilians
 And green militia once got out of hand.
 His mouth set. Once already he had offered
 The honor of the attack to the militia, 345
 Such honor as it was.

Their Colonel had

Declined with a bright nervousness of haste.
 "Your men are paid for doing this kind of work.
 Mine have their wives and children." Lee smiled briefly, 350
 Remembering that. The smile had a sharp edge.
 Well, it was time.

The whooping crowd fell silent

And scattered, as a single man walked out
 Toward the engine-house, a letter in his hand. 355
 Lee watched him musingly. A good man, Stuart.
 Now he was by the door and calling out.
 The door opened a crack.

Brown's eyes were there

Over the cold muzzle of a cocked carbine.

360

The parleying began, went on and on,
While the crowd shivered and Lee watched it all
With the strict commonsense of a Greek sword
And with the same sure readiness.

Unperceived,

365

The dawn ran down the valleys of the wind,
Coral-footed dove, tracking the sky with coral . . .
Then, sudden as powder flashing in a pan,
The parleying was done.

The door slammed shut.

370

The little figure of Stuart jumped aside
Waving its cap.

And the marines came on.

Brown watched them come. One hand was on his carbine.

The other felt the pulse of his dying son.

375

"Sell your lives dear," he said. The rifle-shots

Rattled within the bricked-in engine-room

Like firecrackers set off in a stone jug,

And there was a harsh stink of sweat and powder.

There was a moment when the door held firm.

380

Then it was cracked with sun.

Brown fired and missed.

A shadow with a sword leaped through the sun.

"That's Ossawattomie," said the tired voice

Of Colonel Washington.

385

The shadow lunged

And Brown fell to his knees.

The sword bent double,

A light sword, better for parades than fighting,

The shadow had to take it in both hands

390

And fairly rain his blows with it on Brown

Before he sank.

Now two marines were down,

The rest rushed in over their comrades' bodies,

Pinning one man of Brown's against the wall

395

With bayonets, another to the floor.

Lee, on his rise of ground, shut up his watch.

It had been just a quarter of an hour

Since Stuart gave the signal for the storm,

And now it was over.

400

All but the long dying.

HERVEY ALLEN

*The Blindman*¹

At Nogent, on the river Marne,
I passed a burning house and
barn.

I went into the public square
Where pigeons fluttered in the air
And empty windows gaped a-stare. 5

There crouched a Blindman by the
wall

A-shivering in a ragged shawl,
Who gave a hopeless parrot screech
And felt the wall with halting reach.
He went around as in a trap, 10
He had a stick to feel and rap,
A-rap-a-tap, a-rap-a-tap.

I strode across the public square,
I stopped and spoke him full and fair,
I asked him what he searched for
there. 15

Then came a look upon his face
That made me want to leave the
place.

He could not answer for a space,
He moved his trembling hands about
And in-and-out, and in-and-out. 20

'Kind sir,' he said, 'I scarcely know—
A week ago there fell a blow—
I think it was a week ago,
I sent my little girl to school,
With kisses and her book and rule, 25
A week ago she went to school."
The pigeons all began to coo.
"A-cock-a-loo, a-cock-a-loo."

"O God! to be a blinded fool;

I cannot find the children's school—
The gate, the court about the pool—
But sir, if you will guide my feet 32
Across the square and down the
street,
I think I'll know then where it lies.
O Jesu! Give me back my eyes! 35
O Jesu! Give me back my eyes!"

I led him down the littered street,
He seemed to know it with his feet,
For suddenly he turned aside
And entered through a gateway wide.
It was the court about the pool. 41
Long shadows slept deep and cool.
No sound was there of beast or bird;
It was the silence that we heard.

"And this," he said, "might be the
place," 45

An eager look came on his face.
He raised his voice and gave a call;
An echo mewed along the wall,
And then it rose and then it fell, 49
Like children talking down a well.
"Go in," he said, "see what you see,
And then come back again for me."

Like one who bears a weight of sin
And walks with fear, I entered in—
A turn—and halfway up the stair 55
There was a sight to raise your hair;
A dusty litter, books and toys,
Three bundles that were little boys,
White faces like an ivory gem;
A statue stood and looked at them. 60

So thick the silence where I stood,
I thought I wore a wooden hood;
The blood went whispering through
my ears,
Like secrets that one overhears.

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I looked upon the dead awhile; 65
I saw the gleaming statue smile.
The children slept so sweetly there,
I scarce believed the tainted air.

She had a crown of golden hair."
I saw his blind eyes peer and stare,
Now there and here, now here and there. 100

And then I heard the Blindman's
stick,
As rhythmic as a watch's tick, 70
A step—a click, a step—a click—
As slow as days grow to a year,
So long it seemed while he drew near,
But sure and blind as death and fate,
He came and said, "I dared not wait,
It was too silent at the gate. 76

"Blindman," I cried, "these things I see:
Time here has turned eternity.
The clock hands point but only mock,
For it is always three o'clock.
I see the shadows on the wall; 105
I see the crumbling plaster fall."
"Oh! sir," he said, "I crave your eyes—
Be not so kindly with your lies."

"And tell me now, sir, what you see
That keeps you here so silently."
"Three harmless things," I said, "I
fear, 79
Three things I see but cannot hear,
Three shadows of what was before,
Cast by no light are on the floor."
"Sir," said the Blindman, "lead me
round,
Lest I should tread on holy ground."

I drew the Blindman to my side;
I told the truth I wished to hide. 110
I said, "I see your Eleanor
And she is dead upon the floor.
And something fumbles with her hair,
I guess the wind is playing there.
And I see the gray rats sleek and
stout 115
That dart about and dart about."

Like men they lead at dawn to
doom, 85
We slowly climbed the stairway's
gloom
And came into a sunlit room.
The ceiling lay upon the floor,
And slates, and books, and something
more—
The master with a glassy stare, 90
Sat gory in his shivered chair
And gazed upon his pupils there.

"Now, sir," he said, "I love your lies
And Christ be thanked that took my
eyes!
But lead me, lead me to my dead!
And let me touch her once," he said.
I placed his hand upon her head. 121

The Blindman grasped me eagerly.
"And tell me now, sir, what you see?
This is the place where she should
be— 95

And when we left the charnel place
I dared not look upon his face;
For suddenly upon the street
Arose the sound of trampling feet, 125
And wheels that rumbled on the
ground,
And ground around and ground around.

My Eleanor, who used to wear
Short socks that left her brown legs
bare.

The din of them that go to slay,
The shout of men and horses' neigh,
And men and beasts swept on to war

A dreadful drumming on before. 131
 It sobbed and throbbed through No-
 gent Town,
 Till desolation settled down.
 The Blindman leaned against the
 door;
 "And tell me, sir, about the war, 135
 What is it they are fighting for?"
 "Blindman," I cried, "can you not
 see?
 It is to set the whole world free!
 It is for sweet democracy—"
 "I do not know her, sir," he said, 140
 "My little Eleanor is dead."

JOHN MASEFIELD

Saul Kane's Fight

From "The Everlasting Mercy" ¹

ON WOOD Top Field the peewits
 go
 Mewing and wheeling ever
 so;
 And like the shaking of a timbrel
 Cackles the laughter of the whimbrel.

In the old quarry-pit they say 5
 Head-keeper Pike was made away.
 He walks, head-keeper Pike, for harm,
 He taps the windows of the farm;
 The blood drips from his broken chin,
 He taps and begs to be let in. 10
 On Wood Top, nights, I've shaken to
 hark
 The peewits wambling in the dark
 Lest in the dark the old man might
 Creep up to me to beg a light.

But Wood Top grass is short and
 sweet 15
 And springy to a boxer's feet;

At harvest hum the moon so bright
 Did shine on Wood Top for the fight.

When Bill was stripped down to his
 bends
 I thought how long we two'd been
 friends, 20
 And in my mind, about that wire,
 I thought "He's right, I am a liar.
 As sure as skilly's made in prison
 The right to poach that copse is his'n.
 I'll have no luck to-night," thinks I. 25
 I'm fighting to defend a lie.
 And this moonshiny evening's fun
 Is worse than aught I've ever done."
 And thinking that way my heart bled

so

I almost stepped to Bill and said so. 30
 And now Bill's dead I would be glad
 If I could only think I had.
 But no. I put the thought away
 For fear of what my friends would
 say.
 They'd backed me, see? O Lord, the
 sin 35
 Done for the things there's money in.

The stakes were drove, the ropes were
 hitched,
 Into the ring my hat I pitched.
 My corner faced the Squire's park
 Just where the fir trees make it
 dark; 40
 The place where I begun poor Nell
 Upon the woman's road to hell.
 I thought of't, sitting in my corner
 After the time-keeper struck his warner
 (Two brandy flasks, for fear of
 noise, 45
 Clinked out the time to us two boys).
 And while my seconds chafed and
 gloved me
 I thought of Nell's eyes when she
 loved me,

¹ From *Poems*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

And wondered how my tot would
end,
First Nell cast off and now my
friend; 50

And in the moonlight dim and wan
I knew quite well my luck was gone;
And looking round I felt a spite
At all who'd come to see me fight;
The five and forty human faces 55
Inflamed by drink and going to races,
Faces of men who'd never been
Merry or true or live or clean;
Who'd never felt the boxer's trim
Of brain divinely knit to limb, 60
Nor felt the whole live body go
One tingling health from top to toe;
Nor took a punch nor given a swing,
But just soaked deady round the ring
Until their brains and bloods were
foul 70
Enough to make their throttles howl,
While we whom Jesus died to teach
Fought round on round, three minutes
each.

And thinking that, you'll understand
I thought, "I'll go and take Bill's
hand. 75
I'll up and say the fault was mine,
He shan't make play for these here
swine."
And then I thought that that was silly,
They'd think I was afraid of Bill;
They'd think (I thought it, God for-
give me) 80
I funk'd the hiding Bill could give
me.
And that thought made me mad and
hot.
"Think that, will they? Well, they
shall not.
They shan't think that. I will not. I'm
Damned if I will. I will not." 85
Time!

From the beginning of the bout
My luck was gone, my hand was out.
Right from the start Bill called the
play,
But I was quick and kept away
Till the fourth round, when work got
mixed, 90
And then I knew Bill had me fixed.
My hand was out, why, Heaven
knows;
Bill punched me when and where he
chose.
Through two more rounds we quar-
tered wide,
And all the time my hands seemed
tied; 95
Bill punched me when and where he
pleased.
The cheering from my backers eased,
But every punch I heard a yell
Of "That's the style, Bill, give him
hell."
No one for me, but Jimmy's light 100
"Straight left! Straight left!" and
"Watch his right."

I don't know how a boxer goes
When all his body hums from blows;
I know I seemed to rock and spin,
I don't know how I saved my
chin; 105
I know I thought my only friend
Was that clinked flask at each round's
end
When my two seconds, Ed and
Jimmy,
Had sixty seconds help to gimme.
But in the ninth, with pain and
knocks 110
I stopped: I couldn't fight nor box
Bill missed his swing, the light was
tricky,
But I went down, and stayed down,
dicky.
"Get up," cried Jim. I said, "I will."

Then all the gang yelled, "Out him,
Bill. 115

Out him." Bill rushed . . . and Clink,
Clink, Clink

Time! and Jim's knee, and rum to
drink.

And round the ring there ran a titter:
"Saved by the call, the bloody quitter."

They drove (a dodge that never
fails) 120

A pin beneath my finger nails.

They poured what seemed a running
beck

Of cold spring water down my neck;

Jim with a lancet quick as flies

Lowered the swellings round my
eyes. 125

They sluiced my legs and fanned my
face

Through all that blessed minute's
grace;

They gave my calves a thorough
kneading,

They salved my cuts and stopped the
bleeding.

A gulp of liquor dulled the pain, 130

And then the two flasks clinked again.

Time!

There was Bill as grim as death,

He rushed, I clinched, to get more
breath,

And breath I got, though Billy bats

Some stinging short-arms in my
slats. 135

And when he broke, as I foresaw,

He swung his right in for the jaw.

I stopped it on my shoulder bone,

And at the shock I heard Bill groan—

A little groan or moan or grunt 140

As though I'd hit his wind a bunt.

At that, I clinched, and while we
clinched,

His old time right arm dig was
flinched,

And when we broke he hit me light
As though he didn't trust his
right, 145

He flapped me somehow with his
wrist

As though he couldn't use his fist,
And when he hit he winced with pain.

I thought, "Your sprained thumb's
crooked again."

So I got strength and Bill gave
ground, 150

And that round was an easy round.

During the wait my Jimmy said,

"What's making Billy fight so dead?

He's all to pieces. Is he blown?"

"His thumb's out." 155

"No? Then it's your own.

It's all your own, but don't be rash—

He's got the goods if you've got cash,

And what one hand can do he'll do.

Be careful this next round or two." 160

Time. There was Bill, and I felt sick

That luck should play so mean a trick

And give me leave to knock him out

After he'd plainly won the bout.

But by the way the man came at
me 165

He made it plain he meant to bat
me;

If you'd a seen the way he come

You wouldn't think he'd crooked a
thumb.

With all his skill and all his might

He clipped me dizzy left and
right; 170

The Lord knows what the effort cost,

But he was mad to think he'd lost,

And knowing nothing else could save
him

He didn't care what pain it gave him.

He called the music and the dance 175
 For five rounds more and gave no
 chance.

Try to imagine if you can
 The kind of manhood in the man,
 And if you'd like to feel his pain
 You sprain your thumb and hit the
 sprain. 180

And hit it hard, with all your power
 On something hard for half-an-hour,
 While someone thumps you black and
 blue,

And then you'll know what Billy
 knew.

Bill took that pain without a sound 185
 Till halfway through the eighteenth
 round,

And then I sent him down and out,
 And Silas said, "Kane wins the bout."

When Bill came to, you understand,
 I ripped the mitten from my hand 190
 And went across to ask Bill shake.
 My limbs were all one pain and ache,
 I was so weary and so sore
 I don't think I'd a stood much more.
 Bill in his corner bathed his
 thumb, 195

Buttoned his shirt and glowered glum.
 "I'll never shake your hand," he said.
 "I'd rather see my children dead.

I've been about and had some fun
 with you,

But you're a liar and I've done with
 you. 200

You've knocked me out, you didn't
 beat me;

Look out the next time that you meet
 me,

There'll be no friend to watch the
 clock for you

And no convenient thumb to crock
 for you,

And I'll take care, with much
 delight, 205

You'll get what you'd a got to-night;
 That puts my meaning clear, I guess,
 Now get to hell; I want to dress."

I dressed. My backers one and all
 Said, "Well done you," or "Good old
 Saul." 210

"Saul is a wonder and a fly 'un,
 What'll you have, Saul, at the Lion?"
 With merry oaths they helped me
 down

The stony wood path to the town.

MEDITATIVE LYRICS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Lines

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN
ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE
WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798

FIVE years have passed; five sum-
mers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again
I hear
These waters, rolling from their
mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once
again
Do I behold these steep and lofty
cliffs, 5
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and
connect
The landscape with the quiet of the
sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and
view 10
These plots of cottage-ground, these
orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their un-
ripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose
themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again
I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows,
little lines 15
Of sportive wood run wild: these pas-
toral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths
of smoke

Sent up, in silence, from among the
trees!

With some uncertain notice, as might
seem

Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless
woods 20

Or of some Hermit's cave, where by
his fire

The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not
been to me

As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the
din 25

Of towns and cities, I have owed to
them

In hours of weariness, sensations
sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the
heart;

And passing even into my purer
mind,

With tranquil restoration:—feelings
too 30

Of unremembered pleasure: such, per-
haps,

As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's
life,

His little, nameless, unremembered,
acts

Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I
trust, 35

To them I may have owed another
gift,

Of aspect more sublime; that blessed
mood,

In which the burthen of the mystery,

In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world, 40
 Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul: 46
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft— 50
 In darkness and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee, 55
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!
 And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity, 60
 The picture of the mind revives again:
 While here I stand, not only with the sense

Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope, 65
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led: more like a man 70
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by)
 To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract 76
 Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colors and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite; a feeling and a love, 80
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this 85
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur;
 other gifts

Have followed; for such loss, I would
 believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have
 learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing
 often-times 90
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of
 ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have
 felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the
 joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sub-
 lime 95
 Of something far more deeply inter-
 fused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting
 suns,
 And the round ocean and the living
 air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of
 man;
 A motion and a spirit, that impels 100
 All thinking things, all objects of all
 thought,
 And rolls through all things. There
 fore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the
 woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we
 behold
 From this green earth; of all the
 mighty world 105
 Of eye, and ear,—both what they half
 create,
 And what perceive; well pleased to
 recognize
 In nature and the language of the
 sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts,
 the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart,
 and soul 110

Of all my moral being.
 Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I
 the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
 For thou art with me here upon the
 banks
 Of this fair river; thou my dearest
 Friend, 115
 My dear, dear Friend; and in thy
 voice I catch
 The language of my former heart,
 and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting
 lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little
 while
 May I behold in thee what I was
 once, 120
 My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer
 I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did be-
 tray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her
 privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life,
 to lead
 From joy to joy: for she can so in-
 form 125
 The mind that is within us, so im-
 press
 With quietness and beauty, and so
 feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
 tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of sel-
 fish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is,
 nor all 130
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we
 behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the
 moon

Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be
free 136

To blow against thee: and, in after
years,

When these wild ecstasies shall be ma-
tured

Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely
forms 140

Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies;
Oh! then,

If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what
healing thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember
me, 145

And these my exhortations! Nor,
perchance—

If I should be where I no more can
hear

Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild
eyes these gleams

Of past existence—wilt thou then for-
get

That on the banks of this delightful
stream 150

We stood together; and that I, so
long

A worshiper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far
deeper zeal

Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then
forget, 155

That after many wanderings, many
years

Of absence, these steep woods and
lofty cliffs,

And this green pastoral landscape,
were to me

More dear, both for themselves and
for thy sake!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

When the Lamp is Shattered

I

WHEN the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies
dead—

When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.

When the lute is broken, 5
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

II

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute, 10
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges 15
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

III

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed. 20
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your
bier?

IV

Its passions will rock thee 25
As the storms rock the ravens on
high;

Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.

From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home 30
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds
come.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

From In Memoriam

LIV

O YET we trust that somehow
 good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless
 feet; 5
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile com-
 plete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
 That not a moth with vain desire 10
 Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
 I can but trust that good shall
 fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all, 15
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am
 I?
 An infant crying in the night;
 An infant crying for the light,
 And with no language but a cry. 20

LV

The wish, that of the living whole
 No life may fail beyond the grave,
 Derives it not from what we have
 The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife, 5
 That Nature lends such evil
 dreams?

So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds, 10
 And finding that of fifty seeds
 She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of
 cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs 15
 That slope through darkness up to
 God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and
 grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope. 20

XCVI

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
 Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue
 eyes
 Are tender over drowning flies,
 You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew 5
 In many a subtle question versed,
 Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
 But ever strove to make it true;

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
 At last he beat his music out. 10
 There lives more faith in honest
 doubt,
 Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered
 strength,

He would not make his judgment
blind,
He faced the specters of the mind ¹⁵
And laid them; thus he came at
length

To find a stronger faith his own,
And Power was with him in the
night,
Which makes the darkness and the
light,
And dwells not in the light alone, ²⁰

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of
gold,
Although the trumpet blew so loud.

CXVIII

Contemplate all this work of Time,
The giant laboring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and
truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead ⁵
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random
forms, ¹⁰
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branched from clime
to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place, ¹⁵
If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more;
Or, crowned with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and
show

That life is not as idle ore, ²⁰

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing
tears,

And battered with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly ²⁵
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the
beast,

And let the ape and tiger die.

* * * * *

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy
face,

By faith, and faith alone, embrace
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and
shade; ⁵

Thou madest Life in man and
brute;

Thou madest Death; and lo, thy
foot

Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:

Thou madest man, he knows not
why, ¹⁰

He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art
just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest, manhood, thou
Our wills are ours, we know not
how; ¹⁵

Our wills are ours, to make them
thine.

Our little systems have had their day;
They have their day and cease to
be;

They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than
they. 20

We have but faith: we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from
thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to
more, 25
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not
fear: 30
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy
light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me,
What seemed my worth since I be-
gan;
For merit lives from man to man, 35
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved. 40

Forgive these wild and wandering
cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in
truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

ROBERT BROWNING

Prospice

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in
my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts
denote

I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of
the storm, 5

The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a
visible form,

Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the sum-
mit attained,

And the barriers fall, 10
Though a battle's to fight ere the
guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight
more,

The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my
eyes, and forebore, 15

And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare
like my peers

The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad
life's arrears

Of pain, darkness and cold. 20
For sudden the worst turns the best
to the brave,

The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-
voices that rave,

Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a
peace out of pain, 25

Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp
thee again,

And with God be the rest!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Dover Beach

THE sea is calm to-night.
 The tide is full, the moon lies
 fair
 Upon the straits;—on the French
 coast the light
 Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of Eng-
 land stand,
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tran-
 quil bay. ⁵
 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, ¹⁰
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again be-
 gin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and
 bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago ¹⁵
 Heard it on the Ægean, 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. ²⁰
 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, ²⁵
 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 ³⁰
 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 ³⁵
 Swept with confused alarms of strug-
 gle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

Invictus

OUT of the night that covers me,
 Black as the Pit from pole to
 pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.
 In the fell clutch of circumstance ⁵
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.
 Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years ¹¹
 Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.
 It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments
 the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate; ¹⁵
 I am the captain of my soul.

EMILY DICKINSON

*To Fight Aloud Is Very Brave*¹

To fight aloud is very brave,
 But gallanter, I know,
 Who charge within the bosom,
 The cavalry of woe.

Who win, and nations do not see, 5
 Who fall, and none observe,

Whose dying eyes no country
 Regards with patriot love.

We trust, in plumed procession,
 For such the angels go, 10
 Rank after rank, with even feet
 And uniforms of snow.

¹ From *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*,
 Centenary Edition, edited by Martha Dickinson
 Bianchi and Alfred Leet Hampson. Reprinted
 by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

EZRA POUND

*The Study in Æsthetics*²

THE very small children in patched clothing,
 Being smitten with an unusual wisdom,
 Stopped in their play as she passed them
 And cried up from their cobbles:

Guarda! Ahi, guarda! ch' è be'a! 5

But three years after this
 I heard the young Dante, whose last name I do not know—
 For there are, in Sirmione, twenty-eight young Dantes and thirty-four Catulli;
 And there had been a great catch of sardines,

And his elders 10
 Were packing them in the great wooden boxes
 For the market in Brescia, and he
 Leapt about, snatching at the bright fish
 And getting in both of their ways;
 And in vain they commanded him to *sta fermo!* 15
 And when they would not let him arrange
 The fish in the boxes
 He stroked those which were already arranged,
 Murmuring for his own satisfaction
 This identical phrase: 20
Ch' è be'a.

And at this I was mildly abashed.

² From *Personae*, copyright, Liveright Publishing Corporation, publishers.

ROBINSON JEFFERS

*Fire on the Hills*¹

THE deer were bounding like
blown leaves

Under the smoke in front of
the roaring wave of the brush-
fire;

I thought of the smaller lives that
were caught.

Beauty is not always lovely; the fire
was beautiful, the terror

Of the deer was beautiful; and when
I returned⁵

Down the black slopes after the fire
had gone by, an eagle

Was perched on the jag of a burnt
pine,

Insolent and gorged, cloaked in the
folded storms of his shoulders.

He had come from far off for the
good hunting

With fire for his beater to drive the
game; the sky was merciless¹⁰

Blue, and the hills merciless black,

The sombre-feathered great bird
sleepily merciless between them.

I thought, painfully, but the whole
mind,

The destruction that brings an eagle
from heaven is better than mercy.

¹ Reprinted by permission of Random House,
New York.

HELENE MAGARET

*Impiety*²

LORD, I have not time to pray
Before the asters blow,
And should I enter in Thy
church

Perchance I miss the glow
Of branches bright with glint of
snow.⁵

² From *Columbia Poetry*, 1932, by permission
of the author.

Ah, Lord, Thou shouldst not ask of
me

One hour spent in prayer

For fear some quiet rain let fall

Its shining hair,

And I, who longed for rain, might
not be there.¹⁰

I do not want, my Lord, to give

One breath of life to Thee.

I have so little time to live . . .

Thou hast eternity.

CONRAD AIKEN

*Morning Song, from Senlin*³

IT is morning, Senlin says, and in
the morning

When the light drips through
the shutters like the dew,

I arise, I face the sunrise,

And do the things my fathers learned
to do.

Stars in the purple dusk above the
rooftops⁵

Pale in a saffron mist and seem to die,

And I myself on a swiftly tilting
planet

Stand before a glass and tie my tie.

Vine leaves tap my window,⁹

Dew-drops sing to the garden stones,

The robin chirps in the chinaberry
tree

Repeating three clear tones.

It is morning. I stand by the mirror

And tie my tie once more.

While waves far off in a pale rose
twilight¹⁵

Crash on a white sand shore.

I stand by a mirror and comb my
hair:

³ From *Selected Poems*. Permission of the
publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

How small and white my face!—
 The green earth tilts through a sphere
 of air
 And bathes in a flame of space. 20

There are houses hanging above the
 stars

And stars hung under a sea . . .
 And a sun far off in a shell of silence
 Dapples my walls for me . . .

It is morning, Senlin says, and in the
 morning 25

Should I not pause in the light to re-
 member god?

Upright and firm I stand on a star
 unstable,

He is immense and lonely as a cloud.
 I will dedicate this moment before my
 mirror

To him alone, for him I will comb
 my hair. 30

Accept these humble offerings, cloud
 of silence!

I will think of you as I descend the
 stair.

Vine leaves tap my window,
 The snail-track shines on the stones,
 Dew-drops flash from the chinaberry
 tree 35

Repeating two clear tones.

It is morning, I awake from a bed of
 silence,

Shining I rise from the starless waters
 of sleep.

The walls are about me still as in the
 evening,

I am the same, and the same name
 still I keep. 40

The earth revolves with me, yet
 makes no motion,

The stars pale silently in a coral sky.
 In a whistling void I stand before my
 mirror,

Unconcerned, and tie my tie.

There are horses neighing on far-off
 hills 45

Tossing their long white manes,
 And mountains flash in the rose-
 white dusk,

Their shoulders black with rains . . .
 It is morning. I stand by the mirror

And surprise my soul once more; 50
 The blue air rushes above my ceiling,

There are suns beneath my floor . . .

. . . It is morning, Senlin says, I
 ascend from darkness

And depart on the winds of space for
 I know not where,

My watch is wound, a key is in my
 pocket, 55

And the sky is darkened as I descend
 the stair.

There are shadows across the win-
 dows, clouds in heaven,

And a god among the stars; and I will
 go

Thinking of him as I might think of
 daybreak

And humming a tune I know . . . 60

Vine leaves tap at the window,
 Dew-drops sing to the garden stones,
 The robin chirps in the chinaberry
 tree

Repeating three clear tones.

WALT WHITMAN

To a Locomotive in Winter

Thee for my recitative,
Thee in the driving storm even as now, the snow, the winter-day declining,
Thee in thy panoply, thy measur'd dual throbbing and thy beat convulsive,
Thy black cylindric body, golden brass and silvery steel,
Thy ponderous side-bars, parallel and connecting rods, gyrating, shuttling at
thy sides,
Thy metrical, now swelling pant and roar, now tapering in the distance,
Thy great protruding head-light fix'd in front,
Thy long, pale, floating vapor-pennants, tinged with delicate purple,
The dense and murky clouds out-belching from thy smoke-stack,
Thy knitted frame, thy springs and valves, the tremulous twinkle of thy
wheels,
Thy train of cars behind, obedient, merrily following,
Through gale or calm, now swift, now slack, yet steadily careering,
Type of the modern—emblem of motion and power—pulse of the continent,
For once come serve the Muse and merge in verse, even as here I see thee,
With storm and buffeting gusts of wind and falling snow,
By day thy warning ringing bell to sound its notes,
By night thy silent signal lamps to swing.
Fierce-throated beauty!
Roll through my chant with all thy lawless music, thy swinging lamps at night,
Thy madly-whistled laughter, echoing, rumbling like an earthquake, rousing
all,
Law of thyself complete, thine own track firmly holding,
(No sweetness debonair of tearful harp or glib piano thine,)
Thy trills of shrieks by rocks and hills return'd,
Launch'd o'er the prairies wide, across the lakes,
To the free skies unpent and glad and strong.

LOVE LYRICS

ROBERT BURNS

Mary Morison

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted
hour!

Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure
poor:

How blithely wad I bide the stoure, 5
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling
string

The dance gaed thro' the lighted
ha', 10

To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a', 15
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?

Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee? 20

If love for love thou will na gie,
At least be pity to me shown!

A thought ungente canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

She Was a Phantom of Delight

S HE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon
my sight;

A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;

Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair; 5
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful
Dawn;

A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet 15
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and
skill; 26
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light. 30

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The Indian Serenade

I
I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing
low,

And the stars are shining bright:
 I arise from dreams of thee,
 And a spirit in my feet
 Hath led me—who knows how?
 To thy chamber window, Sweet!

II

The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream—
 The Champak odors fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart;—
 As I must on thine,
 Oh, beloved as thou art!

III

O lift me from the grass!
 I die! I faint! I fail!
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 On my lips and eyelids pale.
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!
 My heart beats loud and fast;—
 Oh! press it to thine own again,
 Where it will break at last.

Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
 And the rivers with the Ocean,
 The winds of Heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion;
 Nothing in the world is single;
 All things by a law divine
 In one spirit meet and mingle.
 Why not I with thine?—

II

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
 And the waves clasp one another;¹⁰

No sister-flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother;
 And the sunlight clasps the earth
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
 What is all this sweet work worth ¹⁵
 If thou kiss not me?

JOHN KEATS

Sonnet

BRIGHT star! would I were stead-
 fast as thou art—
 Not in lone splendor hung
 aloft the night,
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like Nature's patient, sleepless
 Eremite,
 The moving waters at their priestlike
 task ⁵
 Of pure ablution round earth's
 human shores,
 Or gazing on the new soft fallen
 mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and
 the moors—
 No—yet still steadfast, still unchange-
 able,
 Pillowed upon my fair love's ripen-
 ing breast, ¹⁰
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken
 breath,
 And so live ever—or else swoon to
 death.

LORD BYRON

When We Two Parted

WHEN we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted
 To sever for years,

Pale grew thy cheek and cold, 5
 Colder thy kiss;
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow— 10
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame:
 I hear thy name spoken, 15
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear;
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear? 20
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well:—
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met— 25
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years, 30
 How should I greet thee?—
 With silence and tears.

Stanzas for Music

There be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like thee;
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me:
 When, as if its sound were causing 5
 The charmed ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lulled winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep; 10

Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep:
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee;
 With a full but soft emotion, 15
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Lovesight

WHEN do I see thee most, be-
 loved one?

When in the light the spirits
 of mine eyes
 Before thy face, their altar, sol-
 emnize
 The worship of that Love through
 thee made known?
 Or when in the dusk hours (we two
 alone), 5
 Close-kissed and eloquent of still re-
 plies
 Thy twilight-hidden glimmering
 visage lies,
 And my soul only sees thy soul its
 own?

O love, my love! if I no more should
 see
 Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow
 of thee, 10
 Nor image of thine eyes in any
 spring,—
 How then should sound upon Life's
 darkening slope
 The ground-whirl of the perished
 leaves of Hope,
 The wind of Death's imperishable
 wing?

Mid Rapture

Thou lovely and beloved, thou my
 love;

Whose kiss seems still the first;
 whose summoning eyes,
 Even now, as for our love-world's
 new sunrise,
 Shed very dawn; whose voice, attuned
 above
 All modulation of the deep-bowered
 dove,
 Is like a hand laid softly on the
 soul;
 Whose hand is like a sweet voice to
 control
 Those worn tired brows it hath the
 keeping of:—

What word can answer to thy word,
 —what gaze
 To thine, which now absorbs with-
 in its sphere
 My worshiping face, till I am mir-
 rored there
 Light-circled in a heaven of deep-
 drawn rays?
 What clasp, what kiss mine inmost
 heart can prove,
 O lovely and beloved, O my love?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
 Whose nest is in a watered
 shoot;
 My heart is like an apple-tree
 Whose boughs are bent with thick-
 set fruit;
 My heart is like a rainbow shell
 That paddles in a halcyon sea;
 My heart is gladder than all these
 Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down; ⁹
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
 Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
 And peacocks with a hundred
 eyes;
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,
 In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;
 Because the birthday of my life ¹⁵
 Is come, my love is come to me.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

If Thou Must Love Me

IF thou must love me, let it be for
 nought
 Except for love's sake only. Do
 not say
 'I love her for her smile . . . her look
 . . . her way
 Of speaking gently, . . . for a trick
 of thought
 That falls in well with mine, and
 certes brought
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a
 day'—
 For these things in themselves, Be-
 loved, may
 Be changed, or change for thee,—and
 love, so wrought
 May be unwrought so. Neither love
 me for
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my
 cheeks dry,—
 A creature might forget to weep, who
 bore
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love
 thereby!
 But love me for love's sake, that ever-
 more
 Thou mayst love on, through love's
 eternity.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER

*Sonnet for Svanhild*¹

COME, let us march seven times
 Death's dark walls round,
 And sing our songs and step
 with quick sharp tread,
 And with our bright breath blow
 them to the ground,
 And shout and crown Love king and
 cry Death dead!
 O let us twist a wreath for his dear
 head, 5
 And drench it in his dew, and with
 the sound
 Of doves and flutes O wipe the gash
 that bled,
 And press wet cloth and pour balm
 on the wound!
 For it is Spring, and Love is once
 more lord,
 And from the dust of death the white
 brief bud 10
 Breaks through, and from the red hilt
 of his sword
 A rose will flash out like a drop of
 blood!
 What walls can stand, though Death
 builds deep and strong,
 When Love strides seven times round
 with storms of song!

¹ Dedication for *The Sonnets of Petrarch*, Longmans, Green & Co., 1931. By permission of the author

EDNA ST VINCENT MILLAY

*Oh, think not I am faithful to a
 vow! ~*

OH, think not I am faithful to a
 vow!
 Faithless am I save to
 Love's self alone.

² From *A Few Figs from Thistles*, published by Harper & Brothers (copyright, 1922, by Edna St. Vincent Millay).

Were you not lovely I would leave
 you now—

After the feet of Beauty fly my own.
 Were you not still my hunger's rare-
 est food, 5

And water ever to my wildest thirst,
 I would desert you—think not but I
 would!—

And seek another, as I sought you
 first.

But you are mobile as the veering
 air,

And all your charms more change-
 ful than the tide; 10

Wherefore to be inconstant is no
 care—

I have but to continue at your side.
 So wanton, light and false, my love,
 are you,

I am most faithless when I most am
 true.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

*Prelude*³

HOW could I love you more?
 I would give up
 Even that beauty I have
 loved too well

That I might love you better.

Alas, how poor the gifts that lovers
 give— 5

I can but give you of my flesh and
 strength,

I can but give you these few passing
 days

And passionate words that since our
 speech began

All lovers whisper in all women's
 ears.

³ From *The Poems of Richard Aldington* copyright 1928, 1934, reprinted by permission from Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

I try to think of some one gift 10
 No lover yet in all the world has
 found;
 I think: If the cold sombre gods
 Were hot with love as I am
 Could they not endow you with a star
 And fix bright youth for ever in your
 limbs? 15
 Could they not give you all things
 that I lack?

You should have loved a god; I am
 but dust.
 Yet no god loved as loves this poor
 frail dust.

An Interlude

THERE is a momentary pause
 in love
 When all the birth-pangs of
 desire are lulled .

I wait,
 And glide upon the crested surge of
 days
 Like some sea-god, with tangled,
 dripping beard 5
 And smooth hard skin, who glimpses
 from the sea
 An earth-girl naked by the long foam
 fringe,
 And, utterly forgetting all his life,
 Hurries toward her, glad with sud-
 den love.

Even in that pause of speed I live; 10
 And though the great wave curl in
 spikes of foam
 And crash me bleeding at her cool
 small feet

All breathless with the water's sud-
 den swirl,
 I shall be glad of every stabbing
 wound
 If she will hold my tired limbs to hers
 And breathe wild love into my mouth
 and thrill 16
 Even the blood I shed with that desire
 Which throbs all through me at her
 lightest touch.

Epilogue

HAVE I spoken too much or
 not enough of love?
 Who can tell?

But we who do not drug ourselves
 with lies
 Know, with how deep a pathos, that
 we have
 Only the warmth and beauty of this
 life 5
 Before the blankness of the unend-
 ing gloom.
 Here for a little while we see the sun
 And smell the grape-vines on the ter-
 raced hills,
 And sing and weep, fight, starve and
 feast, and love
 Lips and soft breasts too sweet for
 innocence. 10

And in this little glow of mortal life—
 Faint as one candle in a large cold
 room—
 We know the clearest light is shed by
 love,
 That when we kiss with life-blood in
 our lips,
 Then we are nearest to the dreamed-
 of gods. 15

NATURE LYRICS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

To the Cuckoo

O BLITHE New-comer! I have
heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass 5
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers, 10
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the
Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing, 15
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand
ways
In bush, and tree, and sky. 20

To seek these did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet; 25
Can lie upon the plain

And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be 30
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for Thee!

ROBERT BRIDGES

London Snow

WHEN men were all asleep the
snow came flying,
In large white flakes falling
on the city brown,
Stealthily and perpetually settling and
loosely lying,
Hushing the latest traffic of the
drowsy town;
Deadening, muffling, stifling its mur-
murs failing; 5
Lazily and incessantly floating down
and down:
Silently sifting and veiling road,
roof and railing;
Hiding difference, making uneven-
ness even,
Into angles and crevices softly drifting
and sailing.
All night it fell, and when full
inches seven 10
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted
lightness,
The clouds blew off from a high and
frosty heaven;
And all woke earlier for the unac-
customed brightness

Of the winter dawning, the strange
unheavenly glare:

The eye marveled—marveled at the
dazzling whiteness; ¹⁵

The ear hearkened to the stillness
of the solemn air;

No sound of wheel rumbling nor of
foot falling,

And the busy morning cries came
thin and spare.

Then boys I heard, as they went to
school, calling,

They gathered up the crystal manna
to freeze ²⁰

Their tongues with tasting, their
hands with snowballing;

Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to
the knees;

Or peering up from under the white-
mossed wonder,

“O look at the trees!” they cried, “O
look at the trees!”

With lessened load a few carts creak
and blunder, ²⁵

Following along the white deserted
way,

A country company long dispersed
asunder:

When now already the sun, in pale
display

Standing by Paul’s high dome, spread
forth below

His sparkling beams, and awoke the
stir of the day. ³⁰

For now doors open, and war is
waged with the snow;

And trains of somber men, past tale
of number,

Tread long brown paths, as toward
their toil they go:

But even for them awhile no cares
encumber

Their minds diverted; the daily word
is unspoken, ³⁵

The daily thoughts of labor and sor-
row slumber

At the sight of the beauty that greets
them, for the charm they have
broken.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Autumn in Cornwall

THE year lies fallen and faded
On cliffs by clouds invaded,
With tongues of storms up-
braided,

With wrath of waves bedinned;
And inland, wild with warning, ⁵
As in deaf ears or scorning,
The clarion even and morning
Rings of the south-west wind.

The wild bents wane and wither
In blasts whose breath bows hither ¹⁰
Their grey-grown heads and thither,
Unblest of rain or sun;
The pale fierce heavens are crowded
With shapes like dreams beclouded,
As though the old year enshrouded ¹⁵
Lay, long ere life were done.

Full charged with oldworld wonders,
From dusk Tintagel thunders
A note that smites and sunders
The hard froze fields of air; ²⁰
A trumpet stormier-sounded
Than once from lists rebounded
When strong men sense-confounded
Fell thick in tourney there.

From scarce a duskier dwelling ²⁵
Such notes of wail rose welling

Through the outer darkness, telling
 In the awful singer's ears
 What souls the darkness covers,
 What love-lost souls of lovers, 30
 Whose cry still hangs and hovers
 In each man's born that hears.

For there by Hector's brother
 And yet some thousand other
 He that had grief to mother, 35
 Passed pale from Dante's sight;
 With one fast linked as fearless,
 Perchance, there only tearless;
 Iseult and Tristram, peerless
 And perfect queen and knight. 40

A shrill-winged sound comes flying
 North, as of wild souls crying
 The cry of things undying,
 That know what life must be;
 Or as the old year's heart, stricken 45
 Too sore for hope to quicken
 By thoughts like thorns that
 thicken,
 Broke, breaking with the sea.

ROBERT FROST

*Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*¹

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 queer⁵
 To stop without a farmhouse near
 Between the woods and frozen lake
 The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
 To ask if there is some mistake. 10
 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, 15
 And miles to go before I sleep.

¹ From *New Hampshire*, copyright, 1923,
 Henry Holt and Company. By permission of
 the publishers

JOHN MASEFIELD

*Sea-Fever*¹

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 gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide⁵
 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.

¹ From John Masefield, *Collected Poems*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,
 To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted
 knife; 10
 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.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM
 COFFIN

Strange Holiness ¹

THERE is strange holiness around
 Our common days on com-
 mon ground.

I have heard it in the birds
 Whose voices reach above all words,
 Going upward, bars on bars, 5
 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. 10

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 15

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. 20

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 25

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. 30

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, 35
 Like a dingy, melting smoke.
 But there his fish lay like a key
 To the bright lost mystery.

MARK VAN DOREN

After Dry Weather ²

IF the people under that portico
 Are happy, and point at the pat-
 tering drops;
 If barehead boys are parading below
 Musical eaves of tall house-tops;

If you lean out of the window here, 5
 Contented so with the pavement's
 shine,
 And laugh as the covers of cabs ap-
 pear
 With passengers in them dressed to
 dine;

¹ Copyright, 1933, by Harper & Brothers.
 Reprinted from Harper's Magazine. By per-
 mission of the author.

² From *7 P. M. and Other Poems*, A. & C.
 Boni. By permission of the author.

If all of the stones that we can
 see
 Are licking their lips, that waited so
 long—¹⁰
 A meadow I know to the north of
 me
 By a hundred miles has caught the
 song.

I am certain the clover has lifted its
 head
 For dark, intemperate draughts of
 rain . . .
 Once even I thought I had heard the
 tread¹⁵
 Of a plunging horse with a sodden
 mane.

A. E. HOUSMAN

*Loveliest of Trees*¹

LOVELIEST of trees, the cherry now
 Is hung with bloom along
 the bough,
 And stands about the woodland ride
 Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
 Twenty will not come again,⁶
 And take from seventy springs a
 score,
 It only leaves me fifty more.

¹ From *A Shropshire Lad*.

And since to look at things in bloom
 Fifty springs are little room,¹⁰
 About the woodlands I will go
 To see the cherry hung with snow.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

*Poem for the time of change*²

THERE were over me three
 hawks

This was the season when
 the flies will walk
 The chimney stones: the kitchen
 ceilings:

Three hawks wheeled in the
 Ragged and rushing sky:⁵
 Head to the wind's violence

This was the season when the
 dopey flies
 In house-room groping where the
 vapor rises
 Cling and live a little till the wry
 Cold¹⁰
 Kills them with their numb wings
 weakly folded

Three hawks soared in the
 Rushing sky: before them
 Winter and its snow—
 Sleet—the wind blowing:¹⁵
 Three hawks soared.

² From *Public Speech*. Copyright, Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.

DRAMATIC LYRICS

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Ulysses

Ir little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these
 barren crags,
 Matched with an agéd wife, I mete
 and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and
 know not me. 5
 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 10
 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, gov-
 ernments,
 Myself not least, but honored of them
 all,— 15
 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 where
 through

Gleams that untraveled world whose
 margin fades 20
 For ever and for ever 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 25
 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 de-
 sire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking
 star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human
 thought.
 This is my son, mine own Telema-
 chus,
 To whom I leave the scepter and the
 isle,—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labor, by slow prudence to make
 mild 36
 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 41
 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, 45

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. 50

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 55

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 pur-
pose holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the
baths 60

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 65

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. 70

ROBERT BROWNING

My Last Duchess

FERRARA

THAT's my last Duchess painted
on the wall,

Looking as if she were alive.
I call

That piece a wonder, now: Fra Pan-
dolf's hands

Worked busily a day, and there she
stands.

Will't please you sit and look at her?
I said 5

"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never
read

Strangers like you that pictured coun-
tenance,

The depth and passion of its earnest
glance,

But to myself they turned (since none
puts by

The curtain I have drawn for you,
but I) 10

And seemed as they would ask me, if
they durst,

How such a glance came there; so,
not the first

Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir,
'twas not

Her husband's presence only, called
that spot

Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: per-
haps 15

Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her
 mantle laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much," or
 "Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the
 faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat":
 such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause
 enough 20
 For calling up that spot of joy. She
 had
 A heart—how shall I say?—too soon
 made glad,
 Too easily impressed: she liked what-
 e'er
 She looked on, and her looks went
 everywhere.
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her
 breast, 25
 The dropping of the daylight in the
 West,
 The bough of cherries some officious
 fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the
 white mule
 She rode with round the terrace—all
 and each
 Would draw from her alike the ap-
 proving speech, 30
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men,
 —good! but thanked
 Somehow—I know not how—as if
 she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old
 name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to
 blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you
 skill
 In speech—(which I have not)—to
 make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say,
 "Just this

Or that in you disgusts me; here you
 miss,
 Or there exceed the mark"—and if
 she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made
 excuse, 41
 —E'en then would be some stooping;
 and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled,
 no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who
 passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I
 gave commands; 45
 Then all smiles stopped together.
 There she stands
 As if alive. Will 't please you rise?
 We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat
 The Count your master's known
 munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretense
 Of mine for dowry will be dis-
 allowed; 51
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I
 avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll
 go
 Together down, sir. Notice Nep-
 tune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in
 bronze for me! 56

ROBERT FROST

*The Death of the Hired Man*¹

MARY sat musing on the lamp-
 flame at the table
 Waiting for Warren. When
 she heard his step,

¹ From *North of Boston*, copyright, 1914, by Henry Holt and Company. By permission of the publishers.

She ran on tip-toe down the darkened
passage

To meet him in the doorway with
the news

And put him on his guard. "Silas is
back." 5

She pushed him outward with her
through the door

And shut it after her. "Be kind,"
she said.

She took the market things from
Warren's arms

And set them on the porch, then drew
him down

To sit beside her on the wooden
steps. 10

"When was I ever anything but kind
to him?

But I'll not have the fellow back," he
said.

"I told him so last haying, didn't I?
'If he left then,' I said, 'that ended it.'

What good is he? Who else will
harbor him 15

At his age for the little he can do?

What help he is there's no depending
on.

Off he goes always when I need him
most.

'He thinks he ought to earn a little
pay,

Enough at least to buy tobacco with,
So he won't have to beg and be be-
holden.' 21

'All right,' I say, 'I can't afford to pay
Any fixed wages, though I wish I
could.'

'Some one else can.' 'Then some one
else will have to.'

I shouldn't mind his bettering him-
self 25

If that was what it was. You can be
certain,

When he begins like that, there's
some one at him

Trying to coax him off with pocket-
money,—

In haying time, when any help is
scarce.

In winter he comes back to us. I'm
done." 30

"Sh! not so loud: he'll hear you,"
Mary said.

"I want him to: he'll have to soon or
late."

"He's worn out. He's asleep beside
the stove.

When I came up from Rowe's I
found him here,

Huddled against the barn-door fast
asleep, 35

A miserable sight, and frightening,
too—

You needn't smile—I didn't recognize
him—

I wasn't looking for him—and he's
changed.

Wait till you see."

"Where did you say he'd
been?"

"He didn't say. I dragged him to the
house, 40

And gave him tea and tried to make
him smoke.

I tried to make him talk about his
travels.

Nothing would do: he just kept nod-
ding off."

"What did he say? Did he say any-
thing?"

"But little."

"Anything? Mary, confess
He said he'd come to ditch the
meadow for me."

"Warren!"

"But did he? I just want
to know."

"Of course he did. What would you
have him say?

Surely you wouldn't grudge the poor
old man

Some humble way to save his self-
respect.

He added, if you really care to know,
He meant to clear the upper pasture,
too.

That sounds like something you have
heard before?

Warren, I wish you could have heard
the way

He jumbled everything. I stopped to
look

Two or three times—he made me feel
so queer—

To see if he was talking in his sleep.

He ran on Harold Wilson—you re-
member—

The boy you had in haying four years
since.

He's finished school, and teaching in
his college.

Silas declares you'll have to get him
back.

He says they two will make a team
for work:

Between them they will lay this farm
as smooth!

The way he mixed that in with other
things.

He thinks young Wilson a likely lad,
though daft

On education—you know how they
fought

All through July under the blazing
sun,

Silas up on the cart to build the load,
Harold along beside to pitch it on."

"Yes, I took care to keep well out of
earshot."

"Well, those days trouble Silas like a
dream.

You wouldn't think they would.

How some things linger!

Harold's young college boy's assur-
ance piqued him.

After so many years he still keeps
finding

Good arguments he sees he might
have used.

I sympathize. I know just how it
feels

To think of the right thing to say too
late.

Harold's associated in his mind with
Latin.

He asked me what I thought of
Harold's saying

He studied Latin like the violin
Because he liked it—that an argu-
ment!

He said he couldn't make the boy
believe

He could find water with a hazel
prong—

Which showed how much good
school had ever done him.

He wanted to go over that. But
most of all

He thinks if he could have another
chance

To teach him how to build a load of
hay—"

"I know, that's Silas' one accomplishment.

He bundles every forkful in its place,

And tags and numbers it for future reference, 90

So he can find and easily dislodge it
In the unloading. Silas does that well.

He takes it out in bunches like big birds' nests.

You never see him standing on the hay

He's trying to lift, straining to lift himself." 95

"He thinks if he could teach him that, he'd be

Some good perhaps to some one in the world.

He hates to see a boy the fool of books.

Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,

And nothing to look backward to with pride, 100

And nothing to look forward to with hope,

So now and never any different."

Part of a moon was falling down the west,

Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.

Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw 105

And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand

Among the harp-like morning-glory strings,

Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,

As if she played unheard the tenderness

That wrought on him beside her in the night. 110

"Warren," she said, "he has come home to die:

You needn't be afraid he'll leave you this time."

"Home," he mocked gently.

"Yes, what else but home?

It all depends on what you mean by home.

Of course he's nothing to us, any more 115

Than was the hound that came a stranger to us

Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail."

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,

They have to take you in."

"I should have called it

Something you somehow haven't to deserve." 120

Warren leaned out and took a step or two,

Picked up a little stick, and brought it back

And broke it in his hand and tossed it by.

"Silas has better claim on us you think Than on his brother? Thirteen little miles 125

As the road winds would bring him to his door.

Silas has walked that far no doubt today.

Why didn't he go there? His brother's rich,

A somebody—director in the bank."

"He never told us that."

"We know it though."

"I think his brother ought to help, of
course. 131

I'll see to that if there is need. He
ought of right
To take him in, and might be will-
ing to—

He may be better than appearances.
But have some pity on Silas. Do you
think 135

If he'd had any pride in claiming
kin

Or anything he looked for from his
brother,

He'd keep so still about him all this
time?"

"I wonder what's between them."

"I can tell you.

Silas is what he is—we wouldn't
mind him— 140

But just the kind that kinsfolk can't
abide.

He never did a thing so very bad.

He don't know why he isn't quite as
good

As any one. He won't be made
ashamed

To please his brother, worthless
though he is." 145

"I can't think Si ever hurt any one."

"No, but he hurt my heart the way
he lay

And rolled his old head on that
sharp-edged chair-back.

He wouldn't let me put him on the
lounge.

You must go in and see what you can
do. 150

I made the bed up for him there to-
night.

You'll be surprised at him—how
much he's broken.

His working days are done; I'm sure
of it."

"I'd not be in a hurry to say that."

"I haven't been. Go, look, see for
yourself. 155

But, Warren, please remember how it
is:

He's come to help you ditch the
meadow.

He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at
him.

He may not speak of it, and then he
may.

I'll sit and see if that small sailing
cloud 160

Will hit or miss the moon."

It hit the moon.

Then there were three there, making
a dim row,

The moon, the little silver cloud, and
she.

Warren returned—too soon, it seemed
to her,

Slipped to her side, caught up her
hand and waited. 165

"Warren," she questioned.

"Dead," was all he answered.

WALTER DE LA MARE

*The Listeners*¹

Is there anybody there?" said the
Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit
door;

¹ From *Collected Poems*. By permission of
Henry Holt and Company, publishers.

And his horse in the silence champed
the grasses

Of the forest's ferny floor:

And a bird flew up out of the turret, 5

Above the Traveller's head:

And he smote upon the door again a
second time;

"Is there anybody there?" he said.

But no one descended to the Trav-
eller;

No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey
eyes, 11

Where he stood perplexed and still.

But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the
moonlight 15

To that voice from the world of
men:

Stood thronging the faint moon-
beams on the dark stair,

That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and
shaken

By the lonely Traveller's call. 20

And he felt in his heart their strange-
ness,

Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the
dark turf,

'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door,
even 25

Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one an-
swered,

That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listen-
ers,

Though every word he spake 30
Fell echoing through the shadowi-
ness of the still house

From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stir-
rup,

And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly
backward, 35

When the plunging hoofs were
gone.

VACHEL LINDSAY¹

The Santa-Fé Trail

(A Humoresque)

(I asked the old negro: "What is that bird that sings so well?" He answered: "That is the Rachel-Jane." "Hasn't it another name—lark, or thrush, or the like?" "No. Jus' Rachel-Jane.")

I. IN WHICH A RACING AUTO COMES FROM THE EAST

THIS is the order of the music of the morning:—
First, from the far East comes but a crooning.

The crooning turns to a sunrise singing.

Hark to the *calm*-horn, *bal*m-horn, *psalm*-horn.

Hark to the *faint*-horn, *quaint*-horn, *saint*-horn. . .

*To be sung deli-
cately, to an im-
provvised tune.*

§

¹ From *Collected Poems*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Hark to the *pace*-horn, *chase*-horn, *race*-horn.

And the holy veil of the dawn has gone.

Swiftly the brazen car comes on.

It burns in the East as the sunrise burns.

I see great flashes where the far trail turns.

10

Its eyes are lamps like the eyes of dragons.

It drinks gasoline from big red flagons.

Butting through the delicate mists of the morning,

It comes like lightning, goes past roaring.

It will hail all the windmills, taunting, ringing.

15

Dodge the cyclones,

Count the milestones,

On through the ranges the prairie-dog tills—

Scooting past the cattle on the thousand hills. . . .

Ho for the *tear*-horn, *scare*-horn, *dare*-horn,

20

Ho for the *gay*-horn, *bark*-horn, *bay*-horn.

Ho for Kansas, land that restores us

When houses choke us, and great books bore us!

Sunrise Kansas, harvesters' Kansas,

A million men have found you before us.

25

A million men have found you before us.

II. IN WHICH MANY AUTOS PASS WESTWARD

I want live things in their pride to remain.

I will not kill one grasshopper vain

Though he eats a hole in my shirt like a door.

I let him out, give him one chance more.

30

Perhaps, while he gnaws my hat in his whim,

Grasshopper lyrics occur to him.

I am a tramp by the long trail's border,

Given to squalor, rags and disorder.

I nap and amble and yawn and look,

35

Write fool-thoughts in my grubby book,

Recite to the children, explore at my ease,

Work when I work, beg when I please,

Give crank-drawings, that make folks stare

40

To the half-grown boys in the sunset glare,

And get me a place to sleep in the hay

At the end of a live-and-let-live day.

I find in the stubble of the new-cut weeds

A whisper and a feasting, all one needs:

The whisper of the strawberries, white and red

45

Here where the new-cut weeds lie dead.

*To be sung or
read with great
speed.*

*To be read or
sung in a rolling
bass, with some
deliberation.*

*In an even, delib-
erate, narrative
manner.*

But I would not walk all alone till I die
 Without some life-drunk horns going by.
 And up round this apple-earth they come
 Blasting the whispers of the morning dumb:— 50
 Cars in a plain realistic row.
 And fair dreams fade
 When the raw horns blow.

On each snapping pennant
 A big black name:— 55
 The careering city
 Whence each car came.

They tour from Memphis, Atlanta, Savannah,
 Tallahassee and Texarkana.
 They tour from St. Louis, Columbus, Manistee, 60 *Like a train-caller*
 They tour from Peoria, Davenport, Kankakee. *in a Union Depot.*

Cars from Concord, Niagara, Boston,
 Cars from Topeka, Emporia, and Austin.
 Cars from Chicago, Hannibal, Cairo.
 Cars from Alton, Oswego, Toledo. 65
 Cars from Buffalo, Kokomo, Delphi,
 Cars from Lodi, Carmi, Loami.

Ho for Kansas, land that restores us
 When houses choke us, and great books bore us!
 While I watch the highroad 70
 And look at the sky,

While I watch the clouds in amazing grandeur
 Roll their legions without rain

Over the blistering Kansas plain—
 While I sit by the milestone 75

And watch the sky,

The United States

Goes by.

Listen to the iron horns, ripping, racking.

Listen to the quack-horns, slack and clacking. 80 *To be given very*
 Way down the road, trilling like a toad, *harshly, with a*
snapping explo-
siveness.

Here comes the *dice*-horn, here comes the *vice*-horn,
 Here comes the *snarl*-horn, *brawl*-horn, *lewd*-horn,
 Followed by the *prude*-horn, bleak and squeaking:—
 (Some of them from Kansas, some of them from Kansas.) 85

Here comes the *hod*-horn, *plod*-horn, *sod*-horn,
 Nevermore-to-roam-horn, *loam*-horn, *home*-horn.
 (Some of them from Kansas, some of them from Kansas.)

Far away the Rachel-Jane

Not defeated by the horns 90 *To be read or*
sung, well-nigh
in a whisper.

Sings amid a hedge of thorns:—

“Love and life,

Eternal youth—

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,

Dew and glory,

Love and truth,

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet.”

95

WHILE SMOKE-BLACK FREIGHTS ON THE DOUBLE-TRACKED RAILROAD,

DRIVEN AS THOUGH BY THE FOUL FIEND'S OX-GOAD,

SCREAMING TO THE WEST COAST, SCREAMING TO THE EAST,

CARRY OFF A HARVEST, BRING BACK A FEAST,

AND HARVESTING MACHINERY AND HARNESS FOR THE BEAST,

THE HAND-CARS WHIZ, AND RATTLE ON THE RAILS,

THE SUNLIGHT FLASHES ON THE TIN DINNER-PAILS.

And then, in an instant, ye modern men,

Behold the procession once again,

The United States goes by!

Listen to the iron-horns, ripping, racking,

Listen to the *wise*-horn, desperate-to-*advise* horn,

Listen to the *fast*-horn, *kill*-horn, *blast*-horn. . .

Far away the Rachel-Jane

Not defeated by the horns

Sings amid a hedge of thorns:—

“Love and life,

*Louder and louder,
faster and
faster.*

*In a rolling bass,
with increasing
deliberation.*

*With a snapping
explosiveness.*

110

*To be sung or
read well-nigh in
a whisper.*

Eternal youth,

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,

Dew and glory,

Love and truth.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet.”

115

The mufflers open on a score of cars

With wonderful thunder,

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK,

CRACK-CRACK, CRACK-CRACK,

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK,

Listen to the gold-horn . . .

Old horn . . .

Cold horn . . .

And all of the tunes, till the night comes down

On hay-stack, and ant-hill, and wind-bitten town.

Then far in the west, as in the beginning,

Dim in the distance, sweet in retreating,

Hark to the faint-horn, quaint-horn, saint-horn,

Hark to the calm-horn, balm-horn, psalm-horn. . . .

*To be bawled in
the beginning
with a snapping
explosiveness, end-
ing in a languor-
ous chant.*

125

*To be sung to ex-
actly the same
whispered tune as
the first five lines.*

130

They are hunting the goals that they understand:—
San Francisco and the brown sea-sand.

My goal is the mystery that beggars win.
I am caught in the web the night-winds spin,
The edge of the wheat-ridge speaks to me.
I talk with the leaves of the mulberry tree.

And now I hear, as I sit all alone
In the dusk, by another big Santa-Fé stone,
The souls of the tall corn gathering round
And the gay little souls of the grass in the ground.
Listen to the tale the cottonwood tells.

Listen to the windmills, singing o'er the wells.

Listen to the whistling flutes without price

Of myriad prophets out of paradise.

Harken to the wonder

That the night-air carries. . . .

Listen . . . to . . . the . . . whisper . . .

Of . . . the . . . prairie . . . fairies

Singing o'er the fairy plain:—

"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet.

Love and glory,

Stars and rain,

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet. . . ."

*This section be-
ginning sonorous-
ly, ending in a
languorous whis-
per.*

135

140

145

150

155

*To the same whis-
pered tune as the
Rachel-Jane song
—but very slowly.*

ELEGIES

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Rugby Chapel

NOVEMBER, 1857

COLDLY, sadly descends
 The autumn-evening. The
 field
 Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
 Of withered leaves, and the elms,
 Fade into dimness apace, 5
 Silent;—hardly a shout
 From a few boys late at their play!
 The lights come out in the street,
 In the school-room windows;—but
 cold,
 Solemn, unlighted, austere, 10
 Through the gathering darkness, arise
 The chapel-walls, in whose bound
 Thou, my father! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom
 Of the autumn evening. But ah! 15
 That word, *gloom*, to my mind
 Brings thee back, in the light
 Of thy radiant vigor, again;
 In the gloom of November we passed
 Days not dark at thy side; 20
 Seasons impaired not the ray
 Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear.
 Such thou wast! and I stand
 In the autumn evening, and think
 Of bygone autumns with thee. 25

Fifteen years have gone round
 Since thou arosest to tread,
 In the summer-morning, the road
 Of death, at a call unforeseen,
 Sudden. For fifteen years, 30
 We who till then in thy shade
 Rested as under the boughs

Of a mighty oak, have endured
 Sunshine and rain as we might,
 Bare, unshaded, alone, 35
 Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore
 Tarest thou now? For that force,
 Surely, has not been left vain!
 Somewhere, surely, afar, 40
 In the sounding labor-house vast
 Of being, is practiced that strength,
 Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
 Conscious or not of the past, 45
 Still thou performest the word
 Of the Spirit in whom thou dost
 live—

Prompt, unwearied, as here!
 Still thou upraisest with zeal
 The humble good from the ground,
 Sternly represses the bad! 51
 Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
 Those who with half-open eyes
 Tread the border-land dim
 'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st, 55
 Succorest!—this was thy work,
 This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
 Of mortal men on the earth?—
 Most men eddy about 60
 Here and there—eat and drink,
 Chatter and love and hate,
 Gather and squander, are raised
 Aloft, are hurled in the dust,
 Striving, blindly, achieving 65
 Nothing; and then they die—
 Perish;—and no one asks
 Who or what they have been,

More than he asks what waves,
 In the moonlit solitudes mild 70
 Of the midmost Ocean, have swelled,
 Foamed for a moment, and gone.

And there are some, whom a thirst
 Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
 Not with the crowd to be spent, 75
 Not without aim to go round
 In an eddy of purposeless dust,
 Effort unmeaning and vain.
 Ah yes! some of us strive
 Not without action to die 80
 Fruitless, but something to snatch
 From dull oblivion, nor all
 Glut the devouring gravel!
 We, we have chosen our path—
 Path to a clear-purposed goal, 85
 Path of advance!—but it leads
 A long, steep journey, through sunk
 Gorges, o'er mountains in snow.
 Cheerful, with friends, we set forth—
 Then, on the height, comes the storm.
 Thunder crashes from rock 91
 To rock, the cataracts reply,
 Lightnings dazzle our eyes.
 Roaring torrents have breached
 The track, the stream-bed descends 95
 In the place where the wayfarer once
 Planted his footstep—the spray
 Boils o'er its borders! aloft
 The unseen snow-beds dislodge
 Their hanging ruin; alas, 100
 Havoc is made in our train!
 Friends, who set forth at our side,
 Falter, are lost in the storm.
 We, we only are left! 104
 With frowning foreheads, with lips
 Sternly compressed, we strain on,
 On—and at nightfall at last
 Come to the end of our way,
 To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;
 Where the gaunt and taciturn host 110
 Stands on the threshold, the wind
 Shaking his thin white hairs—

Holds his lantern to scan
 Our storm-beat figures, and asks:
 Whom in our party we bring? 115
 Whom we have left in the snow?

Sadly we answer: We bring
 Only ourselves! we lost
 Sight of the rest in the storm. 119
 Hardly ourselves we fought through,
 Stripped, without friends, as we are.
 Friends, companions, and train,
 The avalanche swept from our side.

But thou wouldst not *alone*
 Be saved, my father! *alone* 125
 Conquer and come to thy goal,
 Leaving the rest in the wild.
 We were weary, and we
 Fearful, and we in our march
 Fain to drop down and to die. 130
 Still thou turnedst, and still
 Beckonedst the trembler, and still
 Gavest the weary thy hand.

If, in the paths of the world,
 Stones might have wounded thy feet,
 Toil or dejection have tried 136
 Thy spirit, of that we saw
 Nothing—to us thou wast still
 Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
 Therefore to thee it was given 140
 Many to save with thyself;
 And, at the end of thy day,
 O faithful shepherd; to come,
 Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

And through thee I believe 145
 In the noble and great who are gone;
 Pure souls honored and blest
 By former ages, who else—
 Such, so soulless, so poor,
 Is the race of men whom I see— 150
 Seemed but a dream of the heart,
 Seemed but a cry of desire.
 Yes! I believe that there lived

Others like thee in the past,
 Not like the men of the crowd 155
 Who all round me to-day
 Bluster or cringe, and make life
 Hideous, and arid, and vile;
 But souls tempered with fire,
 Fervent, heroic, and good 160
 Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God!—or sons
 Shall I not call you? because
 Not as servants ye knew
 Your Father's innermost mind, 165
 His, who unwillingly sees
 One of his little ones lost—
 Yours is the praise, if mankind
 Hath not as yet in its march
 Fainted, and fallen, and died! 170

See! In the rocks of the world
 Marches the host of mankind,
 A feeble, wavering line.
 Where are they tending?—A God
 Marshaled them, gave them their
 goal. 175

Ah, but the way is so long!
 Years they have been in the wild!
 Sore thirst plagues them; the rocks,
 Rising all round, overawe;
 Factions divide them, their host 180
 Threatens to break, to dissolve.
 —Ah! keep, keep them combined!
 Else, of the myriads who fill
 That army, not one shall arrive;
 Sole they shall stray; in the rocks 185
 Stagger for ever in vain,
 Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need
 Of your fainting, dispirited race,
 Ye, like angels, appear, 190
 Radiant with ardor divine!
 Beacons of hope, ye appear!
 Languor is not in your heart,
 Weakness is not in your word,

Weariness not on your brow. 195
 Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
 Panic, despair, flee away.
 Ye move through the ranks, recall
 The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
 Praise, re-inspire the bravel 200
 Order, courage, return.
 Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
 Follow your steps as ye go.
 Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
 Strengthen the wavering line, 205
 Stablish, continue our march,
 On, to the bound of the waste,
 On, to the City of God.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

My Sister's Sleep

SHE fell asleep on Christmas Eve.
 At length the long-ungranted
 shade
 Of weary eyelids overweighed
 The pain nought else might yet re-
 lieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day 5
 Over the bed from chime to chime,
 Then raised herself for the first
 time,
 And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
 With work to finish. For the glare
 Made by her candle, she had care 11
 To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
 Of winter radiance sheer and thin;
 The hollow halo it was in 15
 Was like an icy crystal cup.

Through the small room, with subtle
 sound
 Of flame, by vents the fire-shine
 drove

And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round. 20

I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and
blank;
Like a sharp strengthening wine it
drank

The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by
dwindling years 25
Heard in each hour, crept off; and
then

The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat:
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown 31
Settled: no other noise than that.

"Glory unto the Newly Born!"
So, as said angels, she did say;
Because we were in Christmas Day,
Though it would still be long till
morn. 36

Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

With anxious softly-stepping haste 41
Our mother went where Margaret
lay,

Fearing the sounds o'erhead—
should they
Have broken her long watched-for
rest!

She stooped an instant, calm, and
turned; 45

But suddenly turned back again;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and
yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no
word: 50

There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept:
And both my arms fell, and I said,
"God knows I knew that she was
dead." 55

And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
A little after twelve o'clock,

We said, ere the first quarter struck,
"Christ's blessing on the newly
born!" 60

VACHEL LINDSAY

*The Eagle That Is Forgotten*¹

(John P. Altgeld. Born December 30, 1847; died March 12, 1902)

SLEEP softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone.
Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.

"We have buried him now," thought your foes, and in secret rejoiced.
They made a brave show of their mourning, their hatred unvoiced.

¹ From *Collected Poems* by Vachel Lindsay. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

They had snarled at you, barked at you, foamed at you day after day, 5
Now you were ended. They praised you, . . . and laid you away.

The others that mourned you in silence and terror and truth,
The widow bereft of her crust, and the boy without youth,
The mocked and the scorned and the wounded, the lame and the poor
That should have remembered forever, . . . remember no more. 10

Where are those lovers of yours, on what name do they call
The lost, that in armies wept over your funeral pall?
They call on the names of a hundred high-valiant ones,
A hundred white eagles have risen the sons of your sons,
The zeal in their wings is a zeal that your dreaming began 15
The valor that wore out your soul in the service of man.

Sleep softly, . . . eagle forgotten, . . . under the stone,
Time has its way with you there and the clay has its own.
Sleep on, O brave-hearted, O wise man, that kindled the flame—
To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name, 20
To live in mankind, far, far more . . . than to live in a name.

JAMES STEPHENS

*Deirdre*¹

Do not let any woman read
this verse!
It is for men, and after
them their sons,
And their sons' sons!

The time comes when our hearts
sink utterly;
When we remember Deirdre and her
tale, 5
And that her lips are dust.

Once she did tread the earth: men
took her hand;
They looked into her eyes and said
their say,
And she replied to them.

More than two thousand years it is
since she 10

Was beautiful: she trod the waving
grass;
She saw the clouds.
Two thousand years! The grass is
still the same;
The clouds as lovely as they were that
time

When Deirdre was alive. 15

But there has been again no woman
born
Who was so beautiful; not one so
beautiful
Of all the women born.

Let all men go apart and mourn to-
gether!

No man can ever love her! Not a
man 20

¹ From *Collected Poems*. By permission of
The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Can dream to be her lover!

No man can bend before her! No
man say—

What could one say to her? There
are no words

That one could say to her!

Now she is but a story that is
told 25

Beside the fire! No man can ever be
The friend of that poor queen!

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, 5
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsmen of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not
stay, 10

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 15

After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honors out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the
man. 20

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 25
Will flock to gaze the strengthless
dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

O D E S

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Ode to Duty

STERN Daughter of the Voice of
God!

O Duty! If that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law 5
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail
humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely 11
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or
blot;
Who do thy work, and know it
not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread
Power! around them cast. 16

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security. 20
And they a blissful course may
hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according
to their need.
I, loving freedom, and untried; 25
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,

Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was
heard

Thy timely mandate, I deferred 30
The task, in smother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more
strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me
wrought,
I supplicate for thy control; 35
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their
name,
I long for a repose that ever is the
same. 40

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their
beds 45
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from
wrong;
And the most ancient heavens,
through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend 51
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weaknes have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice; 55
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bond-
man let me live!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Ode to the West Wind

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath
 of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen
 presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an en-
 chanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and
 hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O
 thou, 5
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry
 bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie
 cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave,
 until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall
 blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth,
 and fill 10
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to
 feed in air)
 With living hues and odors plain and
 hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving every-
 where;
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh,
 hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the
 steep sky's commotion, 15
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying
 leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of
 Heaven and Ocean.

Angels of rain and lightning: there
 are spread

On the blue surface of thine aëry
 surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the
 head 20

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the
 dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
 The locks of the approaching storm.
 Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this
 closing night 24
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated
 might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmos-
 phere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will
 burst: oh, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his
 summer dreams
 The blue Mediterranean, where he
 lay, 30
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline
 streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and
 towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser
 day,

All overgrown with azure moss and
 flowers 35
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing
 them! Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level
 powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while
 far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods
 which wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean,
 know 40

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray
 with fear,
 And tremble and despoil themselves:
 oh, hear!

iv

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest
 bear;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with
 thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power,
 and share 45

The impulse of thy strength, only less
 free
 Than thou, O uncontrollable! If
 even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could
 be

The comrade of thy wanderings over
 Heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skyey
 speed 50
 Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er
 have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my
 sore need.
 Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a
 cloud!
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained
 and bowed 55
 One too like thee: tameless, and swift
 and proud.

v

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest
 is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its
 own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal
 tone, 60
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou,
 Spirit fierce,
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous
 one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the
 universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a
 new birth! 64
 And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished
 hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among
 mankind!
 Be through my lips to unawakened
 earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O,
 Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far
 behind? 70

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 ex-
 press
 A flowery tale more sweetly than
 our rime:

What leaf-fringed legend haunts
about thy shape 5

Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What
maidens loath?

What mad pursuit? What struggle
to escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What
wild ecstasy? 10

Heard melodies are sweet, but those
unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,
play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more en-
deared,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou
canst not leave 15

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! 20

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that can-
not shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring
adieu;

And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;

More happy lovel more happy, happy
love! 25

For ever warm and still to be en-
joyed,

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 parch-
ing tongue. 30

Who are these coming to the sacri-
fice?

To what green altar, O mysterious
priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the
skies,

And all her silken flanks with gar-
lands dressed?

What little town by river or sea-
shore,

Or mountain-built with peaceful
citadel, 36

Is emptied of this folk, this pious
morn?

And, little town, thy streets for ever-
more

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou are desolate, can e'er
return. 40

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with
brede

Of marble men and maidens over-
wrought,

With forest branches and the trodden
weed;

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out
of thought

As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral! 45

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. 50

WALT WHITMAN

Pioneers! O Pioneers!

COME my tan-faced children,
 Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
 Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
 We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
 We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
 So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
 Plain I see you Western youths, see you trampling with the foremost,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
 Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
 We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
 We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
 Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
 Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
 Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
 We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
 We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
 From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
 From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
 Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood inter-
 vein'd,
 All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern, 35
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless restless race!
 O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
 O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all,
 Pioneers! O pioneers! 40

Raise the mighty mother mistress,
 Waving high the delicate mistress, over all the starry mistress (bend your
 heads all),
 Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress, stern, impassive, weapon'd mistress,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

See my children, resolute children, 45
 By those swarms upon our ear we must never yield or falter,
 Ages back in ghostly millions frowning there behind us urging,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

On and on the compact ranks,
 With accessions ever waiting, with the places of the dead quickly fill'd, 50
 Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never stopping,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

O to die advancing on!
 Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour come?
 Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the gap is fill'd, 55
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the pulses of the world,
 Falling in they beat for us, with the Western movement beat,
 Holding single or together, steady moving to the front, all for us,
 Pioneers! O pioneers! 60

Life's involv'd and varied pageants,
 All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their work,
 All the seamen and the landsmen, all the masters with their slaves,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the hapless silent lovers, 65
 All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and the wicked,
 All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the dying,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

I too with my soul and body,
We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way, 70
Through these shores amid the shadows, with the apparitions pressing.
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Lo, the darting bowling orb!
Lo, the brother orbs around, all the clustering suns and planets,
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams, 75
Pioneers! O pioneers!

There are of us, they are with us,
All for primal needed work, while the followers there in embryo wait behind,
We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing, 80
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you daughters of the West!
O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and you wives!
Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move united,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies! 85
(Shrouded bards of other lands, you may rest, you have done your work,)
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tramp amid us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious, 90
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they lock'd and bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground, 95
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged nodding on our
way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious, 100
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

CARL SANDBURG

*Chicago*¹

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: 3

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
 gunmen 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. 10
 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, 15
 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, 20
 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, sweat-
 ing, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with
 Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

¹ From *Chicago Poems*, copyright, 1916, Henry Holt and Company. By permission of the publishers.

ALLEN TATE

*Ode to the Confederate Dead*¹

Row after row with strict im-
 punity
 The headstones yield their
 names to the element,
 The wind whirrs without recollection;
 In the riven troughs the splayed
 leaves
 Pile up, of nature the casual sacra-
 ment⁵
 To the seasonal eternity of death,
 Then driven by the fierce scrutiny
 Of heaven to their business in the vast
 breath,
 They sough the rumor of mortality.

Autumn is desolation in the plot¹⁰
 Of a thousand acres, where these
 memories grow
 From the inexhaustible bodies that
 are not
 Dead, but feed the grass row after
 rich row:
 Remember now the autumns that
 have gone—
 Ambitious November with the hu-
 mors of the year,¹⁵
 With a particular zeal for every slab,
 Staining the uncomfortable angels
 that rot
 On the slabs, a wing chipped here,
 an arm there:
 The brute curiosity of an angel's stare
 Turns you like them to stone,²⁰
 Transforms the heaving air,
 Till plunged to a heavier world be-
 low
 You shift your sea-space blindly,
 Heaving, turning like the blind crab.

¹ From *Poems, 1928-1931*, by Allen Tate. By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Dazed by the wind, only the wind
 The leaves flying, plunge²⁶

You know who have waited by the
 wall
 The twilit certainty of an animal;
 Those midnight restitutions of the
 blood
 You know—the immitigable pines,
 the smoky frieze³⁰
 Of the sky, the sudden call; you know
 the rage—
 The cold pool left by the mounting
 flood—
 The rage of Zeno and Parmenides.
 You who have waited for the angry
 resolution
 Of those desires that should be yours
 tomorrow,³⁵
 You know the unimportant shrift of
 death
 And praise the vision
 And praise the arrogant circumstance
 Of those who fall
 Rank upon rank, hurried beyond de-
 cision—⁴⁰
 Here by the sagging gate, stopped
 by the wall.

Seeing, seeing only the leaves
 Flying, plunge and expire

Turn your eyes to the immoderate
 past
 Turn to the inscrutable infantry ris-
 ing⁴⁵
 Demons out of the earth—they will
 not last.
 Stonewall, Stonewall—and the sunken
 fields of hemp
 Shiloh, Antietam, Malvern Hill, Bull
 Run.
 Lost in that orient of the thick and
 fast
 You will curse the setting sun⁵⁰

Cursing only the leaves crying
Like an old man in a storm

You hear the shout—the crazy hem-
locks point
With troubled fingers to the silence
which
Smothers you, a mummy, in time.
The hound bitch ⁵⁵
Toothless and dying, in a musty cel-
lar
Hears the wind only.

Now that the salt of their blood
Stiffens the saltier oblivion of the sea,
Seals the malignant purity of the
flood, ⁶⁰
What shall we, who count our days
and bow

Our heads with a commemorial woe,
In the ribboned coats of grim felicity,
What shall we say of the bones, un-
clean—

Their verdurous anonymity will
grow— ⁶⁵

The ragged arms, the ragged heads
and eyes

Lost in these acres of the insane
green?

The grey lean spiders come; they
come and go;

In a tangle of willows without light
The singular screech-owl's bright ⁷⁰
Invisible lyric seeds the mind

With the furious murmur of their
chivalry.

We shall say only, the leaves
Flying, plunge and expire

We shall say only, the leaves whisper-
ing ⁷⁵

In the improbable mist of nightfall
That flies on multiple wing:
Night is the beginning and the end,
And in between the ends of distrac-
tion

Waits mute speculation, the patient
curse ⁸⁰

That stones the eyes, or like the jag-
uar leaps

For his own image in a jungle pool,
his victim.

What shall we say who have knowl-
edge

Carried to the heart? Shall we take
the act

To the grave? Shall we, more hope-
ful, set up the grave ⁸⁵

In the house? The ravenous grave?

Leave now
The turnstile and the old stone wall:
The gentle serpent, green in the mul-
berry bush,

Riots with his tongue through the
hush— ⁹⁰

Sentinel of the grave who counts us
all

SONGS

ROBERT BURNS

Willie Brewed a Peck O' Maut

O WILLIE brewed a peck o'
maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to
see;

Three blither hearts, that lee-lang
night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

Chorus

We are na fou, we're no that fou, 5
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may crawl, the day may
daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys.
Three merry boys, I trow, are we; 10
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to bel

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us
hame,
But, by my sooth! she'll wait a wee.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king among us three! 20

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, 5
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon
thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy
screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumber-
ing fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neigh-
boring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear
winding rills; 10
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. 20

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.

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear, 5
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine; 10
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary
foot 15
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled i' the burn,
From morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne. 20

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie
waught,
For auld lang syne.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Break, Break, Break

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O
Seal!
And I would that my tongue could
utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy, 5
That he shouts with his sister at
play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the
bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill; 10
But O for the touch of a vanished
hand,
And the sound of a voice that is
still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Seal
But the tender grace of a day that is
dead 15
Will never come back to me.

The Splendor Falls

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the
lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in
glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes
flying, 5
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther go-
ing!

O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 10
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
 dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul, 15
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying,
 dying, dying.

ROBERT BROWNING

Marching Along

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his
 King,
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
 And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
 And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
 Marched them along, fifty-score
 strong, 5
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
 To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
 Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
 Hands from the pasty, nor bite take
 nor sup 10
 Till you're—

CHO.—Marching along, fifty-score
 strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen,
 singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell.
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
 England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here, 16

CHO.—Marching along, fifty-score
 strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen,
 singing this song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles! 20
 Hold by the right, you double your might;
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

CHO.—Marching along, fifty-score
 strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen,
 singing this song!

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

When I Am Dead, My Dearest

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me:
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree:
 Be the green grass above me 5

With showers and dewdrops wet:
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not see the rain; 10
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain.
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember, 15
And haply may forget.

F. W. BOURDILLON

The Night Has A Thousand Eyes

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright
world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes, 5
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

*Gaudeamus Igitur*¹

LET us live, then, and be glad
While young life's before us!
After youthful pastime had,
After old age hard and sad,
Earth will slumber o'er us. 5

Where are they who in this world,
Ere we kept, were keeping?
Go ye to the gods above;
Go to hell; inquire thereof.
They are not; they're sleeping. 10

Brief is life, and brevity
Briefly shall be ended.
Death comes like a whirlwind
strong,
Bears us with his blast along;
None shall be defended. 15

Live this university,
Men that learning nourish;
Live each member of the same,
Long live all that bear its name;
Let them ever flourish! 20

Live the commonwealth also,
And the men that guide it!
Live our town in strength and
health,
Founders, patrons, by whose
wealth
We are here provided! 25

Live all girls! A health to you
Melting maids and beauteous!
Live the wives and women too,
Gentle, loving, tender, true,
Good, industrious, duteous! 30

Perish cares that pule and pine!
Perish envious blamers!
Die the Devil, thine and mine!
Die the starch-necked Philis-
tine!
Scoffers and defamers! 35

¹ From a medieval Latin students' song

LIGHTER LYRICS

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE

The Exchange

WE pledged our hearts, my love
and I,—
I in my arms the maiden
clasping:
I could not tell the reason why,
But oh! I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's love she bade me gain; 5
I went, and shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man in vain!
We had exchanged our hearts in-
deed.

If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
O! winds could not outrun me. 20

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing? 25
No—vain, alas! th'endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever. 30

THOMAS MOORE

The Time I've Lost in Wooing

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing. 5

Tho' wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were women's looks,
And folly's all they taught me. 10

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted. 15

Like him, too, Beauty won me;
But when the spell was on me,

LEIGH HUNT

Rondeau

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat
in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad, 5
Say that health and wealth have
missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add.
Jenny kissed me!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

Love in a Cottage

THEY may talk of love in a cot-
tage,
And bowers of trellised vine,—
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine;

They may talk of the pleasure of
sleeping 5

In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning
By the side of a footstep free.

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier, 10
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near:
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover 15
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies,
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies. 20
You lie down to your shady slumber
And awake with a bug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the
morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet, 25
And mightily likes his ease,
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing, 30
And his arrow is tipped with a jewel
And shot from a silver string.

THOMAS HOOD, JR.

A Letter of Advice

WHEN you love—as all men
will—
Sing the theme of your de-
votion,
Sue—and vow—and worship still—
Overflow with deep emotion,

Bow to Cupid's sweet decrees, 5
Lightly wear the happy fetter,
Bend the knee and plead! But please,
Do not write your love a letter!

Ah! most tempting it may be: 9
Ink flows free—and pens will write,
And your passion fain you'd see
Plainly mapped in black and white.
Yet refrain from shedding ink,
If you can:—'tis wiser—better.
Ere you pen a sentence, think! 15
Do not write your love a letter.

Hearts may cool and views may
change—
Other scenes may seem inviting,
But a heart can't safely range
If committed 'tis to writing. 20
What you've written is a writ,
Holds you closely as a debtor.
Will she spare you? Not a bit!
Do not write your love a letter!

Think of Breach of Promise cause, 25
Think of barristers provoking,
Leading you to slips and flaws,
Turning all your love to joking.
If you've written aught, they'll be
Safe to find it as a setter— 30
Ten you'll wish you'd hearkened
me—
Do not write your love a letter!

Oh, those letters read in Court!
How the tender things seem stupid!
How deep feeling seems but sport! 35
How young Momus trips up Cu-
pid!
Take my warning then—or soon,
O'er your folly you'll be fretter,
Saying, "Why, poor, foolish spoon,
Did I write my love a letter?" 40

FREDERICK
LOCKER-LAMPSON

A Terrible Infant

I RECOLLECT a nurse call'd Ann
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fine young
man
Came up and kiss'd the pretty lass.
She did not make the least objection!
Thinks I, "Aha!" 6
When I can talk I'll tell Mam-
ma!"—
And that's my earliest recollection.

W. E. HENLEY

Ballade Made in the Hot Weather

MOUNTAINS that frisk and
sprinkle
The moss they overspill;
Grass that the breezes crinkle;
The wheel beside the mill,
With its wet, weedy frill; 5
Wind-shadows in the wheat;
A water-cart in the street;
The fringe of foam that girds
An islet's ferneries;
A green sky's minor thirds— 10
To live, I think of these!

Of ice and glass the tinkle,
Pellucid, silver-shrill;
Peaches without a wrinkle;
Cherries and snow, at will 15
From china bowls that fill
The senses with a sweet
Incuriousness of heat;
A melon's dripping sherds;
Cream-clotted strawberries; 20
Dusk dairies set with curds—
To live, I think of these!

Vale-lily and periwinkle;
Wet stone-crop on the sill;
The look of leaves a-twinkle 25
With windlets clear and still;
The feel of a forest rill
That wimples fresh and fleet
About one's naked feet;
The muzzles of drinking herds; 30
Lush flags and bulrushes;
The chirp of rain-bound birds—
To live, I think of these!

Envoy

Dark aisles, new packs of cards,
Mermaids' tails, cool swards, 35
Dawn dewes and starlit seas,
White marbles, whiter words—
To live, I think of these!

AUSTIN DOBSON

The Ballade of Prose and Rhyme

WHEN the ways are heavy with
mire and rut,
In November fogs, in De-
cember snows,
When the North Wind howls, and
the doors are shut,—
There is place and enough for the
pains of prose;
But whenever a scent from the
whitethorn blows, 5
And the jasmine-stars at the casement
climb,
And a Rosalind-face at the lattice
shows,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing
rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty
nut,

When the reason stands on its
squares toes, 10
When the mind (like a beard) has a
"formal cut,"—

There is place and enough for the
pains of prose;
But whenever the May-blood stirs
and glows,
And the young year draws to the
"golden prime,"

And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a
rose, 15
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing
rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts have
a pedant strut,

In a changing quarrel of "Ayes"
and "Noes,"

In a starched procession of "If" and
"But,"—

There is place and enough for the
pains of prose; 20
But wherever a soft glance softer
grows,

And the light hours dance to the
trysting-time,

And the secret is told "that no one
knows,"

Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing
rhyme!

Envoy

In the work-a-day world, for its needs
and woes, 25

There is place and enough for the
pains of prose;

But whenever the May-bells clash and
chime,

Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing
rhyme!

Urceus Exit

I intended an Ode,
And it turned to a Sonnet.

It began à la mode,

I intended an Ode;

But Rose crossed the road 5

In her latest new bonnet;

I intended an Ode;

And it turned to a Sonnet.

ARTHUR KIDD

*Their Mother Tongue*¹

According to Professor Greet of New York,
King Alfred said "Oh, yeah" since he used the
Saxon word "Gea" as an affirmative and pro-
nounced the "g" as "y."

A PICKER-UP of crumbs at Learn-
ing's table,
I love to loiter at Gamaliel's
feet

And feast on such a dainty (dropped
by cable)

Fresh from the menu of Professor
Greet.

Though otherwise the word was spelt
and written, 5

'Tis comforting at any rate to know
King Alfred spilled a mouthful too in
Britain

Ten centuries ago.

As acting-cook (incognito) it may be
Upon that fabled and historic day 10

He soothed the irate dame with
"O.K., Baby!"

Or e'er she chucked the ruined cake
away.

"Big boy!" would burst from him per-
chance *instantly*

Over some deed of prowess; while
mayhap

He dubbed the Danish foe, by way
of banter, 15

A "Hoodlum" * or a "Sap." †

¹ Reprinted by permission of the Proprietors
of 'PUNCH'.

* A disturber of the peace. † A stupid per-
son

If a stout henchman brought him in-
formation

Of Guthrum's bandits smitten thigh
and hip,

It may be the jejune ejaculation

"Hot dog!" fell slickly from the
royal lip. 20

Doubtless at Wedmore, when beneath
his banner

The courtiers knelt beside the kingly
chair,

He murmured in his most disarming
manner,

"Say, Bo, just put it there!"

We have no evidence to back the
thesis; 25

But, though some rival pundit may
elect

To tear the good Professor's views to
pieces,

I much prefer to think that he's
correct.

No longer I'll be guilty of the folly
Of looking on this lingo as ta-
boo,

Seeing that even in the Wood called
Holly 31

They talk King's English too.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

The Ballad of Dead Ladies

From *François Villon*

TELL me now in what hidden
way is
Lady Flora the lovely Ro-
man?

Where's Hipparchia, and where is
Thaïs,

Neither of them the fairer woman?
Where is Echo, beheld of no
man, 5

Only heard on river and mere,—

She whose beauty was more than
human? . . .

But where are the snows of yester-
year?

Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,

For whose sake Abeillard, I
ween, 10

Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
(From Love he won such dule and
teen!)

And where, I pray you, is the Queen
Who willed that Buridan should steer
Sewed in a sack's mouth down the
Seine? . . . 15

But where are the snows of yester-
year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of
lilies,

With a voice like any mermaid,—

Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
And Ermengarde the lady of
Maine,— 20

And that good Joan whom English-
men

At Rouen doomed and burned her
there,—

Mother of God, where are they
then? . . .

But where are the snows of yester-
year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord, 25
Where they are gone, nor yet this
year,

Except with this for an overword,—
"But where are the snows of yester-
year?"

E. B. WHITE

*The Twentieth Century Gets
Through*¹

The Twentieth Century Limited, First Time
It Has Reached City This Winter Covered with
Icicles It Forged Its Way Through the Bliz-
zards Upstate and in the West Mae Murray
is Pictured Standing Beside the Train.—*Caption*
of photograph in *The World* (New York City).

THE storm king whistled from
out the North
As the crack old Limited train
set forth,
With a hey nonny nonny.

The snow blew strong through the
long, long night,
And settled on objects left and
right,
But the Twentieth Century ploughed
on through
As a limited train is supposed to do,
With Buffalo, Syracuse, Canastota,
Beneath more snow than their usual
quota,
And a hey nonny nonny.

From the chilly blast and the raging
gale,
The Century gathered a coat of mail,
And through the blizzard it plunged
and reared
With ice for whiskers, snow for a
beard,
Through miles of sleet and hours of
snowing
There was one bright thought that
kept it going:
"If I get to New York in a great big
hurry

¹ From *The Fox of Peapack and Other Poems*. Harper & Brothers, 1938, by permis-
sion.

"They'll take my picture with sweet
Mae Murray,
"With a hey nonny nonny,
And a mae murray murray."

20

That was the trend of the Century's
thought
As on through the fearful night it
fought:

"I couldn't keep on through the Mo-
hawk Valley

"For Lillian Gish or Marion Talley,
"But a blizzard to me is the veriest
flurry

25

"If it leads to a photo with Mistress
Murray,

"With a mae murray murray."

So the Century train, with a sob and
a shiver,

Continued its course down the Hud-
son River,

And weary from battling in storm
and stress,

30

Pulled in and was met by the daily
press,

And there, sure enough, looking
warm and furry,

Was the dear little figure of Mistress
Murray

Who, laying a hand on the Century's
ice,

Appeared in all papers in less than a
trice.

35

With a mae murray murray.

Now here is a thing that I'm anxious
to know

In the matter of pictures of ice and
snow:

Assuming that turn-about *is* fair play,
Would photographs work in the
opposite way?

40

Suppose Mae Murray came out of the
West

With snow in her hair and ice on her
chest,
With frost on her eyelid, sleet on her
nose,
Could she make the Twentieth Cen-
tury pose?

Would they take a picture of just
those two, ⁴⁵
Miss Murray's face all chapped and
blue?
With the caption: "Girl Comes
Grimly Through"?

Would the New York Central be
quick to send
The cream of its trains to the side of
a friend
Arriving in town all cold and
shaken ⁵⁰
And ready to have her picture taken?
With a hey nonny nonny?

And unless they would, which I
gravely doubt,
Why, what are these pictures all
about?
With a mae murray murray? ⁵⁵

SATIRE

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

The Latest Decalogue

THOU shalt have one God only;
 who
 Would be at the expense of
 two?

No graven images may be
Worshiped, except the currency:
Swear not at all; for, for thy curse ⁵
Thine enemy is none the worse:
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy
friend:

Honor thy parents: that is, all
From whom advancement may be-
fall; 10

Thou shalt not kill; but need'st not
strive

Officiously to keep alive:

Do not adultery commit;

Advantage rarely comes of it:

Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat, 15
When it's so lucrative to cheat:

Bear not false witness; let the lie

Have time on its own wings to fly:

Thou shalt not covet, but tradition

Approves all forms of competition. 20

EDWIN ARLINGTON
ROBINSON

*Miniver Cheevy*¹

MINIVER CHEEVY, child of scorn,
Grew lean while he assailed
the seasons;
He wept that he was ever born,
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old 5
When swords were bright and
 steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
 Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
And dreamed, and rested from his
 labors; 10
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so
fragrant;

He mourned Romance, now on the
town, 15
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;
He would have sinned incessantly
Could he have been one. 20

Miniver cursed the commonplace
And eyed a khaki suit with loath-
ing;

He missed the mediæval grace
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
But sore annoyed was he without
it; 26

Miniver thought, and thought, and
thought,
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on
thinking; 30

Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
And kept on drinking.

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SIEGFRIED SASSOON

*Base Details*¹

IF I were fierce and bald and short
of breath,
I'd live with scarlet Majors at the
Base,

And speed glum heroes up the line to
death.

You'd see me with my puffy petu-
lant face,
Guzzling and gulping in the best
hotel,

Reading the Roll of Honor. "Poor
young chap,"
I'd say—"I used to know his father
well.

Yes, we've lost heavily in this last
scrap."

And when the war is done and youth
stone dead,

I'd toddle safely home and die—in
bed.

¹ From *Counter-Attack*. By permission of the author.

E. E. CUMMINGS

*Next to of Course God*²

"next to of course god america i
love you land of the pilgrims' and so
forth oh

say can you see by the dawn's early
my

country 'tis of centuries come and go
and are no more what of it we should
worry

in every language even deafanddumb
thy sons acclaim your glorious name
by gorry

by jingo by gee by gosh by gum
why talk of beauty what could be
more beauti-

² From "is 5," published by Boni & Liveright. Copyright, 1926, by Boni & Liveright.

ful than these heroic happy dead
who rushed like lions to the roaring
slaughter

they did not stop to think they died
instead

then shall the voices of liberty be
mute?"

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass
of water.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR

*Reform in Our Town*³

THERE was a man in Our Town
And Jimson was his name,
Who cried, 'Our civic govern-
ment

Is honeycombed with shame."
He called us neighbors in and said, ⁵
"By Graft we're overrun.

Let's have a general cleaning up,
As other towns have done."

The citizens of Our Town
Responded to the call; ¹⁰

Beneath the banner of Reform
We gathered one and all.

We sent away for men expert
In hunting civic sin,
To ask these practised gentlemen ¹⁵
Just how we should begin.

The experts came to Our Town
And told us how 'twas done.
"Begin with Gas and Traction,
And half your fight is won. ²⁰

Begin with Gas and Traction;
The rest will follow soon."

We looked at one another
And hummed a different tune.

Said Smith, "Saloons in Our Town
Are palaces of shame." ²⁶

³ From *A Line o' Verse or Two*, by Bert Leston Taylor. Reprinted here by permission of the publishers, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Said Jones, "Police corruption
Has hurt the town's fair name."

Said Brown, "Our lawless children
Pitch pennies as they please." 30

Now would it not be wiser
To start Reform with these?

The men who came to Our Town
Replied, "No haste with these; 35

Begin with Gas—or Water—
The roots of the disease."

We looked at one another
And hemmed and hawed a bit;

Enthusiasm faded then
From every single cit. 40

The men who came to Our Town
Expressed a mild surprise,

Then they too at each other
Looked "with a wild surmise."

Jimson had stock in Traction, 45
And Jones had stock in Gas,

And Smith and Brown in this and
that,

So—nothing came to pass.

The prodigals of Our Town
Pitch pennies as of yore; 50

Police corruption flourishes
As rankly as before,

Still are our gilded ginmills
Foul palaces of shame.

Reform is just as distant 55
As when the wise men came.

LEE WILSON DODD

*Publicity*¹

(An Epistle to Alexander Pope, Esq., on
Rereading His Satires and Moral Essays)

AWAKE, my Alexander! where you
lie

Snug in Elysium; put your
poppies by;

Shake off Eternity's soft indolence.

¹ From *The Great Enlightenment*, Harper & Brothers, 1928, by permission.

But O! inspire me with your infinite
sense.

The times are out of joint, they always
are; 5

Rages, as in your day it raged, the
Star:

Named of the Dog, it maddens! past
a doubt

Hell's Psychiatric Clinic is let out.
Our Wits now swarm from Bedlam,

and our Wise
Stare on each other with a wild sur-
mise, 10

While furious Propaganda, with her
brand,

Fires the dry prairies of our wide
Waste Land;

Making the Earth, Man's temporal
station, be

One stinking altar to Publicity.
Touts from the house-tops bawl their
wares abroad, 15

From Sex to Service, Cigarettes to
God;

These bang the drum and those the
cymbals clash

For Righteousness and Comfort,
Christ and Cash;

While, crowding through dull booths
for trade designed,

All lead to Shame, and moribund to
Mind, 20

Science and Art turn mountebanks
and shriek

"*This way for Beauty! Truth is cheap
this week!*"

Quick, then! your rapier-quill, your
fencer's wrist,

Your magic ink, vitriol and amethyst!
And lend me, last, one-tenth your art
to mend 25

My cloudy verse, clear guide, phi-
losopher, and friend.

We have lost much for satire that
 you knew,
 Kings, courtiers, fatuous patrons, and
 their crew;
 The gilded circles of the Great,
 Born into power and eminent by
 Fate. 30
 A capful of aristocrats in lace
 No longer hide the keys of Fame and
 Place:
 Now, faith! we are ruled by men who
 feign to be
 The loyal lackeys of Democracy;
 Who execute the Will of All (they
 say), 35
 But mulct and manage us the same
 old way.
 For cold and avaricious men are still
 The People's masters, and we do their
 will:
 While, oft, th' elected Figureheads of
 State
 Serve but as clowns and mummers
 till, too late, 40
 Turning our eyes a moment from the
 Show,
 We see our wallets and our watches
 go
 (Whither no watch or wallet e'er
 returns)
 Into some Bandit-Banker's smoking
 urns.
 There, mixed with Oil and Brass, our
 scrapings fall 45
 Into a magic fund, named Capital,
 Controlled by few, and those not
 always known,
 The Master-Guardians of Lord Mam-
 mon's Throne.

 Nor Scholarship, nor Science, may I
 spare.
 Time was, the dedicated Scholar's
 care 50

Was to be faultless in his sensitive
 task;
 Nor Fame did he pursue, nor Com-
 fort ask;

 There all the honor lies, but not th'
 acclaim
 Of ignorant multitudes, which men
 call Fame.
 There all the honor lies, but profits
 lurk 55
 Rather in self-laudation than good
 work.
 The Scholar, now, the Scientist, both
 vie
 With Sheiks and Vampires for the
 public eye,
 With Pugilists and Columnists, 'tis
 clear,
 For the monop'ly of the public ear. 60
 Once timid in dim corners, like the
 mouse,
 Professors now, like actors, "count the
 house,"
 "Take stage," demand a "spot," in-
 spire a "clack,"
 And, to "get laughs," will sit upon a
 tack,
 Or do a "prat fall" with the veriest
 clown 65
 To gain th' attention of our Planet-
 Town.
 For Dr. Blah a bold hypothesis,
 Proclaimed abroad, is Apotheosis:
 To startle, or to thrill, is all his
 care.
 Wherefore he keeps and grooms a
 nesting mare, 70
 Forth from whose addled eggs great
 Marvels, sure,
 Burst into Print! Hoop la! a Cancer
 cure!
 Proves Ectoplasm an Etheric Wave!
 Finds a live Pterodactyl in a Cave!

Communicates with Saturn! Changes Rat 75	Is but a spark struck from the flinty breast
From Male to Female! Educates a Cat!	Of Nature by the friction of un- rest: 100
Perfects Atomic Motor! Turns pure Silk	A spark, 'tis true, that knows itself to be
To Radium! Conquers Death with Turtles' Milk!	A spark—yet quails before mortality; A silly spark, whose self-awareness gains
Or, in another vein: Psychologist Says Paranoiacs never have been kiss'd! 80	It nothing but illusion, passing pains, More transient pleasures, throe or throb or trance, 105
Such are the grave pronouncements of our Wise, And in such verbiage all their honor— lies.	Amid th' electrons unintentioned dance.
Nor do our <i>Literati</i> lag behind In Loud Laryngeal fits of mindless Mind.	Thus is the Mind by its own maggots soiled, Whose only virtue now's to be "hard- boiled,"
Seizing on wind-pipe speculations, they 85	Tough-fibred, fatuous, cynically pert, Unwarm'd by sunshine, undismay'd by dirt, 110
Collect Thought's tatters to trick out a play,	Stolid toward beauty and anaesthe- tized
To crazy-patch a novel, or rehearse Asylum-eccentricities in verse.	To all that Socrates or Plato prized, To all Isaiah dreamed of, Jesus knew, To all th' ineffable bloom of life, the dew
Lo, the poor Indian, Gertrude Stein! whose brain	Upon hope's rose, the lustre, the pure gleam 115
Tangled in echolalia writhes in vain; 90	Of spirit caught from Spirit, streams from Stream.
Meanwhile, our Critics and our High- brows vie	No, no, my Alexander, do not wake! Drowse on untroubled for Elysium's sake!
In proving Life is worthless, Love a lie,	'Twould mar your rest, and others rest, to gain
All Aspiration a mechanic thrust Toward power, an eddy of the soul- less dust;	A bird's-eye prospect of our World's sick brain. 120
All Goodness but desire inhibited, 95 And Death a meaningless satire on the dead.	Nay, do not cloud one dream of Lamb's nor fret Montaigne!
Man's a contraption, they assert, who came	Let not our aberrations jog Voltaire, Or rouse deep Rabelais from his easy chair;
To consciousness by accident, whose flame	

Shock from long slumber Lucian, or	Yea, mocking, they revered the mys-
perchance	tery
Spoil the first naps of Butler or of	Of Mind, its ardor and integrity,
France:	Its fine discriminations and far
125	sweep,
All mockers of false gods, who loved	130
the True,	As Atom thrills to Atom, Deep to
As all who labor for perfection do:	Deep.

POETRY OF SOCIAL CHANGE

THOMAS HOOD

*The Song of the Shirt*¹

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly
 rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch! 5
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof! 10
 And work—work—work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's Oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to
 save, 15
 If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work,
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work—work—work,
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim! 20
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh, men, with sisters dear! 25
 Oh, men, with mothers and wives!
 It is not linen you're wearing out
 But human creatures' lives!

Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt, 30
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
 That phantom of grisly bone,
 I hardly fear its terrible shape, 35
 It seems so like my own—
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep;
 Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap! 40

"Work—work—work!
 My labor never flags;
 And what are its wages? A bed of
 straw,
 A crust of bread—and rags.
 That shattered roof—this naked
 floor— 45
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I
 thank
 For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
 From weary chime to chime, 50
 Work—work—work,
 As prisoners work for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain
 benumbed, 55
 As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
 In the dull December light,
 And work—work—work,
 When the weather is warm and
 bright, 60

¹ Published in the Christmas number of *Punch*, 1843.

While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling
 As if to show me their sunny backs
 And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath 65
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet;
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel, 70
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal.

"Oh! but for one short hour!
 A respite however brief!
 No blessed leisure for Love or 4
 Hope, 75
 But only time for Grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!" 80

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch! 85
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous
 pitch,—
 Would that its tone could reach the
 Rich!—
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

C. DAY LEWIS

*Consider These, for We Have Condemned Them*¹

CONSIDER these, for we have con-
 demned them;
 Leaders to no sure land,
 guides their bearings lost

¹ From *Collected Poems*. Reprinted by per-
 mission of Random House, New York.

Or in league with robbers have re-
 versed the signposts,
 Disrespectful to ancestors, irresponsible
 to heirs.
 Born barren, a freak growth, root in
 rubble, 5
 Fruitlessly blossoming, whose foliage
 suffocates,
 Their sap is sluggish, they reject the
 sun.

The man with his tongue in his cheek,
 the woman
 With her heart in the wrong place,
 unhandsome, unwholesome;
 Have exposed the new-born to worse
 than weather, 10
 Exiled the honest and sacked the seer.
 These drowned the farms to form a
 pleasure-lake,
 In time of drought they drain the
 reservoir
 Through private pipes for baths and
 sprinklers.

Getters not begetters; gainers not
 beginners; 15
 Whiners, no winners; no triers, be-
 trayers;
 Who steer by no star, whose moon
 means nothing.
 Daily denying, unable to dig:
 At bay in villas from blood relations,
 Counters of spoons and content with
 cushions 20
 They pray for peace, they hand down
 disaster.

They that take the bribe shall perish
 by the bribe,
 Drying of dry rot, ending in asylums,
 A curse to children, a charge on the
 state.
 But still their fears and frenzies infect
 us; 25

Drug nor isolation will cure this
cancer:

It is now or never, the hour of the
knife,

The break with the past, the major
operation.

EDWIN MARKHAM

*The Man with the Hoe*¹

*God made man in his own image
in the image of God he made him.*
—Genesis.

BOWED by the weight of centuries
he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on
the ground,

The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the
world.

Who made him dead to rapture and
despair,⁵

A thing that grieves not and that
never hopes,

Stolid and stunned, a brother to the
ox?

Who loosened and let down this
brutal jaw?

Whose was the hand that slanted back
this brow?

Whose breath blew out the light
within this brain?¹⁰

Is this the Thing the Lord God made
and gave

To have dominion over sea and land?

To trace the stars and search the
heavens for power;

To feel the passion of Eternity?

Is this the dream He dreamed who
shaped the suns¹⁵

And markt their ways upon the
ancient deep?

Down all the caverns of Hell to their
last gulf

There is no shape more terrible than
this—

More tongued with censure of the
world's blind greed—

More filled with signs and portents
for the soul—²⁰

More packt with danger to the uni-
verse.

What gulfs between him and the
seraphim!

Slave of the wheel of labor, what to
him

Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?

What the long reaches of the peaks of
song,²⁵

The rift of dawn, the reddening of the
rose?

Through this dread shape the suffer-
ing ages look;

Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;

Through this dread shape humanity
betrayed,

Plundered, profaned and disin-
herited,³⁰

Cries protest to the Powers that made
the world,

A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all
lands,

Is this the handiwork you give to God,

This monstrous thing distorted and
soul-quencht?³⁵

How will you ever straighten up this
shape;

Touch it again with immortality;

Give back the upward looking and
the light;

Rebuild in it the music and the
dream;

¹ Copyrighted by the author and used by his permission.

Make right the immemorial in-
fames, 40
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all
lands,
How will the future reckon with this
Man?
How answer his brute question in that
hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake
all shores? 45
How will it be with kingdoms and
with kings—
With those who shaped him to the
thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to
judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

PARE LORENTZ

From *The River*¹

Soundtrack of the Motion Picture

BLACK spruce and Norway pine,
Douglas fir and Red cedar,
Scarlet oak and Shagbark
hickory.

We built a hundred cities and a thou-
sand towns—

But at what a cost! 5

We cut the top off the Alleghenies and
sent it down the river.

We cut the top off Minnesota and sent
it down the river.

We cut the top off Wisconsin and sent
it down the river.

We left the mountains and the hills
slashed and burned,

And moved on. 10

¹ With permission of Stackpole Sons, Pub-
lisher.

We built a hundred cities and a thou-
sand towns—

But at what a cost!

Poor land makes poor people.

Poor people make poor land.

We got the blacks to plant the cotton
and they gouged the top off the
valley. 15

We got the Swedes to cut the forests,
and they sent them down the
river.

Then we left a hollow-eyed genera-
tion to peck at the worn-out
valley;

And left the Swedes to shiver in their
naked North country.

1903, 1907, 1913, 1922, 1927, 1936,
1937—

For you can't wall out and dam
two-thirds the water in the coun-
try. 20

We built dams but the dams filled
in.

We built a thousand-mile dyke but it
didn't hold;

So we built it higher.

We played with a continent for fifty
years.

Flood control? Of the Mississippi? 25

Control from Denver to Helena;

From Itasca to Paducah;

From Pittsburgh to Cairo—

Control of the wheat, the corn and
the cotton land;

Control enough to put back a thou-
sand forests; 30

Control enough to put the river to-
gether again before it is too late
. . . before it has picked up the
heart of a continent and shoved
it into the Gulf of Mexico.

W. H. AUDEN

*Get There If You Can and See the
Land You Once Were Proud
to Own*¹

GET there if you can and see the
land you once were proud
to own

Though the roads have almost van-
ished and the expresses never run:

Smokeless chimneys, damaged bridges,
rotting wharves and choked
canals,

Tramlines buckled, smashed trucks
lying on their side across the rails;

Power-stations locked, deserted, since
they drew the boiler fires; 5

Pylons fallen or subsiding, trailing
dead high-tension wires;

Head-gears gaunt on grass-grown pit-
banks, seams abandoned years
ago;

Drop a stone and listen for its splash
in flooded dark below.

Squeeze into the works through
broken windows or through
damp-sprung doors;

See the rotted shafting, see holes gap-
ing in the upper floors; 10

Where the Sunday lads come talking
motor bicycle and girl,

Smoking cigarettes in chains until
their heads are in a whirl.

Far from there we spent the money,
thinking we could well afford,

While they quietly undersold us with
their cheaper trade abroad;

At the theatre, playing tennis, driving
motor cars we had, 15

In our continental villas, mixing cock-
tails for a cad.

These were boon companions who
devised the legends for our tombs,
Those who have betrayed us nicely
while we took them to our rooms.

Newman, Ciddy, Plato, Fronny, Pas-
cal, Bowdler, Baudelaire,
Dr. Frommer, Mrs. Allom, Freud, the
Baron, and Flaubert. 20

Lured with their compelling logic,
charmed with beauty of their
verse,

With their loaded sideboards whis-
pered 'Better join us, life is worse.'

Taught us at the annual camps
arranged by the big business men
'Sunbathe, pretty till you're twenty.
You shall be our servants then.'

Perfect pater. Marvellous mater. Knock
the critic down who dares— 25

Very well, believe it, copy, till your
hair is white as theirs.

Yours you say were parents to avoid,
avoid then if you please

Do the reverse on all occasion till you
catch the same disease.

When we asked the way to Heaven,
these directed us ahead

To the padded room, the clinic and
the hangman's little shed. 30

Intimate as war-time prisoners in an
isolation camp,

Living month by month together,
nervy, famished, lousy, damp.

¹ From *Poems*. Reprinted by permission of
Random House, New York.

On the sopping esplanade or from our
dingy lodgings we
Stare out dully at the rain which falls
for miles into the sea.

Lawrence, Blake and Homer Lane,
once healers in our English
land; ³⁵
These are dead as iron for ever; these
can never hold our hand.

Lawrence was brought down by smut-
hounds, Blake went dotty as he
sang,
Homer Lane was killed in action by
the Twickenham Baptist gang.

Have things gone too far already? Are
we done for? Must we wait
Hearing doom's approaching footsteps
regular down miles of straight; ⁴⁰

Run the whole night through in gum-
boots, stumble on and gasp for
breath,
Terrors drawing close and closer,
winter landscape, fox's death;

Or, in friendly fireside circle, sit and
listen for the crash
Meaning that the mob has realized
something's up, and start to smash;

Engine-drivers with their oil-cans, fac-
tory girls in overalls ⁴⁵
Blowing sky-high monster stores, de-
stroying intellectuals?

Hope and fear are neck and neck:
which is it near the course's end
Crashes, having lost his nerve; is over-
taken on the bend?

Shut up talking, charming in the best
suits to be had in town,
Lecturing on navigation while the
ship is going down. ⁵⁰

Drop those priggish ways for ever,
stop behaving like a stone:
Throw the bath-chairs right away, and
learn to leave ourselves alone.

If we really want to live, we'd better
start at once to try;
If we don't, it doesn't matter, but we'd
better start to die.

HELENE MAGARET

*Song of the Answerer*¹

(A Reply to Walt Whitman)

I

I CELEBRATE America,
For every atom belonging to
America belongs to you and
me,

And is a part of us.
Walt Whitman, come down!
And I will sing your message back to
you. ⁵
Now, in the fourth month, shoulder
to shoulder let us talk.

I celebrate the shanties of river-rats no
less than the skyscrapers eighty
stories high,

The widow reading, "We regret we
must waive dividends again,"
The Chairman of the Board still draw-
ing his hundred thousand twice
a year.

I am satisfied with what I see: ¹⁰
Sharecroppers starving in the South,
mobs milling in Detroit,
The machine guns down the alleys of
Chicago,
Thieves, murderers, men who traffic
in women,

¹ From *The Saturday Review*, December 17,
1938, with permission of the author.

I give all the same, I receive all the same.

"And there will never be any more perfection than there is now." 15

II

I celebrate America,
And beyond America I celebrate the world.

The new-born babe in its mother's lap,
the father knee-deep in African swamps,

The dead in the gutters of Teruel, and
bodies floating down the Hwang-Ho River.

"Clear and sweet is my soul, and clear
and sweet is all that is not my soul." 20

Because we have no God in America,
Does anyone think it is wrong for the Germans to have a God,

Who commands his people, and feeds
his sheep, and drives the money-changers out?

Does anyone complain that in Russia
Trotsky had to flee,

And Gorki was murdered, and the
poets sold their souls to breathe a little longer? 25

"It is well—against such I say not a word."

All good things are waiting.

I say the deep trenches are being dug
for the happiness of men.

The gas masks being given free, the
big ships growing bigger.

I say we should thank Heaven for
liquid fire, for submarines and air-planes, 30

And for the new bombs that can de-
stroy a city fifty miles away.

"Has anyone supposed it lucky to be born?"

I hasten to inform him or her it is just as lucky to die."

FLORENCE CONVERSE

*Efficiency Expert*¹

THE conqueror's brow, the conqueror's chin, were his:

That spacious depth and eminence above

The deepset, steady eyes; that clean, square angle

Of shaven, sensitive, relentless jaw
With never a reminiscent line of horse 5

Or rabbit. All his motions were triumphant,

Co-ordinated, effortless, unconscious
As undefeated youth; for youth was his,—

That young maturity of twenty-seven,
Naïve, intransigent, and so cocksure. 10

Running, he kept the easy conqueror's pace—

But at the moment, he was very still.

He had a way of going to the window,
Putting the room behind him, shutting out

The official scenery, those last two minutes 15

Before the whistle blew. He had a way

Of standing with his hands thrust in his pockets,

Eyes on the morrow, tranquilly clairvoyant,

¹ From *Efficiency Expert*, The John Day Company, Inc., by permission.

Beholding his obedient Plan unfold.
And so he stood there now, but some-
thing held 20

The eyes from Vision, something
balked the Plan.

A factor he had hitherto discounted
And turned away from for the sake of
more

Important calculations and equations
Had failed to disappear. He stood
bemused, 25

Mulling the problem over (Dammit!
Why

Should that new Mission House across
the way

Parade its bread-line past our factory
windows?).

The whistle boomed; the sharp electric
gong

Trilled in the corridor; and he, as
prompt 30

And automatic as a robot, wheeled
Upon the room, upon the model flash-
ing

Against the western sun.—But robots
never

Survey their universe through haunted
eyes.—

He slipped the typed report for the
directors 35

Into the right-hand top drawer of the
desk

And pocketed the letter from the
Soviets,

No motion wasted. But around his
mouth

A faint aversion curdled when he
lifted

The model from the desk and carried
it 40

Gingerly to the safe,—the little model
He had designed to scrap three hun-
dred men.

(How was it that they didn't cancel
out?)

The homing river of souls began to
flow

Along the corridor outside his
door; 45

He heard the cataract go dashing
down

The fireproof stairs. It was his daily
habit,

Integral to the mass psychology
Of his technique, to mingle with that
flood.

His predecessor on the job had
failed 50

Chiefly because of his standoffishness;
A tendency to take the elevator,
To skip before the gong. (And those
of us,

High-paid, white-collar men, not
asked to punch

The time-clock, know it's not the
Management 55

That breaks us, it's the men, if we
presume

On privilege.) He shivered; but he
plunged.

And every passing face was turned to
meet

His own, at the click of the opening
office-door.

And every face was such a friendly
face: 60

Tony Vannucci,—yes, he'd have to go.
Four children under ten, another com-
ing;

A darned good fellow, Tony, if he
only

Co-ordinated better. Jack Dufour,—
Triplets and twins and seven other
kids, 65

And such a pretty French-Canadian
wife;

He'd have to go; he'd always be a
plodder.

And Archie MacNamara,—Hell!
 What can you
 Do with a man like that? By rights
 he ought
 To be a foreman, but he won't cut
 out 70
 The booze. And Pete, the Swede, an-
 other boozier.
 And Timmie Corrigan,—so loud, so
 gay,
 So irresponsible, and so good-looking.
 They'll miss you at the Company's
 annual Picnic,
 Timmie; they'll miss you on the base-
 ball team 75
 In mill sixteen; there's no one else
 can pitch
 Your ball. (Now, there's a possibil-
 ity!
 Professional Baseball? I'll suggest it
 to him.
 So irresponsible?—Still, I'll suggest it.)
 And James McConnell,—nothing
 wrong with him; 80
 And Julius Golden, nothing to com-
 plain of
 In him, except that he's approaching
 fifty;
 And Petersen, and Gammage, and old
 Jones
 The Welshman—every one a steady
 worker—
 They'll go; they'll have to go; three
 hundred men 85
 With families, and next to nothing
 saved.
 Old Jones, with that pure silver voice
 of his,
 Leading the bashful tenors in the glee
 club
 I organized. (O damn my facile
 genius
 For organizing! Jones! my dear old
 Jones! 90

The devil of it is they're friends of
 mine,
 These men. They trust me.)
 And the word Betrayer,
 Emerging suddenly, precipitated
 A landslide in his mind that dizzied
 him. 95
 The stair-head took him unaware; he
 pitched.
 It seemed as if a world of kindly
 hands
 Steadied him on the instant. Someone
 said
 Something about the way we always
 feel
 The first hot day and this was sure a
 scorcher. 100
 But down below him on the clattering
 stairs,
 Faces full of concern kept looking
 back.
 And through the welter of his mind's
 confusion,
 Those opening words he'd scribbled
 off today
 For that address upon the new tech-
 nique— 105
 Two-forty at the Harvard Business
 School
 On Wednesday next—went eddying
 round and round:
 "First catch your men. The Art of
 Management
 Starts with the get-together principle,
 Dynamically worded in Rule
 One: 110
 Make yourself solid with the men."

His gorge
 Rose, but he had himself in hand by
 now,
 And eased his hat against the chilly
 start
 Of sweat. And the river pouring
 down the flume, 115

Bore him along.—

Thinking, thinking, thinking:

We call it Labor, a collective term

Convenient for mathematical equations,

Dehumanized, but not to be confused 120

With Work, or Ergs, or Force, or Energy,

Or Horse Power, or Inertia, or Momentum.

We designate it by a coefficient,

Numerical or other, which must always

Diminish. That's our problem: how to make 125

The human factor vanish. And we do it

On paper, up to ninety-nine percent. And from the shop, the factory, the mill,

It disappears, almost. That is to say,—

It is displaced. But anything displaced 130

Will turn up somewhere else in an equation

As in a universe. Are we confusing "Displaced" with "vanished" in our computations?

By balance or increase of other terms, As Time, the Talkies, Mergers, Motion-Study, 135

Shop-Routing, and Machines,—chiefly Machines,—

The term twelve million L has disappeared

From Industry; but it persists in Life. The question is: Need we consider Life

In technological experiment? 140

We haven't thought it necessary, yet.

We don't include it in our formulae.

Or do we? Don't we? There's confusion here.

And Life and Labor both begin with L.

Is that our error?—Yes, by God, it clicks! 145

To Hell with mathematical equations!

It's men we're dealing with—(No, Corrigan;

No taxi, thank you. What I need's a walk.

Exercise. Yes; the first hot day; a scorcher.

But cooling off.) It's men we're dealing with. 150

It's men. It's men. Twelve million unemployed.

Damnation! Here's that Mission House to pass.

CARL SANDBURG

*I Am the People, The Mob*¹

I AM the people—the mob—the crowd—the mass.

Do you know that all the great work of the world is done through me?

I am the workingman, the inventor, the maker of the world's food and clothes.

I am the audience that witnesses history. The Napoleons come from me and the Lincolns. They die. And then I send forth more Napoleons and Lincolns.

I am the seed ground. I am a prairie that will stand for much plowing. Terrible storms pass over me. I forget. The best of me is sucked out and wasted. I

¹ From *Chicago Poems*, Henry Holt and Company, by permission.

forget. Everything but Death
 comes to me and makes me
 work and give up what I have.
 And I forget. ⁵

Sometimes I growl, shake myself and
 spatter a few red drops for His-
 tory to remember. Then—I
 forget.

When I, the People, learn to remem-
 ber, when I, the People, use

the lessons of yesterday and no
 longer forget who robbed me
 last year, who played me for a
 fool—then there will be no
 speaker in all the world say the
 name: "The People," with any
 fleck of a sneer in his voice or
 any far-off smile of derision.

The mob—the crowd—the mass—will
 arrive then.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

*Speech to those who say Comrade*¹

THE brotherhood is not by the blood certainly:
 But neither are men brothers by speech—by saying so:
 Men are brothers by life lived and are hurt for it:

Hunger and hurt are the great begetters of brotherhood:
 Humiliation has gotten much love: 5
 Danger I say is the nobler father and mother:

Those are as brothers whose bodies have shared fear
 Or shared harm or shared hurt or indignity.
 Why are the old soldiers brothers and nearest?

For this: with their minds they go over the sea a little 10
 And find themselves in their youth again as they were in
 Soissons and Meaux and at Ypres and those cities:

A French loaf and the girls with their eyelids painted
 Bring back to aging and lonely men
 Their twentieth year and the metal odor of danger: 15

It is this in life which of all things is tenderest—
 To remember together with unknown men the days
 Common also to them and perils ended:

¹ From A MacLeish, *Public Speech*. Copyright, Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.

It is this which makes of many a generation—
A wave of men who having the same years
Have in common the same dead and the changes.

20

The solitary and unshared experience
Dies of itself like the violations of love
Or lives on as the dead live eerily

The unshared and single man must cover his
Loneliness as a girl her shame for the way of
Life is neither by one man nor by suffering

25

Who are the born brothers in truth? The puddlers
Scorched by the same flame in the same foundries
Those who have spit on the same boards with the blood in it:

30

Ridden the same rivers with green logs
Fought the police in the parks of the same cities
Grinned for the same blows the same flogging

Veterans out of the same ships—factories—
Expeditions for fame the founders of continents.
Those that hid in Geneva a time back

35

Those that have hidden and hunted and all such—
Fought together labored together they carry the
Common look like a card and they pass touching

Brotherhood! No word said can make you brothers!
Brotherhood only the brave earn and by danger or
Harm or by bearing hurt and by no other

40

Brotherhood here in the strange world is the rich and
Rarest giving of life and the most valued
Not to be had for a word or a week's wishing

45

STEPHEN SPENDER

*Moving Through the Silent Crowd*¹

MOVING through the silent
 crowd
 Who stand behind dull
 cigarettes
 These men who idle in the road,
 I have the sense of falling light.

They lounge at corners of the street
 And greet friends with a shrug of
 shoulder
 And turn their empty pockets out,
 The cynical gestures of the poor.

Now they've no work, like better men
 Who sit at desks and take much
 pay
 They sleep long nights and rise at
 ten
 To watch the hours that drain away.

I'm jealous of the weeping hours
 They stare through with such hungry
 eyes.

**STUDENT HELPS
AND THEME SUGGESTIONS**

STUDENT HELPS AND THEME SUGGESTIONS

BIOGRAPHY

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—*Strachey*

Does Florence Nightingale's story rouse your interest? For what reasons? Have you met men or women like her? Do you think it would be a good thing if there were more like her in your home town and in college? Do you feel that the portrait is true? Why? How much does Strachey quote? What effects do these quotations have? How does he secure effects by the metaphors of the eagle and the Bison? What is the special flavor of Strachey's humor? Illustrate. Does the end detract from your admiration of the character? Does it seem to have the effect of a great tragedy, which, Aristotle asserted, purges our minds of pettiness through the emotions of pity and terror? Compare its effect with that of the death of Eustacia Vye in *The Return of the Native*.

Possible Themes: 1. A Character Study of a Reformer I Have Known; 2. The Story of a Strong-Willed Woman; 3. Are Army Officers Usually Callous and Hide-bound?; 4. Florence Nightingale Writes a Letter on the *Charge of the Light Brigade* (see Tennyson's poem); 5. Do We Need a Reformer in College?; 6. A Woman's Handicaps Today; 7. The Art of Strachey.

J. E. B. STUART—*Bradford*

Study the arrangement in this biography. Is the arrangement chronological? What is its guiding principle? Note carefully the transitional sentences. If required to do so, make an analytical outline. For what purposes does Bradford use quotation?

Possible Themes: 1. The Knight of the Golden Spurs; 2. Chivalry in Modern Warfare; 3. Southern Colonel; 4. A Gentleman of the Old South; 5. Bombing Women and Children; 6. Improvements in Warfare.

MARCO POLO—*Power*

What is the dominating idea of this biography? How does the difference in Miss Power's and Strachey's purposes show in the choice of quotations? Note the coherent progress of thought, paragraph by paragraph, till Polo is actually started on his journey. Note the frequent bits of quotation from Matthew Arnold, Browning, Milton, Tennyson, and Coleridge. Why are there no footnotes for these? What kinds of material are supplied with footnotes? Study the precise form and punctuation of each footnote, and be able to explain it. Study the concluding paragraphs and note their force. Why is the bibliography divided into primary and secondary sources?

Possible Themes: 1. A research biography, employing some expository material and attaining a unified effect; 2. Lin Yutang's China and Marco Polo's; 3. Reflections on China Today.

LIFE WITH FATHER—*Day*

Note in these two sketches the introduction of brief explanatory passages. Underline the vigorous verbs. Observe that the diction, though colloquial, is not slangy. Be able to show what each of "Father's" remarks contributes to the realization of his character.

Possible Themes 1. Father Meets an Emergency; 2. Helpless Male; 3. Tinkering with the Car; 4. Masculine Pride; 5. Housekeeping Crisis; 6. Father and Mother; 7. Who's the Boss?

EARLY IMPRESSIONS—*Adams*

What does Adams mean in the first paragraph by atmosphere or tone? Where and how could one learn to recognize it? What "treasures of sense" were yours in childhood? By what means, by what phrases does Adams convey an impression of his grandmother's personality? What ideas have you been brought up to believe are alone respectable? Is society today approaching a chasm with its eyes turned away? What aspects of American life are neglected by the comfortable classes?

Possible Themes 1. Sense Impressions of Childhood, 2. Winter versus Summer; 3. She Belonged to Another World; 4. Respectable Beliefs; 5. Religious Stagnation; 6. The Power of Religion.

HOW I FOUND AMERICA—*Yeziarska*

In what respects is the situation of Jews in Germany and Italy today worse than that of the Jews in Russia under the Czar? Do immigrants today find the same sweatshop conditions? If so, what reliable information have you regarding such industrial conditions? If there has been a change for the better, to what is it due? Has American influence on the Jew tended to aggravate his materialism, his interest in money, or has it enhanced his idealism? What, precisely, do you think America meant to Miss Yeziarska? What is the emotional and intellectual significance of the passage from Isaiah? Point out the crisp, graphic sentences that deal with action. Point out touches of ironic humor in the letter of Mindel and the expectations of the immigrants. Note the fine and coarse aspects of Jewish character displayed in the sweatshop. Why did Miss Yeziarska feel such contempt for Addison, whereas Mr. Maugham twice introduces compliments on Addison's style in his advice to modern would-be writers? (See pp. 168 and 172.)

Possible Themes 1. The Jew Looks at a Christian; 2. The Immigrant Looks at America; 3. America, the Dream; 4. The *De Coverley Papers*; 5. Narrative Technique in Autobiography; 6. Immigrants All.

UNIVERSITY DAYS—*Thurber*

Is there a serious aspect to this humorous piece of writing? What devices does the author use to prepare and touch off your sense of humor?

Possible Themes 1. Laboratory Comedy; 2. Pulling Our Fullback Through; 3. R. O. T. C.; 4. A Field Trip; 5. And the Class Exploded; 6. Do Instructors Understand?; 7. Is College a Joke?

THE MODERN GOTHIC—*Sheean*

What experience have you had of the seamy side of business? Was Mr. Sheean's experience typical of business in general? Do you prefer "snap" courses? Do you find them valuable? Or are you the victim of your own cleverness? Note

the ironic passages regarding the summer students. Does the irony reflect upon them or on the author? Have you begun to find ideas important, exciting? Has the discovery come through contact with some stimulating personality, through classroom discussion, or through books, or did you make the discovery for yourself?

Possible Themes 1 My Experience in Business; 2 My Employer; 3. Ironies of Student Life, 4 Grinds and Collegians, 5 "Getting By"; 6. A Great Teacher; 7. The Thrill of the Library; 8 The Fascination of ———.

THE PERSONAL ESSAY

OLD CHINA—*Lamb*

Lamb began the *Essays of Elia* in 1820 and published them in the *London Magazine*. Who is the original of Bridget Elia? What brought the more "opulent" times to Lamb? What are the secrets of his charm? What is the underlying thought of the essay? Is it old or new? How does it grow out of the sight of the new tea set?

Possible Themes 1 When I Saw ——— from the Gallery; 2. Saving Pennies to Buy ———, 3 A Picture (or a Book) Starts a Debate; 4 The Quirks and the Kindliness of Lamb, 5 My Sister (or My Brother) and I; 6. Cousins; 7. The Good Old Times; 8. Being Young.

ON GOING A JOURNEY—*Hazlitt*

Read what Mr. Maugham has to say about Hazlitt's style on p. 174. Be able to illustrate each of Maugham's statements by specific sentences or passages. Notice the remarkable range of Hazlitt's enthusiasms, list them. How many of them do you share? Though Hazlitt quarreled with most of his friends, was unfortunate in love and matrimony, and saw most of the political ideals for which he fought crushed by superior force, he was yet able to say with his last breath, "Well, I have had a happy life." Can you account for this?

Possible Themes 1 Writing with Gusto; 2. Tastes Differ; 3. Adventures of the Road, 4 At a Country Hotel, 5. Faded Hopes; 6 Companions of the Road; 7. Mountain Climbing.

THE AUTOCRAT TAKES HIS EXERCISE—*Holmes*

What are the touches in this essay that you would call informal or conversational? Be prepared to point out and to read passages that reveal the "daily theme eye." Note the richness of reference and experience which Holmes draws on. Note his use of simile and metaphor, and be ready to read examples.

Possible Themes 1. Fashions in Sport, 2 Putting on the Gloves; 3. Winter Sports; 4. Exercise for Fun; 5. Making the Crew; 6 He was Still Tough at Sixty.

THE LANTERN-BEARERS—*Stevenson*

Where was the seaside resort which Stevenson describes? Why does Stevenson select this one game from all the others as the subject of his essay? Is a poet the equivalent of a fool, or has he the chief prize of life? Before answering, define your terms. Can you relate the point of this essay to the three preceding essays? Notice in how many different ways Stevenson expresses his chief idea in abstract terms. Notice, also, the many ways in which he puts the abstract in concrete, living terms. Read *Night Club* on pp. 482-490, and point out what relation it bears to this essay.

Possible Themes 1. Boyhood Games; 2. Was I a Fool or a Poet?; 3. Lantern-Bearers and Light-Bringers; 4. Unreal Realism in Fiction; 5. Joys of Make-believe and Joys of Self-delusion; 6. My Road to Happiness; 7. A Significant Childhood Experience.

HOW SHALL I WORD IT?—*Beerbohm*

Do you consider the first paragraph to be a good introduction to what follows? Is there any novelty in the subject? Note the author's figures of speech, his sudden turns of thought, and his choice of names. What do these things tell you about him? Do you think him malicious? What would happen if we were to tell our real thoughts for even one hour?

Possible Themes 1. A Letter I Should Like to Write; 2. The Art of Insult; 3. Sweetness and Light in Business Letters; 4. False Courtesy and True; 5. It's Tact That Makes the World Go Round; 6. Are We All Hypocrites?

CODFISH CHOWDER AND SUN—*Coffin*

Do you know a better place to picnic than Pond Island? If so, how would you bring out its fascinations? If not, examine closely how Mr. Coffin brings out the fascinations of his picnic ground. Does he romanticize, or is the joy real? In either case, how does he communicate the joy to you?

Possible Themes 1. The Perfect Picnic; 2. Appetizers; 3. "When We Were Very Young"; 4. Amateur Seamanship; 5. Buried Treasure; 6. The Family on an Outing.

FROM SPARGO TO CARVER TO SPEAKER—*Brown*

Does this essay illustrate Robinson's distinction between "good reasons" and "real reasons"? (See pp. 242-250.) What feature makes it equally amusing and inoffensive to radical and conservative? Does it read well? Test the sentences by ear. Note the bookish phrases and the colloquial. Do they harmonize? Why? Is the alliteration effective?

Possible Themes 1. In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy—; 2. Where Are the Notes of Yesteryear?; 3. The Bases Were Full and —; 4. Soap-box Orators; 5. Rugged Individualism in Athletics; 6. How I Became a Convert to —.

AS THEY GO RIDING BY—*Day*

What pictures rise in your mind when someone speaks of the Middle Ages? Whence did you get these associations? Is poetry as powerful as Day implies? What were your reactions to Tennyson's *Idylls*? to Scott's *Ivanhoe*? Did you reject these books as unreal or did you believe in them? Do you romanticize the past history of the United States? How? Do you romanticize the United States of the present? Can one be too realistic, disillusioned in one's view of people and institutions? In what respects does the modern capitalist resemble the knights of old? In what does he differ? Do you tend to romanticize him? Characterize Day's style.

Possible Themes 1. *The Idylls of the King* and I; 2. Medieval Romance; 3. The Magic of Verse; 4. The Capitalist in Caricature; 5. Men of Action; 6. Romanticizing America; 7. The Price of Rose-colored Spectacles; 8. College Dream and College Reality; 9. William Randolph Hearst, Flower of American Knighthood.

FOOTBALL IS KING—*Sullivan*

What is the main point of this essay? Where first is it indicated? Is it merely concerned with the vocabulary of football? What else is mildly satirized? What can you learn about the art of writing from this essay?

Possible Themes: 1. Baseball Is King; 2. Basketball Is King; 3. Crimes of a Sports Writer; 4. Journalese; 5. The Curse of the Cliché.

STABILIZING THE LANGUAGE THROUGH POPULAR SONGS—*Spaeth*

Does Mr. Spaeth mean what he says when he asserts that "*like* becomes a conjunction whether you like it or not," or "'Who do you love?' would lose all its enticing quality if it were made grammatically correct"? If he is not serious, what do you call this kind of jesting? Do you approve of the revolution in grammar illustrated by the last song? Or should revolutions be put down by force? On the assumption that you are not a revolutionist, correct every grammatical error in the essay.

Possible Themes: 1. Grammar and Me; 2. The Grammar I Learned in Grammar School; 3. Grammatical Revolution; 4. "C'est Moi" and "It's Me"; 5. The Grammar of College Students; 6. She Don't Talk Like She Was a Lady; 7. Grammar as Logic and Grammar as Manners.

EXPOSITION

OF READING BOOKS—*Lowes*

How many hours a week do you give on the average to the radio? to the moving pictures? to the newspaper? to the picture magazines such as *Life* and *Look*? Add up the total. After careful consideration, estimate how much of that time afforded mere relaxation and entertainment without any sort of intellectual or cultural value. Set down the figure. On the other hand, estimate the number of hours you give weekly to the *voluntary* reading of literature that possesses style, including everything from the best modern weeklies, such as the *New Yorker* and the *New Republic*, to Emerson and *Don Quixote*. Does the comparison afford you satisfaction? Do you ever read for pleasure in your vacations? What? Does the amount and quality of voluntary reading you do bear any relation to your ability to write? What do you consider the ideal conditions for reading?

Possible Themes: 1. The Radio and Illiteracy; 2. Reading Is a Bore; 3. The Time, the Place, and the Book; 4. Buying My Own Books; 5. An Engineer's (or Farmer's, or Business Man's) Reading; 6. Belles Lettres; 7. Shrines for the Soul; 8. My Bible.

THE DAILY THEME EYE—*Eaton*

Do you know anyone who has a sensitive "daily theme eye"? Does he get more "fun out of life" because of it? Is there such a thing as a "daily theme ear or nose"? Did Hardy possess alert senses? Did Keats? Illustrate. Is it possible to cultivate them? How? Do you find any of Mr. Eaton's ideas also in Stevenson's *Lantern-bearers*?

Possible Themes: 1. An Author Who Has the Daily Theme Eye (with quotations); 2. How Can I Learn to See?; 3. A Contrast between the Senses of a Man and of a Dog; 4. Cultivation of the Ear; 5. Description of a Person, House, Room, or Animal. (Study the subject closely; describe it in vivid, concise sentences; avoid the obvious and uninteresting; introduce convincing detail); 6. Write two contrasted descriptions of the same person, street, or landscape seen under different conditions, or at different hours, or from different angles; 7. A Study of Sounds (or of Odors).

WRITING PROSE—*Maugham*

Mr. Maugham is the author of many successful stories and plays and of one notable novel, *Of Human Bondage*. Can you criticize the criticisms of the secretary? What did Maugham learn from the "intelligent and charming" don? Is a florid, an ornate prose always affected nonsense? Do you know any passages of such prose which you enjoy? Can you justify them? Is Maugham's attitude explained by his assertion that "life is vulgar"? Is it? Consider the life reflected in some of the biographies, essays, and poems in this book in making your answer. Why is it well for the novice at writing to be content with achieving lucidity, simplicity, and euphony? Can you offer any specific, detailed suggestions as to methods of achieving lucidity in the use of words, sentences, and paragraphs?

Possible Themes: 1. My Favorite Prose Author and His Style; 2. Learning to Write; 3. English Instructors I Have Known; 4. The Place for Ornate Prose; 5. Practical Hints for the Writer; 6. Hazlitt as a Stylist.

ON JARGON—*Quiller-Couch*

Define jargon. Where have you met with it? What are some of the phrases or words most commonly employed in the jargon you have heard and read? Consider the word *worth-while*, as in "worth-while oil wells" or "worth-while opera." What is the difference in psychological effect between an unpretentious stereotyped expression and a pretentious stereotyped expression? Can you illustrate?

Possible Themes: 1. The Psychology of Jargon; 2. Adventures in Jargon; 3. A Defense of "Case" and "Instance"; 4. "Worth-while" Words; 5. Father Divine as a Stylist; 6. Say It with Fluff.

T. H. HUXLEY AS A LITERARY MAN—*Huxley*

Aldous Huxley, the novelist and essayist, is the grandson of the famous biologist and propagandist of the theory of evolution, Thomas Henry Huxley. List the points made, and apply them to T. H. Huxley's lecture beginning on p. 341. On what points do you find Aldous Huxley agreeing with Maugham as to the qualities of a good style? On what points do they disagree? Who, in your opinion, is right; or is it a mere matter of taste?

Possible Themes: 1. Does a Scientist Need to Acquire Style?; 2. Huxley vs Maugham; 3. The Bible as an Aid to the Scientist; 4. The Modern Reader and the Bible; 5. The Literary Conscience; 6. While Science Changes, Literature Lasts.

THE NOVELS OF THOMAS HARDY—*Woolf*

What qualities besides the seeing eye and workmanship does Mrs. Woolf attribute to Hardy? Do you find any of her statements questionable? So far as you know, is she just to Hardy's style, treatment of fate, characterization, landscape, humor? Can you support your conclusions from *The Return of the Native*? Was it fitting that Hardy's body was buried in Westminster Abbey and his heart in his native village?

Possible Themes: 1. Apply Mrs. Woolf's remarks about another Hardy novel to *The Return of the Native*, and amplify with quotations; 2. Hardy Lies in Westminster Abbey; 3. A Point on Which I Disagree with Mrs. Woolf.

THE PURSUIT OF VALUES IN FICTION—*Brewster and Burrell*

What novels or stories have repelled or attracted you most? How did you happen to read them? Can you explain, as the students in this essay have explained, the reasons for your likes and dislikes? Does the explanation lie in your own temperament or environment? Have your tastes in fiction changed? Why? Do you think your chief pleasure in fiction lies in (1) emotional excitement and novelty of experience, or (2) in the sense of human realities seriously faced, or (3) in the suggested solutions of your emotional and intellectual problems? Or do you find all three satisfactions in some books? Does the fact that a novel or story moves you deeply mean that it is great literature? Are there any other tests?

Possible Themes 1. The Values of a "Thriller"; 2. Why I Hated That Novel; 3. The Fairytales of My Childhood; 4. Required Reading in Fiction; 5. Falling in Love with a Heroine (or Hero); 6. Novels and My Philosophy of Life; 7. The Treatment of Sex in Fiction; 8. Wasting Time on "Westerns"; 9. Re-reading Old Favorites; 10. The Classics Bore Me; 11. Marriage Problems in Fiction; 12. Fiction That Misrepresents Life; 13. "Flaming Youth" in Fiction; 14. The Militaristic Spirit in Fiction.

REVIEWS

The book reviews which one finds in the daily or Sunday paper, in special sections of such magazines as *Time*, *The Forum*, or *The Nation*, or in literary journals such as *The London Times Literary Supplement* or *The Saturday Review of Literature*, may serve various purposes to fill the reviewer with a sense of superiority to the reviewer, to enable those who have not read a book to talk about it anyway, and to enable those who have read it to quarrel with the reviewer's judgments. A more laudable service is to furnish an accurate notion of a book's nature and contents and as fair an estimate as the reviewer can achieve of its reliability and artistry. Even a fantasy like *Ferdinand the Bull* may be judged by the reliability of its moral and even a treatise on the Crayfish, as Aldous Huxley shows on p. 188, may possess artistry.

The three reviews in this book are concerned with a biography, a politico-economic argument, a narrative of rare adventure. Note the differences in emphasis and method in each.

A REVIEW OF *Madame Curie*—*Fadiman*

What is the main idea conveyed by this review? What methods does the author use to emphasize it? How much space is devoted to an estimate of the author's and the translator's craftsmanship? How much space to the subject matter? Can you account for these proportions?

Possible Themes 1. A Review of a Short Biography.

A REVIEW OF *Government in Business*—*Arnold*

To what purpose are the first three paragraphs devoted? What value has this form of introduction? How is the rest of the review related to this introduction? How is it organized? What is the climax? What is the mood of the last paragraph?

Possible Themes 1. Write a review of an article or book, using an analogy as the basis for the discussion; 2. Write a review of Chase's article beginning p. 259.

A REVIEW OF *Listen! The Wind—Loveman*

What are the qualities which Miss Loveman finds in Anne Lindbergh's book? By what means does she bring them out? For what purposes are the verbless sentences used? Why is quotation requisite in this review and not in the two preceding?

Possible Themes 1. Write a review of some travel sketches, or of a book of travel; 2. Write a review of *North to the Orient*.

DISCUSSIONS OF MODERN PROBLEMS

From your earliest childhood up to the present, you have been experimenting with your environment and becoming acquainted with it. Much of this time you have spent in merely satisfying your curiosity. Now, however, you have begun to feel certain moral and social obligations to your group. You wish to find your place in your community and in the larger social units of which, by birth, you are a member. Some questions have arisen in your mind regarding these obligations and responsibilities.

The readings in this section have not been chosen to give final answers to your questions. It is only hoped that, as you read, you will learn how more mature minds, of the past and the present, have attacked and analyzed the problems which puzzle you. Perhaps they will guide you in your attempts to think things out for yourself.

WHAT IS THE COLLEGE FOR?—*McConn*

How much of the cost of your education are you paying? What service do you expect to render to society in return for the training which society has given you at far less than cost? In which of Mr. McConn's three classes do you belong? Is it desirable that the three classes should be separated? Do the superkindergartners set the pace in your college? If so, with what results? Is a Phi Beta Kappa key a sign of culture? What is? Does Professor Jones's address beginning p. 291 suggest why culture may be important?

Possible Themes 1. Mr. McConn Is Unfair; 2. Mr. McConn Is Right; 3. A Cultured Man I Know; 4. Does the United States Need a "Ministry" of Cultured Men?; 5. Does Literary Study Fit into Mr. McConn's Definition of Culture?; 6. Combining Swine-Raising and Swinburne; 7. College Life Means More to Me Than Courses; 8. My Best Course in Culture; 9. If I Ran the College; 10. Super-kindergartners; 11. My Opinion of Grades.

GATE RECEIPTS AND GLORY—*Hutchins*

Has intercollegiate football given you anything or taught you anything that will be of permanent value? Which statements made by President Hutchins would you, on the basis of your experience or of firsthand, trustworthy information, question? Does the situation call for a radical remedy? If so, do you agree with President Hutchins's suggestions, or do you prefer some other?

Possible Themes: 1. The Inflated Football; 2. Put a Steeple on the Stadium; 3. Who Gets the Gate Receipts?; 4. The Price of Victory; 5. Letter Man vs. Key Man; 6. Alma Mater Ought to Run a Racing Stable; 7. President Hutchins Forgot Something; 8. Reflections of a Philosopher on the Ruins of the Rose Bowl.

FOUR KINDS OF THINKING—*Robinson*

Does a study of your reveries reveal much about yourself? What? Upon what subjects do you find yourself wavering from earlier beliefs? Do you attempt to rationalize them? Are new ideas necessarily sounder than old? Is Robinson right in saying that creative thought must necessarily "change" our minds on all important matters? What reason is there to believe that all human thinking up to now is not rationalizing? Do you think that McConn and Robinson are in substantial agreement as to what human faculty ought to be encouraged, or not? Do they call the same thing by different names? If so, specify. Are they agreed as to the desirability of the results which would follow the cultivation of that faculty or those faculties?

Possible Themes: 1. My Favorite Reveries; 2. Good Reasons and Real Reasons for My Political, Economic, or Religious Creed; 3. The Case for Traditional Beliefs; 4. The Case Against Traditional Beliefs; 5. My Father (or Mother) Was Right After All; 6. A Case That Demands Creative Thought; 7. The Time I Trusted My Feelings; 8. How I Figured It Out for Myself; 9. Who Must Do the Thinking in a Democracy?; 10. Stevenson's *Lodging for the Night* as a Study in Self-Justification.

YOUTH SPEAKS ITS MIND ON JOBS AND CAREERS—*Swing*

What mistaken ideas do you find commonly expressed by college men and women in regard to jobs and careers? How do you know that they are mistaken? Do you find any mistaken ideas expressed in this article? Can you refute them by citing facts? What is your conception of success? What do you expect of college that will contribute to that success? Does your definition classify your purpose in coming to college as the bread-and-butter purpose, the superkindergarten purpose, or the culture purpose?

Possible Themes: 1. Delusions about the Business World; 2. What I Learned from My Job; 3. Are We Afraid?; 4. Pull vs. Push; 5. Are There Too Many College Graduates?; 6. How Not to Succeed; 7. White-Collar Unions; 8. Success to You, and Success to Me.

FIVE MILLION JOBS—*Chase*

If private industry will not absorb college graduates, should the federal government subsidize a million jobs? What will the tax-payer say? Does the tax-payer benefit by the expenditure of public funds? If so, how? Prove it. If not, prove it. Speak only of what you know from experience or firsthand information. Do you know of any useful work done by the P.W.A.? by the T.V.A.? Generally speaking, do those who complain of government expenditure for creating jobs create jobs themselves or work eight hours a day?

Possible Themes: 1. Chase Is Crazy; 2. Give Me One of Those Five Million Jobs; 3. The Uses of Adversity; 4. What Is the Government For?; 5. Constructive Patriotism; 6. My Utopia; 7. Shall Machines Dominate Men?; 8. Living in Harmony with Nature.

THE CONSUMER PAYS—*Thomas*

What various forms of waste and graft does the consumer pay for? How general are these practices? How do they compare with waste and graft in government-controlled activities? Have you had personal experience of waste, exorbitant charges, or fraud in your business dealings? How does advertising reve-

nue affect the policies of a newspaper? Why can you buy the *Saturday Evening Post* for five cents? What would happen to the *Post* if it advocated policies which profited the consumer at the expense of the large corporations? Can you suggest any remedies for the situation? Can men be honest in a competitive economic system?

Possible Themes: 1. One of the Hundred Million Guinea Pigs; 2. Graft in Politics and Graft in Business; 3. Is the *Saturday Evening Post* a Good Buy?; 4. Peacetime Patriotism; 5. An Honest Business Man; 6. Does Business Corrupt Government?; 7. Consumers' Organizations.

LIBERTY—FOR WHAT?—Meiklejohn

What kind of liberty does the Liberty League want? Is it the kind you want? What kind of liberty does your college stand for? Do those who are loudest in advocating liberty in business really want complete removal of all governmental regulation, of all tariff advantages, of all recourse to government in time of depression? Is Meiklejohn's distinction justified by the Constitution? Is it justified in practice?

Possible Themes: 1. What Did the Revolutionists of '76 Fight For?; 2. Is Laissez-Faire Scientific?; 3. Our Press—Politically Free, Economically Dependent; 4. Let Freedom Ring—Through a Million Dollar Newspaper Plant; 5. Can a Dean Believe in Liberty?; 6. Freedom to Preach Fascism?; 7. Where Liberty Ends and Anarchy Begins; 8. What about This "Fraternity Stuff"?; 8. Walt Whitman, American; 9. Stand by the Constitution.

CHAOS AND CULTURE—Jones

Is Professor Jones right in saying that neither scientists nor economists know where they are going? What does he mean by the humanities or culture? Can you distinguish between his jesting references to the subject and his serious conceptions? How does he reconcile his point that literature and philosophy have created present chaos with his conclusion that humane studies afford the remedy for chaos? Can you cite any other ideas, emanating not from scientists but from men of letters or philosophers, which have had a profound influence on society? Does it seem likely that the exponents of humane culture will ever recognize "common values to which the wise and the good of the earth may rally"? In answering this question, first try to discover what Professor Jones means by "values," then select one or more concrete values, and ask yourself by what means, through what process, they might come to be generally accepted? Would it be necessary to resort to the scientist's method of experiment or the economist's examination of facts and statistics?

Possible Themes: 1. The Dangerous Professor; 2. The Misuse and the Use of the Humanities; 3. Phases of Culture; 4. Can the Humanities Arrive at Truth without Scientific Method?; 5. Culture as Emotional Response and Culture as Intellectual Understanding; 6. What Literature (or Art or Music) Means to Me.

HOW TO TELL A COMMUNIST AND HOW TO OUTWIT HIM—Russell

Do you know any professed Communists? Do you have any firsthand or thoroughly reliable information about Communist activities? Were these activities directed toward setting up a Communist state or society? How far were these efforts successful? Do you know the number of Americans enrolled in the Communist party? If not, consult a year book. Do you consider the Communist menace serious? What are the worst features of Communism? What methods

of combating it are consistent with American traditions of liberty and the Bill of Rights? What methods are un-American? Do you agree with Dean Russell's program?

Possible Themes: 1. First let's Define Communism; 2. Communists I Have Known; 3. Communism on the Campus; 4. The Truth about Russia; 5. Why Socialists Hate Communists, 6 The Workingman's Grievance against the American System; 7 The Obligations of the Privileged Classes; 8. The Bill of Rights; 9. The American Legion Represents—What?

PACIFISM: ITS RISE AND FALL—*Bliven*

Have you considered some of the pacifist axioms: "There never was a good war or a bad peace", "war never settles anything"; "there are no victors in war, only losers"; "a war against dictatorships abroad would only create a dictatorship at home"? Are these true or false? What of the isolationist assertions: "It makes little difference to the United States if the rest of the world goes fascist"; "Washington, who never told a lie, said the United States should avoid entangling alliances"; "Every time Uncle Sam went to Europe he was played for a sucker"; "England only wants us to pull her chestnuts out of the fire", "the struggle between the European democracies and the fascist powers is merely a struggle between the haves and the have nots"? Do you consider that Germany and Italy will be content with the acquisition of some inferior colonies and easier access to raw materials? What do we know of their ultimate territorial and economic aims? What happens to science, religion, democracy, liberty, truth of any kind wherever fascist influence is felt? Why has the issue of pacifism changed since the 1920's?

Possible Themes: 1. Making the World Unsafe for Democracy; 2 Fighting the Devil with Phrases; 3. Isolation in a World of Airplanes; 4 The Onward March of Fascism; 5. The Wisdom of Washington; 6. Wars Right and Wrong, 7. Peace at Any Price?

ALL IS NOT LOST IN THE FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY—*Muzzey*

Enumerate Professor Muzzey's reasons for belief in the ultimate triumph of democracy? Do you think them sound? Or are the democracies doomed by their pacifism, their lack of unity, or by the successive treacheries of Great Britain? What is Mr. MacLeish's view in *The Fall of the City*? Can you suggest any other reasons for hope besides those mentioned by Muzzey? What suggestion does Sandburg offer? and Mr. McConn? What practical steps toward the safeguarding of democracy are open to college students?

Possible Themes 1. The Valley Forge of Democracy; 2. Great Britain as an Accomplice of Fascism; 3 Possible Improvements in American Democracy, 4 What Can a College Student Do to Fight Fascism?; 5. The Responsibilities of the Educated.

SMALL-TOWN MIDDLE-WESTERNER—*Fisher*

What are the criticisms of the small town, as you have heard them, or have read them in the work of Sinclair Lewis or H L. Mencken? Do you find there real democracy, absence of class feeling? Does the banker call the barber by his first name, and vice versa? Are there churches for the rich and churches for the poor? Is Christianity lived or merely preached? Is there any creative effort in the arts of writing, music, painting, architecture, or drama, or do people simply turn on the radio? Is there lively and original political and economic discussion, or do people merely repeat what they read in the papers? Do most

young men and women in small towns want to stay, or do they leave for the city when they get a chance?

Possible Themes: 1. Main Street vs. New York (or any other large city); 2. I Knew Everybody; 3. Small-Town Religion; 4. Reds and Fascists in Main Street; 5. The Small-Town Newspaper; 6. The Small-Town High School; 7. Canned Entertainment; 8. The Lure of the Big City.

CHINESE TRAITS—*Lin*

Does Mr. Lin agree with Stevenson as to the essence of happiness? In what do they disagree? Do Americans overestimate the pleasure of possessions? Do they overestimate the pleasure of meditative leisure? How does your list of the essentials for happiness compare with the Chinese author's? Do you think you might well borrow any items from his list? When is a sense of humor a curse? Compare Lin's views of the Chinese with that in *Marco Polo*.

Possible Themes: 1. A Stroll in the Moonlight; 2. Leisure to Think; 3. Gadgets and Wisdom; 4. My List of Requisites for Happiness; 5. Why Make Money?; 6. Is the Last Laugh on the Humorist?; 7. Heroism versus Humor; 8. The Place of Humor.

YOUTH MOVES TOWARD NEW STANDARDS—*Gauss*

Do you agree with Dean Gauss as to the trend of student opinion and feeling? What do students think about economic inequalities? What do they think about cocktails? Are the movies still a sexodrome? Defend your statements. Is there a rational standard of morals which does not shift with the generations? On what must it be based? Where does happiness come in?

Possible Themes: 1. The Newest Dispensation; 2. The End of the Jazz Era; 3. Elementary Economics in College Life; 4. A Generation without Jobs; 5. My Morality; 6. Where Do the Professors Stand?; 7. The Movies and Morality.

EVOLUTION AND ETHICS—*Huxley*

Thomas Henry Huxley, the famous biologist and champion of the evolutionary theory, delivered this lecture at Oxford in 1893, near the end of his career. He speaks of "taking an immensity of trouble over it." Does the workmanship show? In organization? In tact? Whose sensibilities might have been offended? After reading the study of Huxley's style on pp. 185-95, illustrate by passages in this lecture. Look up all unfamiliar words in the dictionary, and be prepared to define them. If your instructor requires, prepare an outline. Which human qualities, once useful or essential to survival, are now becoming less useful or positively dangerous? What is meant by "letting the ape and tiger die"? Has civilized humanity changed essentially; for instance, in regard to torture, slavery, the position of women? Are Huxley's ethics essentially different from those of Christ? What does he think of rugged individualism? Explain how the cosmic process can be thought of as unethical? How do you reconcile the justice and mercy of God with the needless and undeserved suffering in the world?

Possible Themes: 1. Huxley as a Stylist; 2. What Rugged Individualism Has Done to My Family; 3. Does Human Nature Change?; 4. The Ape and Tiger in Man; 5. God Is Just; 6. Men Must Cooperate; 7. The Mosaic Law Gives Place to the Christian; 8. Where Competition Is Still Desirable.

WHAT RELIGION MEANS TO ME—*Buck*

What is religion? Where is it to be found? What is the place of ritual? What is the place of social morality? How effective is organized religion today in purify-

ing government and business of corruption, in enforcing justice, in relieving poverty, in preventing war? Are cities governed by officials belonging to a Christian communion more free from vice, corruption, and slums than those which are not so governed? Is Mrs. Buck's definition of God and religion satisfactory? Does it rest on experience or on somebody else's word? Ought religion to be founded on anything but the surest foundation? Is there anything in Mrs. Buck's conception incompatible with Huxley's view of mankind and the universe? Does it give ground for hope?

Possible Themes: 1. My View of God; 2. My View of Religion; 3. A Christian Nation; 4. Judaism and the Future; 5. Religion in Politics; 6. Is the New Testament Obsolete?; 7. What Did Christ Stand For?; 8. Communism and Christianity; 9. Christ in Wall Street; 10. The Religion of Tomorrow.

INFALLIBILITY—*Newman*

Observe that Newman in this passage from his *Apologia* and Huxley in his *Evolution and Ethics* both concern themselves with the problem of reconciling the existence of an almighty and all-good God with the appalling ignorance and suffering of mankind. They arrive at opposite conclusions. Can you put in your own words the two explanations offered for the existence of evil? Does Newman seem to overlook certain essential facts? Does his analogy of "the boy of good make and mind" really support his case? Does he make it clear why "the unaided reason, when correctly exercised," and the reason considered actually and historically should lead to diametrically opposite conclusions? Do you agree with Newman as to the desirability of an infallible guide in matters of religious faith? Do you think that the Roman Catholic church has been successful, wherever and whenever it has prevailed, in fulfilling the functions which Newman assigns to it. rescuing human nature from its misery, furnishing sure guidance into the very meaning of the divine message committed by our Lord to His apostles? What facts of history or observations of your own tend to support Newman's conception of the authority and the beneficence of his church? Read over what Mr. Maugham says about Newman's style on p. 174. Be prepared to illustrate his remarks by particular passages.

Possible Themes 1. Human Misery and God's Goodness; 2. Blame Adam or the Anthropoid Ape?; 3. Catholics in American Politics, 4. The Ideal Church, 5. Reason a Giant Evil?; 6. Newman as a Stylist; 7. Newman and Father Coughlin.

EDITORIALS

It is hardly necessary to explain what an editorial is since most of you have read one or more in the school or college newspaper if you have never read any others. An editorial is a brief comment on the news or on some live issue, written by a member of the editorial staff or some special contributor. It is supposed to voice the honest opinion of the staff, but, as found in the daily press, often voices the views of the owner or the business manager instead. Its mood and its manner are varied: it may throb with horror or righteous indignation or merely express a mild disapproval; it may exhort solemnly, argue coolly, chuckle blandly, or praise enthusiastically. At times, therefore, it passes over from pure exposition into argument or the chatty familiarity of the personal essay.

A good editorial should be timely, honest, sensible, terse, and fresh. If it is not suggested by some recent happening or speech or publication, it should be at least of living interest to a number of readers. Only on special anniversaries and centenaries may the past be exhumed for its own sake. The comment should

preferably be rational—though at election time and in times of strike or war many papers allow themselves indefinite latitude in this regard. In the fall of 1936 editors were calling Roosevelt a pawn of Moscow without losing their jobs; they lost only some of their saner readers. Usually, however, a certain measure of sense is desirable, and also of honesty. Forced eloquence inspired by simulated emotions is easily detected except when practised by a seasoned and clever liar. An editorial must be terse. There should be no vague meanderings, but a swift straight march toward one definite point. That point need not be new, after all it is not possible to have a fresh idea for every kidnaping, revolution, senate investigation, athletic victory or defeat, and election. But a good editorial, if it does not have a novel idea, should give an old idea a novel dressing of supporting circumstance, specific application, appropriate quotation, comparison, or contrast.

WHAT ANTHONY EDEN MAY BE TOO POLITE TO SAY TONIGHT

This editorial purports to be a speech made by a prominent British statesman to a congress of American industrial leaders in New York. What effect does this imaginary speech have on the conservative reader which a forthright statement of the editor's opinions would not have? Is it true that the well-to-do classes in the United States have been slow to admit the claims of labor in the factory and on the farm? Note the use of specific facts and dates, the frequent use of parallels between the two countries, the emphatic close. Explain the value of these features.

Possible Themes 1. The Die-Hard; 2. Intelligent Conservatism; 3. What a Student Is Too Polite to Say to the Trustees of the College; 4. The Wider Responsibilities of the Business Man; 5. The Crust of the Upper Crust.

SELF-RELIANCE—Leach

When Mr. Leach, editor of the *Forum*, asserts that "Mass action cannot save America for democracy, it cannot be done at the polls," does he mean that we should abandon any coordinated effort as groups or as a nation to meet the various threats to democracy, and absent ourselves from the polling booths? What does he mean? Do you think his editorial has a practical application to the young men and women of today? Do you think the five million jobs suggested by Mr. Chase in his article beginning page 259 would deprive American youth of self-reliance? Have you firsthand evidence on the matter, or merely gossip and rumor? What methods are employed to enforce Mr. Leach's point?

Possible Themes 1. What the W.P.A. Does to People, 2. The Effects of Student Help Funds and Scholarships in Undermining Morale; 3. Where the Golden Rule Breaks Down; 4. The Wealthy Student as an Example of Self-Reliance; 5. My Experiences with Relief.

TO A JEWISH FRIEND—Thompson

This editorial was inspired by the systematic looting and destruction of Jewish stores throughout Germany and the wholesale confinement of Jews in prison camps in November 1938. What has been the Christian teaching in regard to racial discrimination? What has been the American tradition? What does science tell us? What have been some of the outstanding contributions of Jews to world culture? to American life? What signs of anti-Semitic feeling do you observe? What can the Jew do to improve matters? What can the non-Jew do?

Possible Themes 1. The Jew as Scapegoat, 2. Persecution and the Jew; 3. Gentlemen Prefer Blondes; 3. Anti-Semitism versus Americanism; 4. Christ Was

a Jew; 5. The Jew in Music (or Science, Law, Philosophy, Literature); 6. The Aryan Peril.

THE RESEARCH PAPER

In many of your courses you will be required to write one or more, shorter or longer papers based on reading. In preparation for advanced degrees, in certain kinds of journalism, and in legal training, more ambitious, more specialized types of the research paper are demanded. For most of you, therefore, there is probably no more immediately practical type of writing than the preparation of a research paper. To learn the method now means hours saved, grades improved, perhaps perdition avoided or honors gained.

This type of paper is written primarily to convey information, clearly, methodically, convincingly, and in this general aim it does not differ from many of the expositions you have studied. But it has the distinguishing trait of being based mainly and immediately upon reading, and it provides clues as to just what that reading was. Why these clues? Because your reader, whether professor or member of the public, is presumably interested in knowing just what sources you have used. Often a glance at your footnotes or bibliography will reveal the fact that your reading has been scanty or unwise. Furthermore, when a research article or book is published, the apparatus not only allows a rapid judgment of the thoroughness and impartiality of the work, but it also helps those who want to investigate further to check the author's statements and to get access to his sources of information. For this reason pay particular attention not only to the structure of these papers, but also to their use of quoted material and their apparatus for reference.

THE YANKEE SCHOOL—*Kittredge*

What are the topics treated under this title? Note transitions from one topic to another. What purposes do the quotations serve? Study the form of the footnotes. Have you observed instances of expensive school-buildings and cheap teachers? Which are more important? What do you consider to be the chief defects in your instruction in English? What would be the result of paying higher salaries to high-school teachers?

Possible Themes: 1. A Cheap School-Master Makes a Dear School; 2. Life a Hundred Years Ago; 3. Expensive Economy; 4. A research paper, based on first-hand sources, on a specific condition or institution in Colonial or later times; 5. A research paper on the college magazine or on college life fifty or more years ago; 6. A brief biography of a college character based on original sources; 7. A research theme on schools in Shakespeare's day or on medieval schools and schoolboys.

PROPAGANDA TECHNIQUES OF GERMAN FASCISM

Study the organization of this article, the form of the footnotes, the reading list with commentary at the end. What value does direct quotation have in this article? Under what conditions does propaganda cease to be a legitimate effort to influence public opinion, as guaranteed by the Bill of Rights, and become a public menace which should be suppressed by law? Read the Bill of Rights and determine whether any action can be taken against Nazi propaganda in this country, or the speeches of Earl Browder, Father Coughlin, or John L. Lewis. If you think so, quote the passage you consider actionable. Do you detect in your reading any of the methods of confusing or misleading the public discussed in this article? If possible, bring to class a newspaper editorial in which you detect a fallacy and point it out.

Possible Themes: 1. When Propaganda Should Be Suppressed; 2. College Propaganda and Its Techniques; 3. It Can Happen Here; 4. Patriotic Societies and Patriotism; 5. I Fell for a Fallacy; 6. Variations in the Gentle Art of Lying.

STORIES

THE TELL-TALE HEART—Poe

This psychological story, like the famous motion picture *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, explores the workings of a diseased mind. Long before the scientific studies of modern psychology Poe here presents artistically a picture of a psychopathic personality. Did you find the monolog convincing as a betrayal of a diseased mind? Is he a true type of hyperaesthesia? Do you believe he would confess at the end of the story as Poe wishes you to believe he did? If such a mad crime were committed today in your own community, how would your emotional reactions differ from your reaction to this story?

Possible Themes: 1. Compare *The Tell-Tale Heart* with Browning's *My Last Duchess* or with some other example of dramatic monolog; 2. As an exercise of the creative imagination, imagine that you have committed some crime, and write a detailed confession; 3. Sketch the scenario of a motion picture that might be adapted from *The Tell-Tale Heart*; Would you want Bela Lugosi or Boris Karloff in the cast?

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT—Stevenson

Did you find this story of 15th Century France an adventure or an experience? (See *The Pursuit of Values in Fiction*.) Where is the emphasis in the story—on action or on character? To what extent do the snow, the wind, the cold contribute to the effect of the story? Would anything have been lost if the story opened inside by the fire instead of outside? Does Stevenson convince you that Villon was a poet as well as a thief? If so, how? Read Rossetti's translation of Villon's *Ballade of Dead Ladies*. Does this authentic poem by a real man sound as if it might have been written by the Villon of Stevenson's historical romance?

Possible Themes: 1. Write the adventures that might have befallen the other ruffians in the story on the night of the murder; 2. Write the scene, with dialog, of the discovery of Thevenin's body by the watch; 3. Discuss in modern terms the questions of war and brigandage, hunger and honor which Villon and his noble host debate; 4. After consulting available works of reference, give an account of French costume, architecture, or economic conditions in the 15th Century.

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT—Harte

In this story of the gold rush in California in 1850, Harte says of Poker Flat: "It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it." Can you cite any recent examples of this old frontier habit of lawlessness? Is the custom of "taking the law in our own hands" limited to any section of the U. S.? (See *Skipper Ireson's Ride*.)

The late James Gibbon Huneker once described Zaza, Camille, and Manon as "sentimental strumpets of French fiction." Is "The Duchess" a sentimental strumpet? Mother Shipley? Defend your answer. Is the outcome tragic or

pathetic? (You had better look the words up in Webster's *New International Dictionary*, Second Edition, before you answer.)

Possible Themes: 1. You have read, perhaps, some of the *Pro and Con* articles in *Readers Digest*. Write a *Pro and Con* article on government by lynching, tar and feathering, flogging by masked riders; 2. Write a "happy ending" for *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* whereby the rescuers arrive in time. What does the story gain by the change? What does it lose?

THE GARDEN PARTY—*Mansfield*

The theme of the story is the growing up of a young girl—her emerging from girlhood to womanhood. How does the death of the carter precipitate the process? Observe Laura's reactions and note instances of her girlhood—the scene with the bread and butter at the beginning, the scene of the cream puffs. What episodes indicate her growing maturity? Would the story have been more true or less true if Laura had found death and the dead man horrible instead of beautiful? What are the social implications of Laura's words to the dead man: "Forgive my hat"?

The story is told in the third person as is *Drought*, but it is told entirely from Laura's point of view. What would have been gained or lost if the story were told in the first person as *The Disenchanted* is? If told in the form of a diary?

Possible Themes: 1. Laura and the cream puffs. As a child what was one of your favorite foods? Are you still fond of it or have you outgrown your taste? You might write on "my favorite dishes—then and now"; 2. What is your earliest memory of seeing a dead person? Describe the circumstances as you remember them. What effect did the experience have on you? Should children be kept from an early acquaintance with death or not?; 3. As you look back over your past what experience seems to mark most clearly the step from your childhood into your present stage of maturity? Narrate it.

YOUNG MAN AXELBROD—*Lewis*

Did you find this college story primarily a story of character or one of plot? Do you feel that Mr. Lewis has invented Axelbrod for the purpose of contrasting his worthy ideals of college education with the unworthy ideals of most students? Or is he presented as an idealist who finally for an evening attains his ideal? Or does the author successfully weave both themes together? How does the author, in spite of Axelbrod's ludicrousness, make him a dignified and sympathetic figure? What is the ironical implication of calling Axelbrod "young"? What in college life does Mr. Lewis satirize? Does the shoe pinch you anywhere?

Possible Themes: 1. Write a satire on some particular type of college student which you consider affected, shallowly pretentious, or in some other way absurd; 2. Write a defense of, or an attack on, such useless aspects of life as poetry, music, and painting; 3. Do a character sketch of some eccentric person, endeavoring to understand and make clear the psychological reasons for the eccentricity.

DROUGHT—*Stong*

It has been said that romances deal with courtship and terminate in marriage, that realistic stories begin with marriage and go on to the problems of life. Is there romance in the young married life of Devon and Cass? Or does *romance* mean one thing in the previous sentence and another in the one before? The theme of the story turns on courage. Do Devon or Cass waver in their courageous meeting of discouraging facts? Does Sid? How does the fact of Devon's preg-

nancy influence Sid's view of the future? Can you imagine yourself sharing in Sid's change of heart? What is the effect of the last line of the story? With greater courage could the narrator in *The Disinherited* have more successfully met the discouraging facts of his life?

Possible Themes: 1. How have the members of your family and your friends met recent disasters due to drought, tornadoes, floods, crop failures, or industrial collapse? Write a sketch contrasting two or more different reactions; 2. If you have any firsthand observations on the workings of the A.A.A. you might recount them. What advantages or disadvantages may accrue from leaving land uncultivated?; 3. Is it true that "a wife is just a stumbling block in a young doctor's way"? Should a young man preparing for a professional career postpone or avoid marriage? Should a young woman avoid marriage with a young doctor or other young professional man? Discuss.

I CAN'T BREATHE—*Lardner*

Letters and diaries have long been used as media for telling stories. Could an author characterize this girl any more vividly than she characterizes herself in her diary? Why does Lardner have her use bad grammar, punctuation, and spelling? Were you surprised at the ending? Could you devise a better way for her to extricate herself from her difficulties? Will she really marry Merle Oliver?

In one way story telling by diary resembles story telling by the stream of consciousness method. Both focus on what goes on in the leading character's mind rather than on a succession of events. How do the methods differ in emphasis? Compare the comic effects Lardner gains by his use of bad grammar with those in Spaeth's *Stabilizing the Language Through Popular Songs*.

Possible Themes: 1. Rewrite one of the days from the diary in the stream of consciousness method or rewrite Margaret's day as diary. Will Margaret's use of English resemble the girl's in *I Can't Breathe*?; 2. Here is an actual situation from college history. Three young men gave fraternity pins to the same girl—one in the spring term, one in the mountains in June, one at the shore in August. Write a scene wherein the three men meet and discover the multiple engagement. What is the outcome?

THE END OF SOMETHING—*Hemingway*

Mr. Hemingway practises the art of understatement. Whereas most story writers tell more of their characters' thoughts and feelings, he endeavors to suggest much by telling little. In reading this story do you feel that you understand the suggestion or are you confused and annoyed? Is it more appropriate artistically to have the young people row past a ruined mill than a mill in operation?

Possible Themes: 1. Write an explanation of what, in your opinion, lies back of that part of the story which Mr. Hemingway has chosen to tell; 2. Tell the story of how your own first love affair terminated. Instead of saying "I" and "he" or "she," you may use fictitious names, such as "Nick" and "Marjorie." That is one way fiction is written.

NIGHT CLUB—*Brush*

Miss Brush's story does not develop any single situation or plot to a conclusion. From the separate incidents how many stories do you think might be constructed? Why did the girl take the scissors? What happened to Claire and Sylvia and Amy? Why did the second visitor, the blond girl, change so when Mrs. Brady brought her the glass of water? The artistic problem in *Night Club* was to fuse all these stories into one whole. Has Miss Brush succeeded in doing this? What

means does she employ? How does Mrs. Brady's addiction to the true story magazine introduce a note of irony?

Possible Themes: 1. Expand any one of the flashlight incidents in this story. Explain and tell what happened before and after; 2. Narrate similar incidents you have observed in dressing rooms, wash rooms of Pullman cars, lobbies of theaters, or other places where strangers congregate intimately.

PAUL'S CASE—*Cather*

A tragedy may well be defined as a story whose unhappy outcome is the result of a flaw in the hero's character. By this definition is *Paul's Case* a tragedy? Is Paul a victim of his own character or is he a victim of circumstances?

The title of the story, *Paul's Case*, suggests illness, physical or mental. Do you think Paul was a tubercular case? A psychiatric case? Was he insolent because he was full of self-confidence or because he was timid? Could he have overcome his maladjustment by making his daily life more congenial instead of escaping into an unreal world of wish fulfillment?

Possible Themes: 1. Miss Cather compares Paul with a street cat set at bay by a ring of tormentors. From your school days do you recall any girl or boy who was persecuted because he was different from the other children? Tell the story and try to explain why this child was different; 2. The sanest of people at times fail of complete mental poise. They escape for moments into fantastic dream worlds or indulge in orgies of self-pity. Choose some such moment from your own past history—long enough ago so that you are no longer ashamed of it—and tell the story; 3. The action of *Paul's Case* is supposed to have taken place about 1900. If Paul were living the story now what would probably take the place of the symphony and the stock company in his escape from reality? Explain as fully and sympathetically as possible.

THE DISINHERITED—*Pagano*

This story, like *Drought*, deals with one of the serious problems of modern American life, the reaction of individuals to hard times. Why did the boy go on the bum in the first place? Why did he return to the road? In his reaction to economic depression typical or highly individual? What do you learn about him from his thought of the strawberry fields of Oregon? Did he help his family by going away? Would any of the excellence of the story have been sacrificed if the author had called his hero "Bob" instead of "I"? What would the hero of this story say to the discussion in *Youth Speaks Its Mind on Jobs and Careers*? Compare the dialog with the dialog in *The End of Something* and the dialog in *The Garden Party*.

Possible Themes: 1. Write a story of how some one person you know well reacted to hardship and disappointments resulting from the depression; 2. Draw on your knowledge of biography and history and write a story of how some person reacted to the hard times which followed the War between the States.

THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER—*Benét*

This is a modern and artistic example of a most characteristic American oral form—the "tall story." By the introduction of picturesque exaggerations and impossibilities a celebrity may become fabulous, legendary, and mythical. Folk heroes like Paul Bunyan and Johnnie Appleseed are American favorites. The enjoyment of such stories requires what S. T. Coleridge called "The willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith." One should

read *The Devil and Daniel Webster* in the same spirit as *Christabel* and *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. All three are in a sense poems.

Can you point out "tall story" elements in W. R. Benét's *Jesse James? The Odyssey? Beowulf?* By what literary device does Mr. Benét retain the spirit of oral story telling in *The Devil and Daniel Webster*? Does this device help you to suspend your disbelief for the moment? Compare this story with *The Green Pastures* as combinations of the naïve and the heroic. Is Benét just telling a yarn, or is he trying to say something important about men and about America? Defend your answer. Why should this story be chosen as the basis of a libretto for an opera? Would it make a good motion picture?

Possible Themes: 1. Retell a "tall story" or fabulous legend you have heard and give it a local and familiar setting; 2. Try your hand at writing in direct discourse Dan'l Webster's address to the jury of damned souls. This will be very difficult to do well; 3. Write, after appropriate visits to works of reference, a brief biographical sketch of one of the phantom jurors.

PLAYS

RIDERS TO THE SEA—Synge

The tragedy of death does not involve those who die but the living who survive. Maurya has already lost four sons to the sea. The play opens with her bitter lamentation for another son drowned and ends in peace with the death of her last. What is the source of Maurya's peace? Is it the comforts of religion? the exhaustion of her spirit? the fact that there is nothing more to lose?

If the story of *Riders to the Sea* were told in three acts as a full length play what would be gained and what lost? A logical playwright starts with the climax of his play in mind and then works back to find the beginning in a situation which introduces the conflict from which the climax arises. In *Riders to the Sea* the climax comes in Maurya's peace after the death of six sons. Where shall the play begin? After the death of the first son? the second? Or as it does begin, with the death of the fifth son? Think over carefully the various steps in the story and consider each step in turn as a possible beginning for the play.

How much of the effect of *Riders to the Sea* comes from its setting? Try thinking of the play in a different setting. What would happen if you made the mother an American woman who loses six sons in a mine?

Possible Themes: 1. Rewrite any brief episode in *Riders to the Sea* with an American setting; 2. If you have lost by death anyone dear to you, you might write the story of your emotional adjustment to the loss. Poets record that such writing helps the mourner to find peace.

THE FALL OF THE CITY—MacLeish

In this allegory for radio the poet is dramatizing the conflict between democracy and totalitarianism. It is a call to arms. A battle cry of freedom. Would the message be more urgent or telling if the setting were of our own day and age instead of something remotely resembling that of Cortez' conquest of Mexico? Would prose be a more appropriate vehicle than poetry for this dramatic story? What does the poet consider the most effective weapon against the conqueror—pacifism, religion, arms?

In his introduction MacLeish speaks of the Announcer in radio as a Greek Chorus. What does he mean? Read Thornton Wilder's play *Our Town*. (It's in Burns Mantle's *Best Plays of 1938*.) How effective is the "Stage Manager"

as announcer or Greek Chorus? Observe the radio dramas you hear. Which use announcers or commentators on the action? Which do not? Is the announcer an artistic advantage? Does MacLeish agree with the authors of *Propaganda Techniques of German Fascism* as to the conditions favorable to a Fascist revolution?

Possible Themes: 1. Make a prose paraphrase of one of the longer speeches. This will test your understanding of the poetry. It will also enable you to test the relative effectiveness of prose and verse as a medium of expression in such a radio play; 2. Write a brief dramatic sketch for the radio. Before you try this, listen attentively to a number of radio sketches to observe how entrances and exits and other actions are suggested by speech alone; 3. Write an expository piece making clear your own views on freedom and the proper relationship of the individual and the state.

BEYOND THE HORIZON—O'Neill

In this play is Robert's death the tragic climax or is it merely a convenient device for dropping the curtain? Would the play have been more or less tragic if Robert had lived? Robert and Ruth certainly made a failure of their marriage. Whose fault was it? But in the last act Robert calls Andrew "the deepest dyed failure of the three." Was he merely angry or was the accusation true? Is it probable that Ruth and Andrew would have been happy if they had married? Is it probable that Robert would have been happy if he had sailed with Captain Scott? Why were the original plans abandoned? Could any one have prevented the change of plans?

If the climax of the play resides in the demonstration that Robert, Andrew, and Ruth had failed, how far back did the playwright have to go to uncover the motivating causes? Could he successfully have made a one act play of his material by expanding the last act with dialog which would have uncovered the antecedent action of the story?

How important is the setting of the play? Might it just as well have taken place on a southern plantation, a midwestern farm, or a western mine? Why did Mr. O'Neill set it near the seacoast of New England?

Possible Themes: 1. What do you look forward to as a happy and successful life? Money, the right girl (or boy), fame, doing what you are fitted for? What are you planning to do to attain that happy and successful life? Give the question careful thought and write your conclusions; 2. Suppose Robert had gone to sea and Andrew had married Ruth. Write a scene of reunion when Robert returns; 3. Is the outcome of the play the result of external circumstances or the characters of the leading persons? Explain your opinion in an essay.

THE GREEN PASTURES—Connelly

This play is notable as a skillful handling of difficult material. How has the author managed to maintain a spirit of devoutness in spite of the ludicrous situations and lines? How important is the prolog of the Sunday school teacher and the children in preparing the audience to receive the play in the right spirit? How does the singing of spirituals by the Choir maintain this spirit? What disadvantage would there be in turning up the lights in the house between one scene and the next? Of having no singing between scenes? What would the play lack dramatically if Hosea and Hezdrel did not forecast the Incarnation? Note the symbolism of the identity of Adam-Hezdrel—the old Adam who lost and the new Adam who won. Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, echoes seventeenth-century theologians in calling Christ, "The New Adam." What other stories, plays, or films have you

read or seen which deal with Biblical story? How do these others compare with *The Green Pastures*?

Possible Themes: 1. Have you ever known some ignorant but sincerely devout old man or woman? Write a character sketch; 2. As part of your spiritual autobiography, record some childish and distorted religious ideas you had before you were ten years old; 3. Record your first experience of hearing Negro spirituals sung.

BOTH YOUR HOUSES—*Anderson*

Such dramas as *Both Your Houses* are frequently called "problem plays" because in addition to dramatizing a personal conflict, they present larger social, political or economic problems for consideration by the audience. In this play the problem is political corruption. Do you feel that the author has dramatized this problem fairly? Of course he satirizes and ridicules congressional log-rolling, but does he so distort as to give an entirely false view of practical politics? Are the committee members types of practical politicians or are they individualized as persons? Is Alan a type or a person?

In the play Alan fails to accomplish what he sets out to do. Why does he fail? Is his failure the result of a flaw in his character? Is the play a tragedy of Alan's failure? If not, how does his failure differ from the tragic failure of Andrew, or Robert, or Ruth in *Beyond the Horizon*?

Compare and contrast the satire of this play with the verse satire in this book. Which is more savage? Which more humorous?

Possible Themes: 1. Is congressional log-rolling a necessary evil of representative government? Could it be avoided under fascism or under communism? Explain your proposals for eliminating or reducing congressional corruption; 2. Have you ever observed instances of corruption or log-rolling in state, city, town, or college politics? Give a clear-cut account of one such instance. Cast your story in dramatic form if you wish. You may avoid libel by changing names of people and places in your story; 3. How are you personally affected by exposures of political corruption? Do you accept the situation cynically, or are you moved to rise and strive for honesty? Explain how you feel and why.

POEMS

BALLADS

Ballads tell or suggest stories, but they differ from other narrative poems in their swinging rhythms and in their frequent use of a chanted refrain. Both characteristics were established by the earliest ballads, anonymous compositions of the Middle Ages which have been transmitted to us by oral tradition and reduced to writing for the most part only within the past two centuries. *Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Three Sons* is an authentic old ballad. These ballads have been called popular because they were sung and enjoyed by the common people whose lack of education denied them the enjoyment of more sophisticated poetry. Mountaineers and cow boys still sing old ballads and even compose and sing new ones. They are frequently crude, but at their best are vigorous and stirring as is the anonymous *Jesse James* in this section.

Our modern ballads reprinted here are literary compositions reflecting many of the traits of the old popular ballads. Like many old ballads, *The Sacrilege* and *Farewell to Barn and Stack and Field* tell stories of stark tragedy among common people. Like many old ballads *The Ballad of East and West* and *Le Pauvre Vatel* recount actual historical occurrences. Which of the ballads use repetition? Which

use refrain? Scan a few lines here and there and point out irregularities in the ballad meters.

Compare and contrast the anonymous *Jesse James* with *Robin Hood* as popular ballads. Read in this connection *Casey Jones* and *Frankie and Johnnie*. (They are printed in Sandburg's *American Songbag*.) Are the last two popular ballads or literary ballads?

Does *The Ballad of East and West* reflect your own view of the proper relationship between races? What common traits, indicative of the hand of Hardy, do you find in *The Sacrilege* and *The Return of the Native*?

Possible Themes: 1. Write in clear and orderly prose the story told allusively in the Housman ballad, the Murdoch ballad; 2. Transcribe your favorite ballad, not reprinted here, and explain why you like it; 3. Rewrite one of these ballads as a short story.

NARRATIVE POEMS

In reading and rereading the verse stories in this collection perhaps the first question that might profitably be asked is, Why has the author chosen to tell them as poems instead of as prose stories?

The Eve of St. Agnes, like *A Lodging for the Night*, tells a romantic story of the Middle Ages. If you were to rewrite the first few hundred words of the poem in such prose as Stevenson wrote in his story you would realize how the flavor would be altered.

Next consider how well adapted the verse form chosen is to the intention of each of these poems. Does the long and intricate Spenserian stanza assist Keats in building up his rich and ornate descriptions? Do the short, four-stressed couplets fit the rush of Morris's grim story?

It was not the intention of Keats and Morris to deal with moral problems in *The Eve of St. Agnes* and *The Haystack in the Floods*. Should a poem be judged according to the author's intentions or according to the reader's expectations? Contrast the two poems with medieval setting. Which seems to give the more accurate picture of medieval life? In which poem do you prefer to live in your imagination? Do *The Raid on Harper's Ferry* and *Saul Kane's Fight* deal with moral problems?

Possible Themes: 1. Rewrite as prose story the first three or four hundred words of any one of the narrative poems. Carefully avoid the danger of carrying over into your prose any of the rime and meter of the poem; 2. Compare and contrast any two of these poems in material, intention, and expression; 3. Rewrite *The Raid on Harper's Ferry* or *Saul Kane's Fight* as a newspaper account of 500 words.

MEDITATIVE LYRICS

In the *Poetics* Aristotle classifies poetry as dramatic, narrative, and lyric. In drama the poet shows men in action without comment. In narrative the poet tells a story, with, perhaps, occasional comments. In lyric the poet speaks in his own person. The classification is still valid. The poet turns to lyric to express his attitudes and intentions, to communicate his feelings, to resolve if possible the conflicts of his own heart and mind.

In the poems the editors have grouped together as Meditative Lyrics mental and emotional struggle predominate. The poets seek solutions for the most important problems of their inner lives. Wordsworth seeks a mature recompense for the lost ecstasies of his youth. Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, and Henley wrestle with the problems of doubt and faith resulting from conflicts between the assertions of the young sciences of geology and biology on the one hand and those of Genesis on the other. Each poet offers a different personal solution

to the problem. What are these solutions? Endeavor to sum up briefly in writing the solution offered by each of the four to the problems of doubt and faith. What solutions have you yourself arrived at? Have you worked out your solution within yourself or have you accepted it second hand?

Do you agree with Ezra Pound that "It is beautiful" can be said of both a young girl and a shiny fish? Are the poems by Helene Magaret and Conrad Aiken equally religious?

Consider the construction of the poems. How does the sequence in *Tintern Abbey* differ from that in the *Blindman*? Observe the paragraph indentations of *Tintern Abbey*. The second paragraph begins, "These beauteous forms . . ." and the third "If this be but a vain belief . . ." Mark the beginnings of the other paragraphs and endeavor to sum up in a topic sentence the central idea of each paragraph. You see that the poem has a paragraph structure like that of an essay and moves from one idea to another. Do the other meditative lyrics have a similar structure?

Possible Themes 1. Have you, like Tennyson and Browning, lost by death a dear friend or relative? Has your religious faith suffered from the shocks of evolutionary theory? In verse or prose write of your personal struggle and state your personal solutions. 2. In the spirit of Whitman write a piece on a modern streamline locomotive in winter. (Or in the spirit of *The 20th Century Comes Through*.)

LOVE LYRICS

The love of man for woman and of woman for man has inspired more lyric verse than any other personal emotion that moves the hearts of poets. In the group of love lyrics here collected observe the different colorings given the emotion of love. Which are ecstatic? Which regretful? Which physical? Which spiritualized? Which are written to the loved person? Which are descriptive?

What images of coolness and purity does Keats use in the first part of his sonnet to prepare the reader to understand the conclusion as he wished it understood? How has Wordsworth built up the three stanzas of his poem about his wife to indicate the progressive stages of his deepening love? Does Auslander's use of one syllable words contribute to an effect of simplicity and deep feeling?

Since Petrarch wrote his sonnets to Laura, the sonnet form has been a favorite form for love poems. Why is this? Which poems in this group are sonnets? What technical requirements has a sonnet?

Possible Themes 1. What is your favorite love lyric not printed in this collection? Transcribe it and explain why you think it is fine. 2. Write an original sonnet of your own. It may not be very poetical, but any college student can write a correct sonnet. There is no better way to learn to understand and enjoy poetry than to try to write poetry.

NATURE LYRICS

Men and women have always been responsive to weather and natural scenery. Some respond appreciatively to external nature. Some passionately participate with it. Of the nature poems here collected which record appreciation? Which record participation?

By what change of rhythm does MacLeish mark his transitions from flies to hawks? Of what does Housman sing, cherry blossoms or mortality? Compare the Housman poem with Miss Magaret's *Impiety*.

Mr. Coffin says that when as a boy he returned later to where the fox dropped the fish, the fish was still there. He became sorry the fox had lost his fish. Why is this omitted from the poem?

Possible Themes: 1. Write a prose nature description: the city or country after a snow fall, rain in city or country, an animal you have seen in the woods, the sea or a river; 2. Compare and contrast the snow poems by Bridges and Frost; 3. Write a nature description contrasting the same scene at morning and evening, summer and winter, or wet and sunny.

DRAMATIC LYRICS

In writing dramatic lyrics a poet works much as a dramatist works except that he does not write a play. Tennyson imagines how Ulysses might have felt after he had spent some time at home with his wife Penelope and his son Telemachus and had become restless. He misses the activity that had been his at Troy and on his trip home. The lyric is an expression of what Ulysses might have felt. Does the poem also express something of Tennyson's own personal feeling? Does the conclusion deal with some of the same problems treated in *In Memoriam*?

In *My Last Duchess* an Italian despot of the Renaissance speaks to an emissary of his future father-in-law. What happened to the previous duchess? Why? Why does the duke tell all this to the emissary? Is the poem more or less lyric than *Ulysses*?

Why should *The Death of the Hired Man* be classified here instead of among the narrative poems? What lyric qualities does it possess? Does it communicate Frost's own feelings on the subject of the land, home, the family?

Possible Themes: 1. Write a character sketch of a hired man, or handy man, who has worked for your family; 2. Write a comparison of *Ulysses* and *Invictus*.

ELEGIES

The modern elegy celebrates the dead and expresses the personal feelings of the bereaved poet. Frequently it generalizes and points out significant influences of the dead.

How long after his father's death did Arnold write *Rugby Chapel*? Could he have recognized the significance of his father's influence so clearly if he had written immediately after his death? Do you know any one who might be described in terms similar to those used by Arnold in praising his father? Compare this poem with *Dover Beach*. Is a similar note sounded?

Rossetti was a painter as well as a poet. Do you recognize a painter's touch in *My Sister's Sleep*? How does Rossetti make you hear the silence? How does he indicate his belief in immortality?

What immortality does Lindsay promise for Altgeld? What effect does the poet secure by his use of the long lines? Is the poem more modern in spirit than the others?

Possible Themes: 1. Write a verse or prose elegy for some one, now dead, whom you loved or admired; 2. Write a brief narrative of your earliest contact with death. Express your feelings as you recollect them; 3. Write a brief biographical sketch of Altgeld. Was he right or wrong?

ODES

Odes are poems of praise addressed to a person, a class of persons, a city, an art object, a natural force, or a moral abstraction. They usually combine description with meditation and always express the poet's personal attitude.

Wordsworth was seven years older when he wrote *Ode to Duty* than when he wrote *Tintern Abbey*. Does this fact explain his change of emotional attitude? How does Shelley's attitude toward liberty compare with Wordsworth's? It has

been said that the theme of Keats' ode is that the permanence of art is a comfort in an impermanent world. What evidence do you find in the poem in favor of this view? Against it?

How well do the rhythmical rather than metrical lines of the Whitman and Sandburg odes seem adapted to the subjects of the odes?

Possible Themes: 1. Describe the two scenes depicted on the two sides of the vase Keats addresses; 2. Write on the place for the pioneer, or his lack of a place, in modern American life.

SONGS

Most lyrics may be sung and many that were not written to be sung have received musical settings. But a song is a lyric written expressly to be sung. Many of Burns's songs were written to old tunes.

How many of the songs printed in this collection have you yourself sung or heard sung? Do songs as a rule have greater or less intellectual content than other lyric forms? Which of these songs seem to call for group singing? Which for solo singing? Do your doctrinal adhesions interfere with your appreciation of *Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut or Marching Along*? Which of the songs seem almost to supply their own musical settings?

Possible Themes: 1. Tell the story of some very pleasant experience you have had in group singing—around a camp fire, perhaps, or a fireplace or in church; 2. Tell of your pleasure, or displeasure, in hearing for the first time some famous solo singer; 3. Write a brief account of student life in the Middle Ages. (Use *Gaudeamus Igitur*, and *A Lodging for the Night* among your sources.)

LIGHTER LYRICS

Poets, like other people, cannot be serious all of the time. In their lighter lyrics they express their moods of playfulness and gaiety. These lighter lyrics need not be inferior to the solemn ones any more than smiles are inferior to tears. Observe the frequent use of the artificial French verse forms: the rondeau, the triolet, the ballade. Why should these artificial forms be appropriate to verse in lighter moods? Are they inappropriate for more serious verse? Should E. B. White's poem have been listed among the Satires? Defend your answer. Study the contents of Auden, *Oxford Book of Light Verse*.

Possible Themes: 1. Write a prose letter of advice in a jocular mood; 2. Study out the rime scheme and metrical structure of the triolet and write one.

SATIRE

Not all of a poet's possible emotions are gentle or kindly. Even a poet sometimes becomes angry. When he does he may write satire. Satire has been defined as denunciation combined with humor. The humor is used, not to soften the edge of the satire, but to give it edge and point.

What do these satires denounce? Is Clough ridiculing the Ten Commandments or a worldly society? Is Robinson ridiculing romance or emotionally dishonest posers? Does Cummings denounce patriotism or dishonest political oratory? Does Taylor deal with the same problem which Anderson deals with in *Both Your Houses*?

Are the other satirists in this section inspired by the same idealism as inspired Lee Wilson Dodd? (See the last section of *Publicity*.) In the library consult Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* and Dryden's *MacFlecknoe*. Compare these poems with *Publicity* for technique and intention.

Do any of these satires probe moral hypocrisies or weaknesses in your own character, or are you able to see flaws only in other people? Do your stock re-

sponses render difficult or impossible your appreciation of any of the poems in this collection?

Possible Themes 1 Transcribe Cummings' sonnet with conventional punctuation and capitalization. Is he in any way justified in having it all printed in lower case? 2 Write a verse or prose satire on some institution, group of people, or person. Don't forget that humor is a necessary ingredient and that the satirist uses edged tools, not clubs and brick bats, 3 Which poem in this collection do you least appreciate? To what fault of your own is this lack of appreciation due?

POETRY OF SOCIAL CHANGE

Social change in Europe and America has of late tended to grant more power and more comfort to increasingly larger numbers of the population. The French Revolution put an end to the exclusive privileges of a feudal aristocracy and a feudal church. The Industrial Revolution gave power and wealth to those whose vision and enterprise gave them control of industrial production. Social change today seems to be a revolt against the exclusive privileges of these great industrialists and against uncontrolled exploitation of natural resources.

In the 19th Century most people believed that social change was in the direction of a better world. An optimistic age believed in progress and its continuation. Since the war of 1914-1918, however, a reaction has set in. A new group of poets has begun to question progress and to criticize the optimism of their fathers. Do these poets' criticisms seem justified? Have the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution left abuses that only another revolution can remove? See *How to Tell a Communist and How to Outwit Him* (p. 298).

Against what was Hood protesting? How was this evil removed? By revolution? What is being done about erosion? Can the land be brought back to productivity by *laissez faire* or only by governmental interference? How can the problems of technological unemployment best be solved? Is poetry or prose the more effective medium for vivifying these and similar problems growing out of social change?

Possible Themes 1 In your own experience have you observed instances of soil erosion resulting from deforestation? What was done about it? Tell the story, 2 Would there be less unemployment if lower wages were legalized? Discuss in 500 words, 3 Are you angered by the same things that angered Helene Magaret? Write your own *Song of the Answerer* (in prose if you prefer).

THE NOVEL

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE—Hardy

THE SETTING

What is a heath? What forms of vegetation grow on it? What eerie scene in dramatic literature is set upon a heath? Why does Hardy select this background for his novel? Why does he prophesy "Human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a somberness distasteful to our race when it was young"? Do you feel that Hardy's soul was in harmony with Egdon, that he loved it and would have been content to live there? Can you understand why?

As you read, observe and reproduce in your imagination the details of light, darkness, color, sound, form, of vegetable and animal life that reveal Hardy's extraordinary powers of observation. Note or copy out some of the most striking of these details.

What larger effects of vast spaces of remote ages does Hardy convey, and how? Do these effects influence our impression of the heath and of the human beings who live on it? What old customs among the heath people does Hardy describe? Do these add to our feeling about the heath? Is it significant or not that so many scenes take place at night?

Possible Themes 1. An Expository Description of Egdon; 2. Light and Shade on Egdon; 3. Hardy's "Daily Theme Eye"; 4. The Antiquity of Egdon; 5. Customs of the Country; 6. The Effect of the Heath on the Characters and Their Actions; 7. The Influence of Setting on My Life

THE CHARACTERS

Which of the characters interests you most? Give specific reasons. Do any of them seem impossible? Do any seem to lack definiteness?

How is Eustacia Vye first introduced, and with what effect? How is the portrait gradually filled in? How has Hardy's interest in philosophy, art, and heredity contributed to the description in Chapter VII? Which qualities in Eustacia provoke your admiration, and which your condemnation? Which scenes in which she appears stay with you? Can you find out why? What is Hardy's attitude toward her as shown by his comments? Quote them

Do you feel that Hardy shows particular sympathy with Clym Yeobright? What do you think they had in common? What motives led Clym back to Egdon and finally to the life of a preacher? Can you sympathize with them?

Why did not Wildeve marry Eustacia in the first place? Would he have been happy with her had their elopement proved successful? What qualities made his career and his marriage a failure?

Is Venn too good to be true? Are all his activities plausibly explained? For what various purposes does Hardy use the conversations of the minor characters? Memorize or write down some of their remarks. Does Hardy's humor seem more or less natural than that of Shakespeare, Dickens, or Mark Twain?

Possible Themes 1. Hardy's Treatment of Eustacia Vye; 2. Clym Yeobright—Hardy's Ideal?; 3. The Comic Characters; 4. The Most Delightful Simpleton in Literature; 5. A Contrast between Eustacia and Thomasin; 6. The Ubiquitous Reddleman; 7. Superstitions among the Egdon Folk

THE PLOT

On what day of the year does the novel open? On what day does the tragic climax take place? Is this close correspondence unintentional? How many of the crucial events are directly conditioned by the labors or festivities of the rural year? Point out step by step the growth of the fatal attraction of Eustacia to the returning native and then its equally fatal replacement by the old passion for Wildeve. How is the dramatic effect of the disaster prepared for?

Does Hardy emphasize the part that trivial happenings play in our lives? Mention a number of them, and state their consequences. Does Hardy make an undue proportion of trivial accidents lead to disastrous consequences? Is there any ironic force in the thought that human fates sometimes depend on the inadvertent chatter of a child or the behavior of inanimate things?

Possible Themes 1. The Architectural Scheme of *The Return of the Native*; 2. The Seasons Play Their Part in Tragedy; 3. How Hardy Holds Interest; 4. Does Hardy Load the Dice?; 5. The Miraculous Diggory

THE PHILOSOPHY

Note the passages in which Hardy comments on the cruelty of Circumstance and the pervading sadness of man's lot. How has he fitted the whole novel to this belief? Consult a biography and find out whether Hardy was a hypochondriac. What scientific facts seem to bear out the view that the Cosmos is not concerned with Justice or Mercy to Man? What facts, if any, in your experience seem to confirm it? What is the answer of the Christian religion? Has Hardy a right to insert doubtful and depressing views in a novel meant to entertain? Do these add to or detract from the novel's interest for you?

Possible Themes 1. Hardy's Case against the Cosmos; 2. A Critique of Hardy's Philosophy; 3. Suggest any new social arrangements, scientific discoveries, or educational reforms that might have made Fgdon folk happier; 4. Does Hardy's Philosophy Inspire Courage or Defeatism?

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES

ADAMS, HENRY BROOKS (1838-1918)

The great-grandson of one president and grandson of another, he was born on Beacon Hill, Boston; studied at Harvard under Lowell and Agassiz; studied and traveled in Europe. Was secretary of the American embassy in London and met Browning and the geologist Lyell. Was professor of history at Harvard 1870 to 1877. Resided in Washington for a few years, traveled extensively. In 1895 he became profoundly influenced by medieval life and thought, and wrote *Mont St Michel and Chartres*. In 1907 appeared his famous autobiography, *The Education of Henry Adams*.

AIKEN, CONRAD (1889—)

Born Savannah, Georgia. A.B. Harvard, 1911. Story writer, novelist, anthologist and poet. His selected poems won the Pulitzer Prize in 1930. Author of short stories collected in *Bring! Bring! and Costumes for Eros*, and of the novels, *Blue Voyage*, *Great Circle* and *King Coffin*.

ALDINGTON, RICHARD (1892—)

Educated at London University. Served in the War 1916-1918. Poet, translator and novelist. His novels *Death of a Hero*, 1929, *The Colonel's Daughter*, 1931; *All Men Are Enemies*, 1933, and *Women Must Work*, 1934. The first collected edition of his poems in the U. S. appeared in 1934.

ALLEN, HERVEY (1889—)

Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Educated U. S. Naval Academy 1910-1911, A. B. University of Pittsburgh 1915. Served at the front with the A. E. F. as First Lieutenant, wounded in action. Taught at Columbia University 1924-1925. Author of volumes of poetry *Wampum and Old Gold* and *New Legends*, the novel, *Anthony Adverse*, and *Israfel*, a biography of E. A. Poe.

ANDERSON, MAXWELL (1888—)

Born in Pennsylvania; educated at the University of North Dakota and Stanford. Has taught school, reported for San Francisco papers, written poems and articles for the magazines. He has become famous as the author of some of the most powerful plays seen on the New York stage in recent years—*What Price Glory*, *Elizabeth the Queen*, and *Winterset*. *Both Your Houses* won the Pulitzer Prize in 1933.

ARNOLD, MATTHEW (1822-1888)

His father, whose death he mourns in *Rugby Chapel*, was Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby, 1828-1842. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford. His most significant poems were written before 1867 and his prose after 1860. As inspector of schools and as professor of poetry at Oxford, Arnold exerted a stimulating influence on education and the appreciation of literature.

ARNOLD, THURMAN WESLEY (1891—)

Born in Wyoming. A. B. Princeton, 1911; LL. B. Harvard, 1914. Practised law. Served in the field artillery in World War. Professor of Law, Yale University, since 1931. Assistant Attorney of the United States. Author of the witty *Folklore of Capitalism*.

AUDEN, WYSTAN HUGH (1907—)

English poet, educated at Oxford. Youngest of the group that includes Stephen Spender and C. Day Lewis. Has taught school and served as correspondent with Spanish Loyalists and Chinese. Has edited two recent anthologies, *The Poet's Tongue* and *Oxford Book of Light Verse*. *Poems* includes his most important work to 1934.

AUSLANDER, JOSEPH (1897—)

Born in Philadelphia. Harvard, A.B. Instructor at Harvard and from 1929-1935 taught verse writing in the Extension Division at Columbia. Poet, editor, and translator. Author of the following volumes of poetry: *Sunrise Trumpets*, *Hell in Harness*, *Letters to Women*, *No Traveler Returns*. Now holds the chair of poetry in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

BEERBOHM, MAX (1872—)

Educated at Oxford, which he has parodied so delightfully in that classic of college life, *Zuleika Dobson*. During the gay nineties he was one of the cleverest of the *Yellow Book* set, which included Oscar Wilde and Arthur Symonds. He is something of a cosmopolitan, for his wife is a Tennessean, and for some years he has lived in Italy. The subtle and polished whimsicality of his essays and the elfish penetration of his cartoons have long made him the object of a cult among those whose sense of humor has progressed beyond the comic supplement.

BENÉT, STEPHEN VINCENT (1898—)

Born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. A.B. Yale, 1919, M.A. 1920. Short story writer and poet. Author of *Tiger Joy*, 1925; *Spanish Bayonet*, 1926; *John Brown's Body* (Pulitzer Prize for the best volume of verse), 1928, *Ballads and Poems*, 1931.

BENÉT, WILLIAM ROSE (1886—)

Born Fort Hamilton, N. Y. harbor. Educated at the Albany Academy and Yale. On staff of *Century Magazine* 1911-1918. Then on staff of *The Saturday Review of Literature* to the present. He is the author of some ten volumes of verse, of a novel, a book for children, and is compiler of a number of anthologies of poetry. Has taught verse writing in the Extension Division of Columbia University.

BLIVEN, BRUCE (1889—)

Born in Iowa. B.A. Stanford, 1911. Journalist in California and in New York City. Editor of *The New Republic*. Director of the Twentieth Century Fund.

BOURDILLON, FRANCIS WILLIAM (1852-1921)

Worcester College, Oxford (Scholar) M.A. From 1876 to 1879, resident tutor to Prince and Princess Christian. Took private pupils for the universities. Author of *Among the Flowers and Other Poems*, 1878; and *Ailes d'Alouette*, 1890. Did editions and translations of *Aucassin and Nicolette*, *Roman de la Rose* and other medieval poems and romances.

BRADFORD, GAMALIEL (1863-1932)

Born in Boston. Left Harvard for reasons of health. Lived in retirement at Wellesley Hills, Mass. Author of numerous biographical studies which he called psychographs.

BREWSTER, DOROTHY (1883—)

Born at St. Louis. Graduated from Barnard College in 1906, and took her doctorate at Columbia in 1913. Edited *A Book of Modern Short Stories*, 1928. Has written reviews of modern fiction and collaborated with Professor Burrell on *Dead reckonings in Fiction*, 1924, and *Modern Fiction*, 1934. Assistant Professor of English, Columbia University.

BRIDGES, ROBERT (1844-1930)

Educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Studied and for a time practiced medicine. He gained his reputation as a poet by his *Shorter Poems*, published from 1873 to 1893. He wrote critical essays as well as poetry. Appointed poet laureate in 1913.

BROWN, HEYWOOD (1888—)

Born in Brooklyn, N Y, student at Harvard. Sports editor; war correspondent with A E F; literary critic; author of syndicated column, *It Seems to Me*; founder of newspaper men's union.

BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT (1806-1861)

Married Robert Browning in 1846. Her best poems are those contained in the volume *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

BROWNING, ROBERT (1812-1889)

Privately educated. He and his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, lived mainly in Italy from their marriage in 1846 to her death in 1861. Best known for his lyrics and dramatic monologs.

BUCK, PEARL (1892—)

Born in West Virginia, graduated from Randolph Macon College in 1914. Married in 1917, went as missionary to China, remained till 1930. Became famous as author of portrayals of Chinese life, *The Good Earth* was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1931. Winner of Nobel Prize for Literature, 1938.

BURNS, ROBERT (1759-1796)

Born in Ayrshire, son of a farmer. Became famous with the publication of the Kilmarnock edition of his early poems. Wrote many songs to old traditional airs. His narrative poems include *Tam o' Shanter*, and his satires, *Holy Willie's Prayer*. His language is the northern variety of English spoken in the lowlands of Scotland.

BURRELL, ANGUS (1890—)

Born in Montana. Graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1914. Served in the navy during the Great War. Is now Assistant Professor of English at Columbia University. Has published in collaboration with Miss Brewster *Dead Reckonings in Fiction*, 1924, and *Modern Fiction*, 1934. Edited *The Bedside Book of Famous American Short Stories*, 1936, in collaboration with Bennett A. Cerf.

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, 6th Baron (1788-1824)

Born in London, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Won fame as a poet with *Childe Harold* (1812). His long, unfinished satirical poem *Don Juan* appeared in installments after 1820. He wrote many poetic dramas. He died of fever while assisting the Greeks in a rebellion against Turkey.

CHASE, STUART (1888—)

Born in New Hampshire. B S *cum laude*, Harvard, 1910. Member of accounting firm, investigator of meat industry. With Labor Bureau, Inc, since 1922. Author of many books and articles on economic and social subjects, and most recently of *The Tyranny of Words*, a penetrating study of words as tools of thought.

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH (1819-1861)

Son of a Liverpool merchant, he was educated at Oxford. He was a fellow at Oriel College, then principal of University Hall, London, and later an examiner in the Education Office. His poems were, for the most part, narrative.

COFFIN, ROBERT P. TRISTRAM (1892—)

Is a graduate of Bowdoin College, represented his native state of Maine as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. Like James's *Passionate Pilgrim*, he discovered another

home in England, to which ancestral strains and a devotion to English literature led him. Received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1936. Author of an autobiography, *Lost Paradise*.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR (1772-1834)

Educated at Christ's Hospital, where he met Charles Lamb, and at Jesus College, Cambridge. He tried soldiering, communism, and journalism. Associated with Wordsworth in the publication of *Lyrical Ballads*. In later life he turned more and more from poetry to essays in literary criticism and philosophy.

COLUM, PADRAIC (1881—)

Born at Longford, Ireland. Poet, novelist, story writer, dramatist. Associated with W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory at the beginning of the Irish Theatre movement. Founder and editor of the *Irish Review*. Now lives in America.

CONNELLY, MARC (1890—)

Born in Pennsylvania; reporter on Pittsburgh papers; contributor of verse and articles to magazines. Author of *Beggar on Horseback* and *The Green Pastures*; received the Pulitzer Prize for the latter play in 1930.

CONVERSE, FLORENCE (1871—)

Born in New Orleans. Educated at Wellesley. On editorial staff of *The Churchman*, 1900-1908, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1908-1930. Author of *Diana Victorix*, a novel, 1897, *The Burden of Christopher*, 1900, *Long Will*, 1903, *The Blessed Birthday*, 1917, *The Children of Light*, 1912, *Garments of Praise*, 1921, *The Holy Night*, 1922, *The House of Prayer, Into the Void*, 1926, and *Collected Poems*, 1937. The long poem *Efficiency Expert* was published in 1934.

CUMMINGS, EDWARD ESTLIN (1894—)

Born in Cambridge, Mass. Harvard, A.B., A.M. He served in the Ambulance Corps and later as a private during the War. A painter as well as an author. *The Enormous Room* (1922) gives in prose his memoirs of the War. His poetry, characterized by obscurity and typographical peculiarities, is contained in the volumes entitled: *XLI Poems*, *Is 5*, *CLOPW*, and *Ermi*.

DAY, CLARENCE (1874-1935)

Born in New York City, graduated from Yale in 1896. Was for most of his life an invalid. Writer of humorous sketches and essays and of the autobiographical sketches, *God and My Father* and *Life with Father*.

DE LA MARE, WALTER (1873—)

English story writer, novelist, and poet. His first volume, *Songs of Childhood*, appeared in 1902; *The Listeners and Other Poems* in 1912. *Memoirs of a Midget*, 1924. He writes much about and for children.

DICKINSON, EMILY (1830-1886)

Born at Amherst, Massachusetts, where she lived a quiet and secluded life. Her poems were published after her death; some are not yet published.

DOBSON, AUSTIN (1840-1921)

Educated at Strasbourg. On the English Board of Trade, 1856-1901. Author of four volumes of light verse and of seven volumes of serious biographical studies as well as several volumes of collected essays.

DODD, LEE WILSON (1879-1933)

American poet, novelist, and playwright. Born Franklin, Pa. Educated Yale and N. Y. Law School. Author of *A Modern Alchemist* and *The Middle Miles* (books of poems), *The Return of Eve*, *Speed*, *His Majesty Bunker Bean* (plays), and *The Book of Susan*, *Lilia Chenoworth*, and *The Girl Next Door* (novels). *The Great Enlightenment: A Saure in Verse, and Other Selected Verses* appeared in 1928.

EATON, WALTER PRICHARD (1878—)

Born in Massachusetts, graduated from Harvard in 1900. Dramatic critic for many years in Boston and New York, and author of many books on the theatre and outdoor life. Associate professor of playwriting at Yale since 1933.

FADIMAN, CLIFTON (1904—)

A.B. Columbia, 1925. Teacher of English at the Ethical Culture High School, 1925-27. Editorial adviser to publishers. Book editor of *The New Yorker* since 1933.

FISHER, WILLIS (1894—)

A.B. Ohio Wesleyan, 1916. Ph.D. Princeton, 1922. Teacher of English at Sarah Lawrence College. Co author with Herbert Agar and Eleanor Chilton of a volume of verse, *Fine, Sleet, and Candlelight*.

FROST, ROBERT (1875—)

Born in San Francisco and moved at an early age to New England. Studied at Harvard. From 1912 to 1915 he lived in England. His poetical works include: *A Boy's Will* (1913), *North of Boston* (1914), *Mountain Interval* (1916), *New Hampshire* (1923), which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1924, and *West Running Brook* (1928).

GAUSS, CHRISTIAN (1878—)

Born at Ann Arbor, graduated from University of Michigan in 1898; professor of Romance languages and chairman of the department. Dean of Princeton College. Since 1934 has had general supervision of Princeton athletics. Author of *Through College on Nothing a Year, Life in College*.

HARDY, THOMAS (1840-1927)

His education consisted of the study of Gothic architecture, Greek tragedy, and the philosophy of Schopenhauer. These have never made him supercilious toward the plain country folk and their ways; there is no keener taster of the rich flavor of humble talk in the sheepshearing barn or in the alehouse. Architecture has lent to his novels a sense for design and structure, and his study of tragedy and philosophy has led him to see the lives of dairymaids or mayors of small towns as under the aspect of eternity. His philosophy is most completely expressed in his poems and in his drama, *The Dynasts*. But his novels have given him his great and enduring popularity. In them are seen his sympathy for the victims of destiny, his rich, earthy humor, and his keen eye for the significance of landscape.

HARTE, FRANCIS BRET (1839-1902)

Born Albany, N. Y. Common school education. In 1854, went to California, was a teacher, miner, printer. His first story, *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, first appeared in *Oregon Monthly*. It and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* began the vogue of the Western story.

HAZLITT, WILLIAM (1778-1830)

Though born in England, was of Irish extraction and probably loved a fight as well as anyone else since the world began. With a vitriolic pen he waged life-long war on the Tories, quarreled with all his friends, divorced one wife, was deserted by another, and with his dying breath exclaimed, "Well, I have had a happy life." Besides his capacity for hatred, he possessed an equal capacity for enthusiasm, which he expressed in his literary criticism and in his familiar essays.

HEMINGWAY, ERNEST (1898—)

Born in Illinois. Wounded on the Italian front during the War. Newspaper correspondent, short story writer, and novelist. *In Our Time* first published in Paris. *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), *Farewell to Arms* (1929), *Death in the Afternoon* (1932), *Winner Take Nothing* (1933).

HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST (1849-1903)

Born at Gloucester, England, he was a cripple from boyhood. He was a magazine editor, playwright, and lyric poet. His collected works were published in 1908.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL (1809-1894)

Born at Cambridge, Mass. A.B. Harvard, 1829. Studied medicine in Boston and Paris. Became professor in Harvard Medical School, 1847. Turned increasingly to literature. Began contributing the *Breakfast Table* series to the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857. Author of much humorous verse and three novels.

HOOD, THOMAS (1799-1845)

Born in London. Friend of Lamb, Hazlitt, and De Quincey. Editor of magazines—*London Magazine*, *Gem*, *Comic Annual*, *New Monthly Magazine*, and *Hood's Magazine*. Famous for his comic as well as serious verses. *The Song of the Shirt* first appeared anonymously in *Punch* in 1843.

HOOD, THOMAS, JR. (pen name of Charles Clark, 1806-1880)

Author of *Epsom Races—a Poem*, *Comic*, *Punning*, and *Racy* (1838), printed at Clark's private press. A collection of his humorous and satiric pieces was edited by W. L. Hanchant, London, 1932.

HOUSMAN, A. E. (1854-1936)

Educated at Oxford. Professor of Latin at Cambridge University from 1911 to his death. His poems are published in two volumes—*A Shropshire Lad* (1896), *Last Poems* (1922), and *More Poems* in 1936.

HUNT, LEIGH (1784-1859)

Educated at Christ's Hospital. Was editor of many liberal magazines and author of miscellaneous essays and critical works. While editor of *The Examiner* he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for printing reflections on the Prince Regent. He wrote serious as well as light verse.

HUTCHINS, ROBERT MAYNARD (1899—)

Born at Brooklyn, N. Y. Student at Oberlin and Yale. In ambulance service during the World War. Dean of Yale Law School, 1928-1929. President of the University of Chicago since 1929. Writer of many articles on education.

HUXLEY, ALDOUS (1894—)

Grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley. Educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. Editorial writer, dramatic critic, novelist. His best novels are *Point Counter Point* (1928) and *Eyeless in Gaza* (1936).

HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY (1825-1895)

Was the son of a schoolmaster at Ealing, outside London. Was apprenticed to a surgeon at the age of thirteen. Took his degree in medicine in 1845, and went out as a surgeon for four years on H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*. His biological papers attracted attention. In 1851 he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and formed friendships with the leading English scientists, including Darwin. In many stormy controversies he championed the cause of evolution. The Romanes lecture delivered in 1893 on *Evolution and Ethics* is an attempt to show the relation of morals to a severely scientific view of man.

JEFFERS, ROBINSON (1887—)

Born Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. A.B. Occidental College, 1905. *Tamar and Other Poems* (1924) first brought him fame as a poet. His reputation has increased with the publication of *Roan Stallion*, *Thurso's Landing*, and *Give Your Heart to the Hawks*. He lives in Carmel, California.

JONES, HOWARD MUMFORD (1892—)

Born in Michigan and graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1914. Has held professorial positions at several universities, and is now Professor of English at Harvard. Author of books on English and American literature and contributor to periodicals.

KEATS, JOHN (1795-1821)

Born in London. Educated as a surgeon and passed his examinations, but abandoned surgery for poetry. His fame rests on his lyric and narrative poems, the best of which, including *The Eve of St. Agnes* and the odes, were published in 1820.

KIPLING, RUDYARD (1865-1935)

Born in Bombay, India, and educated at the United Services College, England. His early stories and verses won him fame while he was a journalist in India from 1882 to 1889. His memorable books include *Kim*, *The Jungle Books*, and *Puck of Pook's Hill*.

KITTREDGE, GEORGE LYMAN (1860—)

Born in Boston. Beginning as a teacher of the classics, he soon turned his attention to the field of English literature and philology. Until his retirement in 1936 was one of the best known lecturers and most distinguished American scholars. His writings cover such diverse fields as *English Witchcraft* and *James I* and *The Poetry of Chaucer*, and the books of his students would run into the hundreds.

LAMB, CHARLES (1775-1834)

Born in London of poor parents. Educated at Christ's Hospital. For thirty-three years was a clerk in the East India House. A strain of insanity in the family showed itself in his sister Mary, the Bridget of the *Essays of Elia*. These he began contributing to the *London Magazine* in 1820, and they fixed his place as the most fascinating and friendly of English essayists.

LEACH, HENRY GODDARD (1880—)

Born in Philadelphia. Graduated from Princeton in 1903 and took his doctorate at Harvard. Secretary and then President of the American Scandinavian Foundation. Editor of the *Forum* since 1923.

LEWIS, CECIL DAY (1904—)

Born in Ireland and educated at Oxford. He is important as a critic of modern writing as well as a poet. His major work in poetry and criticism appears in *Collected Poems 1929-1933*, and *A Hope for Poetry*, and in *A Time to Dance*, 1936. Under the pen name "Nicholas Blake" he has written a series of detective novels.

LIN, YUTANG (1895—)

Educated in mission schools and at St. John's College, Shanghai. After study at Harvard and in Germany, returned to Peking National University as professor. Took an active part in the rebellion, fighting the police with poles and bricks. Became Secretary of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Has lived in the United States for several years, where his book, *My Country and My People*, has made him widely known.

LINDSAY, NICHOLAS VACHEL (1879-1931)

Born in Springfield, Illinois. Studied at Hiram College, Chicago Art Institute, New York School of Art. He lectured and recited his poems in many schools and colleges, wrote many volumes of poetry, including *General Booth Enters Heaven and Other Poems*, 1913; *The Congo and Other Poems*; 1914; *Collected Poems*, 1925.

LOCKER-LAMPSON, FREDERICK (1821-1895)

Was a clerk in Somerset House and later in the British Admiralty. A volume of his light verse, *London Lyrics*, appeared in 1857.

LORENTZ, PARE (1905—)

Born West Virginia. Educated West Virginia Wesleyan. Served as motion picture critic on *Judge*, *Vanity Fair*, and *McCall's*. Wrote and directed the two documentary films, *The Plow That Broke the Plains* and *The River*. The latter has since appeared as a book combining sound track and pictures.

LOWES, JOHN LIVINGSTON (1867—)

Born in Indiana. A.B. Washington and Jefferson, 1886. Studied in Germany and at Harvard. Professor of English literature at Harvard since 1918. Author of many learned articles and some illuminating, delightful books on poets and poetry.

MACLEISH, ARCHIBALD (1892—)

Born in Glencoe, Illinois. A.B. Yale, 1915. LL.B. Harvard, 1919. M.A. Tufts, 1932. Served with the A.E.F. during the War as captain. Author of the following volumes of verse: *The Happy Marriage*, *Streets in the Moon*, *Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City*. His *Conquistador* won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1933.

MAGARET, HELENE (1906—)

Born in Omaha, Nebraska. Barnard College A.B. 1932. Van Rensselaer Prize for Poetry, 1932. Author of *The Trumpeting Crane*, 1934, a narrative poem.

MARKHAM, EDWIN (1852—)

Poet, lecturer. Born in Oregon City, Ore. Educated San Jose Normal School and western colleges. Was principal and superintendent of schools in California until 1899. Author of *The Man with the Hoe*, and *Other Poems*, 1899; *Lincoln, and Other Poems*, 1901; *Gates of Paradise*, 1920; *His Children in Bondage* is a collection of articles against child labor.

MASEFIELD, JOHN (1878—)

Born in Herefordshire. Ran away to sea as a boy and served three years on a merchant ship. Became a journalist on the *Manchester Guardian*. His first volume, *Salt Water Ballads* (1902), contained *Sea-Fever*. Since 1911, the date of *The Everlasting Mercy*, he has published many long narrative poems and novels. He was appointed poet laureate in 1930.

MAUGHAM, WILLIAM SOMERSET (1874—)

Born in Paris. Educated at Heidelberg and trained for medicine at St. Thomas's Hospital, London. Author of somewhat cynical novels, stories, and plays. Lives on the Riviera among tropical gardens and terraces. *Of Human Bondage*, an autobiographical novel published in 1915, is regarded as his greatest achievement.

MCCONN, MAX (Charles Maxwell) (1881—)

Born in Ohio, graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1903. Teacher; registrar in University of Illinois and assistant to the president 1910-23. Dean of Lehigh University, 1923-37. Dean of Washington Square College, New York University, since 1937. Author of books on college life and contributor to *The New Republic*.

MEIKLEJOHN, ALEXANDER (1872—)

Born in England, came to the U. S. in 1880. Graduated from Brown University and took his doctorate at Cornell in 1897. Recipient of many honorary degrees. President of Amherst College, 1912-24; Chairman of Experimental College, University of Wisconsin; Director of Center for Social Studies, San Francisco.

MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT (1892—)

Born Rockland, Maine. A.B. Vassar College, 1917. Won first distinction as a poet with *Renascence and Other Poems*, 1917. Won the Pulitzer Prize in 1922 for the best volume of verse. Wrote the libretto for *The King's Henchman*, 1927, opera by Deems Taylor. Best known for her lyric poetry.

MOORE, THOMAS (1779-1852)

Born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Studied law in London. Won recognition as musician and poet with his *Irish Melodies* (1807-35). He wrote narrative poems, such as *Lalla Rookh*, as well as lyrics. Also wrote a novel, histories, and biographies.

MORRIS, WILLIAM (1834-1895)

Educated at Exeter College, Oxford. Was active as decorator, manufacturer, printer and socialist. His poetry, mostly narrative, reflects his interest in Chaucer and the art and life of the Middle Ages.

MURDOCH, (KENNETH) ROYAL

Born in California. A.B. Pomona 1919, M.A. Columbia 1934. Van Rensselaer Prize for Poetry 1933.

MUZZEY, DAVID SAVILLE (1870—)

Educated at Harvard, Union Theological Seminary, Berlin, and the Sorbonne. Ph D. Columbia, 1907. Professor of American History at Columbia since 1923. Widely known as lecturer and author.

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY (1801-1890)

Born in London. Studied at Oxford, became Fellow of Oriel College. Preacher to the University, 1831-32. Together with Pusey and Keble, inaugurated the Anglo-Catholic or Oxford Movement in the Church of England with the publication of *Tracts for the Times* (1833). Went into retirement at Littlemore. In 1845 was received into the Roman Church. As a reply to Charles Kingsley, wrote *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (1864), an account of his religious development. Created cardinal in 1879.

O'NEILL, EUGENE (1888—)

Born on Broadway, the son of an actor, he spent his early childhood with his parents on tour. He attended Catholic schools, and was for a short time at Princeton. He has worked as a sailor and seen Honduras and South America; he has been an actor and a reporter. In 1913 after a physical breakdown, he turned to the study of the drama and to writing plays. He became the chief figure of the Provincetown Group. *Beyond the Horizon* (1920) marks the end of his apprenticeship, and has been followed by *Anna Christie*, *Emperor Jones*, *The Hairy Ape*, and *Mourning Becomes Electra*. He won the Pulitzer Prize three times with *Beyond the Horizon*, *Anna Christie*, and *Strange Interlude*.

PAGANO, JO (1906—)

Clerk, commercial illustrator, and writer of fiction. Since *The Disinherited*, his first published story, appeared in *Scribner's* for November, 1933, further stories have appeared in *Scribner's*, *The Atlantic*, and *The Yale Review*. He lives in San Francisco.

POE, EDGAR ALLAN (1809-1849)

Born in Boston of actor parents, left an orphan at three, brought up by John Allan of Richmond. Attended school in England. One year at University of Virginia and a short time at West Point. Poet, editor, literary critic, story writer. *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, 1841, is said to be the first detective story.

POUND, EZRA (1885—)

Born Hailey, Idaho. A.B., Hamilton College and A.M., University of Pennsylvania. Editor, translator, critic, poet, and composer. A leader in the modern poetry movement. His first poems, *Personae*, appeared in 1909. His *Collected Poems*, 1926, bears the same title. Between 1928 and 1934 he has published *XXX Cantos* and *Cantos XXXI-XXXI*. He lives in Italy.

POWER, EILEEN (1889—)

Educated at Oxford High School and Girton College, Cambridge. Was director of Studies in History at Girton from 1913 to 1920. Since 1931 professor at the London School of Economics. Has published many studies of the Middle Ages and economic history.

QUILLER-COUCH, SIR ARTHUR (1863—)

Was born in Cornwall and educated at Oxford. He soon went in for journalism and wrote many novels under the pseudonym of "Q." In 1900 he edited the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, and ten years later the *Oxford Book of Ballads*. Since 1912 he has been Professor of English Literature at Cambridge.

ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON (1869-1935)

Born in Maine. Studied at Harvard. *The Children of the Night* (1897) was his first important volume of poems. *Collected Poems* won the Pulitzer Prize for 1921. *The Man Who Died Twice* won the prize in 1925, and *Tristram* won the prize in 1927.

ROBINSON, JAMES HARVEY (1863-1936)

Came from Illinois, studied at Harvard and Freiburg, and for many years was Professor of History at Columbia. While teaching he wrote a number of school histories which established new standards in the art of textbook writing. He resigned his position at Columbia to lecture at the New School for Social Research. His *Mind in the Making* is one of those very useful books which bring home to the man in the street the results of scientific thinking.

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA (1830-1894)

Sister of D. G. Rossetti. Her work included poems of fantasy and verses for the young. The greater number of her poems are religious.

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL (1828-1882)

Son of an exiled Italian patriot. Educated at King's College, London. A painter of distinction. Made important translations from Italian poetry and wrote a number of lyrics and ballads throughout his life.

RUSSELL, WILLIAM FLETCHER (1890—)

A.B. Cornell, 1910. Ph.D. Columbia, 1914. Dean of Teachers College, Columbia University, since 1927. Member of many commissions on education and international relations.

SANDBURG, CARL (1878—)

Born in Illinois. Studied at Lombard College. At various times he was soldier, truck-handler, dishwasher, harvest hand, advertising and newspaper writer. *Chicago Poems* (1916) was his first book of poems. Subsequent poems of his have been collected in *Cornhuskers* (1918), *Smoke and Steel* (1920).

SASSOON, SIEGFRIED (1886—)

Educated at Clare College, Cambridge. He enlisted at the beginning of the War and won a captaincy and the Military Cross for valor. He won recognition for his poetry with *The Old Huntsman and Other Poems* (1917). *Counter-Attack and Other Poems* (1918) contain many satires against war. He is the author of autobiographical prose works: *Memoirs of a Fox Hunting Man* and *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*.

SHEEAN, (JAMES) VINCENT (1899—)

Graduate of the University of Chicago. Foreign correspondent, contributor to the *New Republic*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Asia*. His autobiography, *Personal History*, received high praise.

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (1792-1822)

Born in Sussex and educated at University College, Oxford, from which he was expelled for circulating a pamphlet on *The Necessity of Atheism*. Poetry inspired by revolutionary idealism. *When the Lamp Is Shattered*, written not long before he was drowned while sailing off the Italian coast.

SPAETH, SIGMUND (1885—)

Born at Philadelphia. A.B. Haverford, 1905; Ph.D. Princeton, 1910. Musical critic of the *New York Times*. Author of numerous books on music, the appreciation of opera, and of magazine articles.

SPENDER, STEPHEN (1909—)

English poet and essayist. Studied at Oxford. *Poems*, 1933, and *Vienna*, 1934, contain his most notable work to date.

STEPHENS, JAMES (1882—)

Irish poet and story writer. Famous for his prose fantasy, *The Crock of Gold*, 1912. Many of his stories appear in *Etched in Moonlight*, 1928. His poems were collected in 1926 and again in 1931.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (1850-1894)

The son of a distinguished engineer, he was born in Edinburgh, and educated in the schools and the university of that city. He devoted some years to the law, but his interest in literature diverted him into publishing essays and travel sketches. Ill health forced him to various parts of the world, to France, California, the Adirondacks, Hawaii, and finally to Samoa, where he died of tuberculosis. Besides his essays, he wrote, as everyone knows, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and *Treasure Island*.

STONG, PHILIP DUFFIELD (1889—)

Born in Iowa. Graduated from Drake University in 1919, and did postgraduate work at Columbia and the University of Kansas. Has been teacher, journalist, and editorial writer. Has published several books of short stories and novels, including *State Fair* and *The Long Lane*.

STRACHEY, LYTTON (1880-1932)

Son of a British general and colonial administrator. Studied at Trinity College, Cambridge. Created a sensation in 1918 with *Eminent Victorians*, a new venture in brief, realistic, and sometimes caustic biography. It was followed by *Queen Victoria* and *Elizabeth and Essex*.

SULLIVAN, FRANK (1892—)

Born at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. A.B. Cornell, 1914. Served in World War. Journalist and humorist.

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES (1837-1909)

Educated at Balliol College, Oxford. First attracted general attention by his *Poems and Ballads*, 1866. He wrote voluminously—poetic dramas, lyrics, and prose essays on literary subjects.

SWING, RAYMOND GRAM (1887—)

Born in New York State; educated at Oberlin. Newspaper correspondent at Berlin and London. Radio commentator.

SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON (1840-1893)

English author. Educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford. His longest prose work was *The Renaissance in Italy*. He excelled as a translator of the Greek

poets, of Michelangelo and Campanella, and of the Latin poems of the Middle Ages. His versions of medieval student verse appear in the volume *Wine, Women and Song*.

SYNGE, JOHN MILLINGTON (1871-1909)

Born in a suburb of Dublin of English Protestant ancestry. Took his degree at Trinity College, Dublin. His passions were nature, music, and languages. He studied music in Germany; lived a poverty-stricken life in Paris, studying French literature and writing. William Butler Yeats persuaded him to return to Ireland, and there he lived on the wild west coast and the Aran Islands. His plays, especially the *Riders to the Sea* and *The Playboy of the Western World*, are regarded as the greatest products of the Irish Renaissance.

TATE, ALLEN (1899—)

Born in Clarke County, Ky. B.A. Vanderbilt University, 1922. Was a Guggenheim fellow for two years. Author of biographies of Stonewall Jackson, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee. He has published two volumes of poems: *Mr. Pope and Other Poems* and *Poems*, 1928-1931. He is one of the leaders of the Agrarian Movement in the South.

TAYLOR, BERT LESTON (1866-1921)

Born at Goshen, Mass. Educated College of the City of New York. Essayist and poet. He conducted a column, "A line-o'-type or two" for years for the Chicago *Tribune*. Verses, which had for the most part appeared in his column, were collected in *A line-o'-verse or two*, 1911; *Motley Measures*, 1913, and others.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, first Baron Tennyson (1809-1892)

Born in Lincolnshire and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became acquainted with A. H. Hallam, whose death in 1833 was the occasion of *In Memoriam* (1850). Was appointed poet laureate in 1850 on death of Wordsworth. His poetry deals with many modern problems in religion, politics, and economics.

THOMAS, NORMAN (1884—)

Born at Marion, Ohio, 1884. A.B., Princeton, 1905; B.D., Union Theological Seminary; Litt.D. from Princeton, 1932. After several years in the ministry, turned to radical journalism and politics; was associated with *The Nation* and founded *The World Tomorrow*. President of the League for Industrial Democracy; candidate for the presidency of the U. S. in 1928 and 1932 on the Socialist ticket.

THOMPSON, DOROTHY (1894—)

A.B. Syracuse University, 1914. Graduate student at Vienna. European correspondent. Married Sinclair Lewis, 1928. Writer of a widely syndicated column.

THURBER, JAMES

Educated at Ohio State University. An editor of *The New Yorker*.

VAN DOREN, MARK (1894—)

Born at Hope, Illinois. University of Illinois, A.B., Columbia, M.A., Ph.D. Associate Professor of English at Columbia. Essayist, editor, critic, poet, novelist. Author of the following volumes of poetry: *Spring Thunder and Other Poems*, 7 P.M. and Other Poems, *Jonathan Gentry*.

WHITE, ELWYN BROOKS (1899—)

Born Mount Vernon, N. Y. Educated Cornell. Reporter, free lance writer, and contributor to magazines including *The New Yorker* and *Harpers*. Author of *The Lady Is Cold* (poems), 1929; *Is Sex Necessary?* (with J. Thurber), 1929; *Every Day Is Saturday*, 1934; *The Fox of Peapack*, 1938.

WHITMAN, WALT (1819-1892)

Born on Long Island, New York. Schoolteacher, editor, journalist, war nurse and poet. His poems were first published in *Leaves of Grass* (1855). Additional poems were added in subsequent editions. His poems on the Civil War were published in *Drum-Taps* (1865).

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF (1807-1892)

American poet of Quaker parents. Born and educated at Haverhill, Mass. A leader in the American Anti-Slavery movement. Famous for *Snowbound*, *The Tent on the Beach*, a cycle of verse tales, and his ballads. J. R. Lowell called *Skipper Ireson's Ride* "by all odds the best of modern ballads."

WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER (1806-1867)

Born at Portland, Maine. Yale, A.B. Established and edited the *American Monthly Magazine*. Author of plays, essays, and poems.

WOOLF, VIRGINIA (1882—)

Born in London. In the home of her father, Leslie Stephen, biographer and literary critic, she met Meredith, Lowell, Stevenson, Ruskin, and Hardy. Married Leonard Woolf in 1912. Author of many novels, including *To the Lighthouse* and *Orlando*; also of the provocative volumes of essays, *A Room of One's Own* and *The Common Reader*.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850)

Born in Cockermouth, England. Educated St. John's College, Cambridge. Attracted by ideals of French Revolution, but repelled later by Reign of Terror. Fame established by *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), containing poems by him and Coleridge. Made poet laureate in 1843.

YEZIERSKA, ANZIA (1885—)

Born in Russia. Came to New York in 1901. Worked in factories and sweat-shops and in a private family as a cook. Studied story and novel writing at Columbia. Author of the short story, *The Fat of the Land*, and of several novels.

